a careful record of the elaborate German schemes for espionage abroad. Although Lahousen appeared as a prominent witness for the Allied prosecution at Nürnberg in 1945, he did not disclose the existence of his diary until several years after the war. Only then, and during the years until his death in 1955, did Lahousen share these secrets with a young Austrian, Günter Peis.

HITLER'S SPIES AND SABOTEURS

Shortly after midnight on June 14, 1942, a German U-boat surfaced off the Long Island shore. Aboard was a crew that had brought the submarine across the Atlantic in sixteen suspenseful days, and four men who were prepared to sabotage power plants, railways, and bridges in a nation where once they had lived. These men were carrying out part of "Operation Pastorius," one of the crucial German espionage missions of World War II revealed in this authoritative book.

All of the dramatic episodes described here are based on an historic document: the diary kept between 1939 and 1943 by General Erwin von Lahousen, right-hand man to the German Secret Service Chief, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris. During those four eventful years, Lahousen maintained

CHARLES WIGHTON
and GÜNTER PEIS

HITLER'S SPIES AND SABOTEURS

BASED ON THE GERMAN

SECRET SERVICE WAR DIARY

OF GENERAL LAHOUSEN

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
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Contents

Introduction

This is the story that American and British secret-service officers vainly tried to obtain at Nürnberg in 1945.

Time after time Allied interrogators pressed Major General Erwin von Lahousen-Vivremont—for long the right-hand man of Admiral Canaris, the German secret-service chief—to tell all he knew. For as head of *Abwehr Abteilung II*, the sabotage division of the German Armed Forces Secret Service, Lahousen probably knew more than any man after Canaris about German intelligence operations throughout the world.

The Austrian aristocrat, Lahousen, had already caused an international sensation by his revelations of Nazi crimes when he appeared as chief witness for the Allied prosecution at the trial of Göring, Ribbentrop, and other top-ranking Nazi officers. And the Allied intelligence officers were certain that Lahousen knew much more than he had admitted in court.

From the spies who had been arrested in the United

States and in Britain during the war, the Allied intelligence services learned much about Lahousen, and they were sure that he held secrets that went right to the core of Britain's MI5, the OSS—and, perhaps, the White House itself.

For weeks the American and British interrogating officers kept up the pressure, but without great success. Lahousen was friendly and—up to a point—cooperative. He told the American and British intelligence officers as much as he felt was good for them to know in those immediate postwar days of hate, suspicion, and revenge. The great secrets of the *Abwehr,* however, he kept to himself.

Above all, he carefully concealed from his American and British questioners the existence of his war diary, the day-to-day record—from the start of the war in 1939 until he left the *Abwehr* in 1943—in which he noted cryptically and briefly the main points of the *Abwehr's* most important operations. And his secret was well kept, for it was not until this book was being prepared that the Pentagon recognized the existence of Lahousen's diary and attempted to get hold of it.

For his considerable services to the Western Allies at the first Nürnberg trial, Lahousen was released from Allied detention. Soon afterward he settled down to the life of a retired Austrian general amid the mountains of Tirol not far from Innsbruck. In the years that followed he became aware of the whereabouts of his *Abwehr* diary, which he had last seen in August, 1943, when he was transferred from *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin to the Russian front. In the intervening period until his death in 1955, Lahousen gradually revealed the full stories behind the entries in his diary to a young, fellow Austrian, Gunter Peis, whom he had first met in Nürnberg.

Lahousen also revealed the names and postwar whereabouts of some of his *Abwehr* subordinates; as an *Abwehr*

executive he had rarely known more than the broad outlines of the main operations.

He disclosed, too, the names under which some of his former spies, who had carried out espionage and sabotage in Allied countries, were living. And from these *Abwehr* subordinates and spies, most of whose true identities must still remain secret, the whole story was reconstructed.

Lahousen, however, made one condition. To safeguard those former officers and agents who might still have been liable to prosecution in Allied-occupation courts, he insisted that the full story of the operations remain secret until both Austria and Germany were again sovereign states.

In May, 1955, the Western occupation of Federal Germany ended. About the same time the Russians, after years of obstruction, finally agreed to the completion of the Austrian peace treaty and all foreign troops left Lahousen's native land. It was only then that it became possible to take steps to reveal the whole story of *Abwehr* espionage and sabotage in the United States and Britain. Of the foreign operations of the *Abwehr's* archenemies, the *Sicherheitsdienst* of Heydrich and Himmler, Lahousen had naturally no knowledge.

Erwin von Lahousen had been a professional secret-service officer from the time he graduated from staff college, but it was not until the spring of 1938 that he had any official connection with the German *Abwehr*. It was late in March of that year that for the first time the tall aristocratic figure of Lahousen entered the dingy portals of a former Prussian Junker villa at 74-76 Tirpitzufer Berlin—the headquarters of Admiral Wilhelm Canaris's *Abwehr*.

Two days earlier the six foot, bald Austrian intelligence chief had received a cable in Vienna from Canaris, and it was with considerable curiosity that the elegant monocled figure presented himself at Canaris's office.

A few minutes later Lahousen was shown into the shabby one-time drawing room from where the little silver-haired admiral controlled the German Armed Forces world-wide intelligence service.

"I'm glad to see you here in Berlin, Lahousen," said Canaris as they shook hands. "—I need you!"

Lahousen did not attempt to conceal his surprise. Eighteen months earlier the two men had met in Sacher's Hotel in Vienna, when Lieutenant Colonel Lahousen had been head of the all-important Central European Bureau of the Austrian secret service. Since then, Hitler had invaded his native Austria, the Austrian armed forces had been incorporated into the German *Wehrmacht*, but the future of the Austrian secret service—and of anti-Nazi Lahousen—had remained problematical.

Lahousen, Catholic and Austrian aristocrat as he was, was perturbed by Canaris's blunt invitation. Although virtually unemployed, he was reluctant to associate himself with the Nazis in any way.

Canaris, shrewd and penetrating as always, divined his Austrian colleague's hesitation and said, "I want you to join us, Lahousen, and to bring your best men with you—but none of your damned Austrian Nazis. I don't want any of those swine—or at least as few of them as possible—in the *Abwehr*."

By the intelligence grapevine Lahousen had heard rumors even in Vienna, of the outspoken political beliefs of the *Abwehr* chief. But he had never dreamed that Canaris would put his cards on the table—at least so quickly.

Canaris, however, was a shrewd judge of men—and he had a great intelligence organization at his command.

"I know all about you, Lahousen," he said. "That's why I sent you a telegram—and that is why I want you here with me."

Then, with some curious mumbled reference to "others

who think the same," Canaris asked bluntly, "will you join the *Abwehr*, yes or no?"

Lahousen, relieved to learn that he was being invited to join a German, but not a Nazi, intelligence service, gracefully bowed his acceptance, for as one born on the outer fringes of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, Lahousen considered himself German in the broader historic sense of the word.

He was, in fact, the devout scion of an aristocratic French family which had settled in Polish Silesia during the seventeenth-century religious wars. At the time of his birth, however, Polish Silesia formed the northern part of the Hapsburg Empire and it was on his family estates that Lahousen acquired complete mastery of the Central European tongues, Polish, Czech, and Hungarian—in addition to German and French—which equipped him for his later intelligence duties.

The young Lahousen had fought as a *kaiserliche und koenigliche* officer for Austria in World War I, and with the disappearance of the Hapsburgs had continued to serve first the Socialist and later the clericalist regime in Vienna. His aristocratic background qualified him for the Austrian staff college, the *Kriegsakademie* at Wiener Neustadt. After his graduation, Lahousen's command of languages and Silesian background made a posting to the Austrian intelligence service almost inevitable.

By the time Hitler reached power in Germany in 1933, Lahousen was in charge of Austrian espionage in neighboring Czechoslovakia and Poland.

In those mid-thirties Lahousen's closest links were with the French *Deuxième Bureau*, which at that period, by lavish use of gold, had achieved a dominating position in Central Europe. Lahousen had on occasion cooperated with the *Abwehr*, particularly in exchanging information about the Czech fortifications; it was developments in this partic-

ular field which had made Canaris anxious to obtain Lahousen's services.

For Canaris, even in the spring of 1938, knew that Czechoslovakia was next on *der Führer's* "Catalogue of Aggression"—and Lahousen was certainly the greatest espionage expert on the Czechs.

Lahousen proved of great value to Canaris in the subsequent months of the Munich crisis, and by the time Hitler swallowed Czechoslovakia early in 1939, close bonds had been formed between them.

At that time one of the most important posts in the *Abwehr* fell vacant. Such was the trust and understanding that had been built up between the two men in the previous twelve months that Canaris at once appointed Lahousen as chief of *Abwehr II*—the sabotage division. It was a far-reaching decision.

For the next four years they worked hand in glove. The two former Imperial officers worked for Germany—but against the Nazis. Whether they were ever real friends will always remain an open question. Their characters were too dissimilar to permit an easy comradeship. But that they were intimates in their work, in their politics—and in the conspiracy against Hitler—is beyond dispute.

Both were superindividualists and both were non-Prussian, the Austrian aristocrat appearing as the natural complement of the sailor son of a Ruhr-Rhineland magnate. In the years they worked together Lahousen achieved a remarkable understanding of the tortuous mind of Wilhelm Canaris, and it was because of his intimate cooperation with the fabulous, tantalizing, and sometimes totally incomprehensible Canaris that Lahousen began to keep his war diary.

It is known that some of Lahousen's entries were copied directly from that even more historic war diary—that of Canaris himself—which the Gestapo leaders burned after Canaris's arrest at the time of the plot against Hitler in

July, 1944. And many of the entries nominally made by Lahousen clearly show the hand of his superior. This is particularly true of those entries which relate to a broader picture of *Abwehr* work than might have been expected in the journal of a divisional chief who was supposed to confine himself to the organization of sabotage.

Canaris certainly knew of Lahousen's diary and encouraged his subordinate to keep it—perhaps part of that astonishing man's devious way of ensuring that some of his worthwhile actions and motives would be recorded. And so, using code names and service abbreviations understood only by himself, Canaris, and a handful of initiates, Lahousen recorded the operations of the German *Abwehr* in many parts of the world.

In this book only operations against the Anglo-Saxon countries—the United States, Great Britain, and in one case the Union of South Africa, have been reported. But the war diary reveals that the whole world, from Central Asia through Russia and Western Europe to Mexico and South America, formed the battlefield on which Canaris and Lahousen carried on their operations.

There are references to the *Abwehr's* secret inquiry into Heydrich's phoney attack on the German-Silesian radio station at Gleiwitz, which was the signal for the start of operations against Poland on September 1, 1939. There is the revelation, too, that the kidnaping of the British secret-service agents, Best and Stevens, on the German-Dutch frontier in November, 1939, was a desperate attempt by Heydrich to turn Hitler's wrath after his hairbreadth escape from assassination in the Munich *Bürgerbraükeller* two days earlier.

On page after page is told the tortuous story of Lahousen's dealings with the Irish Republican Army and the abortive attempts to get the IRA to function as a successful sabotage

organization in wartime Britain. In the midst of these entries is the disclosure that the IRA Chief of Staff, Sean Russell—after being smuggled out of the United States on the liner *George Washington* en route to Europe early in 1940—actually died in a German U-boat. He is thought to have suffered from a stomach perforation while on his way from Germany to Ireland to lead an anti-British sabotage organization.

Lahousen also notes the *Abwehr's* part in the Rashid Ali revolt in Iraq in the spring of 1941, a crisis which caused the British much concern. And the diary also tells of the visits to Berlin and negotiations with the notoriously anti-British Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and the Indian Nationalist leader, Subhaschandras Bose.

The diary also reports widespread subversive activities in India and contacts with Congress leaders, close to Gandhi and Nehru, in the summer of 1942. There are also numerous references to operations on the Eastern Front, where the *Abwehr* had considerable successes. But perhaps most fascinating are Lahousens' entries relating to *Abwehr* activities in Spain and North Africa, where the *Abwehr* enjoyed a privileged position.

This dated back to a friendship established in 1916 between a certain Lieutenant Wilhelm Canaris and a Spanish intelligence officer, Captain Francisco Franco. The old friendship led to important developments during the Spanish civil war and again in 1940.

In June of that year, when France fell, Franco had been ready to enter the war on the heels of Mussolini. But with the victory of the Royal Air Force in the Battle of Britain, the Caudillo became his normal cautious self. Hitler, however, after calling off the invasion of Britain in the late autumn of 1940, was determined to attack Gibraltar. Plans were drawn up for a combined Spanish-German enterprise —Operation Felix—scheduled for the end of January, 1941.

But six weeks before the planned attack Franco told the German ambassador in Berlin that Spain must delay her entry into the war.

Hitler was furious. Recalling Canaris's old friendship with Franco, the *Abwehr* chief—with Lahousen in attendance—was rushed to Madrid to retrieve the situation.

Canaris saw Franco—but with an aim contrary to that ascribed to him by Sir Winston Churchill in his war memoirs. For Canaris, in categorical defiance of *der Führer's* orders, persuaded Franco *that Spain must on no account enter the war.*

After the U.S. invasion of North Africa in 1942, when the question of Spanish intentions was again in the balance, Canaris and Lahousen re-visited Madrid. And once again, in flat opposition to Hitler's instructions, they persuaded the Spaniards to remain neutral.

But perhaps the *Abwehr's* greatest success in the Mediterranean theater was the recruitment of the Sultan of Morocco as an *Abwehr* agent.

After the fall of France, Lahousen noted the receipt of various information obtained from the sultan by way of Spanish Morocco. After the U.S. landing in North Africa, however, the sultan's usefulness seemed likely to be restricted. But not for long.

For although French Morocco was occupied by the army of General George Patton, the sultan was also nominal ruler of adjacent Spanish Morocco which remained neutral. And it was through the German consul at Tetuan—an *Abwehr* agent—that Lahousen obtained his most important message from the sultan.

On January 25, 1943, Lahousen recorded in his diary, that "Orders have been given (in fact by Hitler) that the letter received from the Sultan of Morocco should be kept TOP SECRET. It contains information of the *highest strategic and political importance.*"

The date is the key.

For on that same day, January 25, 1943, President Roosevelt flew from North Africa in the *Sacred Cow* after his Casablanca conference with Churchill. Two evenings earlier the Sultan of Morocco had been the guest of Roosevelt at a dinner which—to the dismay of Churchill and Harry Hopkins—was completely teetotal in deference to the sultan's Moslem religious observances.

The secret message, to which the *Abwehr* attached such importance, reported in detail what the sultan and his immediate entourage had discovered—from none other than Roosevelt.

What exactly the Moroccans learned at the dinner party with Roosevelt, Churchill, Hopkins, and the rest of the Allied leaders assembled at Casablanca—and how much they passed on to Berlin—will never be completely established.

But the visitors certainly got some hint of future Allied plans in the Mediterranean for the year 1943, and of the state of the De Gaulle-Giraud feud and reconciliation in Algiers. And not long afterward, Goebbels began to build up propaganda based on the now-famous formula of "unconditional surrender" first mentioned by President Roosevelt during the Casablanca talks.

HITLER'S SPIES AND SABOTEURS

chapter one

Spies in America!

Four months before Pearl Harbor, disaster struck at the *Abwehr* in the United States. Screaming headlines in the newspapers of New York and other great cities shocked Americans into a realization that a German spy ring had been operating in their midst.

In a single night, almost the entire *Abwehr* spy ring in the United States was rounded up by the FBI. On August 1, 1941, Lahousen noted tersely in his war diary that "According to reports reaching Berlin from the United States, thirty-one German-American agents of the *Abwehr* operating in America were arrested on the night of July 30."

From United Press and Associated Press reports reaching the *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin they learned that the arrests had been made possible by "the treachery of a German-American double agent." And, Lahousen quite frankly admitted to himself, "As a result of these arrests the entire network of *Abwehr* agents, built up with such great difficulty in the United States, has received its death blow."

At the same time he and Canaris were being sharply attacked in high quarters in Berlin for what had happened. They had already received protests from the German foreign minister, Ribbentrop, and from the German Embassy in still nominally neutral Washington. For the *Abwehr* had committed what, in all intelligence services, is the unforgivable sin—it had been found out. And Ribbentrop feared that the public revelation of the existence of an extensive German spy ring in the United States would cause the final break in already tenuous German-American diplomatic relations.

For in these weeks and months of the summer and autumn of 1941, the United States and Nazi Germany were in a state of cold war. In the preceding two years Roosevelt had constantly stepped-up American aid to the British until the German ambassador had been withdrawn, and only a chargé d'affaires remained to maintain formal contact with Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State. Three weeks earlier American troops had landed in Iceland, and with U.S. convoys—including British ships—being escorted across the Atlantic as far as Iceland by U.S. warships, United States neutrality had become a not very polite fiction.

Both the German foreign office and the high command, however, had grim memories of the events which had preceded the United States' declaration of war in 1917, and Berlin was determined to do nothing to precipitate the formal entry of the United States into World War II which, with a considerable section of Congress still isolationist, remained problematical.

The alarm, not to say panic, in the German foreign office caused by the round-up of the *Abwehr* spy ring in the United States is therefore easy to understand.

Furthermore, Ribbentrop was no friend of Canaris—and any stick was good enough to belabor the *Abwehr*. He made haste, therefore, to make the strongest complaint to

Hitler about the "incompetency of these people in the *Abwehr.*"

Hitler was furious. And forty-eight hours after Lahousen had made the first melancholy entry in his diary, Canaris and he were summoned to *der Führer's* new headquarters, behind the recently opened Eastern Front. There was the usual preliminary shouting and weeping. Then Hitler, working up to the climax of his rage, demanded to know how Canaris "explained this treachery of a German-American."

"How was it possible, Herr Admiral?" screamed Hitler, formal even in his tantrums. "How could it occur? I demand an explanation."

The louder Hitler's shouts, the lower dropped the admiral's gray head. He made no reply at all until the first flood of Hitler's fury had ebbed and waned. For Canaris, perhaps better than any other high German official, knew how to deal with *der Führer,* and it was not until Hitler was stuttering with exhaustion that Canaris replied.

"*Mein Führer,*" he said quietly. "You will recall, I am sure, the difficulties we have had in the past in the United States. You will remember that after I took command of the *Abwehr* it was necessary for me to reorganize completely our entire organization in America. You know that at that time the FBI penetrated the German espionage organization. As a result of all these circumstances the FBI were put permanently on the alert. Now apparently, despite all my precautions, we are still suffering the consequences of the previous fiasco."

Hitler glowered speechlessly at Canaris. He remembered only too well to what the *Abwehr* chief referred and, making incoherent noises in his throat, he waved Canaris and Lahousen from the room.

Canaris had, in fact, in a few carefully chosen words put the entire blame for what had happened firmly on the shoulders of—the Nazi Party.

When, early in 1935, Canaris had taken over command of the *Abwehr,* he had found its activities in the United States in chaos. In the two years since the Nazis had come to power, the Party had infiltrated into the espionage organization and Canaris soon discovered that espionage in the United States was on a free-for-all basis. Not only had the still youthful *Sicherheitsdienst* of Heydrich begun its long fight against the *Abwehr,* but other groups—the Overseas Division of the Nazi Party under its British-born *Gauleiter* Bohle, the Nazi Labor Front, the German Air Ministry, and even the New York travel bureau of the German State Railways—all were actively spying on the peaceful inhabitants of the United States. In addition, almost every member of the recently founded *Bund der Freunde des Neuen Deutschlands* (the Association of Friends of the New Germany) seemed to consider himself an amateur spy.

As a result, the existing *Abwehr* organization had been badly compromised. Just how far into this complex of enthusiastic amateurs the FBI had penetrated, Canaris was never able to discover. But the extent to which German underground activities had been compromised became manifest in the late thirties, after Canaris had taken charge, when an *Abwehr* courier of long standing made a compact with Rumrich, a crazy Sudeten-German in America who held Nazi Party sympathies.

Unknown to *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin, the Sudeten crank persuaded the courier to join him in a fantastic enterprise in connection with an American senior Army officer. This officer was to be persuaded or blackmailed into handing over the United States general mobilization plans. In the course of this enterprise, Rumrich somehow obtained possession of official U.S. War Department notepaper and wrote a letter to the selected general, summoning him to a meeting in a bar with a War Department representative.

The general naturally informed the FBI and inquiries

were made. Rumrich was arrested, and under interrogation revealed a vast number of names. As a result, a considerable number of people—some of them without the slightest connection with the *Abwehr*—were arrested. Among those arrested, however, were a stewardess on the liner *Europa*—one of the chief *Abwehr* couriers between New York and Hamburg—and four German officers in the United States.

It was this Nazi Party fiasco to which Canaris had recalled Hitler's memory—and the steps he had been forced to take to sort out the muddle.

For even before the arrests in 1938, Canaris had started to build up a new and independent *Abwehr* network of which the cranks and would-be spies were completely unaware. And now it was this new network which had, in the summer of 1941, been penetrated by the FBI.

Despite his glib answer to Hitler, Canaris, in fact, had no idea what had happened. And as soon as the admiral and Lahousen reached Berlin they began a detailed study of the American press reports and the all-too uninformative despatches from the German Embassy in Washington.

Carefully, the two *Abwehr* chiefs worked through the list of the FBI arrests. It was quite evident that almost all the best spies had been picked up.

As Lahousen's eyes rested on one name at the top of the list, he realized just how successful the FBI had been—for they had arrested Frederic Joubert Duquesne, one of Germany's most trusted agents, and a man who, in 1941, had been on and off the German secret-service payroll for at least a quarter of a century.

A South African, Duquesne had first been arrested by the British during the Boer War and sentenced to life imprisonment for spying. Transported to Bermuda, he was later released there and became a correspondent for American and French newspapers. He drifted to the Far East, but after the

start of World War I, the Boer suddenly appeared as an Australian officer with the name of Staughton. He reached London with German connivance in 1915, and claimed later to have placed explosives aboard the British cruiser *Hampshire*, which blew up north of the Orkneys when carrying Field Marshal Lord Kitchener to Russia in 1916. Duquesne then operated as a saboteur in New York Harbor, and other East Coast ports. Thereafter he drifted to South America, but by the time the Nazis came to power he was back in the United States where, with German money, he set himself up as an air consultant.

His name and that of a sea of others showed that the core of the *Abwehr* organization in America had been apprehended. But that was the normal luck of secret service work!

Slowly, Lahousen worked his way down the list. Suddenly he called, "*Mein Gott, Herr Admiral,* they've arrested Hermann Lang. How in God's name did they pick up Lang? He had no connection with the network."

Canaris was upset. As he talked over the disaster with Lahousen, he kept reverting to the name of Lang. "There's been some very dirty work here, Lahousen," he said. "Much dirtier than even I had suspected."

For Hermann Lang had a very special place in the memory of Canaris: he was "the Man Who Stole the Norden Bombsight" in 1937. Canaris determined to find out as much as possible.

"Get on to Ranken in Hamburg," he ordered Lahousen. "Tell him to come here at once. He knows all about the Lang case—and all the others too, for he helped to build up most of that network."

In due course, the well-built, middle-aged major, who had been referred to as Ranken, reached Tirpitzufer. This was not his real name, nor was it that which he had given to

some of his spies in the United States. But it was under the cover name of Dr. Ranken that Canaris sometimes referred to him and that name will be used here.

Dr. Ranken had for some years been a businessman in the United States. What contact he had had with the *Abwehr* while in the United States in the early thirties is now uncertain, but in 1937 with the rank of major he had been attached to the newly formed Hamburg headquarters of the *Abwehr*. It was from Sophienterrasse in the great North German port that the *Abwehr* directed all operations against the United States, Britain, and other Western countries, and Dr. Ranken was one of those to whom the *Abwehr* departmental chiefs in Hamburg gave Canaris's assignment to develop a new network in America.

His first recruit was his old acquaintance Duquesne, who had been quite untouched by the earlier FBI activity. With the aid of stewards of the Hamburg-Amerika and the Norddeutscher Lloyd liners, the two men—one in Hamburg and the other in New York—were soon engaged in building a formidable spy ring throughout the United States.

It was one of these stewards who, in the summer of 1937, appeared in the export-import office in Hamburg's Ballindamm where a certain Dr. Ranken was the managing director.

From a hollowed-out walking stick the courier drew the usual roll of messages from Duquesne, and then he remarked, "Here's something else for you, *Herr Doktor.*"

On the table in front of Ranken he placed what seemed to be a miniature aircraft propeller, and Ranken at once demanded, "What is it—where did you get it?"

The steward explained that in a New York bar much frequented by German-Americans he had over some months formed a friendship with Fritz Soehn, an elderly German known as Pop. This man was intensely anxious to help the New Germany, and at their last meeting he had produced

the propeller which he said came from the engineering works where he was a foreman.

Ranken was an engineer, but could see little value in the propeller. But he sent it to *Luftwaffe* headquarters in Berlin which subsequently confirmed his opinion.

As routine, however, he told the steward to keep contact with the old man as he might lead to further information about American engineering developments.

Three weeks later the steward reappeared on his next trip home, and this time from his walking stick he produced two blueprints.

"What in the devil have you got this time?" asked Ranken. "Where did you get them?"

The steward explained that through Pop he had come to know Paul, another German-American, who worked in the same plant with the old man.

Paul had said that he was an assembly inspector at the Norden engineering plant. At a second meeting, Paul had produced the blueprints saying they were of great value.

"And how much does he want?" retorted Ranken, asking the *Abwehr's* inevitable question.

"Nix . . . absolutely nix," said the steward. "I pressed him. I asked how much he would need for more blueprints if these were found to be of some interest in Berlin. He was insulted and said that he only wanted to help Germany."

Ranken scratched his head. He knew a good deal about espionage and its more seamy side, and he was intrigued by the idea of a man who didn't want any money.

The blueprints were too complicated for him to understand, and again he sent them to the *Luftwaffe* ministry in Berlin. And once more came back the answer, "No value. This is someone trying to get money."

But Ranken was dissatisfied with that answer. He could not believe that a man who had declined money would send blueprints which were worthless.

Fresh developments in the extension of the *Abwehr* network in the United States made it essential that he should have a personal meeting with Duquesne, with Edmund Heine (a senior executive of the German Ford Company, who had been drawn into the *Abwehr* organization), and with other *Abwehr* agents in America. Ranken decided that when he reached the United States he would carry out a little private investigation into the mystery of the Man Who Didn't Want Any Money.

Toward the end of 1937, Dr. Ranken left Bremerhaven in a first-class cabin aboard the *Bremen* as a German engineer making a business trip to the United States. A few days later he was in New York and, although he knew nothing of it at the time, the FBI took an excellent picture of the *Herr Doktor* as he disembarked.

Ranken went first to the Taft Hotel. But, as a normal *Abwehr* precaution, he moved after a few days to the Astoria, and then from one New York hotel to another for the remainder of his stay. During these weeks he was busy with Duquesne and other leaders of the *Abwehr* spy ring which was now beginning to operate fruitfully. He gave them special instructions on sabotage to be executed only in the event of hostilities breaking out between Germany and the United States. It was not until he had been in America sometime that Ranken had time to think of the man who had sent the blueprints.

One evening after a meeting on the New York waterfront with a small-time *Abwehr* informer, Everett Roeder—who was later built up mistakenly by the FBI at his subsequent trial as a top spy—Dr. Ranken found himself near the bar where he had been told he could find Pop.

The old German-American was indeed there, and after Ranken had introduced himself as a friend of the German steward he gradually came round to the subject of Paul.

"That's not his real name," said Pop. "In fact he is called

Hermann Lang. But why not come to my place and meet him?"

Ranken accepted and agreed that he would join a beer session in the old man's apartment—and meet Hermann Lang.

Promptly at seven o'clock the following evening Ranken reached Pop's home, and a few minutes later the old man appeared with a thin-faced dark man who peered at Ranken through steel-rimmed spectacles.

"*Herr Doktor, Hier ist der Hermann,*" said the old man as he introduced Ranken to Lang who was tall and powerfully built, with the muscular hands of a manual worker.

Lang was quiet and reserved. But after some conversation, Ranken formed a distinct impression that he was a simple working man, who through hard work and efficiency had been promoted to the post of works inspector in the Norden plant. Ranken could see that Lang, with his childlike instinct to return to Germany, was still deeply attached to his native land.

Once his reserve wore off, Lang plunged into a description of his work. Ranken, who had only been vaguely interested in what Lang was saying, suddenly sat up when the younger German-American casually mentioned that he was working on a secret bombsight for the U.S. Air Force. "The blueprints I sent you were part of it," he said.

It was a bombsight, he explained, the like of which no one had ever seen before.

"No one in the world has anything like it," he continued, "and I would like Germany to have it too. America has been good to me. But I can never forget the Fatherland. And I want Germany to have this wonderful invention for she may need it in the future."

Ranken was astounded. Lang's childlike approach was unbelievable, but he said nothing.

And then, from a briefcase at his feet, Lang produced

what appeared to be blueprints similar to those which Ranken had received in Hamburg. "I am the inspector in charge of the assembly of the Norden bombsight, and that is why I am able to bring you these. I take them home at night, section by section, and when my wife—who knows nothing about this—goes to bed, I copy them out," explained Lang. "I sent you two sections with the steward. Now here are two more."

Ranken was more and more amazed. Any previous doubts he may have had about Lang were dispelled by the naïve explanation that each blueprint was painfully copied by hand. This simple soul had clearly no idea of modern methods of espionage and it had never occurred to him that the prints might be microphotographed.

"But my dear Herr Lang," said Ranken, "all this is most remarkable." And then, overwhelmed by Lang's patriotism, Ranken pressed his hand and continued. "I am going to tell you something I should never admit here in the United States. I am a German officer, and it is only honorable to tell you that these papers—if they are what you claim they are and I have no doubt that you are telling the truth—are of great value. They could be sold to many foreign powers—to France, to Russia, and perhaps even to England for a great deal of money. Now what do you wish us to pay if we are satisfied that these are the drawings of the new American bombsight?"

Lang's huge eyes peered at Ranken. Drawing himself up to his full height, the German-American factory inspector said slowly:

"*Herr Doktor, das kommt nicht in Frage* (the question doesn't arise). I want to do something for the Fatherland. I want Germany to have this bombsight. If you gave me money I would throw it away—it would be dirty money."

Ranken had much experience of men, and of spies. But never before had he encountered anyone like Lang.

Again Ranken seized Lang's hand and shook it warmly. And with a catch in his voice Ranken told him, "You are a fine German, Herr Lang. On behalf of the Third Reich I congratulate, and in the name of *der Führer,* I thank you. Now how many more blueprints are there?"

Lang explained that there were a large number of drawings for the bombsight but that he had been secretly copying them for some time and he had perhaps three quarters of them at home.

On the following night, Ranken was handed all the copies of the blueprints which Lang had completed. By a fortunate chance the German steward who had first made contact with Lang was in New York, and when his ship sailed for Hamburg a day or two later the first major installment of the bombsight drawings was carefully concealed in his quarters.

Ranken told the steward to instruct his secretary in Hamburg to hold the delivery until he himself returned. The *Herr Doktor* decided to postpone his departure for another fourteen days, by which time Lang promised to have the bombsight blueprints complete. And when Ranken, Lang and Pop met together for a farewell drink on the eve of the *Abwehr* officer's departure, the remainder of the blueprints were already on their way to Germany. Ranken, just in case the FBI had got wind of his contact with Lang, had preferred not to carry any drawings himself, and they had been divided between two other couriers.

Early in 1938, Ranken reached his office in Hamburg and a few days later a complete set of the drawings for the Norden bombsight lay pieced together on his desk. After the somewhat summary treatment which the first two sample drawings had received earlier from the experts of the *Luftwaffe* Ministry, Ranken decided to go to Berlin himself and place the full facts before Canaris.

The admiral was agog. At once he summoned his chief

technical adviser who promised to report in twenty-four hours. The following afternoon Ranken was summoned to Canaris's office where he found the admiral pacing the room with his technical chief.

"My God, man, do you know what you've got?" demanded Canaris as soon as Ranken appeared. Before the admiral could continue, the technical expert intervened:

"This is what we have been looking for, for months. We had heard whispers about a new American bombsight which was claimed to be the last word. But no one could find out anything. And between ourselves I'll tell you something more. The present high-level bombsight of the *Luftwaffe* is useless—that is why we are building so many dive bombers like the JU 87, because they are the only planes with which we have been able to be certain we could hit a target. This will revolutionize our whole bombing strategy."

"So," said Canaris cynically, "this is what all these clever fellows with the gold braid in the *Luftwaffe* said was worthless."

At once Canaris got in touch with General Udet, one of Göring's closest collaborators and in Canaris's view one of the few intelligent men of the *Luftwaffe*. And that same week Udet confirmed to Canaris that Lang had indeed delivered "a pearl beyond price."

To Ranken the admiral gave orders to keep in touch with Lang, for he knew the technicians of the *Luftwaffe* only too well. And as he predicted, they produced a questionnaire as thick as a novel—and were incensed when Canaris sardonically told them that he could not call up Lang in New York and get the answers in a few hours.

The *Luftwaffe* experts were quite sure they could manufacture the bombsight, and orders were placed for an immediate prototype. But American mass-production methods were far ahead of those in the Third Reich and the Germans were anxious for the American know-how on quantity pro-

duction. Finally, after much unsuccessful secret communication with Lang, Ranken was told to try to persuade Lang to visit Germany.

On the next trip to New York of the steward-courier, he carried a message from Dr. Ranken. "The *Herr Doktor* would like you and Mrs. Lang to be his guests in Germany for a few weeks this summer. It would give you a chance to see your relatives and provide a pleasant change."

Lang had apparently some difficulties about getting leave of absence, but eventually came a reply that Mr. and Mrs. Lang would be pleased to accept the *Herr Doktor's* kind invitation.

By early summer all arrangements were completed and soon afterward Lang and his wife Betty sailed for Hamburg in the liner *Amerika*—all expenses paid by the grateful *Abwehr*. A week later they were at Cuxhaven and over the public-address system Lang heard his name called:

"There is a gentleman to meet Mr. and Mrs. Lang."

A few minutes later they were greeted by an officer of the *Abwehr*—but in circumstances somewhat different from the melodramatic account of the meeting given by Lang during his trial three years later.

Escorted by the *Abwehr* guide, Lang and his wife were taken to Berlin where they were accommodated in an unpretentious but comfortable hotel near Kurfuerstendamm. What Mrs. Lang knew or believed of the trip, the *Abwehr* never knew; but presumably Lang gave his wife some convincing explanation for the expenses-paid trip to his native land.

On the day after his arrival, Lang was taken to a room in the *Luftwaffe* Ministry where he was greeted by representatives of Canaris and Udet. After the usual introductions a technical expert said, "I have something to show you, Herr Lang," and ushering him into another room he

showed the visitor the completed prototype of the Norden bombsight.

For a moment Lang was speechless, for although he had given the Germans the drawings he had not imagined that the bombsight could be completed so quickly. Carefully Lang examined the prototype, and then turning to the chief technician he said, "It is perfect."

For some weeks he was in daily consultation with German experts, advising them on the methods devised in the Norden plant for mass production of the bombsight before he was told to go off for a few weeks and visit relatives. Finally it was arranged he would meet Dr. Ranken in Hamburg before returning to the United States.

In the meantime Canaris had heard the whole story, and he began to ponder on the future of Lang. The admiral was worried about Lang's returning to the United States. And so when Lang and his wife were greeted in Hamburg by Dr. Ranken, the *Abwehr* officer carried a message from Canaris.

"My chief has asked me to say," said Ranken, "that in view of the great service you have done for Germany, he thinks you should not return to America—particularly to your job. He therefore invites you to remain here. Life will be made very comfortable with an assured income. You will either be given a post in a technical branch of the *Luftwaffe* or in one of the great armament firms where your technical knowledge of building the bombsight will be put to good use."

Lang was much affected and said he would give an answer on the following morning. But Mrs. Lang appeared to prefer life in the United States, and next day Lang completely ruled out any question of remaining in the Third Reich. In due course the couple were escorted aboard a German liner bound for New York—and so far as the *Abwehr* was concerned that was the end of Case Lang.

In Hamburg, Dr. Ranken continued to direct and extend the network in the United States, but as war became imminent in 1939, much consideration was given to the problem of future communications with America.

With a British blockade in operation, it was clear that the courier service by stewards of U.S. liners would be severely restricted if not entirely impossible. As in many other facets of *Abwehr* organization, little long-term planning had taken place and, by the summer of 1939, the question of future American communications had reached a crisis.

Ranken was under considerable pressure from Berlin for having failed to organize a system of radio links with the United States when he happened to receive a call from the *Abwehr* officer at the headquarters of the Rhineland army district at Münster in Westphalia. This officer told Ranken that he had just come across a German-American who might be useful. This man, who gave his name as Harry Sebold, was an engineer employed by the Consolidated Aircraft Company plant in San Diego, California.

The *Abwehr* officer said this German-American was visiting his mother in the Rhineland and had apparently got into some sort of passport difficulty. From the local police he had passed into the hands of the local officers of *Abwehr III*—counterintelligence—to whom he had professed great admiration for the New Germany.

Sebold apparently also hinted that he might be willing to do something on his return to the United States for the Third Reich, and it was because of this that the *Abwehr* officer passed him over to Ranken.

Sebold was interviewed by Ranken who was much impressed by the man's story. By normal *Abwehr* standing orders, Ranken should have had Sebold checked by Duquesne or one of his other agents in the United States. But by this time Britain and Germany were at war, and communications with America were slow and difficult. Ranken

was being strongly criticized in Berlin and finally he decided to take a chance. He decided to enlist Sebold in the *Abwehr* as a radio operator.

This obviously involved Sebold's remaining some weeks or months in Germany for training, and the German-American told Ranken that he would have to go to the United States Consulate in Cologne and have his passport put in order. When he returned to Hamburg from Cologne, he told the *Abwehr* that everything was in order—which no doubt it was, from a certain point of view.

Sebold's instruction course as an *Abwehr* radio operator scarcely accorded with the somewhat embroidered version which he gave to a U.S. court two years later, but toward the end of 1939 he was proficient in Morse and in the operation of shortwave transmitters and receivers. Because of the danger that radio equipment might be spotted by the FBI if he carried an *Abwehr* spy set in his luggage, Sebold was shown how to build the necessary equipment with parts easily obtained in the United States. And as a reserve means of communication he was instructed in point photography, the method by which a whole page of a message could be microphotographed and attached to a postcard or letter as nothing more than a period mark.

Sebold reached New York at the end of January, 1940, with instructions to establish an engineering-consultant's office as a cover for his *Abwehr* activities. And while he was building the shortwave transmitter he was to maintain communication with the *Abwehr* through a steward aboard the U.S. liner *George Washington*, which was sailing from New York to ports in still-neutral Italy and Spain. Sebold in fact was the main link between the *Abwehr* and its espionage network in the United States.

Sebold had originally been told to contact Duquesne, who the *Abwehr* felt was sufficiently experienced to deal with any difficulties which might arise from Sebold's in-

experience. But because he was the only link with Germany he soon made contact with other *Abwehr* agents: Edmund Heine, Everett Roeder—who was reporting the departure of British ships from New York harbor—and glamorous Lily Barbara Stein—the young Jewess who, after the suicide of her rich parents in Vienna at the time of the Austrian *Anschluss* in 1938, had been helped by Canaris to flee to New York, where she became an *Abwehr* agent.

It was at the beginning of 1940 that Canaris—and Lahousen, who by this time knew the Norden bombsight story—thought of Lang. By that time *Luftwaffe* bombers equipped with the German version of the bombsight were making sorties over the British Isles, and Canaris was confident that sooner or later an intact bombsight would fall into the hands of the British. He understood British-American relations better than many people in Berlin, and he was sure that despite United States' neutrality the details of the bombsight having been captured would reach Washington in due course.

It was now urgent, therefore, that Lang should leave the United States and return to Germany in the interests of his own safety. Instructions were issued by *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin that Lang and his wife be given passage back to Germany by way of South America, and that sufficient funds be placed at his disposal at the German consulate in New York.

But the *Abwehr* had had no contact with Lang for a considerable time, and with communications disrupted by the British blockade, the message was sent to Sebold. He was instructed to contact Lang, and was informed that Lang still worked at the Norden plant.

On March 7, 1940, in response to Sebold's invitation, Lang called at the New York office on Forty-second Street, where Sebold—under the name of Sawyer—had established

a consulting-engineer's office as directed by the *Abwehr.*

When Lang sat down opposite Sebold, who had his back to a wall, Lang was oppressed by the intense light by which the room was illuminated. But at the moment he thought little of it.

After Sebold had indicated that he was connected with the *Abwehr* he suggested that if Lang were a good German he could promise him safe passage back to Germany and thirty thousand dollars.

"What do you mean?" asked Lang, who had no idea that his safety was the concern of high authorities in Berlin.

"Well," said Sebold, "you work in the Norden works, don't you?" And then he went on to hint that Lang should steal the Norden bombsight.

"Steal the Norden bombsight—steal it—what do you mean?" gasped Lang. "Why, man, I have already given the bombsight to Germany."

Before Sebold could say anything, he went on to add that as long ago as 1938, during a visit to Germany, he had instructed German technicians on the best methods of constructing the bombsight.

Hurriedly Sebold looked at a sheet of paper before him, and then said, "You must excuse me. Yes, I see you have already given important information to Berlin. Well, if you hear of any new developments let us know."

At that moment there was a flash as though one of the electric bulbs had burst and, blinded by the flash, Lang wasn't sure what had happened. When he looked up he saw that Sebold was smiling.

"Well, excuse me again, Mr. Lang," said Sebold. "I must say you sure are a good soldier of *der Führer.*"

"Yes," said Lang as they shook hands. "I am a true follower of *der Führer.* I am an *Alte Kaempfer*"—one of the old fighters who had taken part in the famous march through Munich with Hitler in 1923.

The door shut and Sebold grinned broadly—*for Sebold was a counterspy of the FBI.*

Everything that Lang had said had been noted by two FBI agents hidden behind a partition in front of which Sebold had sat. The blinding flash had been from the camera whose lens was fixed to a hole in the partition which had filmed the entire interview.

The FBI did nothing about Lang at the time—nor about the thirty other German agents of the spy ring which Sebold had penetrated. They merely watched all that went on.

By May, 1940, Sebold's radio set had been built by FBI radio experts and was in contact with the *Abwehr.* Under the supervision of the FBI, Sebold continued until 1941 to send and receive messages across the Atlantic between the *Abwehr* and its spies. For good value the U. S. military authorities sometimes added some authentic but quite valueless tidbits—usually about technical projects which, after long investigation, had been found to be abortive. But the *Abwehr* technicians spent many long months working on such useless details.

The FBI preferred keeping its eyes on spies it knew. So long as the United States remained at peace, there was little point in rounding up the *Abwehr* spy ring. Better to let it function and duly watch what it reported instead of arresting all the spies, for they would only have been replaced by others, whom the FBI would have had to detect in turn. But by the summer of 1941, the United States and Germany were so close to war that other considerations came into play. Finally, on instructions from Washington, the FBI was ordered to strike.

Early on the morning of July 30, the great roundup began. Lang, whose home was on Sixty-fourth Street, New York, was arrested during the night at a small bungalow he had rented for the summer outside the city. He was

taken to the FBI offices in Lafayette Street to be interrogated. Three weeks later, Lang was found in his cell half-conscious and suffering from acute nervous collapse. He was removed for psychiatric treatment to King's County Hospital, and it was from there he was taken to the Federal Court in Brooklyn when the trial of the *Abwehr* spy ring started on September 2.

Lang was brilliantly defended by a distinguished New York attorney, G. W. Herz, but, like the other thirty German spies, his case was hopeless from the start.

Both in private and in court, however, Lang persisted in claiming that he had acted under Nazi pressure. He told a melodramatic story of how, when he landed at Cuxhaven in 1938, he had been accosted by a man from the Gestapo. Under duress he was told to report to the *Luftwaffe* Ministry in Berlin. There he saw two men, one of them a German whom he could recall having met in the New York apartment of his elderly friend Pop. Lang claimed that the two men threatened that if he did not send them blueprints of the Norden bombsight, reprisals would be taken against his family in Germany. He had thought of going to the U. S. Consul, but at that time he still had a German passport and he was helpless in the hands of the Nazis.

But his story collapsed when evidence was given by the two FBI agents who had been behind the screen in Sebold's office.

They confirmed that he had told Sebold he "had already given the Germans the bombsight in 1938," and that on leaving he had admitted that he was an *Alte Kaempfer* of Adolf Hitler.

The sensation of the trial, however, was the appearance of Sebold himself—revealed in court for the first time as a counterspy in the pay of the FBI. He claimed that after losing his passport in Germany he had been placed under arrest and told that he would not get back his passport

unless he promised to work for the *Abwehr* as a spy. Finally he had agreed and was then released and permitted to go to Cologne, where he reported everything to the U. S. Consul. He was told to go ahead and do all that the *Abwehr* asked, and try to infiltrate into a key position. The U. S. Consulate officials assured him that "everything would be taken care of" when he returned to the States.

In view of this he returned to the *Abwehr* in Hamburg, where he went through a radio course at the end of which, he claimed, an *Abwehr* officer instructed him to establish himself in New York as a consulting engineer.

On leaving Hamburg he said he was given a thousand dollars and four microfilms. He was told to open this on arrival in New York when he would find it contained a full list of German spies in the United States. On his arrival, said Sebold, he was met by two FBI officials to whom he handed the money and the microfilm; with their help he had set up the office on Forty-second Street.

Sebold also claimed that Lang's name appeared at the top of the microfilmed list, and that before leaving Germany, an *Abwehr* officer—apparently Dr. Ranken—had told him, "You don't need to worry about Lang. We already have the bombsight. Our only interest is later developments."

Canaris, who spoke excellent English, followed the trial in detail from the reports in *The New York Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* which reached him via Lisbon; Sebold's testimony in particular worried the *Abwehr* chief.

He personally had little doubt that Sebold had made the acquaintance of the FBI a long time before he visited the U. S. Consulate in Cologne in the summer of 1939, but the details of what Sebold claimed to have learned in Hamburg filled the admiral with dismay. It certainly did not agree with the reports which had reached Tirpitzufer from Dr. Ranken. And in due course a token of the admiral's dis-

pleasure was visited upon the *Herr Doktor*—who was posted to a less desirable station.

The trial in New York dragged on for three months until just after the United States entered the war in December, 1941.

Lang, like all the rest of the spies, was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude.

He was sent first to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas, where he spent five years in confinement. He was then transferred to the penitentiary at Milan, Michigan, and it was there, early in August, 1950, that he was summoned to the governor's office.

Lang was informed that by a clemency order of the Federal authorities he was to be released and deported to the New Germany of Dr. Adenauer without delay. He was taken to New York where he was reunited with his wife; a few weeks later they reached Bremerhaven in the U. S. Government transport, *McGrath*. They were without resources, and with few friends, but finally reached a small village in the vicinity of Hof on the Czechoslovakian border where one of them had relatives.

For a long time Lang was without an income, but finally he found a job in a factory in Bavaria. Some of the surviving *Abwehr* officers who knew his story were sorry for him—and in due course learned Lang's side of the story.

But despite the honorable impression of his action which had remained with Canaris's collaborators, Lang himself resolutely refused to admit anything.

"I am innocent. Believe me, I was never a spy," he told those who visited him in his humble surroundings in a forgotten corner of Bavaria. And the final word came from Lahousen himself.

"Lang was certainly never a spy in the sense that he sold information for money. He was a German patriot."

chapter two

The Nazis "Invade" America

As a result of the great FBI success in rounding up the main German spy ring in the United States in the summer of 1941, the *Abwehr* was virtually without any organization when war did break out between the United States and Germany the following December, after the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

A few agents survived, but they were of relatively little importance. Several months after Pearl Harbor, however, Lahousen began to make references in his diary to a mysterious operation which bore the code name Pastorius. Soon afterward, in the middle of April, 1942, he noted that preparations for this enterprise had been pushed forward rapidly.

"The German Admiralty staff," he wrote, "has indicated that it is prepared to land our agents from U-boats on the eastern coast of the United States. The aim of the operation is to strike at one of the main bottlenecks in the American war economy, to sabotage the U.S. production of aluminum."

It was the biggest sabotage operation yet planned by the

Abwehr, but by the time Lahousen came to make these entries the extensive preparatory work had reached an advanced stage. The prospective saboteurs, all Germans who had spent many years in the United States, had been selected, and had almost completed their training. For months before that, Operation Pastorius had been a major headache to Lahousen and to Canaris. In the previous autumn, when thirty spies were arrested in the United States, Hitler had staged one of his historic scenes. When, after Pearl Harbor, he discovered that there was, for all practical purposes, no other *Abwehr* organization in the United States, his fury became truly monumental. Canaris and Lahousen were summoned to *der Führer's* headquarters on the Russian Front, and after a tirade of recrimination Hitler demanded that a program of sabotage be launched in the United States without delay.

Canaris and Lahousen countered Hitler's demands by arguing that such large-scale operations as the *Führer* demanded required a widespread and well-trained intelligence network, which Germany did not have.

"And whose fault is that?" demanded *der Führer.*

Controlling his temper as well as he could, *der Führer* pointed out with heavy sarcasm that although "no doubt the gentlemen of the *Abwehr* were unaware of the fact, there were plenty of loyal German-Americans in the Party who would be only too willing to return to the United States on such a mission, and if need be give their lives for their *Führer* and their Fatherland."

Canaris and Lahousen said no more, but took their leave and returned to Berlin. As they flew back across Poland, Canaris made it quite clear that apart from the obvious operational difficulties presented by such an undertaking he was distinctly lukewarm to any landing in the United States. As a senior naval officer he had always made it plain that he regarded sabotage—as opposed to espionage, with

which he had had long and honorable connections—as being not quite respectable. In addition, his semi-pacifist conscience was opposed, as it had been in other operations, to the extension of violence to any country which had hitherto remained peaceful, and he indicated that he would, with all the guile of which the little admiral was capable, quietly lose Hitler's plan.

About this time British and American newspapers reaching Germany began to hint that Canaris and his immediate subordinates like Lahousen formed part of a new anti-Nazi movement. And Heydrich and the rest of the Gestapo, who had long harbored grave doubts about the *Abwehr's* loyalty, had begun to investigate these reports, and to wonder how the Anglo-Saxon powers knew so much.

Hitler, however, had made up his mind about sabotage operations in the United States and was not to be put off by Canaris's normal evasions. The admiral and Lahousen were therefore summoned once again to *der Führer's* headquarters and given peremptory orders to land saboteurs in America.

When the pair returned to Berlin after the second visit, Canaris told Lahousen: "We'll just have to do it. I know, as you know, that the whole thing is hopeless. But examine every possibility in the light of present circumstances. We have got to make some show of cooperation in this business, and at least demonstrate good will."

Hitler's insistence on a sabotage operation in the United States had percolated from his headquarters through Nazi channels to various departments of the Party, and particularly to the Nazi Overseas Organization headed by the Gauleiter Bohle. So, less than a week after Canaris and Lahousen had returned from Hitler's headquarters, one of the junior officers in the *Abwehr*, with closer connections with the Party than most of his colleagues, announced that there was an officer waiting to see Lahousen.

This man, said the young *Abwehr* Nazi, had in his pocket a list of German-Americans ready to leave at once for the United States as saboteurs. Lahousen was incredulous, but he had to make a pretense of being cooperative, and the visitor, a Lieutenant Werner Kappe, was shown into his office. He was a German-American who had formerly been a reporter on a German-language newspaper in New York City and at the time had been a leading member of the notorious Nazi *Bund* in the United States. He was one of the Gauleiter Bohle's associates, and Lahousen took an immediate dislike to this bombastic German-American, who, as Lahousen told Canaris later, "spoke to me as though he were selling me a washing machine."

But Lahousen made no comment when Kappe produced from his pocket a list of ten men and said, "These men are all Germans who have spent years in the United States and speak and act like Americans. They are willing to give their lives for *der Führer* by returning as saboteurs to the United States, and they are all loyal members of the Party."

"Most admirable," Lahousen said. "But, Lieutenant Kappe, what, may I ask, do they know about intelligence work, or for that matter about the technical side of sabotage?"

"Nothing at all, Herr Colonel," retorted Kappe, and then, with a sarcastic smirk, "but they can learn."

Kappe then astounded the head of the sabotage division by announcing calmly that with the help of Gauleiter Bohle arrangements had already been made for the transport of the ten men to America.

"Through good Nazi comrades in the submarine service," he said, "all arrangements are complete for U-boats to transport them to the coast of the United States."

"Indeed," said Lahousen, who, feeling that Kappe might have ambitions to lead the sabotage division, rang his bell to have his unwelcome visitor shown out. As soon as the brash young man had disappeared Lahousen made his way

along the corridor to Canaris's room and, after throwing up his hands, told his chief of the conversation.

"And what did you do?" asked Canaris. "Didn't you throw the hooligan out of the room?"

For a few moments Canaris was silent; then, shrugging his shoulders, he said, "This is utter madness. But what can we do? Those clever boys in the Party have taken the whole thing out of our hands. Lahousen, this will cost these poor men their lives."

"It seems that there is to be an agents' invasion of the United States," said Lahousen.

Canaris shook his head sadly. "You know that I always say that any undertaking with more than three or four men is doomed. Someone always talks. This can lead only to a catastrophe," said the admiral, "but what can we do about it? The Party amateurs have taken over." He then instructed Lahousen to take charge of the ten men chosen by the Party, and ordered that they first be checked so far as possible by his counterintelligence division. "Though how we can check at this stage of the war on people who have spent most of their lives in America, I don't know."

Canaris ended his instructions with the order that the Party's chosen ten be sent for a couple of months to the *Abwehr* sabotage school in Brandenburg, where they would be given as sound a technical training as was possible in that time.

A fortnight later Lieutenant Kappe, the former New York reporter, welcomed the ten men who had volunteered to take part in Operation Pastorius when they reported to him at the *Abwehr* sabotage school.

He told them that from that moment they would talk only English and conduct themselves as they had done during their long years of residence in America. Most of them were German nationals who had made their way back to

Germany after war with Britian had started. Some had come on a free passage provided by the German consul-general in America and had traveled back home *via* Japan and Moscow. One of the ten, however, although German-born, was the holder of U.S. citizenship papers. Even Kappe knew little about this man, Ernst Peter Burger, but in the secret files of the Nazi Party were records to prove he had marched with Hitler in the historic parade in Munich in 1923.

Afterward he had fled to America, but had returned to Germany after Hitler seized power in 1933 and joined the SS; by the start of the war Burger had reached the high rank of colonel in the SS. During the occupation of Poland he became outspokenly critical about Nazi atrocities in the occupied areas and was arrested by the Gestapo. For a time he was in prison, and from that moment there were blank periods in the details of his career. Eventually, however, to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the Nazis, he had "volunteered" to penetrate the *Abwehr* as one of Heydrich's spies, and his Gestapo masters had now ordered him to volunteer for Operation Pastorius. The other nine who reported at the same time were:

Georg John Dasch—a thin-faced German-American in his early forties with a very varied career behind him. A native of Speyer in the Rhineland, he had originally been an interpreter with the French occupation army after World War I. In 1920 he drifted to Hamburg and then, as a stowaway, to the United States. He got the inevitable job as a dishwasher in a New York luxury hotel, and after various attempts to find regular work joined the United States Army. That did not last long, and after his discharge he went from job to job. He became associated with various trade-union organizations, and during the American labor troubles of the Thirties, Dasch—and his American-born wife —were prominent on the picket lines. Thereafter Dasch

seems to have led the life of a typical left-wing agitator. Early in 1941, however, although his wife was seriously ill in a hospital, Dasch suddenly took advantage of the offer of a free trip to Germany made by the German consul-general in New York. Why a man with Dasch's background should want to return to Nazi Germany at that point has never been satisfactorily explained, but it is clear he had some ulterior motive. Dasch traveled with a party of other German-Americans from San Francisco to Tokyo, then to Vladivostok, and thereafter westward by the trans-Siberian railway. But in Mocow in the spring of 1941, Dasch "missed his connection." He reached Berlin three or four days after the remainder of the Party, and what he did during those days in Moscow he never explained. He did have time, however, to send a joyful postcard from the Soviet capital to some of his left-wing friends in New York!

Eduard Kerling—fanatical Nazi, was the holder of the Nazi Party Gold Emblem. Although he was a mechanic, he had held various jobs in the United States and while in America had been a prominent member of the Nazi *Bund.*

Hermann Otto Neubauer—friend of Kerling, also was a mechanic, but had held many jobs in the United States, including one as a ship's cook.

Heinrich Heink—another trained mechanic, had worked as a seaman on American ships. He was a gangster type and, like many of his sort, had a profound inferiority complex.

Richard Quirin—close friend of Heink, was a mechanic by trade. He and Heink had been together in Chicago in some of that city's bigger rackets during the Thirties.

Werner Thiel—a nondescript laborer type, had more or less drifted about the United States.

Hans Schmidt—a German-Canadian, had spent many years in both Canada and the United States.

Heinrich Wanner—a Czech-born Sudeten German, in the

United States after many years had returned to Germany in 1939 and become a sergeant in the Wehrmacht.

Herbert Haupt—the baby member of Operation Pastorius, was the nineteen-year-old son of a German-American and very Nazi family, which had spent long years in Chicago. He had dual nationality and had run away from his home in Chicago and fled to Mexico when his girl friend became pregnant. From Mexico he had managed to reach Japan, and from there had traveled on a German blockade runner round the Cape of Good Hope to Bordeaux and thence to his grandmother in Stettin.

As soon as they reached the sabotage school the ten saboteurs started on an intensive course in all the latest methods of destroying industrial potential. One day they were taken to a nearby siding and after being given instruction practiced blowing up railway lines and points. On another occasion a chemist demonstrated how to make Molotov cocktails. For several days they did nothing else but study fuses of all kinds.

The ten saboteurs were then taken to various installations where they could get practical experience. They took a trip along the Havel outside Berlin, and on the canals outside the city they were shown the key points at which to place bombs in order to blow up lock gates. The main objectives, however, were the aluminum plants of the United States, and for a considerable time they studied the layout of a large plant in Saxony. Experts told them that if the high-tension current essential to aluminum production were cut off, the constituents in the aluminum furnace turned to something like solid rock within a few hours. They were therefore shown the best methods of cutting off the electricity supply and wrecking high-tension lines, so that a whole aluminum plant would be put out of action for a long time through a sudden stoppage of the high-tension

electricity supply. The spies were also given some instruction in the use of invisible inks, but no radio instruction, as Lahousen expected to send another party with trained operators after the first Pastorius group had landed.

Toward the end of the training, when the spies had gained enough practical knowledge of sabotage, they were shown blueprints and pictures of their main targets. These were: the power stations of the Tennessee Valley Authority; other new power stations still under construction of whose existence the Germans had only heard rumors, and which were, in fact, for the "Manhattan Project," the atom bomb; plants of the American Aluminum Company; the cryolite works in Philadelphia; sections of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway; the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Newark, New Jersey; the Hell Gate Bridge over the East River; a horseshoe curve on the Pennsylvania railway at Altoona; and locks between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Towards the end of April the training was almost completed, and Kappe, who had been acting as officer in charge of the operation, split up the group into two parties, for only a handful of men could travel in a single U-boat. Before this happened, however, the Sudeten German, Wanner, had a sudden attack of conscientious objection to the whole operation. After having undergone all the sabotage training and, worse still, learned the secrets of the entire operation, he told Kappe he could not morally agree with what he was being asked to do. He was at once sent back to his *Wehrmacht* unit, but he was a marked man, and he was not allowed to remain there. His fate is obscure.

Of the remaining nine, Dasch was chosen as the leader of one group, his companions being Burger, Schmidt, Heink and Quirin. Kerling, who had a long record in America as a leading Nazi, led the second group.

Dasch was told that he would be landed on the coast of Long Island, while Kerling's group was to be put ashore on

the Florida coast. The border between their spheres of operation was the Mason-Dixon line. Contact between the two groups was to be maintained by a headquarters to be set up by Burger under the guise of a commercial-art studio in Chicago. Schmidt, who had spent his youth on Canadian farms, was told to buy a farm in the Middle West which would be used as a central store for explosives and other sabotage equipment. All the saboteurs were told to pretend that they had never left the United States, and to back up this story they were all given letters bearing American stamps and recent postmarks to carry in their wallets. Each of the spies was then told that he should find himself a house in the area where he was going to operate and to set himself up there with a girl friend. They were also told to find a job if possible, as a cover for their secret operations.

At the end of the training course, all nine were provided with American-type clothes, tailored in Berlin to the latest styles shown in American magazines which were reaching Germany. At the end of April the nine spies were sent on leave and told to report back in fourteen days to an address in Berlin, a building normally occupied by the Caucasus News Agency, which was in fact an *Abwehr* cover organization. Unknown to the others, Dasch and Kerling, as the leaders of the two groups, were given pocket handkerchiefs on which were written in invisible ink the names and telephone numbers of the contacts in the United States who had survived the round-up by the FBI the previous year. They were also given very large sums of money in American dollars to finance the sabotage operations.

Finally, in the middle of May, 1942, all the spies returned from leave to Berlin, and on the night before they left the German capital they were invited to a farewell party given by a certain Dr. Mueller, who was in fact Lahousen wearing civilian clothes. There had been rumors that Hitler would himself appear to bid them farewell, but they had to

be content with the advice of the tall, thin, bald man in the brown suit who warned them that on no account were they to express any political opinions in the United States.

"Your greatest hope of success," he told them with a curious glint in his eyes, "is to think as the Americans think in everything. I want to emphasize that you must forget completely about anything you have learned of politics here." In fact Lahousen was quoting Canaris's advice. The admiral had wanted to come himself, but he had not had the heart to face the men who, he believed, were being sent to certain death as a result of absurd political fanaticism, and he left Lahousen to deputize for him. Before they left they were also told that the operation would be known as Pastorius. The name had been chosen by Kappe, who had recalled that a certain Daniel Pastorius had been the leader of the first group of German immigrants to land in the United States many years before.

The following morning the nine saboteurs and Kappe left Berlin for Paris in a specially reserved carriage where they were unable to have contact with any other German military travelers. With them went six large chests loaded with explosives and fuses for the earlier sabotage operations, and German naval uniforms, which they had been ordered to wear during the voyage to America, in case they were intercepted by British or American warships and became prisoners-of-war.

In Paris the Pastorius group was taken to an hotel in the Rue de l'Opéra, which was being used as a transit center for Germans on special missions, and the chests were hidden in the bedrooms. The few days in Paris, however, were not without their excitement, for Haupt and Schmidt picked up girls in the street and took them to the hotel. In the middle of the night a tremendous row developed between Haupt and the young woman of his choice over the question of payment. And at three o'clock in the morning the whole

hotel was awakened by mingled shrieks and curses in French and English, for Haupt, who was much more American than German, spoke English most of the time. Other officers in the hotel on hearing the shouts were convinced that they were being attacked by British parachutists, an ever-present fear in the German mind, and rushed from their bedrooms flourishing revolvers. When they were satisfied that there was no attack they began to ask awkward questions about the amount of English being spoken. Kappe spent the rest of the morning until breakfast time trying to allay the suspicions of sundry *Wehrmacht* colonels and majors. By that time the whole hotel, and a considerable part of the neighborhood, knew that the Pastorius agents were setting out on an operation to a country where English was spoken.

But that was not all. The following day in the Boxer Bar, where all the spies were talking with broad American accents, Dasch quite openly told the barman that they were on their way to America. Somewhat later in the evening Dasch had a fight with the barman, which ended in a free-for-all with Quirin, Heink, and Burger taking part. It was therefore with profound relief that Kappe on the following morning got the signal that the German Navy was ready to play its part in the operation, and with great satisfaction he shepherded his charges to L'Orient, where the submarines which had been detailed to take the spies to America were berthed. There the saboteurs were accommodated in a small dockside hotel.

Once again all gossiped quite openly, in English, about where they were going.

The pay-off, as Kappe described it in his American slang, came, however, when Schmidt, the German-Canadian, reported that during his nocturnal adventures in Paris he had apparently acquired a venereal disease. The idea of the infected Schmidt in a closely packed submarine for a fortnight was just too much for the German Navy, and he

departed at high speed in the general direction of Berlin!

But even that was not the end. On the eve of departure it was discovered that large quantities of the two hundred thousand dollars with which the Pastorius expedition had been supplied were useless. Some of them bore a curious red Japanese mark, and had apparently been used by the Japanese in some East Asian trade deal. Others were a kind of dollar bill long out of circulation in the United States. All the spies angrily refused to have anything to do with these notes. In spite of the useless dollar bills, however, there were still adequate funds for the initial part of the operation, and Kappe agreed to send more money with the third group which, it was hoped, would reach America within two months.

At last the signal was given to start, and in his diary Lahousen noted that the two groups of saboteurs for Operation Pastorius set out by U-boat from the French coast on May 26 and 28. Dasch and his three companions, Burger, Heink, and Quirin, were the first to go, on May 26. They were driven through the cordon surrounding the U-boat base at L'Orient, and with their two chests packed with explosives, escorted aboard *U-202*. They were greeted by Commander Linder, who welcomed them with a glass of traditional Austrian schnapps, Enzian. This was followed by a big breakfast of ham and eggs. But these did not mix well with the snails and claret they had eaten in a local restaurant just before midnight. The smell of heavy oil, and the movement of the ship, set the seal on their misery, and as *U-202* slipped out of the harbor all four spies were clinging to the base of the conning tower, very seasick. Slowly the submarine made its way through the mine barrier round the port and then dived as British planes appeared overhead in one of the almost continuous raids on the U-boat base.

Dasch and Burger were given a cabin to share, but the

other two were accommodated in hammocks similar to those of the ordinary seamen. All that day the *U-202* headed southwest across the Bay of Biscay towards Finisterre, and twice the captain was forced to order a crash dive as British aircraft, using the new radar apparatus which was taking a heavy toll of the U-boats, appeared overhead. For most of that day they remained under water while the spies lay in their bunks or hammocks, miserable and sick. But with darkness *U-202* surfaced and at full speed was soon well away from the French coast.

After passing close to Cape Finisterre the captain headed toward the Azores, and in the brilliant summer weather into which they sailed the four spies began to enjoy themselves. For long periods they were allowed to stay on deck, and for one whole day they sunbathed while the engineers carried out minor repairs in the shelter of one of the smaller islands of the Azores.

The following day a ship was seen and there was an immediate alarm, but it proved to be nothing more than a Portuguese trawler. As soon as it disappeared the captain headed west, setting course for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. He told the spies he intended to make landfall off Newfoundland and then, submerged if necessary, work his way south not far from the U.S. coast toward Long Island.

The voyage continued without incident until *U-202* was within a short distance of the Newfoundland coast. Suddenly "Action stations!" sounded through the ship. Two destroyers had appeared over the horizon, and as *U-202* crept along under water it was quite clear that her presence was registered on the destroyer sonars. As the submarine crept along submerged at maximum depth, the screws of the Allied warships could be heard coming nearer and nearer. Soon they were overhead. Then with an enormous crash the U-boat shook and all the lights went out.

That was only the start. While *U-202* lay motionless, the two destroyers criss-crossed her position and made repeated attacks with depth charges. For hours the attack continued, for the destroyers knew that the submarine was somewhere in the vicinity. Once a depth charge exploded so close that *U-202* was tossed up and down and to and fro like a cork. It was after that attack that the cry went up, "Making water for'ard." The *U-202* must have lost some oil, for soon afterward the destroyers seemed to abandon the attack, and at last the sound of the screws could be heard gradually diminishing until once again there was complete peace in the submarine.

The spies had been terrified. They had been quite convinced that they were finished. But the captain and the crew of the submarine took it all as an inevitable incident in the Battle of the Atlantic and after examination had shown that the ship had suffered only superficial damage the captain headed south. Next day, however, when *U-202* was cruising on the surface not far from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, there was another alarm, and the U-boat crash-dived as a large British convoy, apparently from Halifax, appeared through the mist. Its escorts, however, made no contact and *U-202* remained quietly submerged until the convoy was well on its way. The captain had no desire to be involved with a convoy escort at that advanced stage of the operation. Not long afterward the submarine was heading along the coast of New England, and after sixteen days at sea the captain warned Dasch that the landing would take place within the next few hours.

All four spies were in a state of great excitement. Since leaving L'Orient their nerves had become more tense each day. All now felt that the sooner they were on American soil the better. They would know what to do then. The captain of the U-boat had been given detailed instructions in Berlin where to land the spies. It had been agreed that they

should go ashore near a village where Dasch had spent a number of summer holidays, and on the afternoon of June 13, *U-202* submerged and at slow speed crept into the landing zone. As the submarine dived, the spies inserted a memento in her visitors' book: a drawing of Uncle Sam with a dagger in his back and the motto, "Straight to the heart."

Immediately afterward the four spies were sent to their bunks and their hammocks, for they knew they would be up most of the night, and, as they disappeared, the captain, at periscope depth, headed slowly toward the shore. He was in enemy waters. He had no desire for an encounter with one of the American naval patrols guarding New York Harbor and slowly, with his motors just turning, he drifted in toward the Long Island shore. When darkness fell that evening he estimated that he was within half a mile of the scheduled landing zone.

An hour before midnight the spies were wakened. They were told that zero was in two hours, and as they waited they were served with their last ship's meal of ham and eggs. They drank a final toast with Commander Linder and at midnight they made ready to go. The two heavy chests with the explosives, and two kitbags with their civilian suits, were taken out of store. The large rubber dinghy was made ready, and shortly before 1 A.M. on June 14, *U-202* surfaced. Nothing had been visible through the periscope for some time, and as the conning-tower hatch opened the reason became obvious—there was a thick sea mist lying over the water.

"Quick, bring up the cargo and the dinghy," Linder ordered from the conning tower. "We've no time to waste." The rubber boat was inflated and pushed into the water. Two seamen who were to take the spies ashore heaved in the cargo and the four spies made hurried farewells. "If you are in trouble fire a red rocket and I will give you covering fire," the captain told Dasch at the last moment. "If every-

thing is O.K. send these two men back as quickly as you can. I don't want to linger in this unhealthy district."

The spies were in the dinghy and were about to cast off when at the last moment the captain shouted, "Stop." It had suddenly occurred to him that in the fog the dinghy would have great difficulty in returning to the submarine. So the two members of the crew were given a line which was attached to the conning tower and told to pay it out until they reached the shore. With the aid of the line they would be able to pull themselves back to the *U-202*.

The sailors cast off, and then the spies began to paddle toward the shore. They could see almost nothing in the fog and the darkness, but the sound of surf soon told them they were approaching land and they had no great difficulty in finding the right direction. Once or twice bigger waves than normal almost overwhelmed the heavily laden rubber boat. Then a wave caught the dinghy and swept it through the surf into calm water. Dasch, who was in front, jumped into the sea to find he was waist deep, but a few seconds later he had the dinghy on the beach.

"Quick, out you get," said Dasch to the other three, "and remember from now on no more German."

The two chests with the explosives and the kitbags were carried ashore and Burger, Heink, and Quirin began to take off their German naval uniforms. They had been told to change into civilian suits carried in the kitbags and send the uniforms back with the sailors to the submarine. Dasch alone had come ashore in a pair of old flannels and leather jacket and a battered hat, and while the others changed he walked forward to the line of dunes bordering the beach about a hundred yards from the water. He had reached the top of the dunes when suddenly he saw a light. Through the fog it advanced toward him. In a few moments he saw a young man with a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other.

In a moment Dasch, with his long experience of America, recognized the white cap and the dark uniform of the United States Coast Guard, and as the young man rather tremulously asked, "Who are you? Where have you come from?" Dasch, in an authoritative voice, ordered, "Keep away from us."

"Are you fishermen who have got lost?" asked the young Coast Guard, whose name was Jack Culley.

"Yes, you can say we are that," answered Dasch in English, "but don't concern yourself with us. You'll hear more about us from Washington, no doubt, in due course."

"Yes, sir," said the Coast Guard, dropping the revolver, apparently convinced that he had blundered into some top-secret operation of which as a humble Coast Guard he should know nothing.

"That's all right," said Dasch, "I quite understand. Here is something for you," and as he made the last remark, he drew a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the Coast Guard. "Now take a good look at me. I want to be quite sure you will know me again."

"Yes, sir," said the Coast Guard, shining his flashlight in Dasch's face. "I'll know you again, sir. Thank you, sir, and good morning."

The young man saluted, turned on his heel and disappeared in the direction from which he had come.

Burger, who had finished changing before the other two, was only a short distance behind Dasch, and when the Coast Guard disappeared he ran toward Dasch and asked, "George, who was that? What's the matter? What's going on?"

"Everything is O.K. Leave it to me. Don't get scared," said Dasch. "I've fixed it. Say nothing to the others."

They returned to the beach, where Heink and Quirin had just finished changing into their American civvies. The two German sailors were waiting impatiently for the German

naval uniforms to be put into the kitbags, but at that moment the U-boat fired a recall rocket.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" shouted the sailors as they rushed to the dinghy.

"Come back," shouted Dasch, "you've forgotten the kitbags."

But the sailors paid no attention. The two German seamen felt they had lingered long enough already on the enemy shore and their captain's recall had confirmed their fears. Before any of the four spies could do anything, they disappeared into the mist.

A few minutes later the spies could hear the swish of propellers and the thump of Diesel motors. *U-202* was on her way back to L'Orient. Burger had been given the brief case which contained the party's supply of dollars, and while he clung to the cash, Dasch and the two others started to drag the two explosive chests and the kitbags into the dunes. They were some way ahead, and Dasch shouted to Burger, "Come on. Why are you waiting?"

"O.K. I am coming," shouted Burger, and as he left the shore there were objects still lying on the sand. Beside the footmarks of the spies was a cigarette pack with the words "*Overstolz Zigaretten.*" Near it lay a bottle with the word "*Weinbrand,*" and a few yards farther on lay a German seaman's leather jacket.

He joined the other three, and with great difficulty the four spies began to drag the heavy chests and the kitbags through the dunes. But it was clear that they could make little progress in that way. Finally, after ten minutes, Dasch said, "Let's bury these things here. We can come back for them later." With small shovels which they had brought for just such an operation they dug shallow holes in the sand and soon buried the two chests and the kitbags.

As they finished covering the boxes with sand they heard the sound of a truck. And they were alarmed to discover

that they were close to a road along which, through the fog, raced a truck full of Coast Guards. It roared past, but as it disappeared lights sprang up all around them. A siren began to sound. And to their horror they discovered that they were in the center of a small colony of houses—obviously the houses of Coast Guards, and several miles from where the commander had believed he had put them ashore.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and as the sky grew gray they could see the white building of a U.S. Coast Guard Station with the Stars and Stripes flying overhead. They were on the edge of a village, which they later discovered was Amagansett, on the shore of Long Island. Wet, sleepy, and frightened, the four spies set off across country, keeping close to the road along which the truck had disappeared. After a time they came to a level crossing and Dasch, after looking at a map in his pocket, decided to follow the tracks west to reach the nearest station.

About five o'clock they climbed on to the platform of a small station on the Long Island railway and sat on the platform seats until early-morning workers began to appear. Then with other early travelers they stood in line at the ticket office and, as they had been instructed before leaving Berlin, each bought a ticket to Jamaica. Soon afterward a train appeared and the four got in, Dasch and Burger traveling together in one carriage, and the other pair in the next carriage.

In Jamaica all four left the train and agreed to meet at noon the following day at Grand Central Station in New York. Dasch, who was the leader, instructed Heink and Quirin to find furnished rooms somewhere near Central Park, and then he and Burger headed for a drugstore to get breakfast. After breakfast they found a barber's shop where the beards grown aboard the *U-202* were removed. Then, with plenty of money in their pockets, the two spies went shopping. Both bought completely new outfits: light-weight

summer suits, shirts, socks, shoes and traveling bags. There was only one awkward moment. Dasch had left his razor aboard the submarine and as he went into yet another drugstore to buy one he suddenly raised his right hand and clicking his heels said, "Heil Hitler!" The assistant looked at him a little queerly, but decided that there was something abnormal about Dasch and merely asked what he wanted. Dasch hurriedly bought the first razor he was shown and left the shop as quickly as he could.

Dasch and Burger then took a train to New York, where they checked their dispatch case with eighty thousand dollars in the station baggage room and took a taxi. Dasch knew New York well and they drove to the Governor Clinton Hotel, where they reserved two of the best rooms. All that day they rested. The next day, as arranged, Dasch and Burger met Heink and Quirin and they agreed that the second pair should make periodic calls at the Governor Clinton Hotel, where Dasch and Burger said they would remain in the meantime.

That evening Dasch, who seemed increasingly to discard his German character, invited Burger to have dinner with him at the Waldorf-Astoria. As they talked over the meal Dasch reverted to their conversation of the previous evening, and what he had said in a wood in Brandenburg, where he had fiercely denounced Hitler's persecution of the Jews. It was on that occasion that Burger had mentioned that he too had suffered at the hands of the Gestapo. Dasch now told him that ever since that day he had been aware that Burger, whatever he had been in the past, was not a good Nazi.

"Now come clean," he said. "Why did you come on this trip? It certainly wasn't to help the Nazis."

Burger, uncertain what to say, looked at Dasch without uttering a word. But Dasch obviously had his own sources of information.

"Look," he said, "I know all about you. I know what is in your secret record. You were with Hitler in 1923, and when the whole thing collapsed you ran away to Milwaukee and Detroit, where you worked. I know that, like myself, you were in the U.S. Army for a bit. I also know that is why you were promoted in the SS and rose to be a colonel. I know that you got into trouble in Poland for criticizing the Nazis and you got sent on this job. I also know something else. You don't want to go back to Germany. You have American papers and you mean to stay here. Isn't that right? And there is something more," continued Dasch. "I saw that cigarette packet and the brandy bottle on the beach. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if you dropped them there, because you don't mean this thing to succeed. You have no intention of carrying out sabotage against anything in America. All right, *neither have I.*"

Burger looked at Dasch astounded, and then he thought of the words Dasch had used to the Coast Guard, "You'll hear more about us from Washington." So that is Dasch's game, thought Burger. He did not have long to wait to hear it from Dasch's own mouth.

"As soon as we've finished dinner," said Dasch, "I am going to telephone the FBI here in New York City. I will tell them that I have just landed with three other spies who have been ordered to sabotage the American aluminum industry. I'll tell them I want to see no one less than Mr. J. Edgar Hoover personally. You heard what I said to that Coast Guard? I meant that. I'm going to tell the FBI everything. This is my real home country, not Germany, and I'm a real socialist, as I told you last night, and I'll do anything to help the States beat those Nazis back in Germany.

"Now, Peter, what are you going to do? I've come clean. I've told you what I think. You can do two things."

"What are they?" asked Burger, white-faced and anxious after the amazing exposure of Dasch's aims.

"Peter, you can go along with me and tell the FBI everything," continued Dasch.

"Or what?" said Burger.

"Or you can stay here and be arrested as a Nazi spy. You've got to make up your own mind. But you haven't had a very good deal from these Nazis, and this is a far better country than Germany. If I were you I wouldn't have a second thought. But make up your own mind. Are you going along with me?" asked Dasch.

"And if I don't?" asked Burger, with an attempt at a laugh.

"You will be arrested as a spy as soon as I give the whole thing away to the FBI," said Dasch.

"O.K., George," said Burger, completely overwhelmed by Dasch's revelations, but still unconvinced in his own mind as to his best course. "O.K., George, I am with you. It's up to you to do whatever you think best."

Soon afterward on Fifth Avenue they parted, and Dasch promised to keep in touch with Burger. As soon as Burger disappeared Dasch entered a bar and after ordering a whisky and soda asked for the telephone booth. After looking up the number he dialed the New York office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"This is Pastorius speaking," he said. "Franz Daniel Pastorius. Perhaps you would make a note of that name."

"Yes?" said the voice at the other end. "What do you want?"

"This is Pastorius," repeated Dasch. "I want to speak to the Boss. I have a message for Mr. Hoover in Washington." Dasch paused. "Tell him that Daniel Pastorius and three other Germans landed two nights ago on the Long Island coast. We have explosives with us to blow up American aircraft factories and aluminum works."

"You don't say!" said the incredulous voice at the other end.

"O.K.," answered Dasch. "Have it your own way; but you can tell Mr. Hoover in Washington that I'll be there myself in a couple of days and call on him personally."

The FBI man in New York had apparently missed his big chance. But there was considerable excuse for him.

Early the previous day a report had reached Washington through routine channels from the Coast Guard service that during the night a young Coast Guard called Culley had encountered strange men on the beach near Amagansett. At the same time there had been thick fog, but in due course the young Coast Guard had returned to his station to raise the alarm. It was not until later, however, when the fog had cleared and it had been possible to make a search, that confirmation was found on the beach. The Coast Guards found a cigarette pack with German words on it, a bottle labeled "*Weinbrand*" and a leather jacket which appeared to be part of a foreign uniform. Later other searchers had come across signs of digging not far from the Coast Guard station. On investigation two cases of explosives with a large variety of fuses, and two haversacks with German uniforms, had been discovered buried in the sand. And on one of the fuses had been discovered the words, *Hergestellt in der Feuerwerkanstallt, Berlin, Spandau.*" This sensational report had been rushed to the head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, who at once issued a general alarm. But valuable hours had been lost as a result of the Coast Guard failing to send a top-priority signal to the FBI.

The following day Dasch took the train to Washington, but before he left New York he sent Burger a postcard telling him to give up Dasch's room at the Governor Clinton Hotel and to keep his luggage in Burger's room. He promised Burger that he would keep in touch with him from Washington, where he said he was going. Dasch reached Washington on the evening of June 16 and booked in at the

Chesterfield Hotel. But he was in no hurry to contact the FBI. That same evening he went to a small restaurant, where he received a warm welcome from an elderly waiter, a Jew from Strasbourg, who had been many years in the United States and who had been one of Dasch's closest friends during his years in America. They walked home together, and Dasch told him the whole story and asked for his advice.

On the next day Dasch visited other friendly American socialists, and as he dallied there was a new development in Operation Pastorius. Hundreds of miles to the south the U-boat *170*, under Commander Wagner, had reached the coast of Florida, and without any interference, despite a nationwide alarm issued by the FBI, the Kerling group had landed safely not far from Jacksonville. After burying their cases of explosives they had left for their appointed destination.

It was not until the following day (June 18) that Dasch started to make a serious attempt to inform the American authorities of the landing. From his room in the Chesterfield Hotel he asked for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and a moment later came a girl's voice, "Federal Bureau of Investigation. May I help you?"

"My name is Daniel Pastorius," said Dasch. "I have already spoken to your New York office a couple of days ago. I want to speak to Mr. Hoover."

"You will have to tell me what you want before I can put you through to Mr. Hoover," said the switchboard operator.

"I can only tell my business to Mr. Hoover personally."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the girl. "I have strict orders not to put unknown callers through to Mr. Hoover. You must speak to one of his assistants here," and she spoke to someone else. "Here is a Mr. Pastorius, who wants to speak to Mr. Hoover. Will you take the call?" "O.K.," said the man's voice, and then to Dasch, "Now, Mr. Pastorius, what can I do for you?"

"I want to give information about four German spies who landed on the coast of Long Island a few days ago. I have already spoken to one of your men in New York; you may know about that."

"You say you have information about a landing by Germans on Long Island? Would you care to tell me what you know?"

"Yes," said Dasch, "*I'm one of them.* That's why I want to speak to Mr. Hoover."

"You're *what?*"

"I'm one of them, as I've told you. I'm one of the group that landed last Saturday. I'm the leader of the group; my name isn't Pastorius—that's the code name for the operation." Dasch could hear the voice at FBI headquarters say, "For God's sake get this call traced. Find out where this guy is; he's one of these goddamned Nazi bastards."

"It's all right," said Dasch, "I won't run away. I'm in the Chesterfield Hotel. You have only to ask for me."

"Stay where you are, Mr. Pastorius," said Mr. Hoover's assistant. "Stay right where you are. Someone will be there to see you in five minutes, a Mr. Connolly."

Dasch sat down and took out a cigarette. He had only smoked half of it, and had scarcely had time to gather his thoughts, when there was a discreet knock at the door of his room.

"Good morning," said the taller of the two well-dressed men who stood outside. "Mr. Pastorius, I believe. May we come in?" After they had closed the door the taller man said, "My name is Connolly. I happen to be staying in this hotel at the moment, and this is one of my colleagues."

He pointed to the other man, who nodded, but kept his right hand firmly in his jacket pocket.

"Mr. Pastorius," continued Connolly, "I understand from our office that you have been in contact with them about German spies who you say landed on Long Island last

Saturday. You even said, I understand, that you were the leader of them."

"That's right," said Dasch. "I'm the leader of the group. The other three are in New York. And there's another group who should have landed in Florida by this time. Haven't you heard about them?"

Connolly's eyebrows shot up. The FBI knew nothing about a second group. This was indeed big news, if it were true.

"But that's a remarkable story, Mr. Pastorius," continued Connolly. "We've heard nothing about it. Tell me more."

Slowly and carefully Dasch began to give a brief summary of the whole operation, the training in Brandenburg, the trip across the Atlantic in a U-boat, the landing on Long Island, the encounter with the young Coast Guard and so on.

Connolly and the other man gave not the slightest indication that the second half of the story dovetailed with what they already knew from the Coast Guard. It was with looks of mild incredulity that Connolly said, "But, Mr. Pastorius, you really can't believe that we will accept all this without some proof. You know we get many rumors of this sort."

"So you don't believe me," said Dasch. "You think I am making this up to get a reward, do you? All right, just a moment."

Dasch walked to the wardrobe and took from it the dispatch case which he had retrieved from the baggage room office in Grand Central Station before leaving New York. He selected a key from a bunch on a ring and opened the case.

"All right, Mr. Connolly, if you don't believe me. What do you make of this?" and he toppled eighty thousand dollars out on the bed. "That's the funds for the sabotage, at least part of them. The leader of the other group, Kerling, who should have landed in Florida by this time, has the rest."

"My Gawd," said Connolly's grim-faced companion, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation, "that's real money. This guy's talking sense."

Connolly paused for a moment and requested permission to use the telephone. He asked for the FBI, and got through at once. He spoke to the man who had apparently dealt with Dasch in the first place.

"This is Connolly. Send an escorted car to the Chesterfield right away. I have spoken to Mr. Pastorius, and I am bringing him to see the chief right away." Ten minutes later Connolly and his companion escorted Dasch from the hotel to a large black limousine drawn up outside. Behind it stood another black limousine with four men inside. As soon as the car reached the FBI headquarters Dasch was escorted to an upper floor and straight to the office of the chief of the FBI.

"This is Mr. Pastorius from Germany," said Connolly, "and I think, Chief, he's going to help us quite a lot."

As Mr. Hoover rose to greet the visitor, Dasch said, "I think I must make one thing straight. My name is not Pastorius. That is the German secret service name for this job, Operation Pastorius. My real name is Dasch, Georg John Dasch."

Very briefly Connolly recapitulated the main facts as told him by Dasch in the hotel, and then he produced the eighty thousand dollars. Hoover said little. From time to time he asked a question, and Dasch noticed that they were always very much to the point. Finally, when Connolly had finished, Hoover said: "A most remarkable story, Mr. Dasch. And you believe the other group should have landed in Florida by this time. Very well. I'll have inquiries made. Perhaps in the meantime you'll just go back to the Chesterfield. Mr. Connolly here and another of my staff will go with you. I want you to tell them the whole story. Don't omit anything, for details are most important, and take your time.

Just remain in the Chesterfield with Mr. Connolly until we have decided what action should be taken."

He nodded a dismissal, and Dasch was escorted from the room, feeling excited. He had seen Hoover and told his story. He was sure he would get a rich reward for his very great services to the United States.

"Now, Mr. Dasch," said Connolly as another FBI agent appeared, "just come with us, and we'll drive back to the hotel."

As the two agents took his arm Dasch suddenly realized that he would not be permitted to leave their company for a moment. When he returned to the hotel, however, he said he must write to Burger in New York. Connolly at once agreed, and Dasch was permitted to send a letter saying he had "made contact with the American authorities", and telling Burger to stay where he was for the time being.

What Dasch did not know was that as soon as he had left Hoover's office the FBI chief had given orders that Burger, Heink, and Quirin in their rooms near Central Park were to be shadowed night and day until a decision had been taken whether to arrest them immediately or not. Mr. Hoover also ordered an immediate search for the other four who, Dasch believed, had landed in Florida in the interval.

For the following four days Dasch, mostly in Connolly's sitting room in the Chesterfield Hotel, dictated his story. But long before he had reached the end, the FBI had enough information to launch a nationwide search for the spies who had set out from Berlin little more than a month before. And after Dasch had told the whole story of Operation Pastorius he was interrogated about other things the American authorities wanted to know. He gave information about conditions in Germany after three years of war, and about the ill-treatment of foreign workers he had seen in plants and factories which the spies had visited during their sabotage training. He also gave information about Paris,

about what he had seen of the U-boat base at L'Orient, to be passed on as quickly as possible to Bomber Command HQ in London, and finally about *U-202* itself. After he had been questioned and cross-questioned by the FBI agents until he was weary and in a daze, Dasch had to face the trained interrogators of the U.S. Army and Navy, all determined to extract the last drop of information from a man who had been in Berlin and occupied Europe only a few weeks before.

Connolly took part in the first twenty-four hours of questioning. On the day after Dasch's appearance in Mr. Hoover's office he disappeared from his room at the Chesterfield, leaving Dasch in the care of other officers of the FBI. About the same time, Burger in the Governor Clinton Hotel in New York received the letter written by Dasch. He had arranged to meet Heink and Quirin in a men's outfitters in Forty-first Street that same afternoon to buy some additional clothing, and as he chose new suits and shirts he read them Dasch's announcement that "he was now in contact with American authorities."

Burger gave them some slight hints about Dasch's attitude, and suggested it might be better if they all changed their addresses. But Heink would not believe that Dasch had betrayed them. "Georg is a smart guy. He's contacted someone in Washington to help with some of our operations."

"Wait until you see," Quirin said, "this is some stunt he hasn't told us anything about. He's our boss, so we'd better stay where he told us and where he can find us."

Burger knew better, but by this time he had become almost indifferent, and so when the other two indicated they would stay where they were he made no comment.

Unknown to him, however, Burger had been followed to the shop by an FBI agent, and when he left he was shadowed while other authorities picked up the trail of Heink and

Quirin. And as these two strolled along the street a large black car stopped by the sidewalk twenty yards behind them.

"Shall we lift them now, Mr. Connolly?" asked one of the men in the front seat.

"No," he answered, "wait until they get into a quieter street. There are too many people about here; they might escape in the confusion." Carefully the FBI car followed Heink and Quirin until they reached the vicinity of Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street.

"Now's our chance," said Connolly, and the car slid silently alongside the two men. Before the two Germans realized what had happened they had been dragged into the big car and guns were pressed into their stomachs as the car raced off at high speed. An hour later Burger returned to the Governor Clinton Hotel from his shopping expedition and started to put away his new shirts and ties. As he did so there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Burger, and as he turned he saw two men with guns at the door.

"You are under arrest," said one in a voice with a slight Irish brogue.

"I protest," shouted Burger. "I'm an honest American citizen. What right have you coming into my room like this?"

"Plenty of right," said the taller FBI agent as he slipped handcuffs over Burger's wrists, "and if you are an American citizen it's all the worse for you. My name is Connolly. I had a long talk with a friend of yours yesterday; his name is Dasch. Do I need to tell you any more?"

Half an hour later Burger was astounded to find Heink and Quirin already in the cell into which he was thrust in a New York City jail.

Well, that's the Long Island group all rounded up, thought Connolly, but we've still to get the others.

In the first few hours of his interrogation in the Chesterfield Hotel, Connolly had strongly pressed Dasch, on Hoover's orders, for any clues that would help the search for the second Pastorius group believed to have landed at Jacksonville. On being told by Dasch that the leader of the second group was named Kerling, who was a fanatical Nazi, Connolly had thought for a moment and commented, "That rings a bell."

The German was sure that Kerling had had previous dealings with the FBI and he at once telephoned the Bureau morgue, where the archives were kept. Five minutes later came a return call and Connolly, turning to Dasch, said, "We've got him. Now I remember. In the summer of 1940 our Herr Kerling, whom we had long been watching as a prominent member of the Nazi *Bund* in the United States, decided to join the *Führer.*

"He set out with another man from the coast of Florida in a small yacht, hoping to reach occupied France. Unfortunately, or fortunately, he knew little about ocean sailing. The yacht became waterlogged, and Kerling and his companion were rescued by the United States Coast Guard. He wouldn't have survived if the Coast Guard hadn't picked him up. By the way, the morgue says his buddy was called Neubauer, Hermann Neubauer. Do you know him?"

Some of the spies, like Dasch, Burger, and Kerling, had used their own names, but others had joined the Pastorius groups under pseudonyms.

"No, I don't know a Neubauer, but wait a minute. Kerling's great pal in the other group," Dasch told Connolly, "is a guy called Nicholas, yes, Hermann Nicholas. He did various jobs in the States. Give me what your morgue says about Neubauer."

Connolly read over Neubauer's record in the States, and Dasch said: "That's him all right, Nicholas Neubauer. It

looks as though some of them are using their correct Christian names and the first initial of their surnames for convenience."

"Who's next?" asked Connolly.

Dasch said the third member of the Florida group was called Werner Thomas, and it did not take long to identify him in the FBI records as Werner Thiel. Finally there remained the baby of the party, Herbert Haupt.

"That's his real name," said Dasch, "and his old man lives in Chicago and is a Nazi. You must have him on the files."

A further check was made, and the FBI records disclosed: "Hans Max Haupt, German national, active member of the Nazi *Bund* in Chicago. One son, missing since 1940."

"That's the father all right," said Dasch, "and although he was forbidden to do it, I bet that kid will make straight for home in Chicago."

As soon as the four members of the Florida group had been identified, Hoover ordered a close watch on their former whereabouts. But Dasch still had a trump card. After revealing all the names, he produced from his breast pocket a linen handkerchief and handed it to Connolly.

"That will help you to trace them," he said.

"That," said Connolly. "Are you trying to kid me?"

Dasch explained: "I was given the handkerchief just before I left Berlin. Kerling has an identical one. If you damp it in iodine vapor you will find written in invisible ink the names and telephone numbers of *Abwehr* contacts. We were told to use these links to communicate with the *Abwehr* headquarters in Lisbon until radio operators could be sent later," concluded Dasch.

The FBI laboratory was put on the job, and soon had most of the remaining German intelligence contacts in the United States.

One of them was well known to the FBI and already under suspicion. He was an unfrocked Lutheran pastor who

was living in a boarding house in a squalid district of New York. An immediate order was given to monitor the telephone of the boarding house, and on the morning of June 23 the pastor made an appointment to meet an unidentified caller at noon at the entrance to Platform 1 in the Pennsylvania Station. Two FBI agents shadowed the former pastor to the rendezvous and saw him meet a man. This man in turn was followed, and from the description flashed back to Washington it was clear it was Kerling. That evening Kerling, still under constant watch, met two men in a bar, and one of them proved to be Thiel. When they parted they were both shadowed, and a few minutes later Kerling was picked up on Lexington Avenue. About the same time other FBI agents arrested Thiel on Forty-second Street.

The chase now moved to Chicago, where—since Dasch had identified Haupt's father—a constant watch had been kept on the family home. And, as Dasch had predicted, late on the night of June 21 a tall young man was seen to knock at the door. There were cries of surprise and a hurried whispered conversation, after which the young man disappeared into the house. Herbert Haupt had come home. But Connolly and Hoover decided to play cat and mouse. They suspected that Neubauer would also proceed to Chicago and would eventually contact Haupt, and that it might be possible to get the two birds with one stone.

In addition, the FBI was only too anxious for a valid reason to round up other members of the Haupt family, who had long been among the perfervid Nazis in the Middle West metropolis. A close watch had also been ordered on the house of twenty-two-year-old Gerda Melind, the girl whom Herbert Haupt had deserted two years earlier when she became pregnant. And, as Connolly had suspected, on the forenoon of June 22 the young man duly knocked at her door. But she refused to let him in and the FBI agent watching not far off could hear Haupt's version of why he

had run away to Mexico and the angry retort of the deserted girl. A few minutes later Haupt left hurriedly with a very red face.

That afternoon the offices of the FBI in Chicago had two visitors. First there was Gerda Melind. Without any reticence she announced that Haupt was a German spy who had just landed in the States. But she was somewhat shaken to discover that the FBI knew all about it and willingly accepted the agent's advice, "Keep quiet and do nothing yet." She had scarcely left the office when the chief of the FBI in Chicago was astounded to be told that a young man called Herbert Haupt was waiting outside. The young man brought with him various circulars and communications sent to his home during the previous few months asking for an explanation why he had not reported for American Selective Service. With great innocence Haupt asked if the FBI were still looking for him, and explained he had been in Mexico.

"No, Mr. Haupt, that is quite all right," said the chief FBI agent in Chicago. "We have no further interest in your Selective Service. Don't worry about that at all; just go back home."

Thinking that he had been very smart and that he had explained away his absence from the country, Haupt did as he was told, and the FBI continued to shadow him.

There was still no sign of Neubauer *alias* Nicholas. But Haupt was followed everywhere, and on June 27, in a new car his father had bought with Berlin dollars, Haupt drove to a roadhouse outside Chicago. There he was met by a man in his middle thirties whom the FBI men were able to identify as Neubauer. They raided the roadhouse and arrested both Haupt and Neubauer.

All eight spies had now been traced, but Connolly still had one important action to carry out before the FBI's "Operation Pastorius" was complete. That same evening after Haupt and Neubauer had been arrested Connolly went

to the Chesterfield Hotel where Dasch was still living and announced to that astounded "American hero" that he, too, was under arrest.

Dasch was speechless. He had genuinely believed that for his treachery he would be rewarded and become an American hero, but Mr. Hoover, and President Roosevelt in the White House, where he had just been entertaining Winston Churchill, thought differently.

Late that night the sensational news was given to the American public that eight spies who had landed two weeks ago on the Atlantic seaboard had all been rounded up. And the following day Lahousen noted the disaster in his diary:

"Since early morning," he wrote, "we have been receiving Reuter reports of American radio transmission announcing the arrest of all participants in Operation Pastorius, some in New York and some in Chicago. The reports give the correct location of the landings in the United States and of the targets for the planned sabotage operations. But one report claims that the Pastorius operators had been given orders to blow up the Niagara Falls bridge, which is categorically untrue."

He ended his note pessimistically by adding that according to Allied messages all eight were liable to death sentence under United States wartime regulations.

Lahousen and Canaris had scarcely time to commiserate with each other and say, "We told them so," before the telephones began to ring. The Reuter reports had already caused turmoil in the Nazi government departments. The German Foreign Office had demanded from the Gestapo to know who had sent the spies. The Gestapo in turn demanded from the German Navy to know who had authorized the use of submarines for transporting saboteurs across the Atlantic. All inquiries, however, led eventually to the *Abwehr* headquarters, where Canaris told everyone, including the

Foreign Minister, Ribbentrop, that "the operation had been carried out on the direct orders of the *Führer.*"

Then the storm really broke. Next morning Canaris and Lahousen, as they had anticipated, received an urgent order to appear at *der Führer's* headquarters on the Russian front on the following day, June 30, at 4:00 P.M. As they entered his workroom they saw that Hitler was accompanied by Ribbentrop and the Nazi head of the operations staff, General Jodl, neither of whom loved the *Abwehr.* Canaris and Lahousen had scarcely time to sit down before Hitler turned on them. There had been references in the Allied reports that the spies had been rounded up as the result of treachery, and he seized on that point at once.

"I want to know," Hitler demanded, "how it is possible for such an appalling catastrophe as this to happen. We had the same awful mess a year ago, when treachery led to the arrest of thirty of your agents in America. Now it has happened again. I demand an explanation."

Lahousen noted that Ribbentrop was grinning at the apparent discomfiture of the *Abwehr,* but Canaris, with long experience of *der Führer,* let his head sink lower and lower, but said nothing.

"What have you to say? You are responsible. How was it possible for you to choose men capable of treachery?" For several minutes the tirade continued until at last Hitler paused to gather breath; instantly Canaris seized the opportunity.

"But, *Mein Führer,*" said the little admiral in a quiet voice, "we did not choose these men. As you will remember, every one of them came from the Party. And each one impressed both Colonel Lahousen and myself as completely loyal and devoted National Socialists. All of them, as you will recall, were sent to the *Abwehr* from the Party Overseas Organization, by Gauleiter Bohle, and the organizer of the group held no less than the National Socialist Blood Order."

Hitler just stared at Canaris, and Lahousen genuinely hoped that *der Führer* was about to have an apoplectic fit.

For once Hitler was speechless. He just didn't know what to say. Then out it came. Storming, raving, and weeping, he bawled at Canaris, "All right; if that's so, it's all the worse. These poor young fellows, all decent members of the Party; never let it happen again; you must never send loyal members on such an expedition again. Next time you can send Jews and criminals."

"Jawohl, Mein Führer," said Canaris, and then asked, "Is that an order?"

"It is," barked Hitler, and Canaris and Lahousen hurriedly withdrew.

But if that was the end of Operation Pastorius for the *Abwehr,* the incident was still far from being finished in the United States. On June 29 the eight spies were gathered together in the jail of the District of Columbia in Washington, and early in July, President Roosevelt announced the appointment of a special military court to try the eight men.

The court was headed by one of the United States Army's most senior officers, General McCoy, and because Burger had held the rank of a colonel in the SS, all other members were general officers of the United States Armed Forces. Soon afterwards the secret trial began in the Department of Justice building in Washington, where Mr. Francis Biddle—who later gained international distinction as a member of the American team at Nürnberg—opened the prosecution. Dasch was defended by Colonel Reston and the others by Major Royal, both of the Army.

Mr. Biddle's case rested largely on Dasch's confession of two hundred and fifty pages, but that did not prevent the prosecutor lashing out at Dasch himself. The prosecutor suggested that "Dasch got cold feet" after landing in the States, and having been seen by the Coast Guard, hoped to

keep all the funds to himself, while handing over his associates to the authorities.

Dasch strongly denied this. He pointed out that he had voluntarily handed over his eighty thousand dollars to the FBI. He claimed that he had betrayed the operation because he regarded the United States as his mother country. He said that he was a member of a left-wing group with members inside Germany, "some of whom had already fallen victims to the Gestapo."

The other seven were overwhelmed by the extent of Dasch's revelations and they had virtually no defense. In the first week of August, therefore, all eight were found guilty and sentenced to death. On August 12, Quirin, Heink, Kerling, Thiel, Neubauer, and Haupt went to the electric chair in Washington.

The same morning, as Dasch and Burger were led along the corridor and passed the cells in which they knew their fellow spies had been imprisoned, they were astounded to see all the doors standing open, and when Burger looked surprised a guard said, "Didn't you know your buddies went to the chair early this morning?"

Soon afterwards Dasch and Burger were summoned, separately, to the governor's office, and informed that President Roosevelt had reduced their sentences. Dasch would now serve thirty years' imprisonment because of his confession. Burger was given life imprisonment, on the ground that he had acted under orders as an officer of the SS.

For the remainder of the war, and in the years immediately following 1945, the two spies were transferred from penitentiary to penitentiary. Dasch was kept in special blocks, as news of his treachery had reached Nazis interned in the same jail, who had threatened to murder him.

On Easter Sunday, 1948, the door of Burger's cell in the Georgia State penitentiary at Atlanta was suddenly opened and a warden told him to come to the office. There he was

measured by a tailor. Two days later he was taken from his cell for the last time and provided with a civilian suit and flown to New York. Dasch, who had been in Fort Leavenworth, was treated in the same way. But it was not until they chanced to see each other in the barracks on Governor's Island in New York Harbor that they realized they were together again. Soon afterward they were led aboard ship in New York Harbor and locked in cabins. For more than two weeks they remained in their cabins without ever being brought on deck, sick and miserable from the movements of the ship and the smell and the noise of the engines alongside their cabins. But on the sixteenth day a sergeant of the U.S. Army appeared and said, "Come out. You're back in Germany."

It did not take them long to discover they had reached Bremerhaven, and soon afterward they were removed to an American internment camp at Ludwigsburg in south Germany. Finally on June 23 they were both released, and Burger went straight to his home in Wurzburg in the American zone.

The story of Dasch was still not complete. He first went to Stuttgart, where he had relatives, and there made contact with the German Communist Party. Sometime later he turned up in the Soviet Sector of Berlin and stayed with a police inspector. He established close contacts with the Soviet Zone Economic Commission and its chief, Hermann Rau, and at one stage gave a press conference to relate how he had been double-crossed by the Americans. He said he was going to write a book and make a film, but by this time the German Communist Party headquarters in East Berlin was becoming uneasy about Dasch. When he formally applied for membership he was closely questioned as to why he had served only six years of this thirty years' sentence, and why he had come to East Germany so soon after his release by the Americans. Quite clearly most of the

German Communist leaders suspected that Dasch was now an American spy, and friends gave him a tip to get back to the West while the going was good.

Dasch, however, was irrepressible, and some time later reached the American intelligence headquarters at Heidelberg, where he was hospitably received. For a time he kept a stall which sold frankfurters in a south Rhineland town, but he gradually drifted into the commodities market, and he was last heard of doing big business with a former German friend from America, who by that time was one of Western Germany's postwar millionaires.

chapter three

Robey Leibbrandt, the Olympic Boxer Spy

In the summer of 1936, the Olympic Games were held in Berlin in the great stadium which Hitler had ordered built specially for the occasion. Among the thousands of athletes who flocked into the German capital from all over the world was a young South African policeman, Robey Leibbrandt, a member of the Springbok boxing team.

Berlin in those fantastic early years of the Nazi regime was a revelation to the big, broad-shouldered Boer heavyweight in his middle twenties. And the fanatically anti-British outlook engendered by his extreme Afrikaner nationalist background gained new impetus from close association with the Nazis. For the first time in his life Leibbrandt was really happy. The Berlin of those days made an impression on the young Afrikaner which persisted for many years.

Leibbrandt, with his peculiar political background, made many friends among the Aryan German competitors and still more among the blond-haired young paladins of the

Hitler cult who acted as hosts to the visiting athletes. When at the end of the Games he left Berlin on his way back to South Africa, he had firmly made up his mind to return.

Soon after he got home Leibbrandt turned professional and, early in 1937, he won the heavyweight championship of South Africa by knocking out Jim Penty in the sixth round. He thereupon accepted an offer to accompany an American featherweight, Phil Zwick, to England. Leibbrandt had neither style nor skill, but what he lacked in technique he made up for in brute strength. As time went on, however, Leibbrandt had perhaps less success than he had anticipated and decided to leave the ring and settle in his true spiritual home, the Third Reich.

He quickly renewed his associations with his former Nazi friends and, in 1938, he became a student at the Reich Academy for Gymnastics with the intention of becoming a gymnastic instructor. By the autumn of 1939, when war broke out, he had just finished his course, and it was generally presumed in South Africa that he had been interned like other British and Commonwealth subjects in Germany. But by then the young South African was a thorough-going follower of Adolf Hitler and his lifelong hatred of the British found its true direction as soon as Germany was at war with Britain.

At this time he was under the wing of one of the more exotic departments of Ribbentrop's foreign ministry responsible for subversive incitement in British overseas territories, and Leibbrandt soon volunteered for service. After the usual German bureaucratic delays it was finally decided that he should return to South Africa as a saboteur, and—in the minds of the fanatics in the Ribbentrop circle—as the *führer* of a Nazi Fifth Column, which would take over control of South Africa as soon as Britain was defeated.

One of the more sober-minded German professional diplomats, Dr. Karlowa, who had been German Consul-General

in Pretoria, warned Leibbrandt that although many of the Afrikaners were anti-British they were not necessarily pro-German and still less were they Nazis. Despite all warnings about the risks he would have to face, Leibbrandt, his idea of his own importance inflated by the flattery of his Nazi friends, decided to return to South Africa as quickly as he could. But whatever the views of Ribbentrop, it was the *Abwehr* which was responsible for sabotage activities throughout the world, and Leibbrandt was attached to the sabotage school at Quentzsee in Brandenburg, where the *Abwehr* leaders hoped he would soon be forgotten.

But Leibbrandt, as he was moved from company to company, all of which were training for operations connected with Hitler's forthcoming campaign in the West, did not permit himself to be forgotten. Appeal after appeal went to Ribbentrop and during this period Leibbrandt saw Hitler personally. From that moment onward he was *der Führer's* devoted slave. For a time, as Hitler's armies drove westward, the fanatical Afrikaner was half-forgotten, but by the autumn of 1940 Ribbentrop remembered the man in the sabotage school and the *Abwehr* was finally instructed by the German high command to do something about him.

Soon afterward, in October, Lahousen, under whose command Leibbrandt came as a saboteur, noted that at a conference with officials of Ribbentrop's foreign ministry, preliminary details of the South African operation had been settled. A month later he reported that preparations for Operation Weissdorn had been completed so far as his department was concerned. Leibbrandt was ready, but the biggest problem had still to be solved: how to transport the Boer Nazi six thousand miles to South Africa across seas controlled by the British Navy. Air transport was out of the question. Ribbentrop had hoped that the German Navy would provide a U-boat but Doenitz refused point blank to

risk one of his boats to transport one—or at the most two men.

At that moment Lahousen had a brain wave. He thought of Hein Mück, the daring German yachtsman at that time operating the English Channel ferry service for spies. Lahousen knew that to Christian Nissen, otherwise Hein Mück, these cross-Channel trips were usually child's play, for he was renowned for his long trips in small craft.

In November, 1940, Nissen was summoned to *Abwehr* headquarters and asked if he thought he could sail a small craft through the British blockade down into the South Atlantic. He was given no hint of the actual operation, or of the destination, but the yachtsman gained the impression that he was to take spies to South America. Nissen said there would be no difficulty provided that he got the boat he wanted and that it was fitted out according to his requirements. He was told to go ahead on these terms, and on November 24, Lahousen noted that "V-Man Hein" had been transferred to Operation Weissdorn and that he was now searching the harbors of northern France for a suitable craft in which to transport Leibbrandt to South Africa.

Although Nissen had not given exact details to the *Abwehr,* he knew exactly what he wanted for the trip. In the Fastnet Race of 1938, Nissen had been much impressed by the sailing qualities of a yacht, the *Kyloe,* which had sailed against him. It was for the *Kyloe* that he began to search.

With an *Abwehr* car and chauffeur, Nissen made his way westward along the French coast from Dunkirk to Le Havre, but he found no sign of the French yacht. He had, however, heard a rumor that she had been seen at St. Malo, but there was no sign of her there. He had almost given up hope and was beginning to look for another craft when he found her in the small harbor of Paimpol in Brittany. There

the *Kyloe* lay, quite untouched by the war, just as he had seen her round the Fastnet Lighthouse two years before. By this time the yacht was the property of a Paris doctor, and as Nissen had been commissioned as a lieutenant in the German Navy, he had the *Kyloe* officially requisitioned. Back he went to Hamburg and picked up five men whom he wanted for his voyage to the southern seas, all professional yachtsmen who had crossed the Atlantic with him the previous year.

By this time it was well into December and Nissen estimated that it would take the crew and himself at least three months to fit out the yacht for a trip to the South Atlantic. So until the middle of March, Nissen and his crew, with the help of naval artificers, worked nonstop on the seventy-four-foot sailing craft as she lay in Paimpol Harbor.

The *Kyloe*, which had a displacement of just over forty tons, was fitted with a powerful auxiliary motor, but her tanks were far from adequate for a trip such as Nissen contemplated. Extra fuel and fresh-water tanks were therefore fitted, and all other preparations made for a voyage of many weeks. Finally, late in March, 1941, Nissen reported again to the *Abwehr* headquarters in Tirpitzufer, Berlin.

"I will be ready to sail at the latest in eight days from now," he told one of Lahousen's staff. "Now you tell me where you want me to go, and what you want me to do."

"Well," said the *Abwehr* officer, "I wonder if you have heard of a boxer called Robey Leibbrandt, who was once the heavyweight champion of South Africa."

Nissen laughed and said, "No, but I suppose that means that I am going to make a trip down to South Africa."

"Exactly," said the other. "Liebbrandt is a typical young Boer who has been training at the sabotage school where you yourself had some training. He is a member of an Afrikaner family and was for a time at the South African Military College at Pretoria. He hates the British like poison.

Now he is being sent back to South Africa to stir up as much trouble and carry out as much sabotage as possible. He is in the next room and I shall introduce you to him. By the way, while I remember, you will have a second passenger, a radio operator who will be put ashore with Leibbrandt to keep contact with Berlin."

As the door opened, Nissen saw a tall, thick-set young man. After they had been introduced, Nissen asked, "And now, Mr. Leibbrandt, tell me where you propose to land?"

"Do you know the coast of Namaqualand about one hundred and fifty miles north of Cape Town?" asked Leibbrandt. "Near the mouth of the Green River there are two large rocks shielding the shore from the Atlantic rollers. They are called The Twins."

Nissen began to laugh. "I do indeed know The Twins," he said, "but I haven't seen them for a long time, not since 1913. So that is where I have to sail you? Very well, Herr Liebbrandt, and when will you be ready?"

Leibbrandt indicated that he was ready to sail whenever Nissen wished, and he was told to report at Paimpol on April 1. "I suppose you know," Leibbrandt laughed, "that I have some cargo—explosives—all beautifully packed in thermos flasks, fuses done up as fountain pens and toothbrushes—and of course a radio set, batteries and so on."

At the mention of a radio set the *Abwehr* staff officer intervened to add, "Yes, and there is a man to work the set."

Leibbrandt's face darkened. He made it quite clear to Nissen that he was hostile to the project of taking a radio operator. "There are plenty of radio operators in South Africa," he said, "and this man who is being sent is quite useless. He can speak good French but almost no English, and naturally no Afrikaans. What he is going to do in South Africa I don't know, I am not having him."

Nissen was perturbed that tension should manifest itself at such an early stage. Turning to Leibbrandt he said curtly,

"I am an officer and merely obeying orders. Whatever you may think, if I am instructed to take this operator with me, I will do so."

Leibbrandt said no more, but Nissen thought to himself that he would have more trouble with Leibbrandt. As the South African gave the Nazi salute and withdrew, the *Abwehr* staff officer, as though reading Nissen's thoughts, said, "Yes, you are going to have a lot of trouble with that one. But Lahousen thinks it most important to have a direct link with Leibbrandt. We have had too much trouble of that sort elsewhere; if he doesn't take an operator we shall never hear from him. I know, of course, that this man who has been chosen to go with Leibbrandt speaks almost no English, but we have more important operations at the moment for English-speaking radio operators, as you know.

"On the voyage Leibbrandt's name will officially be Walther Kempf," continued the staff officer, "and officially he is a sailor in the German Navy, just in case you should be unlucky enough to be stopped by a British cruiser."

More than a week later, on the morning of April 1, Leibbrandt and the radio operator arrived separately at the quayside at Paimpol. The *Kyloe* had been officially commissioned as an auxiliary warship of the German Navy under the command of Nissen, and all the ship's company, including Leibbrandt and the radio operator, had German seamen's uniforms and sailors' pay books. The following day the *Kyloe* was towed out of Paimpol Harbor by two German naval tugs and for forty-eight hours she remained in tow until she was well out to sea and beyond the immediate haunts of British naval patrols. Early on April 4, when the *Kyloe* was well to the west of Camaret-sur-mer, the tow was slipped and Nissen with sails set headed into the Atlantic.

On the following day Lahousen in Berlin wrote in his diary that he had just received a call from the staff officer

who had organized the departure saying that the *Kyloe* after being towed for two days was now on her way.

Nissen was anxious to cross the British convoy routes and to get clear of British reconnaissance aircraft as quickly as possible, and so despite high winds and heavy seas he headed almost due west. The yacht rolled and pitched in the great seas and at times it seemed that the *Kyloe* would be overwhelmed by the huge Atlantic waves. But Nissen was an ocean yachtsman of great experience, and by using every trick of seamanship he had learned during many years he resolutely drove the yacht on.

Leibbrandt, however, was no sailor and—much to Nissen's relief—he took to his bunk almost as soon as the *Kyloe* left harbor and lay there helpless and miserable for the first ten days. Leibbrandt's seasickness solved Nissen's biggest immediate problem, the growing tension between the Boer and the *Abwehr* radio operator. For with bad weather and constant watch for British patrols, Nissen had no time to deal with personal squabbles. Night and day he was on the alert for British convoys and their escorts, for he had no desire to encounter even a frigate of the Royal Navy. He had been ordered in an emergency to hoist the Stars and Stripes, and if hailed to give his identity as American in his "best" accent. But he recalled only too well what his chances would be if the *Kyloe* were stopped and boarded by the British Navy.

By the middle of April, however, the *Kyloe* was well out into the Atlantic and heading almost due south. As the weather improved, Leibbrandt gradually recovered and started to adopt his former aggressive attitude.

Once the South African had completely recovered, Nissen broached a subject which had been causing him some anxiety, for Leibbrandt had all his explosives, his radio apparatus, and the thousands of dollars and pounds with which he had been provided, stored under his bunk.

"Robey," he said one day, "you must give me all that explosive stuff and the rest of your possessions so that if we are stopped and boarded by a British man-of-war I can jettison it before anyone comes aboard."

Leibbrandt sat up and glowered at Nissen. "Keep off, Nissen; keep your fingers out of my business. You have nothing to do with what I have here. Your job is to take me to South Africa, and nothing more, remember that. If twenty Englishmen come aboard I know very well what to do. I'll blow this boat sky high with you and myself and the rest of us, and take the twenty Englishmen with us."

There were murmurs of protest from the ship's company who had heard this outburst and Nissen, abandoning his normal, genial manner, turned sternly on the Boer. "Look, Leibbrandt, on this ship you are under my orders. I am a German naval officer for this trip and the captain. Hand over everything you have got until we reach South Africa. I will give it all back to you when we're about to land."

"Nothing doing, Nissen," shouted Leibbrandt, springing up and facing him in a heavy crouch. "You may be a German officer for all I care. But I'm an Afrikaner, and don't forget it. I'll beat you all to pulp if you try to interfere. I admire Germany, and have been trained in Germany, but you Germans don't give me any orders once I'm out of Germany. Get that into your head, man."

Nissen scarcely knew what to do. It was a small yacht and although there were sufficient Germans aboard to overpower Leibbrandt and lock him up, he could see little purpose in taking such a drastic step. The main object of the operation, after all, was to put Leibbrandt ashore, to carry out sabotage in South Africa. He decided to say no more, but Leibbrandt was not finished.

"And while we are on this subject," said Leibbrandt, "you'd better understand here and now that I am not taking that man there, that radio operator of yours, ashore in South

Africa. I told you in Berlin what I thought. If I have any more trouble from him, or if he tries to get into the rubber dinghy with me, I'll throw him into the sea, and I mean it."

As he became more and more enraged the fanatical Boer waved his fists threateningly at Nissen, the radio operator, and the rest of the crew. Nissen was seething internally, but decided there was nothing to be done except to get the impossible Boer on to South African soil as quickly as possible.

Next day, however, Leibbrandt was a changed man. Whitefaced and shaking, the heavyweight boxer came to Nissen with a badly swollen finger and asked him to lance it. With his long seafaring experience, Nissen cut open the finger. He was cynically amused when Leibbrandt fell on the deck in a dead faint. "So much for our gallant Boer hero!" he remarked to the crew.

By this time the *Kyloe,* utilizing every breath of wind that could be found, was heading almost due south down the center of the Atlantic. So far they had seen nothing, but as the days grew warmer and the *Kyloe* was well to the west, the lookout suddenly spotted an aircraft. It was a large flying boat carrying British markings, and for nearly an hour it circled the *Kyloe* suspiciously. But Nissen waved and flourished a large American flag and after a time the flying boat disappeared to the east, in the direction, apparently, of Gibraltar.

A month out of Paimpol the *Kyloe* crossed the equator and with good following winds was soon approaching the northeastern corner of Brazil. Nissen was determined to keep as far as possible from the British convoy routes from the Cape and from Freetown, and set a course to keep him some distance from the Brazilian coast. On May 14, in beautiful weather the *Kyloe* passed twenty-five miles to the east of an island off the Brazilian coast and kept heading steadily south. A fortnight later he was almost as far south as Cape

Town, and at that point he swung the yacht through ninety degrees and headed almost due east toward Africa.

A few days later Nissen spotted a ship. It was traveling at high speed and to Nissen it seemed to be one of the large British refrigerator merchant ships carrying meat from the River Plate. It seemed to be unescorted and no effort was made to contact the small yacht. It may well have been that the captain of the merchantman was just as suspicious as Nissen of any other travelers in these dangerous seas. The steamer disappeared at full speed over the horizon.

The *Kyloe,* taking advantage of all the winds of the southern latitudes, headed steadily eastward toward the African coast, and the farther she sailed the worse became the weather. Heavy seas, low cloud, and at times, dense sea mist made it impossible for Nissen to check his position for days on end. At one point the South Atlantic gales were so severe that he was forced to heave-to.

By the end of the first week in June he was tolerably certain that he was off the African coast, although soundings failed to give any indications. He was anxious not to go too far, in case he might run on to the rocks of the African coast, and he began to edge forward, taking soundings at intervals. Late on the afternoon of June 8, Nissen was on deck in thick sea mist when he noticed a smell. He had not been in these waters for nearly thirty years, but it was unmistakable. It was the dry, pungent aroma of Africa.

Leibbrandt had been in his bunk for most of the previous week, seasick and unable to indulge in the boorish conduct which had become a feature of the voyage.

"This is it, Robey," shouted Nissen as the smell of the African continent came across the water. "Somewhere in the mist there is your homeland. Get your gear stowed in the rubber dinghy and be ready to go."

Groaning and cursing, the heavyweight boxer dragged himself from his bunk and began to stow his gear. And he

had plenty. Into his suitcase and haversack he stuffed the explosives and the fuses, the radio set, and the wads of American dollars and South African pounds. He loaded them into the dinghy and then Nissen asked: "What about the radio operator?"

He was greeted with a string of abuses and curses.

"You know what I told you," shouted Leibbrandt. "If he comes near this dinghy he goes overboard and no nonsense. Do anything you like with him, but he's not coming ashore with me in South Africa." It was hopeless. Nissen said no more as the *Kyloe* moved slowly in the direction of the still-invisible land.

At two o'clock on the morning of June 9, the mist suddenly lifted and not more than five miles away Nissen could see the black coastline with the surf shimmering in the moonlight. At the same moment the lookout shouted, "There, on the port bow. Two large rocks: The Twins."

The navigation of Nissen and his coxswain, Paul Tamme, had been perfect. After sixty-seven days at sea without ever touching land and sailing eight thousand sea miles nonstop, the *Kyloe* had made a landfall exactly as planned. Slowly the yacht headed in toward the shore, and as they came closer Nissen could hear the roar of breakers.

"Over with the dinghy," shouted Nissen to two of the crew, who hurriedly lowered the heavily laden rubber boat into the surf.

"Now, Leibbrandt," said Nissen, as the crew held the line of the dinghy. "It's your turn. Over you go."

Without a word of thanks to the men who had carried him so successfully across the ocean, the heavyweight boxer dropped heavily over the side into the rubber boat, almost causing it to capsize. For a moment it swayed and pitched perilously with the weight of the ex-boxing champion, and then Leibbrandt began to paddle furiously. Two minutes later the mist reappeared and Leibbrandt disappeared. As

he did so a wild shriek came across the water, but whether in farewell or in fear no one on the *Kyloe* could tell.

Nissen did not linger. He had no desire to encounter a destroyer from the British naval port of Simonstown. And it was with a feeling of profound thankfulness that he had got rid of his impossible passenger and set course to the north. He had broken through the British blockade and successfully carried out his assignment. Now he had to get the *Kyloe,* his crew, and himself, back home.

When morning came the mist lifted, but Africa had disappeared somewhere to the east and the *Kyloe* sailed north with a following wind. Three days later the lookout suddenly gave the alarm.

"A ship on the starboard bow," he yelled, and Nissen at once took evasive action to get away from a medium-sized steamer which had appeared over the horizon. But it was a Portuguese vessel *en route* from Lisbon to Angola, and after exchanging greetings the two vessels parted.

Next day was the thirteen and a Friday, and with all the traditional superstition of true seafaring men, Nissen and his crew wondered what the day would bring. They did not have long to wait. In the early forenoon smoke was seen over the horizon. Nissen at once went about and tried to keep away from the strange vessel. But he had been spotted and at high speed a large ship bore down on the *Kyloe.* Nissen could see that it was a steamer, probably a former liner of well over ten thousand tons and he soon spotted the White Ensign. It was a British Navy auxiliary cruiser, which began signaling to the *Kyloe.*

Nissen pretended not to understand, and kept steadily on his course as though the presence of a British warship was of no interest to him. But the British captain was not so easily put off. As the ship came closer Nissen heard the order over a loudspeaker, "Stop, or I fire. What ship? What ship?"

Nissen took a swig from the cognac bottle beside him

and as he hove to hoisted the Stars and Stripes. At any moment he expected to see the warship lower a boat, and he wondered whether he would spend the rest of the second war where he had spent the first one, in a British internment camp.

Again came the sound from the loudspeaker: "What ship? What ship are you? Where are you bound?"

Through his megaphone Nissen bawled back, "*White Star, White Star,* American yacht; Cape Town to Baltimore."

The cruiser was appeased. "Are you all right? Do you need any water or food?"

"We're O.K., thank you very much," shouted Nissen, thankful that his crew were all in dirty flannels and yachting jerseys and muttering a prayer of relief that Leibbrandt had disappeared before this encounter.

This incident after the long, successful trip made Nissen reconsider his position. He suddenly realized that he had enjoyed amazing luck. He had passed right through the British blockade. But it was doubtful if his luck would hold long enough to take him back to occupied Europe. A study of the map showed him that the nearest friendly land was the coast of the Spanish colony of Rio del Oro, far to the north.

Nissen therefore changed course northeast, toward the colony's port of Villa Cisneros. To reach Spanish territory he had to cross the main British convoy routes both from the Cape and from Freetown to Gibraltar, but by careful timing he was able to slip through the dangerous areas during the hours of darkness. Nothing was seen of any other ship in the great wastes of the southern Atlantic and on July 22 the *Kyloe* entered the Spanish territorial waters. After a hundred and ten days at sea and sailing 14,128 sea miles the *Kyloe* at last entered port. In a yacht the size of one of the *Queen Elizabeth's* lifeboats, Nissen and his crew had completed one of the most memorable voyages in yachting

history, and it was with great regret he handed over the splendid little craft to the German consul. With his crew Nissen then boarded a Spanish plane for Madrid. Three days later he was back in Hamburg.

But what of Leibbrandt after leaving the *Kyloe*? He paddled violently away, but before the yacht was out of sight the rubber dinghy was caught up by a great wave and hurled toward the shore. But the wave's force expended itself a hundred yards from the beach, and despite Leibbrandt's brute strength, the dinghy was swept far out to sea again by the powerful undercurrent. Time after time the waves almost overwhelmed it. Bailing desperately with a thermos flask from which he had emptied the explosives, Leibbrandt battled for nearly five hours against surf and breakers. At last, as the sun rose, one gigantic Atlantic roller seized the half-submerged dinghy and, carrying it along on its crest, hurled the half-dead Leibbrandt up the beach beyond the high-water mark. For a long time Leibbrandt lay unconscious on the shore. It was the next morning, June 10, before he had recovered sufficiently to rise and take some food from the iron ration in his haversack.

On looking round he saw that all his belongings had been scattered along the beach, but that fortunately nothing seemed to have been seriously damaged or lost. After repacking his explosives, the radio set, and, most important, his wads of money, he at last staggered from the beach. All that day and the next, Leibbrandt tottered across the sand dunes and the Namaqualand veldt, laden, to use his own description, like a pack donkey. Time after time he fell in his tracks only to stagger to his feet again. By the evening of June 11, Leibbrandt was suffering intensely from thirst, and when he collapsed once again just before darkness he lay where he fell and slept there until the following morning.

Soon after sunrise, however, there was a brief shower of rain. As he lay on the ground Leibbrandt licked the rain from the short leaves of grass to quench his thirst. Slightly refreshed, he was able to get to his feet and once again started to trudge across the veldt with his suitcase and his rucksack. That afternoon he came across car tracks, and shortly before dusk he was discovered by a colored worker on a lonely farm wandering half-dazed across the veldt.

The colored man helped Leibbrandt for the remainder of the distance to the farm of Saritsaam, where its Afrikaner owner, Mr. J. A. Engelbrecht, viewed Leibbrandt with profound suspicion. The boxer had blundered into a strongly guarded diamond district where casual visitors were strictly forbidden, and the farmer did not believe the story Leibbrandt told. For after he had regained his senses sufficiently to think of a coherent story, Leibbrandt told the farmer that he was a gymnastic instructor from Pretoria. He had been on his way to a farm near Port Nolloth on a motor bicycle, he said, when it had broken down. After trying to repair it he had set out to get help, but lost his way and had been wandering for at least forty-eight hours.

The farmer accused Leibbrandt of being an illicit diamond-buyer, and the man's suspicions became even more marked when in a fit of temper Leibbrandt produced a wad of hundreds of pound notes to prove he was nothing of the kind. Leibbrandt, however, was in a bad way, and Mr. Engelbrecht put him to bed and locked him in. That did not prevent the would-be *führer* of South Africa from climbing out of the window during the night and burying his explosives and radio set some distance from the farm. Finally, after two days' stay at the farm, Leibbrandt decided he was well enough to go on farther, and Mr. Engelbrecht was relieved to see him disappear in a farm wagon in the direction of the nearest village of Wallekrall. From there Leibbrandt per-

suaded an Afrikaner to drive him the hundred and fifty miles to Cape Town.

Leibbrandt reached the Cape on June 16, exactly a week after being put ashore from the *Kyloe*, and at once set to work to contact the more extreme anti-British section of the population, and, more important, to discover the whereabouts of the chiefs of the proscribed Afrikaner storm troopers, the *Ossewa Brandwag*. Ribbentrop had been certain that with the help of the *Ossewa Brandwag*, Leibbrandt would soon be at the head of an organized gang of saboteurs and dissident Boers, and it was on German foreign office orders that Leibbrandt started to put out feelers.

About the same time, the *Ossewa Brandwag* had become aware through the *Afrikaner Nationales' Garfevene* of the arrival of a mysterious Boer, claiming to be Robey Leibbrandt, and after some initial parleys he was invited two or three days after his arrival in Cape Town to call at a house in the suburbs. He was received with the greatest suspicion and the "officers" who interrogated him made no bones about telling him that they believed he was a German spy posing as a Boer. Robey Leibbrandt, they said, was interned in Germany. To test the visitor they made him speak first in Germany, and then in Afrikaans to check his accents in both tongues. After lengthy argument the *Ossewa Brandwag* interrogators admitted somewhat reluctantly that he seemed to be a Boer, but they were still very doubtful.

"Have you brought a shipload of arms with you to help us to fight Smuts and the British?" they asked truculently. "If you haven't we don't want anything to do with you." When Leibbrandt admitted that he only had a suitcase of explosives with him, they became openly insulting about the Germans, and about him.

Leibbrandt was undeterred by the attitude of these *Ossewa Brandwag* subordinates and arrogantly demanded to

be taken to the kommandant-general, Dr. van Rensburg, whose whereabouts was a closely guarded secret. The officers retorted that if Leibbrandt was not frightened to go with them, they would take him the following day to the deputy commandant, who was in the Orange Free State. The following morning Leibbrandt with an escort of two armed men set out from Cape Town on the long trip to Bloemfontein. When they reached the outskirts of the capital of the Orange Free State the car drove to an isolated farm, which he soon saw was protected by a cordon of guards.

He was thoroughly searched by the guards and was then permitted under escort to approach the farmhouse. He was shown into the presence of the deputy commandant, who sat in a room surrounded by armed storm troopers, and his reception was even more chilly than in Cape Town. The deputy demanded to know what Leibbrandt intended to do. When Leibbrandt announced that he had come to lead a sabotage campaign and to give a lead to the Afrikaner people when Germany had conquered Britain, the deputy inquired offensively, "And who do you think you are, coming here from Germany and trying to tell us what to do?"

Leibbrandt said that he proposed to blow up some of the main communication arteries, such as the Johannesburg-Cape Town and Durban-Johannesburg railway lines. This merely drew from the deputy the icy comment that such action would almost certainly lead to the loss of good Afrikaner lives without attaining any important objective.

Leibbrandt saw that he must try to humor the deputy if he was to get anywhere, and he assured him that no sabotage would be undertaken against private property, and that an hour's warning of sabotage would be given to the railway authorities to prevent loss of life. Somewhat appeased by these qualifications, the deputy said that he would send him north to see the kommandant-general, Van Rensburg. For that purpose he was put under the charge of

one of the *Ossewa Brandwag* storm troopers, Hendrik Erasmus, who was soon to become Leibbrandt's chief lieutenant. It was impossible, he was told, to see Van Rensburg for several days. While in Bloemfontein, therefore, Leibbrandt managed to contact two police sergeants, former colleagues of his police-force days. With Erasmus and these two he set off by car across country to Namaqualand, where at the end of June he was seen again. His visit was short, however, for his only concern was to pick up the radio set and explosives he had buried on Engelbrecht's farm.

By the time they returned to Bloemfontein early in July, Leibbrandt had begun to give up hope of any support from the *Ossewa Brandwag*. With Erasmus, the two police sergeants, and a few sympathizers on the extreme fanatic fringe of the *Ossewa Brandwag* he decided to found a Nazi party—the National Socialist Rebels of South Africa. The constitution was drawn up according to the best *Braun Haus* principles and members took a Nazi oath solemnly signed with their own blood, drawn from an incision in their forearms.

They decided that news of the arrival of the National-Socialist *führer* must be broken gradually to the Afrikaners, and one of Leibbrandt's police friends took upon himself the role of the Afrikaner Dr. Goebbels, and started to spread rumors of Leibbrandt's mission. Leibbrandt, however, remained true to his first story that he had landed from a German submarine, for, despite his differences with Nissen, he had come to have a considerable respect for the indomitable ocean yachtsman, and Leibbrandt was most anxious not to prejudice the return of the *Kyloe* to a home port. He never did reveal, not even to the court which tried him, the real story of how he got to South Africa.

By this time the kommandant-general of the *Ossewa Brandwag* had indicated that he was prepared to meet Leibbrandt in secret, and with Erasmus and another sympathizer,

Karel Theron, the would-be *führer* set out for the Transvaal. They were given a rendezvous near Johannesburg, and on a lonely road one dark night Leibbrandt met Van Rensburg in a parked car closely guarded by *Ossewa Brandwag* stormtroopers.

Van Rensburg said little and let Leibbrandt do the talking. After an hour's conversation he invited Leibbrandt to meet him the following day in a villa in one of the more elegant districts of the Rand capital. Once again when Leibbrandt approached this secret hideout of the *Ossewa Brandwag* kommandant-general he was searched from head to toe —to his intense annoyance—and when he reached Van Rensburg he made his irritation obvious. From the outset Van Rensburg was hostile. In the first place, it was clear that he regarded Leibbrandt as a rival for the leadership of the Afrikaner fanatic fringe, and in the second place that he regarded the heavyweight boxer as nothing more than a minion of Ribbentrop sent to South Africa to carry out some mission not necessarily favorable to the Afrikaans-speaking population.

"I have heard what you have to say," said the kommandant-general, "and I have heard still more about you from my officers, how you have come back to South Africa with the help of the Germans. To be quite frank, I think you are nothing more than a German-subsidized adventurer, and get it quite clear that you are to get no help from the *Ossewa Brandwag*. Don't you realize what is happening? Less than a fortnight ago Germany invaded Russia and anyone outside Germany can see that it is only a matter of time before America joins the British against Germany. Roosevelt is heading that way as fast as he can. We of the *Ossewa Brandwag* are continuing the struggle our fathers took up forty years ago against England. But we know when a battle is lost. The time is long past in this war, at any rate, for adventures like yours. I have no doubt that the day of the

Afrikaner people, when we will be supreme rulers of South Africa, will come. But it will not come through mad enterprises like yours, which can only bring unhappiness, sorrow, and death to the Afrikaner people who help you."

Then, looking Leibbrandt straight in the face, Van Rensburg spat out the words in Afrikaans: "So far as I am concerned, Robey Leibbrandt, you are nothing more than a German agent; a dirty German spy." At the last insult Leibbrandt sprang from his chair and, raising his fists as though in the ring, lunged forward toward the kommandant-general. But the *Ossewa Brandwag* stormtroopers were too quick for him. They pinioned him against his chair, from where he continued to scream abuse at Van Rensburg.

"Some day I'll kill you for that!" he shouted at the kommandant-general. "You have called me a dirty German spy. I let no man get away with that. After all I have put up with from the Germans to come back here." The kommandant's guards went into action, seized his arms and feet, and hustled him through the house and out of the front door.

From that moment Leibbrandt regarded the *Ossewa Brandwag* as even greater mortal enemies than the pro-Allies Prime Minister Smuts and the British. In many ways the leaders of the *Ossewa Brandwag* shared his philosophy and were pursuing similar aims, but, unlike Leibbrandt, whose political intelligence had been addled by deep draughts at the Nazi fountain in Berlin, they were far too astute to be deceived by the fantasies of the Ribbentrop school.

The break with the *Ossewa Brandwag* now completed, Leibbrandt at once set to work to extend and reorganize his National Socialist Rebels, of which he was the acknowledged *führer*. And within a few weeks he had gathered round him a heterogeneous group of fanatical anti-British

Afrikaners, Johannesburg ruffians, and nostalgic German settlers, who pined for a Third Reich in South Africa.

By this time his closest associate, Hendrik Erasmus, had broken completely from the *Ossewa Brandwag*, and when Leibbrandt bought a car in Johannesburg with some of the money brought from Berlin it was registered in the name of Erasmus. Its first trip was to Potchefstroom, where Leibbrandt received a clandestine but enthusiastic welcome from his parents and family, whom he had not seen for four years, and who, in all innocence, had believed that he was languishing in some German concentration camp. From there he went to the Union capital, Pretoria, where he was thoroughly at home from his student days and where he had many friends among the extreme nationalists in the German population. He quickly gathered recruits, among whom were the brothers Van der Walt; one of them was a former well-known wrestler. As he could scarcely parade the streets of Pretoria in broad daylight, Leibbrandt and his staff withdrew to the farm of the Van der Walts in the Waterberg Mountains northwest of Pretoria. It was from there that the most fervid recruits of the National Socialist Rebels struck for the first time.

Among the latest members of the South African Nazi movement were a number of Afrikaner workers at Iscor, the great plant of the South African Iron and Steel Corporation a few miles from Pretoria. These men had signed the Blood Oath and with the aid of some of them a raid was planned on the plant. On the night of July 16, therefore, a gang of Afrikaner toughs led by Karel Theron broke into the plant; after wounding the two night watchmen they smashed the door of the explosive store and stole five large cases of dynamite, sixteen hundred electric detonators and hundreds of other types of fuses. When they departed with their booty, the raiders also took with them a bayonet, a rifle and cartridges belonging to one of the watchmen.

The National Socialist rebels were now well equipped for the sabotage campaign of which Leibbrandt had boasted to the *Ossewa Brandwag*. But whether he personally was a party to the attack on the Iscor plant has always been doubtful. At his trial two years later, the judges held that the Crown had failed to prove that he was implicated. Leibbrandt himself claimed that he had sternly rebuked Theron and the other participants as soon as he heard about the raids, particularly for the violence to the elderly watchmen.

Rumors of Leibbrandt's presence in South Africa had by this time spread from the Cape to the Limpopo, and the police were ordered to trace him and arrest him. It was in a skirmish between a police patrol and some of the National Socialist Rebels near Warmbaths, about fifty miles north of Pretoria, that Hendrik Erasmus was killed. But despite such actions the largely Boer rank and file of the police seemed unable, or unwilling, to do much about the treasonable activities of their former colleague, and the little Hitler of South Africa flitted backward and forward to Pretoria, organizing further operations, printing leaflets, and generally behaving like the other *führer* in his pre-1933 years.

He had still, however, made no contact with his employers in Berlin and his preoccupation was to find a suitable radio operator. Despite his boast to the Germans that there were plenty of radio experts in the Union, most of them he found were British, and the Afrikaners he enlisted were quite unable to understand the intricacies of the apparatus invented by some of the best radio brains of the Reich. Time after time the two operators whom he had persuaded to join his movement tried to contact Berlin from the heights of the Waterberg and the Zoutpansberg, but no contact was ever made. By August, 1941, the *Abwehr* had begun to write Leibbrandt off as a lost cause, and Lahousen noted in his war diary that he had had a conference with Ribben-

trop's Ministry to consider the despatch of other saboteurs to South Africa.

Leibbrandt's other main difficulty was money. His supply of South African pounds had run low and he was forced to fall back on the twenty thousand U.S. dollars he had brought with him. But South Africa, like other parts of the sterling area, had a strict dollar control, and banks were most suspicious of anyone holding large quantities of dollars, particularly in large denominations. Leibbrandt was therefore forced onto the Johannesburg black market, where he was given a rate far below that estimated in Berlin.

Late in August the police became certain that Leibbrandt had a hideout in the mountains north of Pretoria and preparations were made for a raid. But Leibbrandt had many sympathizers among the local policemen, and while living in a native hut on the Van der Walt farm he received an anonymous postcard warning him that a police operation was imminent. Leibbrandt, Theron, and one of the Van der Walt brothers thereupon withdrew to a small hut on the slopes of the Zoutpansberg. On September 11 one of the Van der Walts arrived at the hideout to warn Leibbrandt that three men—obviously policemen, although in civilian clothes—had arrived at the local police station. The three men who had arrived in a strange car all carried rifles and very heavy boots for climbing. It was clear they were after Leibbrandt.

"Keep your guns handy, lads," said Leibbrandt, and all that night he and his two companions took turns to mount guard. It was not, however, until the sun was rising over the eastern ridges of the Zoutpansberg that three men were seen starting to climb the hills. Slowly they made their way up the slopes toward where Leibbrandt was concealed until they were only fifty yards from the South African *führer.*

Moving as though they had seen Leibbrandt for the first time the leader of the police patrol shouted, "What are you

doing there?" At the same time the police kept their rifles behind the bushes to prevent Leibbrandt knowing they were armed.

"Can't you see what we're doing?" shouted Leibbrandt. "We've been sleeping here. Now we are going to have breakfast."

"Oh, no, you're not," shouted the leader of the patrol, as all three raised their rifles and covered Leibbrandt. "You are coming with us, Robey. It's our duty to arrest you."

At the moment the police raised their rifles Leibbrandt had whipped a Mauser from his pocket while at the same time Theron and Van der Walt covered the three policemen with rifles. It was a deadlock. The policemen were obviously unwilling to shoot and take the chance of return fire, and as the two parties stood facing each other Leibbrandt started to taunt the police.

"Go on," he shouted; "are you afraid to shoot? What are you waiting for? Did Janny Smuts tell you to bring me back alive? I promise you that if one of you fires a single shot none of you will return to tell the tale."

Leibbrandt had realized that all three were Afrikaners like himself and as the whole situation became more absurd he became more accommodating.

"Don't be silly, lads," he shouted. "I have nothing against you. Go back and tell Jan Smuts from me that he'll never catch me alive."

"That's all right for you, Robey," shouted the leader of the police patrol; "but we can't do that. We've got to put up some sort of a fight. Give us one of your guns to show that you managed to escape during a gun fight and we'll leave you alone."

"O.K.," laughed Leibbrandt, "anything to please you. Here, Karel," he said to Theron, "throw them your rifle." The leader of the patrol walked forward and picked up Theron's rifle and with a wave of the hand all three police-

men rushed downhill to report that Leibbrandt had escaped.

Thus the first "serious attempt" of the Transvaal police to capture Leibbrandt ended in a farce. The English-language newspapers soon got wind of the Zoutpansberg fiasco, and the rage of the loyal South Africans, who formed the vast majority of the white population of the Dutch and British, knew no bounds. Day after day the headlines became more sensational: LEIBBRANDT, S.A.'S LITTLE HITLER STILL GOES FREE; ROBEY DEFIES WHOLE UNION POLICE; GREATEST MAN HUNT IN UNION'S HISTORY FAILS TO TRACE ROBEY.

The established forces of law and order were being openly defied and there were stormy scenes at Libertas, the Prime Minister's white villa high above Pretoria, between the greatest living Afrikaner, Smuts, and those responsible for the South African Police.

In Berlin, where details of Leibbrandt's escapades had finally been reported by their agents, Lahousen noted somewhat incredulously that "the V-man Kempf [Leibbrandt] is manifesting quite exceptional activity." He went on to add that Leibbrandt seemed to have collected a regular gang of terrorists and notorious extremists and to have supplied them with material for sabotage by open robbery. Lahousen also noted that Leibbrandt seemed, from agents' reports, to be preparing for further operations.

If Lahousen was surprised, Ribbentrop was annoyed. And on September 20, Lahousen reported that, at a conference in the Foreign Office, Ribbentrop's experts on South Africa had complained bitterly about Leibbrandt's failure to satisfy their expectations. They were alarmed in case he should continue in the way he was going. The German diplomats complained—apparently from secret reports that they had received from South Africa—that Leibbrandt had set himself up against the *Ossewa Brandwag* "because it was apparently not radical enough for him." To which Lahousen un-

sympathetically retorted that Leibbrandt had been originally their baby—not his.

While Leibbrandt was the subject of acrimonious high-level conferences both in Pretoria and Berlin, he was moving about freely between the Zoutpansberg and the South African capital. His whereabouts were common knowledge to the Boer farmers of the district. And as many of them, although Afrikaners, were far from sympathetic, his whereabouts were reported to the police.

Leibbrandt also had spies and he determined to use Nazi tactics against these "traitors." Early in October with two of his gang he raided a couple of farms in the Zoutpansberg, where he severely beat up one farmer in a method reminiscent of the Brown Terror in Germany just before Hitler's seizure of power in 1933. He also mauled a soldier who tried to stop him. At another farm where he suspected there was a "traitor" Leibbrandt's curious Boer humor took over. Instead of beating the man senseless, as in the first case, Leibbrandt seized the unfortunate farmer and ripped off his trousers. Then he sent one of his companions for a camera which he had in his car and took a picture of the half-naked farmer, "for the London Sunday papers."

Leibbrandt was convinced that the South African Police would never arrest him, and on October 7 he openly drove south through Pretoria to spend a few days with his uncle, a Dutch Reformed Church pastor, the Reverend William Robey Joyce, at his house near Brits, some distance from the capital. But the police had been on the watch and Leibbrandt was seen in Pretoria and followed. That evening, shortly before dusk, he was plucking fruit in the garden with his young cousin when he saw two cars draw up. At first he believed they contained some local Calvinist Church elders on a visit to his uncle. But next moment he spotted

the khaki uniform of the Transvaal Police and whipped his ever-ready Mauser from his hip pocket.

"We've got you, Robey," shouted the captain. "If you move I shoot."

"If you shoot I shoot back," bawled Leibbrandt, and flourished his revolver. At that moment one of the policemen raised his rifle and a bullet whistled past Leibbrandt's ear. The shot alarmed the household and from the door rushed Leibbrandt's uncle, the pastor, shouting in Afrikaans: "Let there be no shooting here. Let there be no shedding of blood in this house, for I am a man of God and this is my house."

"All right," said Leibbrandt, getting behind his uncle while the police stood nonplussed. "Let's talk."

"Very well," said the police captain, "but first of all lower your revolver, Robey."

"And let you stand with guns in your hands?" asked Leibbrandt. "Let my uncle stand between us and the guarantee there will be no shooting," and then to show he had no fear of the police, Leibbrandt put his revolver back in his hip pocket.

"Look, Robey," said the captain. "You know why we are here. It is my duty to arrest you. But if you come quietly with us the only thing that will happen will be that you will be interned until the end of the war, I promise you that."

"What!" shrieked Leibbrandt. "Do you think I'm mad, to give myself up? You go back to your colonel and tell him from me that the police will never catch me alive. Go on! Get out of here before I get annoyed again."

The captain waved his hands helplessly. "You know I can't do that, Robey. You've been in the police, I can't go back to the colonel and just say that you wouldn't come."

"All right, I'll settle things for you," said Leibbrandt. "Give me your notebook and a pencil and I'll write to your colonel and tell him it is not your fault. What's his name?"

"Verster," replied the police captain, "Colonel Verster."

Leibbrandt pulled his uncle toward him and started to write, leaning on the parson's back.

> Dear Colonel Verster,
>
> I quite understand your position and that of my fellow Afrikaners whom you sent here tonight to arrest me. But I must ask you to accept me as the genuine representative of young South Africa. As such before my people and before God I must decline to surrender. My dead body may fall into the hands of the Government but I as a Freedom fighter never will.

"Here you are," said Leibbrandt, handing the note to the captain.

But if the captain felt he had done all that was required of him, the rage of Colonel Verster knew no bounds. Telling the captain to regard himself as suspended from duty, the colonel ordered immediate reinforcements to the district to comb it for Leibbrandt. The South African *führer,* however, was shrewd enough to realize how narrow had been his escape, and he had taken to the fields around Brits. All that night as the police searched the area he lay shivering by the roadside watching police cars pass.

Next morning the storm broke. Leibbrandt's letter to Colonel Verster was published in every South African newspaper. The fury of the South African people, and of Prime Minister Smuts, could scarcely be restrained. The unfortunate captain of police was dismissed and that night Smuts decided that if the police would not act he would. With his closest adviser, Louis Esselen, the prime minister drew up a plan. Two days later, in a lonely farm not far from Smuts's own home at Irene, Esselen met one of the most curious men in South Africa. His name was Jan Taillard. Son of an Afrikaner schoolmaster, Taillard had—after sixteen years in the South African Police, during which he had reached the rank of captain—resigned in October 1940.

As the reasons for his "resignation" he had professed his increasing lack of sympathy as an Afrikaner with the policies of the Smuts Government. Exactly a week later, however, Taillard had had a secret meeting with Louis Esselen, Smuts's right-hand man, who had told Taillard that the prime minister had long felt the need for the equivalent of some of the more secret branches of the British security service. Soon afterward, Taillard accepted a commission as a secret agent. It was to Taillard, therefore, that Smuts and Esselen turned after the scandal at Brits.

"We must get Leibbrandt, or rather you must, for officially we seem to be helpless," Esselen told Taillard. "Thousands of police have been looking for him, but you know what happened."

Taillard, in his role of a dissident Afrikaner policeman, had penetrated an extreme nationalist group, the *Stormjaer* movement, and he at once began to put out feelers through his associates to find out Leibbrandt's whereabouts since his escape at Brits. Soon all clues led to the farm of a German woman, Mrs. Alan Heinrich Eggert, who had long been known as a devoted disciple of Adolf Hitler.

Taillard in his guise of an extreme Afrikaner visited the woman and hinted that he would like to link up with Leibbrandt. He made several visits, and eventually she told him that Leibbrandt had hidden at her farm after the Brits raid. He had stayed in the hills during the day but returned to her house at night. But by the time she told Taillard this, Leibbrandt had moved on, first to Pretoria, where he had been hidden by a German family. From there he had been smuggled to the house of a German widow in the northern suburbs of Johannesburg. Taillard by this time was talking about a link-up between the National Socialist Rebels and an influential section of the *Ossewa Brandwag*, which was critical of Van Rensburg's leadership. It was slow work, but eventually Leibbrandt, through the intermediaries, swal-

lowed the bait and a few days later Taillard met one of Leibbrandt's lieutenants at Frau Eggert's farm. This man said he would pass on Taillard's desire for a personal meeting with Leibbrandt, and a week later the German woman told Taillard, "Robey has agreed to meet you."

"In that case I leave it to you to make all arrangements," said the wily Taillard. "You can take me to him or he can come here and meet me; but don't tell me, just in case the information leaks out."

By this time it was the end of November, and Smuts and Esselen were getting impatient. But Taillard warned the prime minister's right-hand man that everything would be lost if he tried to force the pace. He was now establishing the confidence of Leibbrandt in his proposals, and it was only a question of time before Leibbrandt would be enticed into a snare. Taillard knew Leibbrandt was in Johannesburg, but he was still uncertain of his exact whereabouts, and until he discovered that, he told Esselen, nothing could be done.

Leibbrandt, however, was not inactive during his enforced isolation in Johannesburg, and on December 2, leaflets bearing his name were found in letter boxes and thrust under the doors of houses all over the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The leaflets were addressed to "My Comrades in the South African Police," and complained that they had "been hunting me like an animal for months." He also made a violent attack on the *Ossewa Brandwag* and on Van Rensburg, whom he challenged to a duel. Finally, he told the police that he would mow them down "like barley before the scythe."

A week later there was more tangible evidence that he was sticking to his plans. On December 14, railway lines and points at the Denneboom siding outside Pretoria were blown up, and two days later the bodies of Leibbrandt's closest associate, Karel Theron, and another man were found

near the siding, killed by the explosion. Taillard had meanwhile been quietly continuing his negotiations for a meeting with Leibbrandt.

Shortly before midnight on December 10, there was a sudden knock at the window of Taillard's bedroom at his farm outside Pretoria. The window was open, and as Taillard got out of bed a flashlight shone into the room.

"Is anyone else in the house?" asked a voice.

"No," answered Taillard, who could see a man with a revolver by the window while nearby he could see Frau Eggert, the German woman with whom he had been negotiating.

When he went to the door he discovered Leibbrandt there with her, and an armed bodyguard of four men, while four more were in the garden. Leibbrandt gave Taillard a friendly handshake, and for an hour they sat and discussed future plans. He told Taillard that he had "come to the Union to see that things went right." But he said he was not prepared to be pushed aside by the *Ossewa Brandwag* and Van Rensburg.

"I am organizing a sabotage campaign on a big scale," he continued, "and there will be widespread sabotage throughout the Union on January 20. I hope that we will be able to disrupt the whole of South Africa's communications and reduce the country to chaos. It is in such circumstances that a strong man with a group of trained supporters is able to take over." Leibbrandt said he was kept well informed by friends in the police about the search for him and added, "You are a former police officer. But you are also a good Afrikaner and the police would follow you. I want to cooperate with you when the time comes."

Taillard said that although he was in complete agreement with Leibbrandt, it was too risky for him openly to join the National Socialist Rebels. He added, however, that he had "important connections in Pretoria" who were eager

to meet Leibbrandt and promised to keep him informed. Leibbrandt was particularly anxious to know how much the South African Government knew about his arrival in the Union, and Taillard promised to try to find out. Nothing definite was decided, but Taillard said that he was in close contact with "a big man" who was secretly in sympathy with Leibbrandt's aims and wanted to meet him. Leibbrandt said he would think this over. Then, after giving the Nazi salute, he took leave of Taillard. Three days later Frau Eggert told Taillard that Leibbrandt had agreed to meet the "big man" and left it to Taillard and herself to make arrangements.

The following day Taillard sent a secret message to Louis Esselen, and a few hours later, after making his way across the veldt, he reached the farm of Esselen's son. There in civilian clothes were Colonel Baston, chief of the South African Police, and Colonel Coetzee, the head of the CID throughout the Union. They were astounded to see Taillard, whose reasons for resigning from the police they had accepted without question. But when Esselen hinted at Taillard's real function the two police chiefs quickly cooperated in drawing up a plan.

Next day Taillard called on Frau Eggert and told her that his important friend would be willing to meet Leibbrandt on Christmas Eve, when things would be comparatively safe because of the holiday. Taillard therefore suggested that Leibbrandt should come to Frau Eggert's farm beyond Pretoria, where a meeting could safely be held, and that he and Frau Eggert should drive Leibbrandt to the farm in his car.

The plan was passed to Leibbrandt, who agreed, and soon afterward Taillard had a second secret conference with the police chiefs. They agreed that on Christmas Eve a police spy should wait at a garage in Louis Botha Avenue, Johannesburg, and watch for Taillard's car to pass on its way

to Pretoria. To make Leibbrandt feel secure it was agreed that Taillard should use faked number plates. Taillard also arranged that if everything was in order he would tie Christmas balloons and streamers to his car in a certain way to give the go-ahead signal to the police spy. The spy would then pass Taillard's car and race ahead to warn police to lay a roadblock. An attempt would be made to stop Taillard's car at a bridge about half-way between Johannesburg and Pretoria. If that failed, Taillard and Leibbrandt would be stopped at a second bridge outside Pretoria.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Taillard, as arranged, drove to Frau Eggert's farm, where he picked up the German woman, and at the same time changed his number plates. They then went to Pretoria, where the wife of one of Leibbrandt's lieutenants phoned to Johannesburg to say they were on the way. From there they went to a hotel in Market Street, Johannesburg, where Frau Eggert and Taillard joined a group, chiefly Germans, who had started to celebrate Christmas. It was a merry party, and after a time they decided to go to the house where Leibbrandt was hiding. There, still more Germans and a sprinkling of Afrikaners were waiting for Leibbrandt. Twenty minutes later Leibbrandt, in a Hitler-type uniform, marched into the room, giving the Nazi salute. The whole company, including Taillard, returned the greeting. All seemed afraid of him, and one of the Germans mentioned to Taillard that Leibbrandt was in the habit of beating up anyone whose views did not coincide with his own.

Leibbrandt chatted in a friendly way with Taillard and said that he had just completed a second pamphlet that day. He then read it in a loud voice to the assembled company. Frau Eggert whispered to Taillard that Leibbrandt had changed his mind and that he would not come with them. For a moment Taillard wondered what to do, but springing

up and giving the Nazi salute he told Leibbrandt how disappointed his "big man" would be.

"I am sure that a short rest would do you good," he told Leibbrandt. And then, playing on the latter's vanity, he continued, "I don't think you need be afraid of the police on Christmas Eve. I am quite sure it will be quite safe to travel."

"Who says I'm afraid?" Leibbrandt shouted, jumping up and looking round with a threatening air. "I don't care a damn for these blockheads of police. Of course I am coming with you," Leibbrandt assured Taillard. "I never had any other intention."

Twenty minutes later Leibbrandt said he was ready, and with Frau Eggert and Taillard he went outside. His chief lieutenant and his wife drove off ahead in their own car and Taillard opened the door of his. There was some argument at first because Leibbrandt wanted to sit in the back seat, where he could watch for pursuit, but Taillard reassured him. He said that Leibbrandt would be much more inconspicuous if he sat in the front seat of the large American car between Frau Eggert and himself. Taillard was anxious to get Leibbrandt where he would have difficulty in drawing a gun. Finally the former heavyweight was pushed into the front seat. Before they set off for Pretoria, Taillard produced balloons and streamers and, saying with a laugh that they must celebrate Christmas properly on Leibbrandt's first Christmas at home for several years, he duly decorated the car, as he had arranged with the police.

As he drove along Louis Botha Avenue, Taillard noticed that the police spy was there—he had been waiting for six hours. Soon afterward Taillard could see the police spy's car in his driving mirror. But the spy kept too close behind, and Leibbrandt became suspicious.

"That car's following us," he said. "Slow down."

Taillard did as he was told and waved on the other car,

which shot ahead to warn the police at the roadblock. Owing to the heavy Christmas traffic, however, the police car could make little progress. Taillard saw it held up in front, and he drove more and more slowly.

By this time his nerves were tense, and as Leibbrandt chatted to him Taillard answered with little more than grunts. The police car was still in sight some distance in front, and Taillard realized that the spy could never reach the first roadblock in time to warn the police to have it ready. As he approached the first bridge and saw there was a large number of men in plain clothes and cars by the roadside he accelerated to prevent Leibbrandt noticing anything unusual. Leibbrandt, however, had noticed the commotion. "What's up, Taillard? There's something funny going on around here," he said. But Taillard, as he accelerated past the cars, muttered something about, "There must have been an accident. There's always drunks on the roads at Christmas."

"You're in a strange mood, Taillard," laughed Leibbrandt. "It's Christmas, man. Why don't you cheer up?"

"I am not feeling too grand, Robey," said Taillard. "Maybe you would like to drive."

"No, I'm always scared of driving other people's cars. You keep going."

Taillard had again slowed down to permit the police car, which by now had disappeared, to give adequate warning to the police at the second roadblock. But as they got nearer and nearer to Pretoria he became more and more nervous. Slowly, as he swung around a bend near the Wierda Bridge, six miles outside Pretoria, Taillard saw what seemed to be an army troop carrier lying half across the road. When he swung out, as though to pass it, Taillard discovered that fifty yards farther on there was a black car across the road, completely blocking it.

"Watch out," screamed Leibbrandt, jammed in the front seat between Taillard and Frau Eggert. "There's been an accident. Stop, for God's sake, man, stop!" But Taillard had already jammed on the brakes. With the tires of his car screeching, he came to a stop a few yards from the black car. His car was still moving when armed men jumped on the running boards and dragged open both doors. One seized Taillard and dragged him from behind the steering wheel. A second detective on the near side of the car had Frau Eggert out of the seat and on to the ground before she realized what was happening. Simultaneously two formidable policemen, one a former football halfback, had forced open the back doors and from the rear seat pinioned Leibbrandt by the neck in a matter of moments. Leibbrandt struggled fiercely to reach the gun in his hip pocket, but he could not move because of the steering wheel, and, shouting and cursing, he was securely handcuffed while still in the front seat.

In the meantime Taillard, whose part in the arrest was unknown to the police, had tried to struggle and was effectively put out by a fierce blow on the head with a revolver. Leibbrandt, Taillard, and Frau Eggert were loaded into a waiting van with an armed escort which headed for Pretoria Gaol. For most of the way Leibbrandt struggled and shouted. He threatened the detectives with what he would do to them when Germany won the war and he became *führer* of South Africa. But as he began to realize his position was hopeless his mood changed, and half-weeping he said to the detectives, "What will *der Führer* say when he hears I have been arrested without firing a shot?"

Next day the unfortunate Taillard, who had required six stitches in his head wound, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for carrying firearms without a license and for having fake number plates on his car.

For a long time the extreme Nationalists were fooled by his sentence and his injuries, and had no idea of his part in Leibbrandt's capture. But later the story leaked out, and his days as a secret agent were ended. Smuts and Esselen, however, never forgot Taillard's great services to South Africa, and on his return to the police he became chief staff officer to the Commandant of Johannesburg.

As soon as Leibbrandt was safely locked up, the police raided the house in Johannesburg where he had been hiding, and where the sabotage equipment and sketches for manufacturing bombs were discovered. There was also an iron casing like some kind of land mine under Leibbrandt's bed. With the chief of the Nazi rebels under interrogation, it did not take long to round up the whole gang, but the preparation of the case against Leibbrandt and his confederates took a long time.

Under the Roman Dutch law of South Africa there were first of all the proceedings before an examining magistrate, which lasted over six months, during which nearly two hundred witnesses were examined. It was not, therefore, until nearly a year after his arrest, on November 16, 1942, that Leibbrandt and six others appeared before a special criminal court in Pretoria. Leibbrandt was tried by a bench of three High Court judges, and after a trial lasting four months he was convicted of treason and sentenced to death. He appealed against the sentence unsuccessfully, the decision of the Appeal Court being announced on December 19, 1943. Four days later, almost exactly two years after his melodramatic arrest on the Johannesburg-Pretoria highway, his sentence was commuted by the governor-general in council to life imprisonment.

Leibbrandt served the first portion of his sentence (most of it in solitary confinement, during which he lost his voice) in Pretoria Gaol. He was then transferred to a new prison

outside the capital and went on a hunger strike in protest against the transfer. During the hunger strike he became very weak and he was, as he wished, returned to Pretoria, but to the prison hospital.

In all ordinary circumstances Leibbrandt would have remained in jail, but in the early spring of 1948, at South Africa's first postwar general election, the Smuts Government was defeated and the Nationalist Party headed by Dr. Daniel Malan took over the administration. During the election campaign, which was fought with great bitterness, the extreme Nationalist leaders, notably Mr. Strydom, who later was to become prime minister of South Africa, promised that Leibbrandt would be freed if the Nationalists won. Fourteen days after the poll the new government honored its pledge to the fanatics. In what was virtually the first public act of the new government the minister of justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, another of the Transvaal extremists, announced that Leibbrandt and four other political prisoners sentenced during the war would be released.

The news of this abrogation of the finding of the High Court was the signal for a wave of protest to sweep through the Union. Mass meetings attended by many thousands were held from the Rand to the Cape, but the new government remained completely unmoved.

Leibbrandt was released and settled down on a farm at Honeydew, not far from Johannesburg. Eventually he married, and christened his first son after Adolf Hitler.

From time to time he contributed to the more extreme Afrikaner publications, now under the patronage of the South African Government, but he was a chastened man. His political fervor, like that of many others of the same persuasion, gradually took on an anti-Communist trend, but he never forgot the Nazi past. When in 1953 he wrote to Germany, he said he was happy to know that there were still

people in the Fatherland interested in the men who had "served and remained true to the idea."

And after the usual German greetings he ended his letter with the words *"Heil Hitler."*

chapter four

The First German Parachutists in England

Five days after the fall of France in June, 1940, Lahousen was warned by Canaris to prepare for "war in England." Hitler was still skeptical about the chances of invading the British Isles, and the German High Command, completely surprised by the rapidity of the victory over France, had only reached the stage of discussing the possibilities of a cross-Channel adventure. But despite the qualms of Hitler and his high command, Canaris had made up his mind. He realized that invasion or not, from that moment on, for some considerable time, the major theater for the *Abwehr* operations would be the British Isles. On June 22, therefore, Colonel Lahousen, and his opposite number in charge of the espionage division, Piekenbrock, were summoned to the Fox's Lair, as Canaris's old-fashioned office in the Tirpitzufer was known to the initiated.

"Two days ago," the little admiral told the two divisional chiefs, "*der Führer* discussed with Raeder the possibilities of invading England. Hitler is not, however, very happy

about the whole project." Then, with a grin at Lahousen, he added: "Like most Austrians, he is afraid of salt water."

Hitler had told Raeder that he fully appreciated the exceptional difficulties of such an undertaking, but he would not make up his mind, and nothing had been decided yet. "But that does not matter to us in the *Abwehr*," said the admiral. "Whether or not there is to be an invasion—and I must say, as a sailor all my life, some of these desk-bound field-marshal heroes have just no idea of what an amphibious operation involves—we in the *Abwehr* have got to get as many spies and saboteurs into England as possible in the next few months."

On the same day Lahousen noted that he had received orders that "England was now No. 1 Priority," and that he must immediately prepare overseas enterprises. Ten days later the German High Command issued its first directive for planning the invasion of Britain, which was described officially as "a possible event."

It was not, however, until mid-July that Hitler issued his War Directive No. 16 for the operation which was given the code name of *Seeloewe* (Sea Lion).

"*Der Führer* has decided," said the directive, "that in certain conditions, the most important of which will be the achievement of air superiority, a landing in England may take place."

Canaris and his immediate subordinates were, however, far in advance of the German High Command in their preparation of pre-invasion sabotage and espionage. But some of the enterprises they planned at that time bore all the marks of hurried improvisation and ended in disaster.

On July 19, Canaris told Lahousen that all operations in England from that date must be planned "on an emergency basis." The same day Lahousen noted that Canaris had ordered that all espionage and sabotage operations—normally kept in water-tight compartments for obvious reasons—

should be coordinated and integrated as far as possible. Lahousen therefore came directly into the planning not only of sabotage operations, but of espionage enterprises.

As a result of the new policy of integration, Lahousen at once became aware that the espionage division had already two parachutists well advanced in their training for a drop in southern England. It was decided that these parachutists should undertake both espionage and sabotage functions, and instructions were sent to the Hamburg district office of the *Abwehr* where the two men were being trained.

Some months earlier a senior officer of the *Abwehr* in Hamburg, during the somewhat hectic preparations for the invasion of Denmark in April, 1940, had been put in touch with two young men by a German spy who had long been stationed north of the Danish border. Both fanatical Nazis, the two young men, although of Danish nationality, had been born Germans. They came from villages in the vicinity of the town of Haderslev in South Jutland, which, at the time of their birth prior to 1918, had been part of the German province of North Schleswig. Both had worked for a time in Hamburg, and wanted to enlist in the German Armed Forces, but as that was difficult they had been passed over to the *Abwehr* in Hamburg.

One of the Danes had given his name as Hans Schmidt. A slim young man of average height, he was about twenty-six years of age when he arrived at the Hamburg office of the *Abwehr* for the first time. With steel-gray eyes, a prominent nose and sharp features, he was the embodiment of Hitler's ideal Nordic man. His companion, who gave the name of Jorgen Björnson, was taller than Schmidt and about two years younger. He had the blue eyes of a typical Nordic, but his features were small and irregular, as though there had been some Celtic influence in his ancestry. And unlike Schmidt, who had a Prussian stolidness, Björnson was the

gregarious extrovert type of Dane so often found in Copenhagen. Schmidt was a mechanic and Björnson an electrician, which marked them as excellent material for sabotage training. Each spoke German and good English, but with a marked Scandinavian accent.

After their arrival in Hamburg they were kept under careful observation for some time and then discreetly asked whether they would be prepared to fight for Germany in England. As good Nazis they accepted at once, although it was some little time before they realized that they were to cross the Channel not as part of Hitler's armies, but as German spies.

Early in June, all the preliminaries having been completed, the two young Danes were taken to the Hamburg office of a shipping company—or so it appeared—and there they were introduced to the managing director, Dr. Randzau, who was, in fact, a major in the *Abwehr.* Randzau closely questioned them about their willingness to undertake the dangerous mission to England and bluntly warned them of the possible consequences.

"If you are caught by the British secret service it will almost certainly cost you your lives." But they still insisted that they were willing to serve *der Führer* anywhere they were sent. Dr. Randzau then informed the two young men that their training courses would last several weeks, after which they would be parachuted into southern England.

The two Danes were given accommodation in a small hotel near the Dammtor Station, and on the following morning they were driven to one of the most secret installations in Germany, the big *Abwehr* radio center several miles outside Hamburg. First they were taught Morse, and both, being highly intelligent young men, made rapid progress. By the end of their training they could transmit at a high speed.

They were then given instructions in the use of ciphers,

in their case the cipher being based on the first four lines of a German folksong. At the same time they were shown the intricacies of the *Abwehr* spies' radio equipment—a transmitter and receiver combined, and both contained in a flat box camouflaged as a dispatch case. It had been designed by some of Germany's greatest radio experts, and was capable of transmitting and receiving signals between Germany and almost any part of Europe. The radio set was of stout construction, for no one knew to what hard use it might be put during a spy's adventures. It was simple to maintain and repair, and Schmidt and Björnson were shown how to carry out the minor running repairs which might be required.

Following this intensive preparation, the two men were sent to a *Luftwaffe* school not far from Hamburg, where they were instructed in the details and characteristics of various types of British aircraft, and told what to look for at British airfields. They were also given elementary instruction on how to make weather reports.

By this time it had been decided in Berlin that they would also undertake sabotage, and they were hurriedly shown how to manufacture explosives from ordinary substances easily obtained from British grocers' and chemists' shops. They were given instructions on how to use these explosives with the various types of fuses disguised as British-made fountain pens and pocket flashlights, which they would carry with them.

While this comprehensive training was being rushed forward, other preparations were being made at the *Abwehr* offices in Hamburg. British identity cards and British ration books for travelers, both printed in the *Abwehr* printing department in Berlin, were completed by the insertion of the men's real names—or at least those they had given to the Germans—and other details. Both documents were then stamped with various rubber stamps identical with those

used on documents which might have been issued to Danish refugees who had recently arrived in England. Finally, from Berlin, Lahousen sent each of them four hundred pounds in British currency.

Schmidt and Björnson were eventually given their cover stories to memorize. Their stories were quite simple. They were Danes who had fled from their native land after the German occupation because the Gestapo was after them. To provide confirmation the *Abwehr* in Denmark had their names inserted on the list of employees of a Copenhagen factory. The same records were forged to indicate that the two men had disappeared some time after the German occupation in the previous April. They were also instructed on what to do should they be arrested by the British Secret Service.

By early August all preparations were completed, and with the invasion of England now apparently only a matter of weeks away, the *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin ordered top priority for the departure of Schmidt and Björnson. So one morning in the first week of August, Dr. Randzau again summoned the two young men to his "shipping office."

"Tomorrow," he told them, "we will leave Hamburg by car and drive to Brussels. There you will be put in contact with the *Luftwaffe* officers who have been detailed to fly you to England." At six o'clock the following morning, Randzau and the Danes in an Opel Kapitän car belonging to the *Abwehr* crossed the great Elbe bridges and headed westward in the general direction of England. By midday they could see the great twin spires of Cologne Cathedral, and as they approached the Rhine the car stopped beside the *autobahn* and the two parachutists made their first test transmission.

Taking their dispatch-case radio sets out of their large rucksacks, they called their old instructor in the *Abwehr* radio center outside Hamburg. They had no difficulty in

establishing contact, and after exchanging greetings they continued on their way. That same evening, after a fast drive, Randzau and the two men reached Brussels, where Randzau found accommodation for them in a boarding house run by the *Abwehr* not far from the old Gare du Nord. Randzau established himself in the famous Metropole Hotel, which had long been a favorite haunt of the German secret service. Next day Schmidt and Björnson were taken to a *Luftwaffe* headquarters in the Belgian capital and introduced to a *Luftwaffe* officer who had made numerous secret flights over England and who had been detailed to drop them.

The young German pilot had been at Oxford and had driven all over southern England in his Mercedes sports car. The decision just where to drop the spies was therefore left to him. As they discussed possible dropping zones—as near as possible to the RAF airfields on which they were to spy—he produced copies of maps prepared more than two years before.

The *Luftwaffe* captain told the Danes that he did not wish to go too near to the London area because of the dangers from night fighters and the guns of London's ack-ack defense. He also said he must keep clear of the *Luftwaffe* bombing of London, which was just beginning to develop. On the other hand, he appreciated that they must not be dropped too far from the southeastern corner of England, where lay their main task, namely obtaining information for the "Sea Lion" landing, which all the Germans in Brussels expected to take place within a month.

Finally it was decided that the best area for the drop would be in the general vicinity of Salisbury, and the spies were provided with British ordnance survey maps to enable them to make a detailed study of the country into which they would parachute. The Oxford-educated pilot also warned them that everything would depend on the state of

the weather—and the moon. He said he must have a dark night when there was plenty of cloud for cover, but he could not operate successfully if the cloud was too low, for he must see where he was dropping them.

The two young agents had believed they would be off on their mission within a few hours of reaching Brussels, and as they realized it might be days or even weeks before their plane would leave, they felt the inevitable reaction to the training and excitement of the previous few weeks. Irritable and tense, the two spies waited in their Brussels boarding house while Randzau tried his best to reassure them. But the *Luftwaffe* refused to contemplate a drop because of unsuitable conditions, and as each day passed and the Danes found they were still in Brussels, the situation became more difficult.

They had been strongly warned by Randzau to say nothing to anyone as to why they were in the Belgian capital, but five days after their arrival there was a knock at the door of the room in the Metropole Hotel where the *Abwehr* officer was living. The Danes knew he was there, but had been strictly forbidden to contact him in the hotel, as Randzau suspected it was frequented by British secret-service agents, who might be aware of his identity.

When the German *Abwehr* officer opened the door, therefore, he was astounded to see Schmidt—agitated and breathless. Randzau quickly pulled him into the room before a servant could see him, and as the door closed Schmidt gasped, "Björnson's playing the fool. He's absolutely gone on a young Belgian girl. She's a chambermaid in our boarding house." Schmidt went on to say that the pretty young chambermaid had apparently become enamored of the good-looking Dane, and the inevitable had happened.

"How much has he told her?" asked Randzau anxiously after he had calmed Schmidt down.

"I am not sure," said Schmidt. "I don't think he has told her our real names, but you know how he brags. She knows, of course, that everyone in the boarding house has some connection with the Germans and he keeps throwing out broad hints. The girl must know by this time that we are involved in some sort of fishy enterprise."

Randzau thought fast. "All right, leave it to me. I'll break them up. Go back to the boarding house but say nothing, and don't give Björnson any hint that you have told me."

As soon as Schmidt left the room, Randzau contacted the head of the *Abwehr* counterintelligence (the German MI5) in Brussels. He arranged a meeting and that evening as Björnson and the pretty, dark Belgian chambermaid ambled hand-in-hand like a honeymoon couple along the Boulevard Adolphe Max, they were trailed by two men. Björnson arranged to meet the girl the following afternoon in a café in the Place de Bruckère, but after waiting an hour she failed to turn up. Disconsolately he returned to the boarding house to look for her. She had disappeared from there, too. Cynically, Björnson denounced her as a "typical Belgian woman" to his fellow spy.

The German counterintelligence had swooped soon after the girl had parted company from Björnson the previous evening. In the early hours of the morning the Germans, posing as the Gestapo, had arrested the girl and her father. After an intensive grilling the father had been solemnly warned that his daughter had been interfering in German affairs. He was told that they would both be shot if either of them ever uttered a word of their arrest, and the father was then quietly told to take the girl home where he was to lock her up in her bedroom for the next fortnight.

Lahousen was highly amused when later he heard of how some of his staff had successfully masqueraded as the Gestapo, but the cynical Canaris commented dryly, "You see,

it's what I always say; there's trouble as soon as you let women get into espionage affairs."

The weather and the moon—although propitious for romance—were still unfavorable for operations over England, and the *Abwehr* decided that Brussels was becoming dangerous. The two men were given railway tickets to Paris and told to "go and enjoy yourselves for a few days."

"But be careful," warned Randzau, who said that they had already been attractmg the attention of the Gestapo. "If you get into their hands it will take quite a time to help you." The warning was heeded. When, almost a week later, Randzau arrived in Paris and told them to be ready to leave almost at once, he found that they had involved themselves in no further complications, or at least none of the sort in which he as an intelligence officer need concern himself.

The moon had now become more favorable, and on a dark night in the second half of August a black Citroen with French civilian number plates halted outside their Paris hotel. Through the night the two Danes and Randzau were driven to an airport near Chartres, and as they entered a darkened hangar they were greeted by their former acquaintance, the pilot, and a lieutenant who would act as his radio officer and observer. In the background stood a completely black Heinkel III without any German markings and stripped of all bomb fitments and other impedimenta in order to give it maximum speed. The plane was wheeled out on to the tarmac. The pilot and radio operator climbed in. The two huge rucksacks of the spies were pushed in, and Schmidt and Björnson turned to Randzau.

There were quick handshakes and Randzau told them, "Remember, contact me tomorrow if you can."

The door of the Heinkel was shut, the motors sprang to life, and the converted bomber taxied slowly to the end of the runway. Only dim pilot lights marked the concrete run-

way, but the pilot was an expert, and three minutes later the plane was airborne over France. The *Luftwaffe* captain was anxious to waste no time. He told his two passengers that he must be over the Channel on his return trip with his black aircraft before 5:00 A.M., otherwise he would be a sitting duck for the RAF Spitfires on dawn patrol.

As soon as he had gained height over the Loire Valley the pilot headed northwest. He proposed, he told the spies, to go out to sea over the Breton coast and then approach England from the southwest. This, he explained, would enable him to avoid most of the British ack-ack defenses and keep clear of the areas which were heavily defended by fighters. As the Heinkel reached the sea and the Danes saw the Channel below, the pilot produced a map of southern England with a large circle drawn around Salisbury.

"There," he said, pointing to a small group of villages to the southwest of the cathedral city, "I am going to drop you there. I know the district well. There is a valley with woods and fields, and you will have no difficulty in finding cover."

In mid-Channel the pilot swung the Heinkel on to a northerly course. Not long afterward he pointed out Start Point in the darkness to the left. Diving steeply until the Heinkel was only a hundred feet above the water, the *Luftwaffe* captain crossed the coast near Lyme Regis at almost ground level to avoid radar interception, and at once began to climb steeply, and to head in the general direction of Salisbury.

Steadily he climbed until he was well over ten thousand feet, and then the plane went into a steep dive once again. The two young men, in what had been the bomb bay, could not believe that the pilot knew where he was, but as the dive ended the pilot from the cockpit gave them the thumbs-up sign. Almost at once the Heinkel shot out of thick cloud which extended down to a thousand feet. The Heinkel banked. As the pilot straightened out he told the spies over

the intercom, "There it is, just to the south; Salisbury. I can just pick out the spire of the cathedral. It's time for you to go, gentlemen."

The radio operator clambered back and helped Schmidt and Björnson with their rucksacks and their parachute harnesses. The captain throttled back the motors until the two spies could hear only a murmur, and as the Heinkel swung round to southward of the cathedral city, the radio officer opened the door.

"Ready," he called: "one, two, three, four, five," and Schmidt disappeared into the darkness.

"Now you," said the second pilot to Björnson, and a few seconds later the second Dane followed his companion into the darkness.

The radio operator told the pilot, "They've gone," and at once the Heinkel went into a rapid climb. The black aircraft quickly gained height and the pilot headed straight south over southern England. A quarter of an hour later the Heinkel was over Poole Harbour and then over the Channel. There was no time to lose; the captain headed at full speed for the French coast and his base near Chartres.

All that night Dr. Randzau, after leaving the airfield at Chartres, had been driven at high speed across northern France, Belgium, and Germany. When on the following afternoon he entered his office in the *Abwehr* headquarters in Sophienstrasse in Hamburg, he was immediately handed a teleprint. It was from the captain of the black Heinkel: "Operation successfully carried out. Agents parachuted into Salisbury area approximately 3:00 A.M. G.M.T."

The first German parachutists had been dropped in England.

All that afternoon and evening Randzau waited tensely for a signal from the two Danes. All *Abwehr* listening posts had been alerted to listen for the spies' signal. There were

repeated calls to the main *Abwehr* radio centers. But Lahousen in Berlin, like Randzau in Hamburg, was told in answer to each inquiry: "Sorry, nothing received."

Thoroughly disappointed, the waiting officers in Berlin and Hamburg went to bed. But Randzau had been asleep only a few hours when his bedside telephone rang.

"A signal from No. 3150, sir," said a voice. Randzau, half-awake, suddenly realized: No. 3150—that is Schmidt.

"Yes," he queried excitedly. "What is the message?"

"Here it is, sir," said the voice from the *Abwehr* radio center outside Hamburg. " 'Both landed safely in dropping zone arranged. Will report further later.' "

"Was the transmission undisturbed?" Randzau asked the chief radio expert at the Hamburg center, who a few weeks earlier had been Schmidt's teacher.

"Yes, sir, quite undisturbed; and I can assure you that he was not working under supervision or dictation. I know Schmidt's radio handwriting! The transmission was typical Schmidt. He said he would transmit in another hour."

Slowly the hour passed as Randzau lay in bed wondering what the next message would bring, but nothing came. Three hours later the radio center reported that they had heard No. 3150 on the air, but that it had been impossible to monitor his signal as a result of atmospherics, or some other kind of disturbance. That same morning Lahousen noted that the first two parachutists in England were in radio contact.

All the following day the *Abwehr* radio center near Hamburg listened for the men, but nothing was heard. Then, late that evening, Hamburg picked up Schmidt's call sign. It was followed immediately by a message: "Now at point five miles southwest Salisbury. Björnson's left foot badly injured. Lying in small wood. Danger of being discovered. You must help us (repeat) help us."

For the next hour urgent signals and telephone calls

passed between Hamburg and the *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin. There was a master spy in Britain—a Welshman who had worked for the German secret service for over two years. But he dare not be used to help the two parachutists without the personal acquiescence of Canaris and Lahousen.

All of them asked the same question, "Is Schmidt transmitting under pressure?" The Hamburg radio center chief answered, "I am fairly sure Schmidt is not in British hands. I know his style. He is not very good, and he is making the usual mistakes. He is also using a code that could not be picked up in a few hours. Most important, his language is typically Schmidt and he is not transmitting at schedule times. If he was in the hands of MI5 they would almost certainly force him to keep to his schedule."

Partly convinced, but still worried, the Berlin chiefs told Hamburg to transmit test questions. First Schmidt was asked, "Has your identity card been checked?" Back came the answer, "How could it have been? We haven't seen any British yet." Next question, "Have you used your ration cards yet?" "No, of course not—for the same reason."

Then a second later Schmidt transmitted, "What in God's name is wrong with you?" That signal clinched it. The *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin were convinced that "Johnny" must be sent to the parachutists' help—Johnny was the *Abwehr's* pet name for their master spy in London, the fanatical anti-English Welshman, Arthur George Owens.

Randzau, however, was worried for another reason. After meeting Owens in Lisbon some weeks earlier he had formed the strongest suspicions that Johnny had some sort of contact with the British secret service. But what else could be done? Owens was the only man who could rescue Björnson.

At once the Hamburg radio center was ordered to contact Owens in his London flat where from time to time he operated the German radio set that kept him in contact with the *Abwehr*. But the *Luftwaffe* was bombing London and

not surprisingly, it took some time to get Owens' answer. The Welshman was most suspicious and exceedingly uncooperative. As Randzau had suspected, he was already under surveillance and he was afraid to do anything to attract further suspicion. For hours the three-way radio exchange went on—between Owens in London with Hamburg, and between Hamburg with Schmidt in the Salisbury wood. At last Owens reluctantly agreed to help. It was weeks later, when the little Welshman turned up in Lisbon, that Dr. Randzau learned the full story of what had actually happened to their first parachutists after they had jumped from the plane and made a detailed report to Berlin.

As soon as they were clear of the plane, the two men had pulled the rip cords and as their parachutes opened they drifted down toward the English countryside. There was a strongish breeze, and Schmidt realized that he had begun to drift. He made a perfect landing in what, so far as he could see in the semi-darkness, was an open field. He disentangled himself from his parachute and listened. In the far distance a farm dog, aroused perhaps by the Heinkel, barked. But otherwise nothing stirred. It was a fine August night. He breathed deeply; this English air was good. Then he began making preparations to conceal his landing. Carefully he rolled up the parachute and, after marking the spot, hid it and his rucksack among some bushes. The next move was to find Björnson. He made his way across the field in the direction he thought the wind must have blown his companion, but he could see no sign of anything. In the distance he saw a group of oak trees, through which the wind whistled eerily.

"Björnson," called Schmidt, in a subdued voice, "Björnson, where are you?" There was no answer; on through the wood went Schmidt, calling softly all the time. Half an hour had passed since he had landed, and Schmidt was becoming

worried. At last, above the wind in the trees, he thought he heard another noise. He listened and was just able to hear the words in Danish, "Help me. I'm trapped. Help me."

Schmidt made his way through the trees to where he thought the voice had come from. "Where are you, Jorgen?" he called. From above came Björnson's voice, "Here in the trees; I'm trapped." Schmidt looked up, and high above him in one of the oak trees he saw a dark shadow. Slowly he clambered up the tree, and as he got higher he saw a dark bundle. He was almost at the top of the tree before he discovered that the bundle was Björnson hanging head downward by the cords of his parachute from the topmost branch of the oak. Schmidt climbed out along the branch, and by slashing at some of the parachute cords was able to lower Björnson somewhat roughly on to another branch. As the other man's foot touched the branch, however, there was a scream of pain. "My foot, my foot," moaned Björnson. Schmidt climbed down the tree and finally released his companion. But he had still to get the injured man to the ground. Gradually he edged Björnson along the branch towards the trunk and then slowly and painfully he helped him down to the grass below, where Björnson sank exhausted. It was clear that Björnson could not walk. What now? thought Schmidt.

The August dawn was beginning to break, and Schmidt realized that they must find cover quickly. They were in the country, but in a comparatively thickly populated area of southern England. As soon as it was light the two men could see that the oak tree in which Björnson had been trapped was part of a small wood, and after some search Schmidt found a little clearing surrounded by bushes and smaller trees where they would be safe from observation. With infinite patience he helped the moaning Björnson through the trees to the clearing and then went back to the tree for Björnson's parachute and rucksack. Once these had been

secured he made his way back through the wood and across the field to where he had hidden his own parachute and rucksack and carried them to the clearing where Björnson was lying half-conscious among the bushes. With strips of parachute silk stretched between the smaller trees and bushes, Schmidt improvised a tent. By this time the sun was high in the sky and Schmidt decided that he must spy out the land. Making Björnson as comfortable as possible, he started through the wood in the direction where he believed there would be a road.

In his well-cut Scotch tweed suit (booty acquired by the *Abwehr* in the British consulate at Oslo), Schmidt was not particularly conspicuous on that late summer morning as he headed across the field on the first stage of his reconnaissance.

If the *Luftwaffe* captain had been accurate in his navigation, the great spire of Salisbury Cathedral must be somewhere to the northeast. Taking his bearings by the sun, it was in that direction that Schmidt headed. After crossing a field he came to a brook of fresh water, which was irresistible. After kneeling down to drink—his first in England—he succumbed to temptation and, pulling off his clothes, had a quick bathe. Freshened by the drink and the bathe, he pushed on in the direction in which he believed Salisbury lay.

In the distance he saw a group of houses. He consulted the ordnance map of Wiltshire which he had brought in his pocket. If the pilot's navigation had been right, and his own estimates were accurate, that should be the village of Stratford Toney, thought Schmidt. A mile or two farther on he saw another group of buildings which he decided must be West Harnham. But he wanted confirmation and finally climbed a high tree from which he could see a few miles away the magnificent spire of Salisbury Cathedral rising over the trees. From his vantage point in the trees Schmidt saw

a main road about half a mile farther on, and on it a small private car which he easily identified from those in Denmark as an Austin Seven. Next came a delivery van, and then, as Schmidt walked across the field toward the road, an RAF lorry passed. It was crammed with men, but they paid little attention to the young, fair-haired man in the tweed suit.

After spending most of the forenoon on reconnaissance, during which he nibbled some of the German chocolate in his pocket, Schmidt decided he must return to Björnson and see if he could do anything with his leg. Salisbury he thought was too far for that day. He would go there on the following morning, after he had told Hamburg where they were. But Schmidt had come rather farther than he thought in his tour of the English countryside, and it took him some time to follow his own tracks and work his way back across the fields through the wood to where Björnson lay in the clearing.

Björnson was lying in the makeshift tent, his face white and strained. He was obviously in considerable pain, but he told Schmidt that his foot did not trouble him too much if he kept it still. He pleaded with Schmidt to send a message to Hamburg, but Schmidt was reluctant to erect the aerial and start transmitting in daytime. He said he would transmit at 3:00 A.M. the following morning, and finally Björnson agreed. Then, from the cans of fish and meat and the packets of chocolate which they had brought with them, Schmidt prepared a meal. They drank cold tea from the flasks in their haversacks, and, completely exhausted, they both fell asleep. Soon after midnight Björnson, whose foot had let him sleep only intermittently, wakened his companion and Schmidt set to work to erect the best possible aerial and to test his transmitter and batteries.

Punctually at 3:00 A.M. he transmitted his call sign, followed immediately by the information that they had landed

in the dropping zone as arranged. Tensely the two Danes waited. A minute later Schmidt began to smile. Hamburg radio center was answering. Their former teacher told them, "First message received. . . . Over."

"We'll report again in one hour," signaled Schmidt, anxious to curtail the length of each transmission to avoid detection. "Agreed," answered Hamburg. Schmidt and Björnson both heaved sighs of relief. Isolated and vulnerable in the midst of an enemy country, they did not feel so lonely. Their comrades in Hamburg were in contact with them. An hour later Schmidt tried again, but by that time there was intense interference on the agreed wavelength. Schmidt wondered vaguely if a British intelligence monitoring post had heard his first signal and was jamming him. Faintly through the noise he could hear Hamburg trying to call him. But it was hopeless, he must wait for the next transmission time. After their earlier elation, the failure to contact Hamburg caused both spies to fall into a mood of deep depression. Björnson's ankle had swollen considerably and Schmidt could see that his companion was in intense pain.

"Well, Jorgen," said Schmidt, "while we are waiting to transmit again tomorrow I will go into Salisbury this afternoon and make a reconnaissance. It is pretty clear that you can't go on lying here. That ankle of yours must be seen by a doctor."

The two spies had another meal from the iron rations they had carried with them and then both, quite exhausted, fell asleep again. It was nearly noon before they woke, and Schmidt decided to take advantage of the brilliant sunshine and leave for Salisbury immediately after their midday meal.

He followed the route he had taken the previous day, and once again climbed into the same tree for a good look round before making for the main road. As he looked across the fields toward Salisbury, he estimated that it would take

him a good two or three hours to reach the center of the city. By that time it would be early evening, when the city would be less busy.

He crossed the field to the main road and set out. By late afternoon, when he halted on the outskirts of Salisbury for a rest, he noticed that the road was filling with cyclists—apparently on their way home from work, and he decided to wait until the traffic had eased off. He sat on a fence by the roadside carefully listening to the chatter of the cyclists, but he found great difficulty in understanding their English, and he decided he would have to be very careful not to give himself away.

As the home-going traffic thinned out Schmidt once again set off toward the city, and he was soon able to see the great cathedral. No one paid any attention to the young man in the tweed suit out for an evening stroll. But Schmidt noticed that the shops were shutting, and he decided he must have something to eat. He had just started to look for a small restaurant or snack bar when suddenly in front of him loomed the solid figure of a British policeman.

For a moment Schmidt wanted to run. All his instinctive reactions came into play and he was terrified. Here was British authority and he was a spy. But he realized that safety lay in looking as normal as possible. With his nerves tense he nodded to the policeman and asked, "I wonder if you can tell me where I can get something to eat at this time of the evening."

His accent, northern and foreign, at once attracted the constable's attention.

"And where do you come from, m'boy?" asked the red-faced, middle-aged policeman, in the accents of a true son of the West Country.

"From Denmark," answered Schmidt, and then, thinking hastily of his cover story, said, "I haven't been here long. I'm a refugee. I came over after the Nazi invasion in the spring."

"You will have an identity card then," said the policeman in a friendly way.

Schmidt was even more alarmed by the calm, untroubled demeanor of the British constable than he would have been by the hectoring attitude of a German *Wachmeister.*

"Oh, yes," he answered, hurriedly; "here it is," and he produced the document carefully prepared in the *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin.

As he drew the identity card from his wallet the policeman noticed his traveler's food ration card and a couple of British pound notes in the other side of the wallet.

"All right then, put them away," continued the policeman. "I see, you have everything you need. Now where are you going, my lad?"

"To Bristol, if I can get a lift in a lorry," said Schmidt, "but in the meantime I would like something to eat. Is there a snack bar anywhere?"

"All right," said the constable, "go around the other side of the cathedral and you'll find somewhere to get a bite. But you'll not get much there now at this time of night, and with rationing."

"Thank you very much," said Schmidt, as he turned and started to walk in the direction indicated by the policeman.

He had literally to force himself to try to walk casually. He wanted to run as fast and as far away from the policeman as he could. He had encountered the British law and nothing had happened. But he was suspicious—far more suspicious than a British agent in occupied Europe would have been in the same circumstances. For Schmidt had lived in Nazi Germany, and he suspected this easy-going British way of things. He walked slowly to the end of the street, turned the corner—and took to his heels. He did not dare to go to the snack bar which the policeman had suggested, for he was quite sure the policeman had been laying a trap and would follow him. Half-running and half-trotting, Schmidt never

stopped until he had reached the outskirts of the city, where he collapsed, worn out, in a field.

After a few minutes he realized that he had been acting like a fool. He had forgotten everything he had been told by the *Abwehr* teachers—that the only way to deal with the British was to be casual and informal; to remember British reserve and the Anglo-Saxon reluctance to show any interest in what was "not my own business." Schmidt realized that by running through the streets he might have done what he had been most anxious to avoid—attract attention.

By this time it was quite dark. As Schmidt wondered what to do the air-raid sirens sounded. He decided that in the circumstances it would be silly to try to return in the dark to the hideout in the wood. So, searching for a likely haystack, he made himself comfortable and slept soundly until eight o'clock in the morning, disturbed only from time to time by the drone of aircraft passing overhead. After combing his hair and smoothing his rumpled suit he headed back into Salisbury.

Schmidt was hungry, and not far from the cathedral he found a small café where he was able to get tea and toast and fish cakes for breakfast, and to his surprise the waitress did not ask for any food coupons. After breakfast he decided to buy some provisions, and observing a small general store, he went inside. He asked for a loaf of bread, half a pound of butter, and three ounces of bacon. The elderly man with glasses behind the counter looked a little curious at the last item, but said nothing. Schmidt produced his ration card, and as the man snipped out the coupons he began to ask Schmidt questions. In a chatty sort of way the man inquired how long Schmidt had been in Salisbury, where he was staying, and so on. Schmidt in a cold sweat answered as best he could. He was sure this quite elderly man with the spectacles now pushed up on his forehead must be a spy of the British secret police. His questions

were worse than the encounter with the policeman. The man handed over the groceries, and after holding Schmidt a few minutes longer in conversation with yet more personal questions, he cheerfully wished him "Good day."

As soon as the door closed behind him Schmidt wanted to run. But by now he was more in control of his nerves than he had been on the previous night after his encounter with the policeman. By a tremendous effort he set out for "home," walking along the main road out of Salisbury as casually as he could. He had not gone far, however, when a car drew up behind him. In a moment Schmidt was on his guard. He was being followed; the man in the shop had been a spy, the secret service were after him! It was a buxom, middle-aged woman with two dogs in the back of the car who inquired, "Where are you going? Would you like a lift?"

"Stratford Toney," answered Schmidt, uncertain what to do.

"All right, jump in. I'm going that way," said the woman. He was most suspicious. The woman plied him with questions about himself as they drove along, and he was quite sure that the car would suddenly shoot through some gates into a house where he would be arrested. But the car reached Stratford Toney in a few minutes and the woman, after wishing him a cheerful good-by, set him down at the far end of the tiny village.

As soon as the car had disappeared Schmidt set out across the fields toward where he had left Björnson nearly twenty hours before. As he approached the hideout he whistled a Danish tune as a recognition signal, but there was no reply. "Björnson," shouted Schmidt. Still there was no response. Anxiously Schmidt pushed through the bushes to the clearing and saw Björnson stretched out on the ground, apparently asleep. A moment later Schmidt saw that Björnson was unconscious. His face was beet red and his breathing

rapid. Schmidt felt his companion's pulse and found it was racing. He undid the bandage round Björnson's injured ankle and found it had swollen enormously and was clearly very badly infected.

Schmidt took some water from his flask, which he had filled at the brook, and poured it down the sick man's throat. Then, with a rag of parachute silk moistened in the flask, he bathed Björnson's brow. Slowly his companion's eyes opened and he began to moan, "My foot, my foot." After another drink of cold water he recovered somewhat. "I think I fainted with pain during the night," Björnson said. "I don't know how long I have been unconscious, but I can't remember having seen any daylight after yesterday."

"All right, be quiet," said Schmidt. "I have been into Salisbury and we don't need to be scared about the British. They are not looking for us. But I must get you a doctor."

"No, no," said Björnson. "We were both given a mission. It is up to you to leave me and carry out your task. Just leave me here and send a letter to the police telling them where I can be found."

"Keep quiet and don't be silly," said Schmidt. "Dr. Randzau in Hamburg will help us somehow. I will send him a message now."

"But this is not one of our schedule times," said Björnson.

"Never mind. This is an emergency," retorted Schmidt. "I know the wave lengths they monitor during the evening. I will try to make an emergency call to Hamburg."

Quickly Schmidt erected his aerial, and started to transmit his call signal. A few minutes later he heard Hamburg acknowledging very faintly. At once Schmidt transmitted his emergency message saying that Björnson was injured and that they needed immediate help. Hamburg told him to keep listening and half an hour later came a personal message from Randzau, "Don't worry, I am trying all I can to send help. Keep listening." Another hour passed and then

came the series of stupid questions about ration cards which infuriated both Schmidt and the feverish Björnson. At intervals during the next few hours the exchanges continued as Schmidt negotiated with Hamburg about where to meet the man who would bring help.

It was daylight the following morning before Hamburg finally sent definite instructions:

> Schmidt will proceed to Winchester to arrive station at 2:30 P.M. G.M.T. this afternoon. In main hall will be a dark, small man in brown suit and brown soft hat. He will carry a *Manchester Guardian.* Schmidt will address him as Dr. Roberts. Later he will reveal himself as Johnny.

As soon as the signal was received Schmidt cooked a meal for Björnson and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. Then he set off once again through the woods and across the fields to the main road and into Salisbury. He was not quite sure how to reach the Winchester road, for, to his consternation, he found that all signposts had been removed —something Lahousen had not known. Schmidt soon got on to the main road for Winchester, and after walking a few minutes he got a lift in a truck bound for Stockbridge. From there he got a delivery van which drove him right into the center of Winchester. At exactly 2:30 Schmidt walked into the station entrance hall and looked for Johnny. To his consternation he saw two small dark men in brown, both carrying newspapers, either of whom might be the British spy. After carefully observing both for a few minutes, Schmidt made his way toward one and asked him if he were Dr. Roberts.

"I beg your pardon," said the other with a chilly stare.

"Oh, excuse me," muttered Schmidt and hastily retreated to the bookstall, where he watched the second man from the corner of his eye. This man had noted Schmidt's rebuff and he quickly started to read his paper, making it easy for

Schmidt to see the words *Manchester Guardian.* Once again Schmidt approached and asked for a second time if the person he addressed were Dr. Roberts.

"Yes," said the small dark man, "and you're Mr. Lloyd, I presume."

They shook hands and at once moved into the street. The Welshman said almost nothing until he satisfied himself that they were not being followed and then he said, "I'm Johnny. Where is your friend?"

"He is lying in a wood a mile or so outside Salisbury," Schmidt said.

"O.K.," said Johnny. "I can make arrangements in Salisbury with friends who will help, but we mustn't go there together. I think I am being watched, and it would be dangerous for you to be seen with me."

Johnny pulled out a cigarette pack and with a hand stained with nicotine held it out toward Schmidt, "Take a cigarette, and take the paper behind it. On it you will find an address in Salisbury. Come there tonight after dark. You'd better go back to Salisbury by train. I will travel another way." They shook hands and parted, Schmidt making his way back to the station.

On inquiry Schmidt discovered that he would have to wait some considerable time for the next train to Salisbury. So he decided to return in the same way that he had come, by hitchhiking. But he was less successful on the return trip, and it was almost eight o'clock in the evening before he reached Salisbury. He inquired the whereabouts of the address on the paper given to him by "Johnny" and after twenty minutes' walk he came to a substantial villa on the outskirts of the city. Rather apprehensively he knocked at the door; it was opened at once by Johnny himself.

"Come inside quick," he said. Once inside he found there was another man present, another Welshman who greeted him with a friendly handshake. Johnny obviously had given

the man some sort of explanation about the Danes. The three men sat down to a meal. Schmidt was surprised to find how, contrary to Goebbels' propaganda, the British were still able to enjoy substantial meals. There was soup, a fat capon of a quality as fine as he had ever tasted in Denmark, and excellent Cheddar cheese washed down by beer which Schmidt thought was terrible. Half-warm and sticky, it was quite unlike anything he had ever had before. As they ate, the three of them discussed what must be done about Björnson. Johnny said that he would take him to a doctor who would cause no trouble and it was suggested that Schmidt should stay the night and return to Björnson in the morning.

When morning came Schmidt rose early and walked quietly across the fields in the darkness to the hideout where Björnson lay. He was relieved when a whistle warned him that his companion was aware of his approach. "Everything is going to be all right," he told Björnson, whose ankle was now less painful but very stiff. At 3:00 A.M. the following morning Schmidt told the Hamburg radio center, "Successful contact with Johnny. Björnson going to doctor. Am separating from him. Will report same time tomorrow." Schmidt carefully refrained from telling Björnson that they were going to part, and as they both lay down to sleep, he told him that Johnny had arranged for a doctor, who would ask no questions, to attend to his ankle.

Dawn was just breaking when Schmidt rose and carefully buried all the remnants of the parachutes, the cans, and the other debris of their enforced stay in the clearing. He then wakened Björnson and hoisted him on to his one good leg. Slowly they started through the wood toward the road, with Schmidt half carrying, half helping the other man. It was an exhausting task, struggling through the morning mist across fields with a man who had virtually only one leg. They made slow progress, as Björnson had to stop frequently to rest.

As they crossed the small brook where Schmidt had previously bathed, Björnson slipped and fell into it. This refreshed him and he kept on doggedly. It was nearly nine o'clock before the two Danes reached the hedge bordering the main road, and Schmidt quickly looked round to make sure they had been unobserved. The road was empty.

At nine o'clock precisely, Schmidt could see a car approaching and warned Björnson to be ready. As it passed, Schmidt jumped up and waved, but the car sped on. A quarter of an hour later a second car appeared. This time it was Johnny, and as Schmidt appeared over the hedge he drew to a stop. Quickly Schmidt helped Björnson through the hedge and hoisted him into the back of the car.

"Good-by," shouted Johnny; "see you again some time." The door banged and the car disappeared. The spies had separated—for good. Björnson did eventually reach a doctor, but soon afterward he was caught by the British and spent most of the war in an internment camp.

Schmidt was free. With Björnson off his hands he decided that he must set out on his mission without delay. He knew what he had to do. Twice every twenty-four hours he would report the weather in southern England to Hamburg center. He had also been ordered to move from one airfield to another circled in red on the ordnance survey map in his pocket. He was to report to the *Abwehr* on damage to the airfield and the number and types of planes to be seen. If he got the chance he could do a little sabotage as a sideline. So as soon as Johnny's car disappeared Schmidt once more took the road.

He headed for Southampton, and the following night in a wood not far from that city he reported to Hamburg, "Björnson taken to doctor by Johnny. Now proceeding on mission." From Southampton, Schmidt made his way along the south coast to the Brighton district, where it did not

take him long to make friends with the friendly, talkative British troops in the area. Soon afterward he was able to report their moans about the tough British general who was in command of the division. This general, said the troops, had an obsession about physical fitness. Everyone, even the elderly officers, had to do long cross-country runs.

"This general is a small, dark man with a sharp nose and a biting tongue," reported Schmidt to the *Abwehr* specialists in Germany. It did not take these experts long to identify the general as Montgomery, of whom they had last heard when he was commanding the British 3rd Division on the perimeter around Dunkirk three months earlier. But Schmidt, although he identified the commander of the 3rd Division, caused confusion in the German High Command by reporting that there seemed to be very large concentrations of troops "with much armor" in the proposed invasion area.

With four hundred pounds in his pocket, Schmidt made his way from town to town and from airfield to airfield through Sussex and Kent, reporting what he could, counting the different types of planes he could see lined up on fighter stations.

Schmidt saw most of the Battle of Britain from the roads and fields of Kent, but, like the reports of other observers, his nightly messages to the *Abwehr* were more misleading than anything else. All through the early stages of the blitz Schmidt was in the heart of the bombed areas—apart from the few hours when he retreated to the countryside outside London to make his radio reports.

By the middle of October, Lahousen in Berlin had begun to suspect (correctly, as he discovered many years later) that Schmidt's regular transmissions must have attracted the attention of the British secret-service monitoring posts. At the end of October, Schmidt was instructed, for his own safety, to go to Wales, where he was given the name of a

Welsh nationalist sympathizer who hid the spy for several weeks on a lonely farm in a Welsh valley.

Farming was not to Schmidt's liking—at least at that stage of the war—and he finally asked permission to return to active duty. By early December, 1940, he was again back in the London area. But by this time he had a serious problem. His constant traveling and lodging in hotels and boarding houses had almost exhausted his supply of money. Shortly before Christmas he sent a signal, "Money almost exhausted. Must have funds to carry on operations."

This was not as simple a problem to solve as it might appear. Finally Canaris and Lahousen mentioned the problem to the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, whose government still had an embassy in London. Long exchanges followed between Berlin and Tokyo, and at last the Japanese Government agreed that the Japanese military attaché would make one thousand pounds available to Schmidt, through a Japanese agent in London. From Hamburg, Schmidt was given the contact plan to meet the Japanese agent and was warned, "Don't be surprised by the agent."

On a wet, dreary day just after Christmas, Schmidt waited at a bus terminus at Shepherd's Bush. He knew he would see a small, dark man carrying a copy of *The Times*. From the warning and the description Schmidt expected to see a Japanese. But when at three o'clock the small man appeared, Schmidt was astonished to see that the contact was Jewish. Neither gave any sign of recognition. Schmidt followed the agent as he had been instructed into a No. 49 bus, and in separate seats upstairs they traveled to Kensington High Street. There the man got up and left. Schmidt followed, and as he crossed the street toward Kensington High Street Station, Schmidt was at his heels. They both bought tickets, and Schmidt followed him on to the platform, where the agent entered an Inner Circle train. Schmidt followed, and, apparently by chance, sat beside him.

"Is there anything interesting in *The Times* today?" asked Schmidt in a conversational tone. "Not very much," answered the agent, "but do take this paper. I have finished with it. I am getting out here." The man handed *The Times* folded in four to Schmidt, raised his hat politely, and disappeared on to the platform of South Kensington Station. Schmidt continued to Victoria. In the men's room he opened up *The Times* and found one thousand pounds in beautiful Bank of England five-pound notes carefully packed inside.

He was now ready for future operations. But in Berlin, Lahousen and the other *Abwehr* chiefs were becoming worried about Schmidt. It seemed obvious to Lahousen that sooner or later he would be picked up because of his constant traveling and residence in hotels. So Lahousen told him to get a job. How he was to do this was left to Schmidt himself, for by this time he knew far more about life in wartime England than Canaris. He was also instructed to stop transmitting until he got himself settled.

Early in the spring of 1941, Hamburg radio center picked up Schmidt's call sign. It was acknowledged, and he was told to start transmitting. Early next morning he reported in code.

"I've got a job. I am working on a farm. I will continue to operate, but I cannot report so frequently. I must travel ten miles to an area where I can transmit safely. Don't expect to hear from me very often."

From that time Schmidt was one of the most reliable and trusted German spies in Britain. He was used only on special missions, and listened for orders at agreed times. He transmitted only when necessary and as seldom as possible.

He made an arrangement with the friendly farmer for whom he worked that he could have time off when he wanted. In due course, in response to special inquiries from the German High Command, Schmidt reported concentrations of Canadian troops around the Southampton area just

before the Dieppe raid in 1942. The following year he made reports on an important exercise held in roughly the same area when the British attempted to fool the Germans into believing that the Second Front would open in 1943.

When the real thing was imminent in the spring and early summer of 1944, Schmidt returned to his old haunts and made long reports on the preparations for D-Day. Day after day he moved about the restricted coastal area of southern England. He had been so long resident among the British by that time that there was little danger for a young Danish refugee traveling from one livestock sale to another.

In the months after the landing of the first Allied troops in Normandy, Schmidt sent long and accurate messages about the American divisions he discovered concentrated in southwestern England. He also sent important information about the V-1 and confirmed the arrival of V-2 rockets in the summer and autumn of the same year. But by that time the *Abwehr* was a shadow of its former self; Lahousen was a general on the Russian front and Canaris had been arrested by the Gestapo. Schmidt, however, in the years after 1941 had found farming more congenial than in his first few months in England. One day in 1942, Lahousen was astounded to receive a signal which stated: "Just married. Leaving on honeymoon. Uncontactable for fourteen days." A year later came another message: "Now father of 7-lb. son." One of Lahousen's last tasks before relinquishing his command in Berlin was to send a message of congratulation to his only spy offically known to have become a father in the course of duty.

Schmidt sent his last signal at the beginning of April, 1945, as Field Marshal Montgomery's 21st Army Group closed in on the Hamburg radio center.

Some years afterward—on the German secret-service grapevine that still exists—Lahousen heard that Schmidt was still living in the London area with his wife and family.

chapter five

"Johnny," the Welsh Master Spy

The existence of a fanatical Welshman who for long had been one of the top German agents in London and who was sent to the help of the injured parachutist Björnson has been told in the previous chapter. But the amazing adventures of *Abwehr* V-Man No. 3054, or Johnny, as he was known to senior officers of the *Abwehr,* had started long before his sudden dash to meet Schmidt at Winchester in late August, 1940.

Just exactly how Arthur Owens first came to make contact with the Germans is still a matter of some dispute. But most likely the Germans became aware of his extreme anti-British views through some of the agents sent by various German organizations to Wales in the years before the war. In Berlin it was believed at that time that the more fanatical Welsh nationalists—not the Welsh Nationalist Party—might provide useful recruits for certain work in the event of war with England, and there was some competition among different German groups for the Welshmen's services.

Among those sent to Wales to contact the Welsh extremists in the pre-war years was an alleged engineer, Hans Heinrich Kuenemann, a flamboyant representative of one of Heydrich's undercover organizations, who masqueraded as the managing director of a German engineering firm with a branch in South Wales. He escaped from his house in Marlborough Road, Cardiff, only twenty-four hours before the start of the war in 1939.

There was Professor Friedrich Schoberth, who was a visiting lecturer at Cardiff University for a time; there was Franz Richter, who had appeared as early as 1933 as manager of an enamel factory at Barry and who slipped away with his wife a week before the outbreak of war. Then there was a nurse, who claimed to come from the Channel Islands, who appeared in Pembrokeshire in 1938. After various adventures her body was found in mysterious circumstances near Wantage in 1943. And finally there was the German consul in Liverpool, Dr. Walter Reinhard, who concentrated on the Welsh extremists in North Wales and who was expelled from Britain for spying in 1939.

Which of these first got on the track of the fiery little Welshman is now uncertain. What is known is that Owens, who at that time lived with his wife and son somewhere in the Hampstead district of London, was a visitor to a German club in the Bayswater district, which was one of the main centers of German spying activity at the time. And it was there that he is believed to have obtained the address of an *Abwehr* agent whom he contacted during a business trip to Belgium at the Metropole Hotel in Brussels in the spring of 1937. Owens at that time was selling electrical goods to Belgian firms, but he made it clear to the *Abwehr* man, with whom he formed a friendly association, that he was urgently in need of money for private reasons. He also revealed himself as a "passionate Welsh nationalist bitterly opposed to everything English."

The *Abwehr* agent was cautious, but he had soon decided that Owens would make a valuable contact in England, and he discreetly hinted that it "might be more profitable to do business with friends of mine in Hamburg." Finally the *Abwehr* man said he would give Owens the names of these Hamburg friends, and Owens carefully noted the name and address of Dr. Randzau, managing director of an export-import firm. The agent in Brussels sent full details of Owens (a short, dark man, about forty, with a hawklike face) to Berlin, and in due course Dr. Randzau in Hamburg was instructed to make contact with the Welshman.

Randzau wrote to Owens at his address in London stating that he was managing director of the export-import firm of Reinhold & Co., Gerhoffstrasse, Hamburg. And he invited Owens on his next trip to Europe to visit Hamburg, where he said he was "sure they would be able to do business to their mutual advantage."

Some weeks later Owens arrived in Hamburg and went to the Gerhoffstrasse address, which in fact was a cover address used by the *Abwehr* for various purposes. He was warmly greeted by Dr. Randzau, who invited him to dinner that evening in the luxurious Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, facing the Alster. After the meal the two men went on to the famous Münchener Kindl, which was long to remain a favorite place for the little Welshman. There over drinks the *Herr Doktor* discreetly hinted his business to Owens. The Welshman at first pretended to appear disconcerted, but Dr. Randzau dwelt at length on his Welsh sympathies, and after a time Owens agreed to consider "how he could make money by other methods than selling electrical equipment."

Owens, who appeared to have had a good idea of what was coming, told Randzau that he was in financial trouble due to various domestic difficulties and then said he would be most willing to earn some extra tax-free money. Randzau

replied that if he would go back to England and report on certain matters he could give Owens money right away. Owens accepted the money, and he was instructed to make a report on certain questions affecting Woolwich Arsenal. This was purely a test, as the *Abwehr* had long been informed about the Arsenal, but it was a convenient method of testing the Welshman's reliability.

Owens took the train for the Hook of Holland the following afternoon, and a month later returned to Germany. He brought with him all the information that Randzau had requested. The results of the test were submitted to Berlin, and Dr. Randzau was instructed to go on with the game. Owens was again sent back to England, with instructions this time to find out all he could about certain airfields which the *Luftwaffe* knew were being constructed in East Anglia and along the Great North Road as part of the British rearmament program. Randzau told him that he would get all expenses plus a payment of between ninety pounds and one hundred pounds, according to results, for each mission. He was also told to keep on with his electrical business to cover up his espionage activities and to continue to make visits to Brussels and other cities where he had been in the habit of doing business. It was on one such trip that he made the acquaintance of another *Abwehr* officer, a certain Captain Dierks, and his girl friend Vera, who was later to become well known to the British security services.

For the following two years Owens visited Hamburg almost once a month, reporting on the missions which he had been given. He proved an outstanding spy, and as war came ever closer at the time of Munich the *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin became increasingly impressed by "Johnny, the Master Spy." He still was not aware that Randzau was a German officer, but in the course of his repeated visits to Hamburg he had become close friends of Randzau and his wife and frequently visited their home.

Almost every evening when he was in Hamburg, Johnny would visit the Münchener Kindl, and then, after he had said good-by to Randzau, he would go on alone to Hamburg's famous night-club district, the Reeperbahn. He was a regular visitor at one cabaret, the Valhalla Club, and there he became fascinated by the system of table telephones by which it was possible for him to call up an attractive girl he might see at another table. This eventually led to complications.

The *Abwehr* kept a strict watch on Johnny during these nocturnal adventures, and Randzau became alarmed when it was discovered that the little Welshman had been talking too much to one of the girls. One of them, a blonde, to whom Johnny had become particularly devoted, was quietly arrested by the *Abwehr* and told to get out of Hamburg without further question. In her place the *Abwehr* provided a still more fascinating blonde, Ingrid.

On his next visit to the Valhalla, Johnny was delighted to receive a call from Ingrid at a table a few yards away, and from that time onward there was no further risk. His girl friend was one of the most trusted female agents on the payroll of the *Abwehr*. Owens of course had no idea of her true role, and each time he arrived in Hamburg he at once telephoned her, and spent much of his free time with her.

After the Munich crisis the *Abwehr* chiefs realized that war might well come at any moment, and Owens's monthly visits to Hamburg would then come to an abrupt end. By this time he was accepted almost as a full member of the *Abwehr*, and Dr. Randzau was instructed from Berlin that Johnny must be given radio instruction. He was therefore told that on his next visit he should stay in Hamburg for several weeks, and Dr. Randzau suggested that he might bring his wife with him. This he did, and Mrs. Owens, quite unaware of her husband's espionage activities, became a close friend of Frau Randzau during the weeks that Johnny

took an intensive course in radio transmission at the *Abwehr* radio center outside Hamburg. Owens was not a particularly good pupil, and he was never a really satisfactory operator. But after the war began, when he transmitted regularly from London, the *Abwehr* experts had no great difficulty in deciphering his messages.

During this visit he saw comparatively little of Ingrid, and most of the evenings were spent in the Randzau flat, where he revealed to the *Abwehr* that he had the musical genius of his country and enthralled everyone by singing the folk-songs of Wales in a fine tenor voice.

After his instruction in radio work Owens continued to visit Hamburg once every six weeks or so. Early in 1939 he told Randzau he had been experiencing domestic trouble and had separated from his wife. On the next trip he arrived with a girl friend, Lily, who was also entertained by the Randzau family, who had come genuinely to like the Welshman.

It was on this visit that he brought details of a new British process for hardening armor plating, and a sensational report that one British airfield had been fitted with gas tanks with equipment for loading bombers with poison gas. The German High Command was incredulous. The generals in Berlin pooh-poohed the whole idea, much to Johnny's annoyance. Soon after the war started Owens returned triumphantly to the subject. He sent a sarcastic message that, despite the generals' disbelief, he had discovered that the British had made plans for dropping the gas over the Ruhr cities.

Owens was paid by results. Each time he left Hamburg he carried a considerable sum in pound notes, so that by the summer of 1939 the Welshman was enjoying an income of something like two thousand pounds a year, tax free, from his activities as a spy in England.

With Germany and Britain at war it was no longer possi-

ble for Johnny to make his regular trip to Hamburg, so in October, 1939, Randzau met the Welshman in Brussels. Owens was then assisted in making an "illegal" crossing of the German frontier and, British subject though he was, became once more able to visit the Valhalla and the Münchener Kindl. Owens knew little German, but among the words he had mastered were *Ein Bier*. It was because of this that Randzau gave him these two words as his call sign, and in return Owens referred to Randzau as "Biermann" in the coded messages which he sent from London.

But radio was of little use for sending plans of British airfields or details of new industrial processes, and much thought was given to the problem of future communications. Finally Randzau produced a fantastic plan. Owens was instructed late in 1939 to buy a motor cruiser and keep it at some East Anglian pleasure resort. The plan was for Randzau or some other *Abwehr* officer to meet Johnny in the middle of the North Sea, in midwinter!

Randzau had believed that the German Naval High Command would provide a submarine, but Doenitz's staff poured cold water on the idea. Randzau had better luck with the *Luftwaffe*, and finally he obtained the use of a flying boat for a rendezvous with Johnny. An urgent signal was sent by radio to Owens telling him where to meet the plane. Two days later a Dornier set out for the Dogger Bank. For two hours in mist and rain, and in considerable danger from RAF patrols, the slow, awkward Dornier circled the agreed rendezvous. But Johnny failed to appear. Finally the German plane beat a hasty retreat when British aircraft appeared in the vicinity. Next day Randzau received a signal from Owens' station, "Sorry impossible leave English coast which under strict watch."

But Randzau had to have a meeting with Owens. Finally, in the middle of April, 1940, when the *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin knew that the German armies would be in Belgium

and France within a few weeks, Randzau signaled to Owens asking him to come to Lisbon for a meeting. For a time Owens made no reply.

At last on the first day of June, with the last British troops embarking at Dunkirk, Owens sent an answer: "Agree to meeting in Lisbon. All arrangements completed. Will contact you as suggested Lisbon 12–17 June."

Randzau was disturbed when he received that message. So were the *Abwehr* chiefs in the Berlin headquarters when it was passed to them for approval. Canaris and Lahousen realized how impossible it would be for a traveling salesman in electrical goods to leave wartime Germany and travel to neutral Portugal. How was it possible for Owens, a civilian, to leave Britain at a crisis of the war with the British expecting invasion any moment?

By this time the Welshman was the best German spy in Britain. He had never failed to provide valuable information. Randzau was therefore instructed to proceed to Lisbon and meet Owens on the dates he had given, and with the German armies sweeping across France that presented some difficulty to an *Abwehr* officer. Finally Berlin arranged that Randzau should become a diplomatic courier for the time being. He was given permission to travel by a top-secret German aircraft operating between Stuttgart and Barcelona carrying gold on the outward trip and precious wolfram from Spain on the return.

Randzau, as he thought over Johnny's trip, became more and more convinced that the Welshman must have some sort of official British permission to leave the country. His suspicions became even more pronounced when, flying across the Mediterranean towards Barcelona, he recalled a conversation they had had before the war.

"If you ever get into difficulties in England about this work for us," Randzau had told Owens, "the best thing for

you to do is to come clean. Go to MI5 and tell everything. That might save you."

Had Johnny remembered that advice? Randzau wondered. Was that how he had managed to get permission to travel to Lisbon? He would soon find out.

On June 12, Randzau reached Lisbon, already teeming with the refugees who had fled from France as the *Wehrmacht* drove at high speed towards Paris and on to the southwest. The Portuguese city was alive with agents of every known intelligence service pouring in with the refugees. Randzau had reason to suspect that his picture was in the hands of the FBI, as a result of certain activities in the United States some time before. And he dared not risk a public meeting with a British subject who would almost certainly be watched by the British secret service.

In the Portuguese capital, Randzau had made arrangements, therefore, to work through a Spaniard nicknamed The Don who was one of the Germans' agents. The Don had direct communication with Canaris and the other *Abwehr* chiefs in Berlin through the German Embassy in Lisbon, where an *Abwehr* radio operator, whose real position was known only to the ambassador, worked almost night and day on the enormous German intelligence traffic between neutral Portugal and Berlin. Before leaving Hamburg, Randzau had instructed Johnny by radio to contact The Don.

On the forenoon of every day between June 12–17, Owens had been told, a lean, dark man with a sharp nose would sit on a terrace of one of Lisbon's best-known cafés. Owens was told to carry a copy of *The Times* and to order a large glass of lemon juice. When the dark man spoke to him, Owens was told to identify himself by saying, "Jack told me to say he was asking for you."

When Randzau reached Lisbon, therefore, he made no attempt to look for Owens or even to contact The Don. He knew that a highly informed German agent would learn

soon of his arrival; and on June 14, Randzau was not surprised to receive a message at his hotel inviting him to tea with Senorita Juanita on the following afternoon. He presumed the lady was one of those on The Don's payroll, and at the appointed hour he duly arrived at the address he had been given. In his halting Portuguese the *Herr Doktor* introduced himself to the elegantly dressed young woman who had opened the door. But he was surprised at the burst of pure Berlin dialect with which she answered as soon as the door was closed, and, laughing, she escorted the German to the next room, where he was given a cordial greeting from his old acquaintance, The Don, a tall, distinguished-looking man with the lean face of a Spanish *hidalgo.* At once The Don informed Randzau that Owens was already in Lisbon, and recounted with cynical amusement the story of their meeting.

As the *Abwehr* had instructed, The Don had sat like a Portuguese gentleman of leisure on the terrace of the appointed café and looked around for a small dark man reading a newspaper. Punctually at eleven o'clock a man, almost certainly Johnny, appeared and sat down to read *The Times,* ordering at the same time a large glass of orange juice. The Don was amused, and yet suspicious. Might this be someone sent in Owens' place by the British secret service who had made a silly little mistake? He said nothing and waited; but nothing happened, and at midday he left.

Next day the *Abwehr* contact man again sat on the café terrace. At eleven o'clock the little dark man appeared and ordered a large glass of orange juice.

"This is getting too much," thought The Don, as he watched the other man sitting reading and not drinking the beverage.

Leaning over to the other, The Don finally said, "Why don't you drink your orange juice, sir? I noticed yesterday

that you did not drink it either. Perhaps you would prefer *lemon* juice."

The small man started to laugh. "Yes, indeed, I am sure you are correct. My friend Jack always tells me to drink lemon juice, but I forgot about that. Waiter, bring me a large glass of lemon juice; and you, sir, perhaps you will join me."

The Don joined Johnny at his table, and both laughed for a long time. As they chatted they arranged for a further meeting, and The Don was able to tell Owens, "I believe your friend the *Doktor* is here."

They arranged to meet the following evening at an address which was in fact Juanita's flat, hidden in a back alley of Lisbon. Owens was warned that Lisbon was full of British as well as German agents and to take the utmost precaution to see that he was not followed to the rendezvous.

As soon as he saw the German, Owens advanced toward him with a broad smile and outstretched hands. And as Randzau took Johnny's hand, he noticed that the little man was shaking with excitement. They chatted informally in front of The Don and Juanita for a time, and then arranged for a further talk next morning at a hideout which the *Abwehr* kept in Lisbon for just such meetings.

Next day, when they were alone, Randzau went straight to the point. "Tell me," he said, "how did you get out of England? You didn't just come out as an ordinary traveler."

"No," said Johnny, "I had a terrible job. At first I contacted a Welsh sea captain at Swansea who said he would take me as a stowaway to Lisbon. But after the invasion of France things were tightened up. He got scared and said he would get into serious trouble if he took me."

"And what then?" asked Randzau. "Did you take the advice I once gave you in Hamburg?"

Owens looked shamefaced and then said, "Not directly. I

decided to apply officially for an export permit on the ground that I was selling electrical equipment to Portugal. I was interviewed by a captain, who was, I think, in the Field Security Police.

"He listened to my story, and I could see he did not really believe me. He asked me where I had done business previously, and I said in Belgium. He asked if I had ever done business in Germany, and as I thought they could probably trace some of my pre-war trips to Hamburg, I said I had also done business with a German export-import firm in Hamburg.

"At this he looked suspicious, and said I would have to see his colonel."

"Did you give my real name and address?" asked Randzau anxiously, before Owens had time to tell him anything further. The Welshman, of course, had never known his real name or his rank in the *Abwehr,* but Randzau was concerned whether Johnny had given away his cover name and still more the *Abwehr* cover address in Hamburg.

"No," said Johnny, "I realized that might be dangerous. So I made up a false name and gave him another address in Hamburg."

"And what happened then?" asked Randzau.

"I was interviewed next day by a colonel with red tabs on his uniform," said the Welshman, "and he really put me through it for an hour." Owens began to perspire, as though the thought of his interrogation was too much for him.

"But I answered everything as well as I could. I told him that I had important business contacts in Switzerland. I said that as a result of the German invasion of the Low Countries I now wanted to meet my Swiss business contacts in Lisbon, which was a sort of half-way house."

"And what then?" said the German.

"After a lot of argument the colonel seemed to believe me. Having adopted a tough attitude at the beginning, he

changed his tune and became quite polite. He said it was the British Government's policy to maintain as much trade as possible with neutral countries. In view of that he said he would issue me with exit and entry permits permitting me to travel to Portugal."

Randzau eyed Owens curiously, but Owens had seen Randzau's quizzical look.

"You do believe me, *Herr Doktor?*" he pleaded. "You do believe me? You know how faithfully I've worked for you, and you know how I hate these English bastards."

"Of course, of course, Johnny," said Randzau, trying to smooth the ruffled feelings of the Welshman. "You know I believe everything you tell me. And I quite understand you had a tough time getting out. I know the risks you have taken for us and, believe me, we appreciate it. But now you're here with me, everything is all right."

"I knew you would trust me, *Herr Doktor,*" said Owens, "and now see what I have brought you."

First he produced long and detailed information about new RAF airfields in the Home Counties. Then he produced an explosive fountain pen of a type which he said the RAF was already beginning to drop over the occupied countries. Then he drew out of his dispatch case what was obviously his prize, a copy of a technical report on a new British radar set so small that it could be fitted into the cockpit of a new two-seater night fighter, and with the report he handed over drawings. Randzau wondered just where Owens had got his hands on that, but before the German could put his thoughts into words the Welshman burst out with the explanation.

"I got all this from a new contact I've picked up. Somebody really good, who is willing to work for us. He's a Welshman who's just been chucked out of the RAF for something queer I don't understand. He was a technical officer, and is willing to tell what he knows for hard cash. In

fact I sounded him out, and he's willing to come here to Lisbon with me on my next trip."

"Come, come, Johnny," laughed Randzau. "You're fooling. You can't make me believe that the RAF has thrown out a senior technical man at this stage of the war."

Owens blanched at the German's incredulity, and then, with his voice shaking with excitement, he continued:

"But it's true. This man is Welsh like myself, and he hates the English. He was thrown out not long ago, so far as I can make out for political reasons. I think he's a Communist, but I'm not sure. He needs money desperately, and he's willing to tell you everything if you pay him enough."

Randzau was suspicious, and made no attempt to cover up his doubts. "And how's this man going to get to Lisbon? You yourself have had enough trouble."

"I've worked that all out," answered Johnny. "This RAF chap knows a Welsh sea captain who is willing to smuggle him from Swansea to Spain or Portugal."

Randzau was in a quandary. If this renegade RAF technician on whom Owens had stumbled was all that Johnny claimed, he might be a veritable gold mine of information. Randzau wondered, and then thought: "Maybe I'm too suspicious. This man may very well be a Communist, and if the British thought he was a Red agent he would certainly be pushed out of the RAF technical branch at high speed."

The *Abwehr* in those days of 1940 knew perhaps more than the British about the Soviet intelligence networks. They were already on the track of the fabulous *Rote Kapelle* (a secret Red organization), part of which Canaris eventually uncovered. The other part continued to function throughout the war, and the same agents are still operating today. This RAF man might just be a Red agent who for some reason was willing to hand over information to the *Abwehr*, for officially Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany were allied by the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact.

"All right, Johnny," said Randzau, making a snap decision. "Bring your RAF man with you the next time, if you can. But in the meantime tell me all about him."

"I first met this chap, whose name is Brown, in a pub in Bayswater which is frequented by Welsh nationalists like myself. We started to chat and met several times afterward. After a few meetings he began to tell me his story. He had been a squadron leader in the technical branch of the Air Ministry working on radar and all sorts of secret devices. Suddenly, a few weeks earlier, he had been summoned before a very senior officer and told that he must resign from the RAF at once. No explanation was given. But he had told me that he was sure that it was because of his political views.

"By the time he told me this," continued Owens, "he was getting desperate for money. He had got some sort of job in a war factory, but he had been keeping a woman in addition to his wife and she had a young child. I told him that I might be able to help him if he would do something for me. I let him understand that I had foreign business friends who were interested in the latest British technical developments, such as radar. I told him that if he could get me up-to-date information on that sort of thing I would give him money. Next time I met him he turned up with this stuff about the radar set and the drawings, and I gave him twenty-five pounds from the money you sent me last time."

Owens said that he had told the RAF officer that he would take this material to Lisbon, and if it proved satisfactory he would buy more such material. When the RAF man heard that Owens was going to Lisbon, he asked if he could accompany him. The Welshman pointed out to him that he would never get permission to leave the United Kingdom, but the RAF man answered that he had a good Communist friend who was captain of a cargo boat trading

regularly between Swansea and Spanish and Portuguese ports. This man would smuggle him out without difficulty.

Randzau at this stage would very much have preferred to consult Lahousen in Berlin. He was chary about the whole business, but Johnny had proved thoroughly reliable in the years they had worked together, and he was genuinely attached to the Welshman.

"Well, if he can get away with his sea-captain friend he had better come along with you the next time you come to meet me," said Randzau. "Now here is something for you," he said, handing five hundred pounds to Owens in new "British Treasury" notes just off the *Abwehr* presses in Berlin. When they parted a few hours later, Johnny suggested that they might meet again in the Portuguese capital early in October.

"There will probably be no difficulty about the exit permit now," said Owens. "I think the security colonel was quite satisfied with my reasons for wanting to travel. By that time they will be accustomed to the fact that I want to travel. So we shall meet again here in two or three months."

"Don't be too sure," laughed Randzau, who had just seen from the Portuguese papers that France was on the point of surrender. "Just wait. By that time the German Army will be in London and I'll meet you there. Then you won't have any more worries. You can come and work for me in *Abwehr* headquarters in London, and maybe I'll get you a commission in the German Army in return for your great services to the Reich."

Next day Randzau flew back to Germany, leaving Owens to make his own way back to London. In Berlin the *Abwehr* man handed over the report and drawings of the new British radar equipment to the technical branch of the *Luftwaffe* and was at once swamped with demands for further information. Like other technical branches in other places,

the *Luftwaffe* radar experts were inclined to believe that Randzau had only to put through a phone call to London to find out everything they wanted to know!

By the end of June, 1940, Owens was once again in London and in touch by radio with Randzau, and with the help of his RAF contact he was soon able to answer most of the queries. Eventually in September, when the invasion of Britain seemed imminent, Randzau received a signal from Owens saying he hoped to reach Lisbon by the end of the month accompanied by a friend. Soon afterward came a further signal fixing the meeting for the first day of October at the former rendezvous in the Portuguese capital.

In Lisbon Randzau went to his usual hotel, and soon afterwards he met The Don, who informed him that so far there was no sign of Johnny or of any other mysterious stranger. Next day a British ship entered the Tagus, but Owens was not aboard. Two more ships from English ports were due, but the Portuguese authorities were uncertain whether they had been delayed by the equinoctial gales or had been in a convoy which had run foul of a U-boat pack. When the ships did arrive there was still no sign of Owens, and Randzau's fears were again aroused.

Just as his anxiety had become acute, he received a message from The Don. Owens had arrived, but was so ill as a result of persistent seasickness that he had been put to bed on arrival. It was in his hotel bedroom that Randzau saw Owens the following afternoon.

"Well, Johnny, what happened?" asked Randzau.

Owens explained that, as he had expected, he had had no difficulty on this occasion about exit documents. After being caught in severe gales off the Irish coast, however, the convoy of which his ship formed part had been attacked by German submarines. Finally eighteen ships had been sunk.

"And what about your friend from the RAF?" asked Randzau.

"He was smuggled aboard a ship which I think was in the convoy. I don't think it was sunk, but I am not sure."

"And now what have you brought me this time?" asked Randzau.

"Not very much on paper, *Herr Doktor,*" said the little Welshman, "but, if he has escaped your submarines, I have brought you the man who will tell you a great deal. It's becoming very difficult now to get information. I have to be very careful since the fall of France, and all that scare about parachutists," and here they both laughed as Owens told Randzau the full story of the two young Danes dropped near Salisbury.

The Welshman went on to give Randzau a general report on conditions in Britain, but it was information that could largely be picked up from British papers reaching Berlin. Randzau made no attempt to conceal his dissatisfaction, and Owens was quick to notice it. At once he became almost pitiful, pleading and protesting that he had done his best. It was clear to Randzau that Owens was in a state of hysteria. Randzau decided things must be getting tough in Britain for German spies, but he was scarcely prepared when Owens, half-weeping, continued:

"Is it not enough that I've brought you this RAF chap? He can tell you more than I can ever find out. Things are getting worse and worse. I can scarcely find out anything. You've no idea what it's like. From now on I'll have to concentrate on sabotage only. Getting information is too risky. My brother-in-law is Welsh, and is foreman in a munitions factory outside London. If you can give me the explosives he will help me to start explosions."

"Don't get worked up," said Randzau, who was becoming more and more bewildered by the acute state of tension in which he found the Welsh spy. But the German was quick to realize that Owens' days as a master spy were rapidly drawing to an end. At that moment he decided

gradually to dispose of Owens so that there was no chance of his becoming a liability to the *Abwehr*. But that would take time. In the meantime there was no reason why he should not be given sabotage equipment. And so that afternoon they called on Dr. Rudolfs, the head of the *Abwehr* sabotage division in Lisbon. Rudolfs knew all about Owens from Lahousen, and he was only too willing to provide him with a supply of fuses cunningly contrived as fountain pens in presentation boxes.

All this time Randzau and Owens waited for the RAF officer. But it was not until forty-eight hours later that the ship on which he had been concealed reached Lisbon. They met in the back-alley hideout maintained by The Don. When Randzau entered the room he saw that Johnny was accompanied by a darkish man in his late thirties.

"This is Mr. Brown," said Owens, as the Englishman gave Randzau a limp handshake which made the German wonder if he were a weak character or whether he was instinctively revealing his distaste for contact with Germans.

"How do you do," said Brown, with a slightly nervous laugh, but Randzau noted that there was little sign of laughter in his hard, penetrating eyes. This was obviously a much more complex character than the extrovert Johnny with whom he had been dealing so far.

"Well," said Randzau in his impeccable English, "let's get down to business. I understand you are in a position to help us."

"Maybe," said Mr. Brown, "if you pay enough. As I think you know, I have been flung out of the RAF, where I was a squadron leader at the technical branch at the Air Ministry. We will not go into the reasons, but to be quite frank I am desperately in need of money. That is why I am here."

"How much?" asked Randzau.

"Well," said Brown, "if I am to work for you I should require two hundred fifty pounds a month. But perhaps it would be

better if I told you all I know—and I think you will understand that I have considerable knowledge of certain of the latest technical developments. If you give me, say, two thousand pounds in notes I should be prepared to undergo any examination you wish at the hands of your own technical experts. You have already had something from me, and that should have convinced your technical people that I am not selling you a pig in a poke."

"That is a most interesting suggestion," said Randzau. "But your conversation takes me further. What about a trip to Germany? I fear it would be impossible for you to meet our technical people here. There are so many people in Lisbon anxious to know our business. I myself am an engineer, but I am not sufficiently qualified to interrogate you on technical matters. If you are prepared to go to Germany I shall make a promise on my honor as a German officer. If you accept that offer to go to Germany I undertake to return you to Lisbon whenever you wish without restraint."

"That's wonderful," interrupted Owens, and then, turning to his companion, "Accept *Herr Doktor's* word. Let's go, Jack."

"I'm sorry, Johnny," said Randzau quietly. "But it will be impossible to take you with us. Transport is difficult; and it will be quite enough to arrange for one Englishman to travel across occupied Europe. I think you'll just have to wait here for him. But The Don will keep you amused."

Randzau, despite his years in the *Abwehr,* was not an unsympathetic man. He winced inwardly at having to rebuff Johnny in this way, but it was obvious to him that Owens' aim was to get to Germany . . . and to stay there by hook or by crook. He obviously didn't relish life in wartime England and had a nostalgia for his old haunts in Hamburg. Owens was deeply disappointed. But he tried as best he could to cover up his feelings and turning to Brown said, "You go, Jack. If *Herr Doktor* gives you a promise you can rely on it.

I have worked with him for years and he has never broken his word to me."

"O.K.," said the renegade RAF squadron leader, and, turning to Randzau, asked, "When do we go?"

Next day Randzau left Lisbon on his return flight to Germany, telling Brown that he would send an escort for him within a few days. And within a week Mr. Brown, as he was always known to the Germans, was also on his way to the great port on the Elbe in charge of Dr. Sessler of the *Abwehr* office in Hamburg.

When Mr. Brown reached Hamburg he was immediately given accommodation in one of the great luxury hotels, the Vier Jahreszeiten, which just five years later became a British naval headquarters and then a British officers' club. He was greeted by Randzau, who arranged for technical experts to present him with long lists of questions prepared by *Luftwaffe* headquarters in Berlin. Brown was told to take his time answering these questions, while he was also assured that he was at complete liberty to go anywhere he wished. He was followed everywhere, but never once did he attempt to contact anyone in Hamburg.

After he had answered the detailed questionnaires provided by the *Luftwaffe* ministry in Berlin, Brown was interrogated at length by experts flown from various parts of Germany to see him. Brown was so quiet and unassuming and so determined not to give trouble that Randzau felt that he had a duty to entertain him. He was taken to fashionable restaurants and hotels, and to parties in private houses. Brown seemed to enjoy these visits and sometimes they were joined by Frau Randzau. One evening, as they sat together in the downstairs bar of the Vier Jahreszeiten, Frau Randzau commented on a large cameo ring which Brown wore on his left hand. Frau Randzau said she had never seen such a ring before.

"Let me show you," laughed Brown, and pressing open the cameo he revealed a miniature portrait of a beautiful girl.

"Your wife?" asked Frau Randzau.

"Not yet," laughed Brown.

But Randzau was astonished. He had noticed the cameo ring dozens of times, but it had never occurred to him that in the ring might lie the answer to the mystery of Mr. Brown.

"Perhaps you will excuse me for a moment; I must make a call," said Randzau, who rapidly got in touch with the *Abwehr* headquarters in Sophienterrasse. A quarter of an hour later an elderly man entered the bar, and after nodding to Randzau sat down in a quiet alcove. Soon afterward Frau Randzau, at a sign from her husband, asked to be excused. As she left Randzau told Brown, "That is a good friend of mine in the corner. An interesting chap; maybe you would like to meet him."

Introduction were quickly made, and Randzau and the Englishman joined the third man for a drink. The head waiter, after a knowing look from the stranger, appeared and took an order. As usual Brown chose whisky, while the others drank French cognac, of which there were by that time ample supplies in Germany.

All three raised their glasses. "*Prosit!*" said Brown, and gulped down the whisky. Soon his arm fell on to the side of his armchair. His eyes started to close. He seemed to have difficulty in following the conversation. He apologized, but his head dropped. Soon he was sound asleep.

"He's off," said Randzau to the other man. "How long will these drops last?"

"Two hours, sir," said the third man, as Randzau ordered the headwaiter to put a screen round the alcove. Quickly Randzau leaned forward and took the ring off Brown's

hand. He opened it and removed the girl's picture, which he handed to his colleague.

"Quick, take that to the office and have it microphotographed, and be back before he wakes up."

An hour and a half later the other man returned. Randzau carefully restored the picture to the ring and put it on Brown's finger. Twenty minutes or so later the English guest stirred, sat up, and yawned.

"Have I been asleep?" he asked.

"Think nothing of it," laughed Randzau. "The Scotch must be stronger here than in London. It must be an export brand."

Next morning in his office Randzau examined an enlarged picture of the photograph. It was covered by a meaningless series of letters and numbers which seemed to be in code. Weeks later Randzau was told from Berlin that the letters seemed to be a code for an address in a neutral capital, which the *Abwehr* already believed had been used as a post office for the Russian security services. By this time the *Abwehr* had decided there was little more to be got from Mr. Brown and Randzau was summoned to Berlin and closely questioned by Canaris about the whole affair.

The little admiral seemed to be toying with some countermove in which Brown would play a leading role, which, however, he did not reveal to Randzau. But when Randzau informed his chief that he had given his word of honor that Brown would return to Lisbon, the *Abwehr* chief agreed. After cordial farewells Mr. Brown left Hamburg. Escorted again by Dr. Sessler, he arrived in Madrid, but while changing planes Mr. Brown disappeared. He was never seen again by the *Abwehr,* and in Berlin some of the *Abwehr* chiefs were fairly confident that Mr. Brown had achieved his real aim. He had been determined to leave England when it became too hot for him, and the *Abwehr* was tolerably certain that sooner or later he would appear in Moscow, the

predecessor of some later and better-publicized British deserters!

When the news was given to Johnny, still waiting patiently in Lisbon, he broke down completely. His last real source of information had disappeared, and weeping and shrieking he said to The Don, "Let me go to Germany . . . let me go to Hamburg." But The Don had strict orders. On no account was Owens to be permitted to reach Germany, and as soon as a passage could be arranged, he was shipped back to England. The *Abwehr* had little further need for a spy who had outlived his usefulness.

But a few weeks later the incorrigible Johnny was sending messages again to Hamburg. They did not contain any important information. When, shortly before Christmas, he appealed to Randzau for money, it was finally agreed, after consultation with Lahousen and Canaris, to send him five hundred pounds. And at Christmas it was duly delivered to him by the Japanese Embassy in London.

He continued to send messages until the spring of 1941, when suddenly, out of the blue, came a heartfelt cry: "Help me, my life is in danger."

The *Abwehr* did not reply.

It was years later that one of the *Abwehr* chiefs was told by a returned German spy that he had met a man whom he believed was Owens, in Dartmoor prison toward the end of the war. And recently, along the grapevine which still links former *Abwehr* officers with their former contacts of the IRA, came a message: "Johnny is now living in Ireland. He calls himself Mr. Brown."

chapter six

Vera, the Beautiful Spy

Early in 1939, an *Abwehr* spy resident in England, the German-born widow of a Scandinavian businessman, reported that she had discovered a likely recruit. In a small Kensington hotel where the German spy had been living during a visit to London she had, apparently by chance, come across an elderly Italian countess, hard up and very anti-British. The spy, known to the *Abwehr* as Lady May, reported that she was quite sure from their conversation that the old woman could be "persuaded" to work for the German secret service. She had inherited a small property in the Bavarian Alps and was anxious to sell it and transfer the money to England. But Dr. Schacht's currency regulations prevented such a transfer. If some method could be devised of getting the money to England, Lady May reported, she was certain that the Countess would respond to any suggestion made to her.

The chief of the English section of the *Abwehr* for whom Lady May worked at once wrote to the lonely woman in her

Kensington hotel. He told her that he had heard about her money difficulties and invited her to visit him in Germany, where, he said, he was sure everything could be sorted out. Later the chief, who in his dealings with the Countess called himself Dr. Graff, met her at the Bayerischer Hof Hotel in Munich. He soon discovered that she was a fanatical admirer of her compatriot Mussolini and all his works. Dr. Graff therefore had no hesitation in telling the Countess, as she came to be known to the *Abwehr*, that her currency problems could be solved without difficulty if she would merely extend and transfer her devotion from Mussolini elsewhere. This the Countess willingly agreed to do. Having arranged for her property to be sold at a good price and the funds transferred to her London bank, Dr. Graff had little difficulty in persuading the old lady to agree to meet him again later. In the meantime "to cover her expenses" he gave her two hundred pounds, and told her to keep in touch with him.

In the summer of 1939, when it was obvious to everyone in the *Abwehr* that war was imminent, Dr. Graff was instructed to "re-activate" the Countess, and he summoned her to a meeting at the Doelen Hotel in Amsterdam. The Countess, who had previously been an important member of the diplomatic world in London, still had many important connections there and Dr. Graff decided to exploit these on behalf of Germany. He suggested to her that with funds supplied by him she should rent and furnish a fashionable flat in Mayfair and as quickly as possible revive her links with her influential friends. She was ordered to entertain lavishly and to attempt to gain a reputation as a leading hostess. Dr. Graff also promised that he would find the Countess "a beautiful niece" to help her entertain.

Soon after war broke out Dr. Graff received a message from the Countess by way of still-neutral Holland that she had already established herself in a luxury flat near Berkeley

Square and that her salon was already beginning to be frequented by people prominent in British public life. She emphasized, however, that it would take a few months to build up and establish her position sufficiently to enable her to operate successfully on behalf of the *Abwehr*. Dr. Graff, however, had still to find a suitable "niece," for although the *Abwehr* had a considerable number of attractive young women on its payroll, none of them seemed particularly suited to play the part of the Countess's young relative.

But the solution came quite by chance, as a result of an emotional crisis in the life of one of Dr. Graff's *Abwehr* colleagues in Hamburg. And so, early in May, 1940, a few days before the German armies swept into Holland, Dr. Graff met the Countess for the second time in Amsterdam.

"My dear Countess," he said, "you will be charmed to know that I have discovered your long-lost niece of whom we have spoken previously. I am not quite sure when she will be able to join you in London, but I will give you due warning. She will be provided with appropriate personal papers and so on. But it might be a good idea at this point for you to begin suggesting that you hope your niece will be able to escape from occupied Denmark and join you in your London home. You might add that she has spent much of her childhood in France, which will account for the fact that she speaks French so well."

Then, adopting a firmer tone than he had used formerly, Dr. Graff added, "She will of course be your superior in all matters affecting your work for us. You will obey your orders implicitly and ask no questions, particularly about any other relatives she may wish to entertain from time to time."

"I quite understand," said the Countess, in the broken English in which she always conversed with Dr. Graff, who had spent several years in the United States. When she assented to all his plans Dr. Graff handed her a further wad of

Bank of England five-pound notes, and told her that in view of developments in military operations which seemed possible, he would in future arrange for her to have funds sent from a bank in Lisbon.

"And Countess," said Dr. Graff, as they bade each other good-by, "it may be more difficult to communicate with you in the months to come, so don't be dismayed if you hear nothing from me until your niece arrives. She will introduce herself as Vera and will bring greetings from me. You will have no difficulty in identifying her. She is tall, dark, and very good looking in a Slav sort of way. She speaks French as though it were her mother tongue, which in fact, however, is Russian. She also speaks excellent German, some Danish, and a little English. I think that is enough to let you identify her when she arrives."

Graff did not reveal that Vera was also the mistress of one of his *Abwehr* colleagues and that their association had provided Canaris and Lahousen with a major headache in the preceding weeks.

The name by which Vera was known to the German *Abwehr* was not her own and covered that of a well-known Baltic-German family. She was born in St. Petersburg. Her father, a Baltic baron, had been a high official of the Czar during his last years, and as a child Vera had spent her earliest years amid the luxury of the Russian Court.

But with the Revolution in October, 1917, their life of luxury ended and early in 1918 the whole family was deported to Siberia, where soon afterward Vera's father was murdered by the Bolsheviks before the eyes of her mother, her small brother and herself. That was something she never forgot. After this the family found refuge in a Siberian shoemaker's hovel, where the mother acted as a maid of sorts, while the two children ran wild. Finally in despair her mother wrote to one of the new commissars in Moscow, a Baltic Jew, who years before had been in love with her. The

commissar was moved by the plea and took pity on the little family. They were suddenly moved to Moscow, where there was a meeting between the commissar and his former sweetheart. Soon afterward the family were provided with passports, tickets, and enough money to take them to Paris.

In Paris, Vera grew up rapidly, and the dark Slavonic beauty in her early teens—who seemed much older than her actual years—began to attract admiration. And in addition to her beauty the girl was talented. In the days of banishment in Siberia the young Vera had rapidly picked up the plaintive songs and the spirited dances of the Russian peasantry, and after a time the proprietor of the Russian restaurant where her mother worked, proposed that the family could earn extra money if Vera danced and sang in the evenings. He offered good money, and while her mother was reluctant to introduce the girl to the Bohemian atmosphere of Paris night life, the offer meant a considerable increase in the family income, and so the mother accepted.

For the next year or two, Vera blossomed into a typical Russian beauty and danced every evening in the restaurant under her mother's vigilant eyes. When Vera was seventeen or eighteen, however, her mother, for some reason which is unexplained, suddenly decided to leave Paris and move to Brussels, where she found similar employment in another Russian restaurant. Vera was again persuaded to dance, but by this time the attractive girl was becoming weary of being attached to her mother's apron strings.

Russian friends in Belgium had suggested to Vera that she could quite easily get dancing engagements in England, and suddenly, without telling her mother, the attractive young Russian set off across the Channel. For several months she worked in London night clubs, and it was during this time that she gained some working knowledge of English.

In London—or it may have been before she left Brussels—Vera had formed an association with a young Frenchman,

and it was this which finally led her back to Paris. For some time she succeeded in getting engagements in theaters and cabarets, and by the middle thirties she had become a member of a well-known French double act—and at the same time the mistress of her French partner.

In Paris, Vera at once renewed associations with old Russian friends, and also made new friends among more recent Russian arrivals in the French capital, associates of the commissar who had helped her family to leave the Soviet Union. There is little doubt that in due course she was persuaded—or possibly blackmailed—into becoming an agent of the Russian secret police, the GPU. And it was in a Paris cabaret where she was appearing in her double act that she made her first contact with the German *Abwehr.*

Time after time as she danced on the small stage with her partner she noticed a thick-set, ugly, fair man who seemed fascinated by her performance. Night after night he visited the cabaret and sat at a table in the front row, his eyes apparently glued on her. Her partner also noticed the strange man's interest, and became exceedingly jealous. The jealousy increased when the visitor invited Vera to his table, and she, perhaps unwisely, accepted the invitation.

The visitor explained that he was a German businessman engaged with two colleagues in selling German electric batteries in Belgium, Holland, and France, to which they made regular trips. When asked, he said his name was Mueller.

The friendship, despite the opposition of Vera's partner and lover, rapidly developed and soon the Frenchman saw that he was about to lose both his partner and his mistress. At last his jealousy could not be contained, and as Vera sat drinking champagne with Herr Mueller the partner appeared from the artists' door and with a knife clenched in his right hand lunged at Vera. But the German had seen the man appearing through the door, and seized his wrist and

threw him to the floor, where the two men were soon locked in a bitter struggle. The manager, the members of the band, the waiter, and the porter all hurled themselves on top of the two struggling men and finally dragged them apart, with the German none the worse apart from some superficial cuts on his hands and cheek. The Frenchman was led away struggling and protesting, and the German seized Vera and dragged her from the cabaret.

Bundling Vera into a taxi the German took her to a small, inexpensive hotel near the *Folies Bergère,* and that was the end of the girl's career as a dancer. As soon as they reached the hotel where he was living with his two friends the German told Vera that his real name was Hans Dierks and tried to persuade her to return with him to Germany a few days later. With her dancing act broken up and her mother by this time in Copenhagen, Vera had no plans and no money. As she became more attracted to Dierks she finally left Paris with him and his two colleagues when they set out for Hamburg two days later. In fact Dierks was a captain in the German *Abwehr* attached to the Hamburg office, and his two friends, Karl Druegge and Robert Petter, were also *Abwehr* agents. At that time they were engaged in laying a spy network through the Low Countries and northern France in preparation for future events, and Dierks's spies played a big part in the fifth column which contributed so much to the collapse of France in 1940. Whether Dierks first visited the cabaret where Vera was dancing and showed interest in her because the *Abwehr* suspected or knew that she had been a GPU agent, is uncertain. After her departure from Paris with Dierks she definitely had no further contact with any Soviet Intelligence network.

In Hamburg, Dierks found a flat, where he lived with Vera. In the following few years Vera accompanied Dierks and his companions on their tours of neighboring countries and it did not take her long to discover the true nature of her

lover's profession. Dierks, in fact was one of the chiefs of the naval section of the *Abwehr* office in Hamburg, and it was during one of the tours of Belgium that he introduced Vera in the Metropole Hotel in Brussels to a Welshman who he assured her was one of the principal German spies in England. Vera soon became acquainted with other members of the *Abwehr* staff in Hamburg and was generally regarded by many of the other officers as Dierks's wife.

One evening in early April, 1940, Dierks returned to the flat not far from Rothenbaum-chaussee and told Vera, "I have bad news. I'll have to leave you." He was reluctant to tell her more, except that he had been detailed for a mission on which it would be impossible for her to accompany him. Vera at once had an outburst of hysterics, for she had always feared something of the sort.

"But you can't leave me, Hans," she sobbed. "I've nobody but you. My mother is in Copenhagen and I can't go to her. I have given up all my friends in Paris for you."

And then she began to accuse him of inventing this story of a mission in order to leave her for another woman. To quieten her, Dierks decided to break all the *Abwehr* rules. "I will get into serious trouble if anyone knows I have told you this. But a great offensive is due to start in the West and I am being sent abroad. Somewhere you can't go."

Vera was unconvinced. "Where?" she demanded to know.

"It is absolutely forbidden for me to tell you, but if you promise never to say anything, I am being sent to England, with Richard and Robert, to carry out sabotage. You know that I'm an expert on naval matters and I have been ordered to sabotage naval installations in England."

Only partly convinced, Vera asked him, "When do you have to go?"

"I don't know, but within a month or two. There's some secret behind the whole thing, but Berlin wouldn't tell us."

All that night Vera pleaded with Dierks not to go. She

wept, she became hysterical again, and then angry. But she would not listen to Dierks. She refused to speak to him and was still in that mood the following morning when he left for his office. He had only been there a few minutes when he felt a curious presentiment. He did not know why, but he rushed back to the flat. He knocked, but the door was locked and there was no answer. He knew Vera was there, and started to break down the door.

He did so, and in the bedroom he discovered the girl unconscious after swallowing half a bottle of sleeping tablets. Lifting her in his arms he carried her to his car and raced to the nearest hospital, where after a touch-and-go struggle she eventually recovered.

The *Abwehr* soon heard of the girl's attempted suicide and—as it was clear that Dierks had told her that he was leaving her—the whole circumstances had to be reported to Lahousen in Berlin. For days Lahousen pondered on what to do. It was clear to him that Dierks had been guilty of a very serious indiscretion in revealing to his mistress that he was to be sent to England as a spy. It would be correct, thought Lahousen, if without further question he ordered Dierks to get rid of the girl and to go to England as he had been ordered. But discipline in the *Abwehr* was scarcely as simple as in an infantry battalion. If he chose that way to end the problem Dierks would leave Germany, unhappy and disgruntled, and that was a most dangerous attitude of mind for a spy, for it led so often to desertion to the enemy.

Lahousen, too, was very human in his personal relationships and he took the problem to his chief. Canaris had a longstanding distrust of women in espionage—going back perhaps to his alleged friendship with Mata Hari—but at heart the admiral was a true German sentimentalist. He was seeking a solution which would make both Dierks and the girl happy when, suddenly, Dr. Graff, who worked with Dierks in the Hamburg office, had a brain wave.

Dr. Graff had been looking for someone to send to London as the Countess's niece. Here was the answer to that problem. And so the decision was made in Berlin to postpone the departure of Dierks and his two companions until Vera could be sufficiently trained to accompany them. Dr. Graff at once sent for Vera and told her that she could go to England with Dierks. She was sworn as a member of the *Abwehr* and at once sent to the Hamburg radio center for instruction. During the weeks and months that followed while the German armies conquered Holland, Belgium, and France, Vera gained mastery not only of radio transmission and reception, but also of microphotography, cipher work, and elementary sabotage.

When Vera had completed her training course at the end of July, 1940, the military situation had so developed that the whole operation had to be recast.

It was finally decided that the operation should be mounted from Norway and given the code name of Hummer I Nord (Lobster North I). It was arranged with the *Luftwaffe* Fifth Air Fleet, stationed in southern Norway, that the four spies be flown from Stavanger in a flying boat to the Northeast coast of Scotland where they would disembark into a rubber dinghy. When, late in August, all planning was completed, Vera almost danced with joy. Despite everything she was to go with Hans to England—where as the niece of the Countess she would be able to entertain him in a comfortable London flat, and if need be shelter him in the intervals of his duties as a saboteur. As all the *Abwehr* staff in Hamburg, including Dr. Graff, had been so helpful and sympathetic it was agreed to hold a farewell party.

The four spies had been ordered to leave Norway on September 3, and a ceremonial send-off was arranged at the Loewenbrau Restaurant, a favorite haunt of the *Abwehr,* on the evening of September 2. It was a most

successful party. Toast after toast was drunk in long glasses of foaming Bavarian beer liberally laced with German schnapps. At last the four spies clambered into Dierks's little car, Vera in front beside him and Druegge and Petter in the back seat. But the *Abwehr* captain's driving quickly showed the extent of his intoxication.

"Be careful, Hans . . . be careful!" screamed Vera, as the little German car slithered on Hamburg's cobbles, which had been made more than usually dangerous by a slight fall of rain during the evening.

The night air began to take its effect and Dierks's driving became ever more erratic and reckless. By this time all three passengers were pleading with him to slow down. For a few minutes he seemed to sober up, and then the driving became even more dangerous than before. Suddenly realizing that he must make a left-hand turn, he swung the little car round the corner. It mounted on two wheels, shot across the street, and hit the opposite pavement. Half on and half off the pavement the car careered along for another twenty yards, and then turned over with a crash of metal and the sound of tearing from the fabric roof.

There was silence for a time and then through the battered cloth roof appeared a white-faced figure, blood streaming from his hands and cheeks. It was Druegge, who managed to crawl out of the wreckage and now stood swaying on the pavement. Some distance along the street was a telephone booth and to this Druegge managed to drag himself.

"Come quick!" he called, after dialing the police emergency number. "There's been an accident in Sierichstrasse."

A few minutes later the sirens of police cars and an ambulance could be heard approaching and within a few seconds of each other a patrol car and an ambulance arrived on the scene. On the pavement sat a dark-haired girl, smeared with blood, with a man stretched out beside her, his head on her lap. An ambulance man bent down and ex-

amined the recumbent figure of the man. Taking Vera by the waist he started to lift her.

"Come away, miss," he said. "Your friend's dead."

It took some time for the ambulance man's words to penetrate through the girl's concussion. The ambulance men and the police looked strangely at her. At this stage Druegge, suddenly interrupted and told the policeman, "The dead man's a member of the *Abwehr*. Get us out of this as quickly as possible. His name was Dierks, *Abwehr* captain." Petter, too, had recovered consciousness by this time, and when the police realized that the whole party had some association with an organization—about which the normal policeman knew very little—they hurriedly loaded the three survivors into the ambulance and headed for the nearest hospital.

As soon as Lahousen reached his office on the morning of September 3, he was informed of what had happened to the operatives for Hummer I Nord. Lahousen was in a quandary, for Dierks had been a senior member of the *Abwehr* and the leader of the whole enterprise. Lahousen's first reaction was to call off the entire operation. But the invasion of England seemed imminent. He was desperately in need of as many spies and saboteurs in the British Isles as possible. The three survivors were all trained for the work. Hitler was already displaying bouts of temper over the inability of Canaris's spies to give him an accurate picture of what was taking place in England.

For some days Lahousen pondered over the situation. Then finally he sent a teleprint to Hamburg: "Operation Hummer I Nord to proceed as planned. Three operatives will proceed to Norway as soon as recovered." On September 21, Vera, Druegge and Petter, their faces and hands still covered with adhesive plaster, boarded a *Luftwaffe* transport at a Hamburg airfield for Stavanger in southwest Norway. There they were informed by *Abwehr* representa-

tives from Oslo that they would leave for Scotland as soon as they had completed dinghy drill.

On the next day the three spies were introduced to the pilot and crew of the flying boat which was to transport them. They were taken to a small fjord some distance up the coast, where they were initiated into the difficulties of launching a large rubber dinghy from a swaying aircraft. Even more complicated was the problem provided by the disembarkation of three bicycles—found in a cellar of the British Consulate at Bergen—on which they had been ordered to proceed the six hundred miles from Northeast Scotland to London. "We can't do it. It just won't work. These bicycles are too heavy to heave in and out of aircraft," Vera told Andersen, a Norwegian V-man long in the pay of the German *Abwehr* who had come from Oslo to be their dispatching officer.

"Well, you'll just have to manage it somehow," said the Norwegian. "The people in Berlin have given strict instructions that you are to take British bicycles with you. You are not to travel in trains, as the people at headquarters think you will attract attention with your broken English, and arouse suspicion."

Andersen provided them with "British money," two hundred pounds each, mainly in pound notes printed in Berlin. He also equipped them with British clothes found in the British Embassy at Oslo after the somewhat hasty departure of the British diplomatic mission the previous April. They were also given *Abwehr* radio sets, Morse keys, batteries, spare parts for the radios, lists of sabotage targets, and German contacts in Britain. Each of the spies was given a British identity card and a traveler's ration book completed according to the latest information available about these British documents at the *Abwehr* office in Oslo at that time.

Vera was described in her documents as Madame Vera Erikson, a Dane. Druegge became François de Deeker, a

Flemish refugee from Belgium, and Petter, who had been born in Switzerland, in any case, was described as Werner Heinrich Waelti, a Swiss subject with an address at 23 Sussex Gardens, Paddington, London.

They were carefully rehearsed in a cover story which claimed that all three were refugees from the Germans in Norway, which they were to claim they had been visiting when it was overrun by the Germans the previous April. They were to explain that by handing over valuable jewelry they had bribed a Norwegian fisherman—curiously enough called Andersen—to sail them across the North Sea. Little real attention, however, was given to the cover stories, and certainly no attempt was made to provide details which could stand up to investigation by the large number of British agents in Norway. The tales with which Vera and her companions were provided were—compared to the elaborate "false lives" provided for British agents dropped in occupied Europe—elementary, if not altogether childish. After three days at Stavanger, preparations were completed, but the weather was unfavorable for a landing by the flying boat off the Scottish coast.

Early on the morning of September 26, Vera and her two companions were roused in the small Stavanger hotel where they had been staying since their arrival in Norway and told, "You're leaving at once." They had scarcely time to dress and gather their belongings before a car was at the door. Half an hour later they reached the air base, where they were told that there had been a sudden break in the weather over Scotland which would permit the landing to take place. Almost at once they took off and headed southwest across the North Sea. That same morning Lahousen noted that—according to reports reaching him from Oslo—Operation Hummer I Nord had had an auspicious beginning. The three sabotage agents had been flown to "the vicinity of the North British coast and landed in a rubber boat."

The *Abwehr* headquarters in Oslo was a little premature in its presumptions, as happened later on another occasion. For when the flying boat, three hours after leaving Stavanger, reached where the pilot believed the Scottish coast should be, he could see nothing. There had been another change of weather and thick rain clouds were down to almost sea level. There was nothing for it but to return, and at breakfast time Vera and the two men were back in their hotel sleepy and disappointed. The weather continued unfavorable for some days, but on the evening of Sunday, September 29, the German meteorological experts predicted that conditions would improve early the following morning. And at one o'clock on the morning of September 30, Vera and her two fellow spies were again wakened and given half an hour to get ready. By two o'clock the still-sleepy spies were again at the flying-boat base, where they gratefully swallowed mugs of steaming black coffee. When they again expressed doubts the meteorological officer reassured them: "It's clear the whole way to Scotland; a weather plane has just come in," he told them.

By 2:30 A.M. they were airborne and heading southwest across the North Sea in the direction of Scotland. As they flew, the pilot showed Vera where he had been instructed to land them, on a sheltered part of the coast not far from the famous herring-fishing port of Buckie. Slowly the sky turned to purple and then to blue, and as dawn came up the pilot pointed ahead and shouted to Vera, "Land!"

Far ahead was a gray strip just dark enough to distinguish it from the gray of the sea. But as the sun came up and visibility improved the three spies were able to see that they were heading toward a vast bay with land on either side. A few minutes later the pilot succeeded in identifying Rattray Head near Fraserburgh, and as he fixed his position he swung round and headed along the southern shore of Moray Firth.

Another quarter of an hour and a shout of, "We're going down," warned the spies to be ready to leave at an instant's notice. After cruising along the coast the flying boat was soon circling the landing area. Turning into the wind, the pilot brought the plane down on to the surface with a swish of water on either side. The sea was choppier than anything they had experienced in the fjord and the pilot kept his motor running slowly in case of the need for an emergency take-off. In a moment the dinghy was dropped over the side. Down clambered Druegge and Petter, followed by the luggage. Vera stayed in the plane to help the crew with the bicycles. Slowly the first machine was lowered over the side, but the plane was pitching badly in the swell, and the rubber boat, which was still attached to the aircraft by a line, started to drift away.

As the bicycle dropped, the two men tried to catch it, but the dinghy swung round, and the cycle disappeared into the North Sea. The pilot was becoming anxious. Druegge and Petter shouted to keep the other two bicycles until they could get the dinghy nearer the plane. But the crew were worried about drifting a mile or so off the Scottish coast in broad daylight, and the two other bicycles went the same way as the first.

"We can't stay here all day," shouted the pilot to Vera. "You'll have to get going. Over you go into the dinghy as quickly as you can. I'm a sitting target stuck like this on the sea just off the coast."

The flying boat continued to pitch and sway as Vera clambered over the side and dropped, half into the dinghy and half into the waters of the Moray Firth, from which she was dragged by the two men. As the spies started to paddle toward the easily visible coast, the pilot revved up the engines of the flying boat and taxied into the wind. Five minutes later he was airborne and waving a farewell as he headed back to Stavanger. And once again, but with more

accuracy this time, Lahousen noted a few hours later that according to fresh reports from Oslo, the landing of the three sabotage agents in Operation Hummer I Nord had taken place "near the small Scottish town of Banff."

As the flying boat disappeared over the horizon in a north-easterly direction the trio in the rubber dinghy, wet, sea-sick, and disconsolate over the loss of the bicycles, set to work to paddle toward the Scottish shore, which seemed about a mile away. The unwieldy rubber craft was difficult to navigate through the waves, but eventually, after three-quarters of an hour of sheer misery, the dinghy grounded on the beach sometime before six o'clock in the morning. There was a house not far away and in the distance they could see what appeared to be villages or small towns. As Druegge and Petter rather half-heartedly buried the rubber boat they took stock of their position.

With the bicycles at the bottom of the Moray Firth they must clearly devise new plans for reaching their destination in the south of England. As they had plenty of money it seemed best that they should travel by train. They decided it would be better to split up, and as Petter spoke rather better English than the other male spy, they agreed that he should travel alone, while Vera and Druegge would go together. They studied the maps they had brought with them and Vera and Druegge decided to go to the nearest railway station to the west and travel along the coastal line until they reached Forres. From there they believed they could get a train through the Central Highlands to Perth and then on to London. Petter, on the other hand, would travel east and try to reach Aberdeen, from where he thought he could get an express to London.

They trudged across the foreshore and—after shaking hands—Petter, with a suitcase and a smaller bag, set off toward a village, which did not seem very far away. Vera and Druegge also set off, carrying a large suitcase and two

smaller bags between them. As they came to the first village along the road, shortly before 7:30 A.M. they saw what was clearly a railway station. As Vera and Druegge entered Port Gordon Station, they were observed by the stationmaster, John Donald, and the porter, Geddes, who looked at them curiously. At that moment, Vera asked Geddes in very halting English the name of the station. "This is Port Gordon, ma'am," said Geddes, who then remarked to the stationmaster, "There's something queer about that pair."

Druegge, in the meantime, had wandered across to a large wall timetable and after summoning the stationmaster, Donald, drew his finger down the list of stations from Port Gordon until he reached Forres.

"Oh, you want to go to Forres?" queried the stationmaster, and turning to the porter remarked, "Give them two third-class tickets to Forres, Geddes."

At this moment Vera in passable English confirmed that they wanted to go to Forres, and as Geddes went to the ticket office to punch the tickets, Druegge pulled out a wallet which both railway officials could see was crammed with notes; the porter and the stationmaster exchanged glances. This was a curious couple to appear at 7:30 A.M. on a Monday morning in a small Scottish station on the Moray Firth.

For a moment the stationmaster thought they might be some of the Norwegian refugees who had been appearing along the coast in the last few months—but none of them had arrived with fat wads of pound notes. Geddes punched the two tickets to Forres and as he handed them to Druegge he received crisp new pound notes in return.

At this moment the stationmaster noticed that a portion of the man's trousers was soaking wet as though he had been walking in the sea. The woman's shoes and stockings were also damp and on her shoulders there seemed to be salt rime. That was enough for the stationmaster, Donald.

"Keep them talking here while I phone for the police," he told the porter, and as quickly as he could he got on the telephone to the local policeman, Constable Grieve. Grieve gulped down the remainder of his breakfast and jumping on his bicycle he was at the railway station less than ten minutes after the call.

Grieve, who now lives at Rhynie in Aberdeenshire, was a very intelligent man, and a quick inspection of the couple left him in little doubt that they were spies. He at once asked to see their identity cards, and in a moment he had observed something very queer. When Druegge produced his identity card, made out in the name of François de Deeker, Constable Grieve saw that the letter "i" in the name François had been written with a tail—almost identical with the British printed "j". He also noticed that although both man and woman claimed to be refugees there was no immigration stamp on either card—something that the *Abwehr* officer in Oslo had not known. (This was in contrast to *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin, where about the same time, cards had been correctly completed for other agents.) Grieve then asked the couple their nationality, and Vera, realizing that the policeman was far from happy about them, started to answer.

"He is Belgian," she said, pointing at Druegge. "And I am Danish."

With his suspicions now largely confirmed, Grieve asked the couple to accompany him to Port Gordon Police Station, and the spies raised no objection. Once he had them in custody (although of course they had not been arrested at that stage), Grieve called his superior officer at Buckie, Inspector John Simpson, who at once drove to Port Gordon.

This is what happened as told by Inspector Simpson himself, who seventeen years after these events is still at Buckie Police Station:

On the morning of Monday, 30 September, 1940, I received a telephone message from constable Grieve, Port Gordon, in consequence of which I went to Port Gordon Police Station. There I saw a man and a woman.

I asked the man who he was, and the woman said, 'He cannot speak English!' I was suspicious of them and ran my hands over the man for firearms and found a box containing nineteen rounds of revolver ammunition.

The woman gave the name of Vera Erikson. She told me she was twenty-seven years of age, that she was a widow and had no occupation. She also said she was a Danish subject born in Siberia. I asked her to produce her identity papers and she produced National Registration Card C.N.F.X./141/2. I asked the man for his identity papers, and he produced National Registration Card C.N.F.Q./141/1. Both cards had continental figures.

Constable Grieve and I had the man and woman conveyed to Buckie Police Station, where a thorough check was made of their possessions and inquiries set going regarding them, as by this time we were satisfied they were enemy agents.

In reply to questions as to how they got to Port Gordon, the woman said they came down from Bergen in a small boat named the *Norstar,* the name of the captain being Andersen. She said they had spent the previous night at a hotel in Banff and had hired a taxi to within a mile of Port Gordon and walked to the railway station.

The man had the following in his possession: an electric torch with a blue bulb and the word 'Hawe' and 'made in Bohemia' on the bottom; a watch with a monogram H.W.D. engraved on the back; pocket knife, safety razor blades, propelling pencil, leather wallet, a traveler's ration book (blank) bearing the number CA568263, a piece of flexible material sewn into a piece of blue cloth, a single third-class railway ticket from Port Gordon to Forres, dated 30 September 1940 and £327 in Bank of England notes and 10*s.* 3*d* in coins. I also found a piece of German sausage and other foodstuffs.

I burst open a suitcase he carried and found a small Mauser pistol loaded with six rounds of ammunition in the magazine.

I also found two circular cardboard discs fastened together with a brass split pin (coding device), a sheet of paper bearing a number of place names, a sheet of graph paper, a wireless transmitting set, three small and two large batteries, two valves wrapped in corrugated paper, a volt meter, a Morse tapping key, headphones, a three-way plug and insulated wire.

In the woman's handbag I found a third-class railway ticket from Port Gordon to Forres, dated 30 September, 1940. She had £72 in Bank of England notes and 4*s.* 10*d.* in coins. She also had cosmetics, tablets and toilet articles. Inquiry revealed that the man and woman were seen about 7:30 a.m. by porter Geddes and stationmaster Donald at Port Gordon Railway Station . . .

The whole matter was reported to my headquarters at Banff and measures were at once taken to deal with the possibility of others having landed. The beach was searched and at a part known as the Gollachy Burn a new pair of rubber boots which had a foreign name on the instep was found.

There were also particles of food, and at the only house nearby it was learned that a dog had barked furiously in the early morning. We were convinced that this was the part of the coast where the spies had landed, and as the boots would not fit the man in our custody we were satisfied that there was at least one more spy not accounted for.

It was then learned that about 6:50 a.m. a man had walked into the booking office of Buckpool Railway Station to the east of Port Gordon and asked if the train for Aberdeen had gone. He was told it had left about ten minutes earlier. He inquired about the next one, and was told it did not stop at Buckpool. He was advised to go to Buckie Station—approximately a mile from Buckpool—where he would get a train to Aberdeen at 9:58 a.m.

The man was carrying a dark brown brief case and a suitcase, and by the way he lifted it, porter Smith at Buckpool thought it must be heavy. Porter Smith showed the man out of the station and directed him toward Buckie.

The man was known to have asked several people for directions, and to each he offered a cigarette from a packet.

He arrived at Buckie Station about 7:45 a.m. and asked for and was issued with a single ticket to Edinburgh. He was later seen to join the train at 10:00 a.m. for Aberdeen. This information was at once telephoned to Aberdeen City Police, who were able to trace that a man answering the description we had provided had joined a train for Edinburgh.

About 11:45 a.m., a coastguard saw a floating object in the sea about a quarter of a mile from the shore. Coastguard Addison put out to sea with the Buckie harbour master and found a pair of bellows floating and, some distance away, a rubber dinghy which was rolled up. The dinghy was unrolled and inside it were found a brown blanket, a small sea anchor, and an air bottle. The bellows and air bottle were tested and fitted.

At the time these spies landed near Buckie there were a large number of Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes in the district. It was not unusual therefore to find people who could not speak English very well and some not at all. Some of these men also traveled a good deal by train between Buckie and London, which may be part of the reason why the spies were landed on that part of the coast.

Petter evaded capture by only a few minutes when he boarded the 9:58 A.M. train at Buckie for Aberdeen, and, quite unsuspecting, he carried on to Aberdeen Joint Station. He had some time to wait there for a train to the south, but once again he escaped by a few minutes when he boarded an Edinburgh express just after one o'clock in the afternoon. He had eaten nothing since a hurried German *butterbrot* on the beach just after landing. Petter therefore made his way to the restaurant car of the express, where he had lunch. The train reached Waverley Station, Edinburgh, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and as he struggled on to the platform with his luggage he was accosted by a porter.

"Can I help you, sir," said the porter, whose name was Cameron.

"Yes, I want to go to London," said Petter.

"There's nothing to London now until the night train

about ten o'clock," said the porter. "If I were you I'd put my cases in the left-luggage and if you come back here about nine o'clock I'll see that you get a seat. The trains are very full, with so many people traveling. It's better if you are here an hour before the time. But don't worry, I'll make you comfortable."

"Thank you," said Petter. "I'll do as you say. I'll be back at the left-luggage office at nine o'clock."

Petter gave the porter two shillings, and quite confident that there was no one on his track, walked up to Princes Street, where he had a shave and a meal and finally went to the cinema for a couple of hours.

He had scarcely left Waverley Station, however, before Superintendent Merrilees (now Chief Constable of the Lothians) and Detective Inspector Sutherland of Edinburgh City Police tracked down porter Cameron and asked about the traveler whose luggage he had carried. He told the two officers that the man would be back at nine o'clock and showed them the cases which he had left. The two Edinburgh officers, backed by the knowledge they had received from Inspector Simpson at Buckie, decided to break open Petter's luggage. Inside they found a radio set, a Morse key, a set of headphones, and an address book with the names of various *Abwehr* contacts in England. At the same time Superintendent Merrilees and Inspector Sutherland made preparations to deal with Petter.

At five minutes to nine that same evening a formidable group of tall men in soft hats and raincoats were clustered round the baggage counter in Waverley Station when the mysterious stranger appeared. Porter Cameron, as instructed, was standing waiting for his customer, and when Petter appeared walking toward the baggage counter he gave a quick nod to Superintendent Merrilees.

As Petter approached, the porter stepped forward and

said, "Here I am, sir. You're in nice time. Can I have the left-luggage ticket for your cases?"

"Yes, and perhaps you can get me a good seat," said Petter as he fumbled for the baggage ticket. Before he found it the detectives had closed in around him. In a moment Petter realized he was being surrounded. He put his right hand into his coat pocket and out came a Mauser. He was raising it to fire when one of the detectives seized Petter's arm and with a ju-jitsu grip sent the Mauser flying on to the platform of the station. Before Petter knew what had happened, half a dozen hefty policemen were on him, and when the gun was picked up and opened a cartridge was found in the breech and five more in the magazine.

Struggling and shouting that he was a Swiss citizen and a neutral, Petter was dragged to a waiting police van and driven to Edinburgh Police Headquarters. He kept on protesting until Superintendent Merrilees warned him that he faced a very serious charge indeed, and that anything he said would be taken down in writing. At once Petter subsided into sullen silence. He was then searched and found to have in his possession a British identity card made out in the name of Werner Waelti of Sussex Gardens, Paddington. And once again some minor official in the *Abwehr* office in Oslo had written the "i" in his name with a tail.

All three spies were removed to London. Druegge, who could speak fluent French and Flemish, as befitted his cover story of being Flemish, although in fact he was born in Hessen in March, 1906, claimed that his only mission was to travel to London and hand over his radio set to someone else. He then said he intended to register as a Belgian refugee and stay in London "to perfect his English."

Petter, *alias* Waelti, who was born in Zürich in December, 1915, claimed that after the fall of Belgium he had helped a number of Jewish diamond merchants to escape from the Gestapo into still-unoccupied Vichy France. When he re-

turned to Belgium, however, he claimed that he had been arrested by the Gestapo, who threatened to send him to a concentration camp for aiding Jews. He was beaten up several times, he claimed, in the Gestapo Headquarters in Brussels. Finally, to avoid being sent to Dachau, he agreed he would go to England and hand over a suitcase to a man whom he would meet. He claimed that he was then flown to Stavanger, where he met another man and woman whom he had never seen before. They had been taken to an Air Force base, from where he said they had been flown to Scotland. On the beach he had parted from the man and woman, and knew nothing about them.

He said he had received orders to go to Victoria Station in London on a certain date and meet a man who would be wearing a gray suit with a red line running through the pattern. This man would say, "I come from Glasgow," and Petter would then hand over the suitcase to him. Needless to say, no one believed that story, and in due course the two men were brought before the Central Criminal Court at a secret wartime trial and charged with espionage on behalf of Germany. Both were convicted, for as Lord Jowitt (then Sir William Jowitt), the solicitor-general, who prosecuted them, stated later, "They had no real defense."

Both were officially reported to have been executed, but of Druegge's fate, former members of the *Abwehr* still have doubts.

But what of Vera? The clue is given by Lord Jowitt, who a decade after these events had taken place stated: "It was decided to take no proceedings against Madame Erikson. I have no doubt that she was detained here [in Britain], and *it may be she was able to be of some use to our authorities.*"

In Berlin, however, Lahousen had little idea what had happened to his spies of Operation Hummer I Nord. It was not until months later, when he obtained a paragraph from a Swiss newspaper stating that a Swiss national had been

arrested in Scotland for spying for Germany, that he got his first clue to their fate. It was not, however, until five years later, when Lahousen and other former *Abwehr* chiefs were in the British internment camp at Bad Nenndorf near Hanover, that they discovered the real truth.

One day during an interrogation a British colonel who had spent much of the war dealing with German spies produced a pile of photographs for his German prisoners. "Do you know this one, and this one?" inquired the British officer. "There are your spies we captured."

As the German thumbed through the pile without showing any reaction, he came upon the picture of Druegge, and then of Petter.

The British colonel said nothing about Druegge, but of Petter he commented, "Yes; we had to execute him, you know. He tried to shoot the police when he was arrested, and you just can't get away with that in Britain."

But of Vera there was no sign in the pile of pictures.

"Did you ever pick up any woman spies?" asked the German diplomatically, framing his question to prevent the British colonel knowing what he was after. But the British officer was quick. He laughed.

"You're wondering what happened to Vera, 'the Beautiful Spy,' as we called her?" he asked. "Well, you're absolutely right. She came over to us. If you ever want to see her again, well, I should have a look around the Isle of Wight. I think you might find her there—with another name, of course, and nobody there has the slightest idea of her background."

Some time later, Vera's aged mother in Copenhagen received a phone call. At the other end was a woman with a husky voice. "Frau von S . . . .," she said, "I just want you to know that Vera is still alive, and maybe you will see her one day."

But what of the Countess, the elderly Italian who had been designated by the *Abwehr* as Vera's aunt?

It was ten years after the war, when relations between former members of British Intelligence and their German opposite numbers had reached a social level, that Dr. Graff discovered that she had been a British agent from the start.

chapter seven

They Wanted to Join the British Army

In the autumn of 1939, a few weeks after the start of the war, Lahousen detailed one of the outstanding agents of his sabotage division for operations against the British. Lahousen already knew a great deal about the North German known in the *Abwehr*, and indeed to other secret services, as Hans Sorensen, although that was not the name on his birth certificate in a Hamburg registry office. For in the weeks immediately before Hitler's attack on Poland, Sorensen had successfully infiltrated, in disguise, into the Polish Corridor area, and there he had succeeded in thwarting all Polish efforts to wreck the great Dirschau Bridge over the Vistula, which was essential to the advance of the German armies.

Even earlier, during the months just after Lahousen had joined the *Abwehr*, he heard something of Sorensen, the one-time Hamburg ironmonger, whose prewar exploits had become something of a German secret-service legend. For this small, fair-haired man in his middle thirties had success-

fully carried out, in the French consulate-general's office in Hamburg, what may fairly be described as the original Operation Cicero, six years before the valet of the wartime British ambassador in Turkey had had the same idea.

In 1936, Sorensen, who had quite an exceptional knowledge of the more unorthodox methods of opening safes, was instructed by *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin to take a job as porter in the French consulate at Hamburg. The actual arrangements for getting him the job were made between the *Abwehr* and the German labor exchange in the city. It did not take the acute Sorensen many weeks to discover that his master, the consul-general, was a strict Catholic, who went to Mass without fail at the same time every Sunday morning. The versatile ironmonger had been employed in the consulate for only a short time when he had manufactured a skeleton key which fitted perfectly into the lock of the consul's confidential safe.

Each Sunday morning the routine was the same. As soon as the consul departed to Mass, Sorensen slipped upstairs to his room and opened the safe. He quickly selected any documents with a high-security classification, and anything else that looked interesting. On a motorcycle, specially provided for the undertaking, Sorensen then raced through the quiet Hamburg streets to the *Abwehr* office in Sophienstrasse. There the photographic experts were on duty and ready for action. In a few minutes all the documents had been photographed. For nearly two years, week by week, Sorensen provided Canaris and his staff with a choice selection of French secret documents.

Sometimes the information was highly valuable. At other times it was of little use, but Sorensen was encouraged to go on. Then, in the summer of 1938, came the Sudeten crisis. In the midst of it the legendary French ambassador in Berlin, M. André François-Poncet, certainly the best-informed foreign diplomat in the Third Reich, arrived at the con-

sulate in Hamburg. Even more secret papers went into the consul's safe. Once again Sorensen got to work.

The operation was more difficult than before. But the ambassador and the consul had to attend some evening function, and they had scarcely left before Sorensen opened the safe and extracted what he could find. Once again the documents were photographed at the *Abwehr* office. Sorensen was still in the process of returning them to the safe when he heard a car outside. The ambassador and the consul had returned. Hastily Sorensen banged the door of the safe and slipped downstairs. He was quite sure, however, that the documents were not arranged in the same way as when he had extracted them.

If the consul examined the safe he would almost certainly know someone had been at it. All that night Sorensen waited tensely for the storm to break. Nothing happened. Had they discovered he had been at the safe, he wondered, and were playing possum to trick him? Finally he decided he must take evasive action. He was an *Abwehr* agent of great resource and he had soon devised a daring cover plan. As soon as he had an opportunity he slipped upstairs, opened the safe, and took from it ten thousand marks which he had noticed when he returned the documents. And Sorensen carefully left clues pointing to himself as the thief. At the same time he turned the contents of the safe topsy-turvy.

The theft was discovered. The German Kripo, the CID, was summoned, and it did not take them long to track down Sorensen as the wanted man. He was arrested and removed to jail. In due course he appeared in court on a charge of theft and was duly sentenced. Next day, with the aid of the *Abwehr,* with whom he had been in contact while in the hands of the police, he was quietly permitted to slip away from the prison and return to *Abwehr* headquarters in Berlin.

What a welcome he received! The documents he had ex-

tracted had been a sensation. One of them was nothing less than a list of the names of the French secret-service, Deuxième Bureau, spies operating in Hitler's Germany.

Canaris merely filed the list, and at the same time gave orders that the telephones of all the French spies were to be monitored and their letters searched. In the months that followed careful observation of the French spies brought rich reward. But it was not until a year later, when war broke out, that the list was again brought out and the spies duly disposed of. So when Lahousen began to consider sabotage measures against the British which would require daring and resource, it was of Sorensen he thought immediately.

In the early weeks of the war, sabotage measures in Britain were concentrated on two main objects: 1. Transport of explosives to the Irish and Welsh sympathizers in Britain to enable them to carry out sabotage attacks on British aircraft factories and other war plants and targets. 2. Sabotage of British ships in neutral harbors.

For both types of operations the great ports of the still-neutral Low Countries, Antwerp and Rotterdam, were the most convenient and obvious centers. But preliminary reconnaissance showed that the Dutch authorities were likely to maintain their reputation for being notoriously awkward and formal, and Rotterdam was eliminated. The main effort was concentrated on Antwerp, where the Belgian port officials were perhaps less curious and less likely to inquire into the precise details of everything that went on.

Sorensen was therefore instructed to transport explosives to Antwerp for two objects: 1. They could be loaded aboard ships bound for British ports—preferably Cardiff or Swansea and Liverpool—where it could be arranged that they would be unloaded by Welsh or Irish dockers, as the case might be. 2. They could be hidden aboard British and Commonwealth ships calling at Antwerp and timed to explode when the ships were at sea.

The transport of explosives from wartime Germany to neutral Belgium presented a major problem. Finally the *Abwehr* technicians at the laboratory at Tegel, a suburb of Berlin, had a brilliant idea. They persuaded a well-known firm of German battery manufacturers to make a battery consisting of twenty small cells. Nineteen of the cells were exactly what they seemed to be; the remaining one was filled by the *Abwehr* with highly concentrated high explosive.

Sorensen chartered one of the great Rhine barges at the Rhine port of Duisburg-Ruhrort, and papers were produced providing for the transport of the batteries to a firm in Antwerp. Then, with Sorensen disguised as a Rhine bargee, the barge set out downstream toward the Dutch border near Wesel, for the barge had to pass through the Dutch canals to reach the Scheldt and Antwerp. The Dutch customs officials were as punctilious as ever. Carefully they examined the German barge and its cargo of radio batteries. To aid them in their work Sorensen had carefully arranged that the top row of batteries should be genuine. Dutifully the Dutch tested one of the batteries with a lamp; it worked without question. The Dutch were satisfied that there was nothing suspicious in the cargo, and the barge was permitted to pass through into Belgium. Sorensen came to know the Dutch officials quite well, but never once did they appear to have the slightest suspicion of the other cargo carefully concealed in the batteries.

In Antwerp the further transport of the explosives to the Welsh and Irish saboteurs provided no insuperable difficulty. One of the *Abwehr's* legendary import-export offices provided Belgian wrappings for the explosive batteries, and dutifully procured normal Belgian shipping documents for their further transport to British ports. The placing and concealing of explosive charges on British ships, however, presented more difficulty. But Sorensen discovered a valuable recruit who solved all difficulties. This was a peddler, who

had for long gone from ship to ship selling souvenirs to the crews.

So with explosives extracted from the batteries Sorensen prepared charges with time fuses, and each time the peddler set out on his rounds one of these homemade bombs was carefully concealed among his souvenirs. He was a persistent peddler and had long been accustomed to penetrate into engine rooms and among the firemen in his search for customers. Anyone who had observed his progress might have noted that he now seemed to concentrate all his efforts on finding customers in vessels flying the British flag. The *Abwehr* had no method of establishing accurately how successful these operations were. But they knew that some of the explosions in British ships in the early months of the war—at that time attributed to magnetic or other mines—were certainly the work of Sorensen and his peddler.

With the occupation of the Low Countries in May, 1940, however, this profitable enterprise came to an end. Operations against British ships were transferred to more distant neutral ports, chiefly those in Spain, where, as has already been observed, the *Abwehr* was able to operate almost as if it had been a Spanish organization. But in these operations Sorensen had no part. In the meantime he was transferred to other parts of Europe and took part, among other activities, in preparations for the German advance into the Balkans.

In 1941, Lahousen was faced with the necessity of carrying out a somewhat similar enterprise against the British, an undertaking which had been an acute embarrassment to the *Abwehr* chief for months, and again he detailed Sorensen for the job.

Some months earlier Hitler had become furious when he discovered that, despite the German occupation of Norway and Denmark, the British were continuing to operate a courier aircraft several times a week between Leuchars in

Scotland and Stockholm. The plane carried not only the British diplomatic bag to and from the British Embassy in Stockholm, but was also used to transport British propaganda material—films, magazines, and newspapers—for use against the Germans in neutral Sweden. The *Abwehr,* however, was far from opposed to the arrival of British newspapers in Stockholm, for the British dailies were one of their most valuable sources of information about conditions in wartime Britain. In addition, they were well aware that the British secret service used the plane for similar traffic in the opposite direction, for it carried the leading German papers to Britain on each trip. Like all professional secret-service officers, Canaris had a "dog-doesn't-eat-dog" attitude. In addition both Canaris and Lahousen felt that if Hitler really felt strongly about the courier plane he should order Göring's much-vaunted *Luftwaffe* to do something about it over the Skagerrak. The *Luftwaffe* made repeated efforts from airfields in occupied Denmark and Norway to catch the British courier aircraft, but all efforts proved unavailing, and finally Hitler became vehement.

It was at that stage that references appeared in Lahousen's diary to various moves in connection with sabotage of the British plane. Finally, to appease *der Führer,* a specific order was sent to the *Abwehr* representatives in Stockholm that an attempt be made on the plane while it was parked on a Stockholm airfield. While these instructions were sent through normal channels, Canaris at the same time secretly rushed an aide to Stockholm with instructions that on no account was the order to be carried out, for, as Canaris said, "the *Abwehr*—unlike Heydrich's SS and SD—is not a murder organization," and he took the strongest exception to what he regarded as the murder of innocent passengers if a bomb were hidden in the plane.

Canaris's "sabotage of the sabotage" was less successful on this occasion than on others. For by this time the continued

operations of the Stockholm courier plane had become one of the *Führer's* favorite obsessions, and there was no denying him. Finally Lahousen, as head of the sabotage division, was forced into action and began to prepare a plan. As it was clearly a job for someone with some knowledge of hiding explosives, he chose Sorensen for the undertaking.

Sorensen was issued with a false Dutch passport in which he was described as a seaman. At the same time he was provided with an assistant, a Brazilian-born German in his early twenties, who, for the purpose of this book, must be called Pedro Kupferhagen. In 1938, he had come to Germany as an agricultural student, and when war broke out he was drafted. His Latin-American background and knowledge of languages had marked him out for intelligence work and in due course he had been assigned to the *Abwehr.*

Sorensen and Pedro were then instructed to contact two nominally neutral Finns, a sea captain and his first mate, who had been recruited for the purpose of transporting the explosives to Stockholm, and final plans were made in a Hamburg dockside pub, the Metropole Bodega. Soon afterward, with Sorensen and Pedro signed on as members of the crew, the Finnish coaster set out through the Kiel Canal and into the Baltic.

The ship headed first for Finland, for Sorensen had decided that the best chance of smuggling explosives into Sweden was to arrive in a neutral ship from a neutral port. Finally, after its roundabout voyage, the Finnish coaster docked in Stockholm, and the master at once announced to the Swedish port authorities that he had engine trouble. He further indicated that it would take ten days to repair, which gave adequate time to carry out the operation.

Two days later, *Abwehr* agents warned Sorensen that the British plane had arrived, and at once a reconnaissance was made of the airfield. The plane could be seen on the tarmac behind a heavy barbed-wire fence, and it was clear that it

would be a ticklish job to get near it. On consideration Sorensen decided that Pedro and the young first mate of the Finnish coaster would be better able to crawl across a field and through the wire than he himself. On the following night the two young men, in dark clothing, and armed with Mausers and wire-cutting appliances in addition to a time bomb, were driven to the vicinity of the airfield. They decided to approach the field from behind a hangar, which would give them some cover. They crawled across and finally reached the wire. It took some time to cut a way through, but at last they were inside the airfield. Slowly they edged round the hangar beyond which they knew the British plane was standing. Pedro led the way along the side of the building, and as he reached the end he slowly put his head round the corner. There, not fifty yards away, stood the plane with its British markings, but on it was concentrated the glare of half a dozen floodlights, and in the center of the light stood a cordon of Swedish sentries armed to the teeth. One look was enough. Pedro and his Finnish companion quietly retreated along the side of the hangar and through the wire the way they had come.

Next morning the engines of the Finnish coaster underwent an astonishingly rapid repair and she sailed for Hamburg. No further attempt was ever made, by the *Abwehr* at least, to interfere with the British courier plane, which continued to function without hindrance until the end of the war.

Soon afterward, Sorensen and Pedro were attached to the Oslo office of the *Abwehr* for further operations; since the spring of 1941, there had been renewed interest in sabotage operations in England, and various operations were under way. By the late summer of that year, Lahousen felt that although he had various agents operating in the British Isles, there was a need for more major sabotage. It was now fairly clear that the war would last a long time, and British aircraft

production was soaring and making itself felt in Hitler's "Fortress Europa."

Hitler, himself, in every conference with the *Abwehr* leaders was demanding a serious sabotage drive against the British aircraft factories in the Midlands and around London. Sorensen, with his exceptional technical qualifications and his daring and resource, was the obvious man to lead such an operation, and Lahousen decided to send him to England as soon as possible. There was one big problem—Sorensen's almost complete lack of any knowledge of English. Clearly a plan had to be devised which, while minimizing the consequences of his inability to speak the language, would at the same time provide ample opportunity for him to carry out continued sabotage.

While the staff officers at *Abwehr* headquarters pondered on this problem, Sorensen was dispatched to the Tegel Laboratories for a refresher course in the most up-to-date methods of sabotage. He was given particular instruction in the manufacture of explosives, as it was clear that he would be unable to take any large supply with him. The *Abwehr* chemists, therefore, showed him how he could, himself, manufacture powerful explosives produced from ordinary everyday substances still easily obtained in British shops—substances such as hydrogen peroxide, sugar, and a drug used commonly in the treatment of urinary complaints. By the autumn of 1941, Lahousen's staff had at last hit on a daring scheme for getting Sorensen to England, and for providing him with ample scope for sabotage.

In the previous few weeks, *Abwehr* spies in Britain (the parachutist Schmidt had been one of them) had reported that there were "Germans in the British Army." The German spies, by keeping their ears open in pubs and trains, had discovered the existence of special companies of the Pioneer Corps. They reported that these companies were filled with

"German and Austrian Jews and Socialists who had escaped to England."

The spies were correct, up to a point. In fact these sections of the Pioneer Corps were recruited solely from German and Austrian refugees, all of whom had been in the United Kingdom before the outbreak of war, and some of whom later became very distinguished British staff officers. That, however, was unknown to the German spies.

The *Abwehr* staff had, therefore, produced a spectacular plan by which Sorensen and some companions would "desert from the *Wehrmacht* in Norway." The German "deserters" would then steal a boat, in which they would cross the North Sea and volunteer for service with the British Pioneer Corps. The *Abwehr* staff was quite sure that the excellent British institution of the long weekend, which they had heard persisted even in wartime, would provide Sorensen and his friends with ample opportunity for continuous sabotage. And with Sorensen it was decided to send Pedro and a pro-Nazi Dane, who was known to the *Abwehr* as Hansen.

Preparations were started at once. Sorensen was given a paybook making him a member of the 388th Landesschutz Regiment stationed in Norway, Pedro got the papers of a German sailor serving on a refrigeration ship in Oslo Fjord, and the Dane, who had already been serving in the army, was brought to Oslo, where he reported to the *Abwehr* office in Klingenberg-gate.

As in similar *Abwehr* operations, no real thought was given to the problem of building up the cover stories, and Sorensen had no contact whatsoever with the regiment from which he was supposed to have deserted, while Pedro's links with the German Navy were equally weak. Instead, in the truly German manner, all efforts were concentrated on technical preparations for the enterprise. In the *Abwehr's* operational base in the Norwegian capital, once again an export-import agency in Johansgate operated by a Norwegian,

Andersen, of whom something has been previously heard, Sorensen instructed Pedro and Hansen in how to use the radio transmitter which they were to take with them and in the elements of sabotage.

By mid-November all preliminaries were completed, and Sorensen and his two companions set out by train for Stavanger, where they had been preceded some days earlier by Andersen and Koblischke, one of the *Abwehr* men in Norway. The reconnaissance party had spotted a small Norwegian fishing boat in a harbor near Stavanger, and one dark, stormy night in the last week of November the three spies seized the vessel. Lying nearby was a German naval launch with sailors in civilian clothes. After putting aboard enough Diesel oil for the North Sea crossing, the naval craft towed the fishing boat out to sea, and cast off. Sorensen and his two companions were on their way to join the British Army.

Dawn came up a few hours later, and at once the North Sea showed what it could do in late November. Almost immediately a northerly gale sprang up. Between cloud, waves, and spray the three spies could see nothing. But doggedly they sailed on, although they were quite convinced that sooner or later the great waves would overwhelm them. There was little rest and no sleep, while one took the wheel, the second tended the Diesel, and the third clung precariously to a bunk in the engine room where he was supposed to sleep. The three men took hourly turns at the wheel, the motor, and the bunk, but it made little difference, for the boat swayed and tossed in the great waves until it seemed as much as the spies could do to cling to whatever was nearest. For four days the nightmare trip went on, and then the wind dropped and the sea became calmer. This was followed by thick sea mist. For twenty-four hours or more Sorensen pushed on through calm water without having the slightest idea where he was.

Soon the waves became larger again, until on the sixth day Sorensen and the Dane realized, that at a speed of eight knots, even with storms, by this time they should have hit the coast of northern Scotland. They were lost. Finally Sorensen gave the order to turn round and head back for the Norwegian coast.

Once again, as they headed east, a winter gale sprang up, and it was not until the twelfth day that suddenly out of cloud and haze Sorensen spotted land. It was the Norwegian coast all right but where—none of them had the vaguest idea. By that time they were beyond caring. As soon as the fishing boat came under the lee of the shore the three spies, now completely exhausted, fell asleep. It was some hours later that Sorensen woke to hear the side of the boat grating against the rocks in a small bay, and as he looked out toward the sea he saw another fishing boat crossing the entrance of the bay and heading south.

Sorensen decided there must be a port in that direction, and started to follow the other boat. The spies' boat eventually reached a small harbor on the island of Blomeoe and as they tied up, the motor stopped for the tank was empty. Sorensen hastily concealed the registration number of the boat which the spies had stolen, for he knew there were Norwegian resistance men in every port, and he did not wish the boat to be identified. Still in the civilian clothes in which he had deserted, Sorensen went ashore and found a German port officer, who, after some argument, eventually permitted Sorensen to send a signal to the *Abwehr* office in Oslo. A few hours later Koblischke, with an armed guard of German soldiers, appeared at the little port, and after a broad wink to Sorensen arrested the three spies as "deserters from the German Forces in Norway."

Sorensen and the other two were duly handcuffed and surrounded by the armed guard. They were then solemnly marched aboard a Norwegian coastal steamer which was to

take them to Stavanger. On the steamer they were locked into a first-class cabin. Soon afterward, however, a pretty blond Norwegian stewardess appeared with food from the ship's galley, and Sorensen, who had a highly developed sense of humor, could not resist telling her a long tale of their attempt to desert and to reach Scotland.

"But now," he said dolefully, "we are being taken back to Oslo, to be shot."

The poor girl was most impressed, and departed with her eyes filled with tears. Some time afterward she reappeared with cigarettes, chocolate, and various delicacies—"a gift from the Norwegian Resistance," she said. By this time Sorensen felt ashamed, but he didn't know what to do and dare not, for security reasons, admit the truth to the sympathetic stewardess.

Some hours later the Norwegian coastal steamer reached Stavanger. There the spies, closely guarded by the *Wehrmacht* escort, were marched ashore and taken to the station, where they were put aboard a train to Oslo. There they were marched to German headquarters, where, after the soldier-escort had been dismissed, they were laughingly released from the handcuffs by Koblischke. Sorensen at once made a report on his attempt to reach Scotland, which was transmitted to Berlin. The Germans were convinced that the spies had missed Scotland completely. And Lahousen, realizing that North Sea fishing-boat excursions in midwinter were unlikely to pay dividends, ordered that the operation be postponed until early spring.

By the beginning of 1942, Lahousen had decided that the Sorensen enterprise offered considerable possibilities if properly executed, and he therefore took over personal supervision of the operation. He realized that the success of the undertaking, and the amount of subsequent sabotage which might be achieved, came down to a battle of wits between

the *Abwehr* and MI5. It would depend on whether his *Abwehr* men could trick the British secret service into believing that the Germans who landed on the Scottish coast were the deserters they claimed to be. And he was impressed by the need to include in the party a man who could not only speak perfect English, but also had enough knowledge and experience to put over the story of the desertion in a way which would convince the British security authorities, whom they would have to face from their first moment on British soil.

The Dane, Hansen, had not impressed Sorensen in the midwinter expedition, and he was dropped. In his place Lahousen detailed a big, good-natured Hamburger with a considerable secret-service background, a man who must be known here as Hans Braun.

Braun, a man of nearly forty, was an accountant who had spent long years in South America working for Scottish mining companies, and it was there he had married a British wife. Later in 1938, he had opened a stamp shop not far from Tottenham Court Road in London, and after the occupation of the Channel Islands he had become chief German intelligence officer in Guernsey. Two other Hamburg toughs, Mewe and Koch, were included.

Once the members of the party had been chosen—Sorensen, Pedro, Braun, Mewe, and Koch—preparations were at once put in hand to make all details of the cover stories watertight. And in fact Operation Hummer V Nord was one of the most carefully prepared enterprises ever undertaken by the *Abwehr*.

Sorensen, who, it will be recalled, had been given a new paybook showing him to be a member of the 388th Landesschutz Regiment, was in fact sent to that formation, which at the time was guarding an island in Oslo Fjord. In the unit itself, however, where he spent several weeks, the story was spread that he actually belonged to another regiment sta-

tioned at Narvik in northern Norway and that he had become sick while in Oslo and was merely attached to the 388th while waiting for transport. During his weeks with the regiment he quickly got to know the names of many officers past and present, the details of the depot town near Magdeburg, including even the regiment's favorite pubs, and, just to make certain, he was issued with a complete *Wehrmacht* kit—socks, underclothing, and everything down to brushes, all of which was to prove most fortunate. Finally, after several weeks' military training, the cheery little spy returned thankfully to the *Abwehr* office in Klingenberggate, for military life in a unit was not for him.

Pedro was sent to the refrigerator ship in Oslo Fjord to which he nominally belonged, and there he quickly picked up naval information similar to that acquired by Sorensen in the army. And the young Brazilian-German indicated freely to his shipmates that he was fed up with life under Hitler in the German Navy and that his only ambition was to escape and get back to sunny Brazil.

Hans Braun, who had recently been transferred from the *Abwehr* staff in France, suddenly became a German civilian accountant in the office of the German Town Commandant in Oslo. There, on instructions from Berlin, the distinguished accountant, as he related fifteen years later with great glee, started to cook the books. With great skill he embezzled German Army funds, so that when the time came his colleagues in the town commandant's office discovered that he had had an excellent reason for his precipitate departure from military duties.

Mewe and Koch, who had been serving with the German Air-Sea Rescue Service on the Channel coast, were transferred to southwestern Norway. They needed little encouragement when it was suggested to them they might start stealing cigarettes, schnapps, and chocolate from their canteen so that they too would have a reason for sudden de-

sertion. After some weeks there, however, they were posted secretly to Oslo, where Sorensen started to give them training, in the cellar of Andersen's export-import agency, in the operation of *Abwehr* radio equipment.

By mid-April, 1942, all preliminaries had been completed. Only certain clothes were required for the trip, for Lahousen had insisted that all five spies must have Norwegian clothing; no German deserter would travel in his German uniform. So Pedro was given money by Sorensen and at considerable cost bought in the Oslo black market five suits of clothes of the type worn by Norwegian workers and fishermen. Sorensen was careful not to bring the five spies together in Oslo, for he knew the Norwegian Resistance, which was in close contact with the British secret service, was everywhere. He therefore handed over the clothes to Mewe and Koch in a water-front pub, but Braun was given his outfit in a parcel when he dined with Sorensen in a prominent Oslo restaurant.

On April 20, Koblischke and Andersen of the *Abwehr* staff in Norway left for Bergen and made contact with the German naval authorities in the port, who had been warned to keep an eye open for a likely-looking craft. As soon as the two *Abwehr* men contacted Commander Bartels of the German Navy, they were directed to a typical Norwegian fishing boat, the *Luna,* which the Navy reported was tied up every evening alongside Quay No. 2 in Bergen Harbor.

The craft, which was owned by a father and son, fished only in the immediate vicinity of Bergen, and the German Navy discovered that each evening the two men filled the tanks with Diesel oil—of which they had a ration—for the next day's fishing. After some further discreet investigation, Andersen discovered that the *Luna,* unlike the boat used for Sorensen's first trip, had enough oil in the tank for a normal trip to Scotland. It was ideal for the proposed North Sea excursion. In the meantime Braun, as though to add insult

to injury, quietly filched five travel warrants for the rail trip to Bergen from the office in the headquarters of the Oslo Town Command. Finally, with everything completed, the five spies gathered together for a farewell party at the *Abwehr* headquarters on Klingenberg-gate, something that Lahousen had certainly not contemplated and which may well have contributed to subsequent developments.

Early next day the five spies boarded a train for Bergen, where they scattered as soon as they reached the railway station. For it was vital that they should not be seen together, or with Koblischke or Andersen, both of whom, it was suspected, were known to the Norwegian Resistance. After receiving orders from Sorensen, therefore, Koch and Mewe disappeared together. Braun went in one direction and Sorensen and Pedro made their way to a previously arranged rendezvous with Koblischke.

The Bergen clocks were striking twelve noon on April 26, when two men, one small and lean, and the other dark and Latin-looking, peered into a shop window in one of Bergen's main streets. In their garb of Norwegian fishermen it took a moment to identify Sorensen and Pedro, but Koblischke, on watch at the other side of the road, soon spotted them. Moving unobtrusively beside them, but giving no sign of recognition, Koblischke whispered to Sorensen, "The boat is called the *Luna*. It is along Quay No. 2 after ten o'clock tonight. Everything is organized." And as he slipped away he added, "Bartels [the German naval commander] will send a man to start the motor."

Koblischke and Andersen had made all arrangements, and only one snag had developed. The Diesel motor of the *Luna* was of an old-fashioned type of which the cylinderhead had to be red-hot before the motor would fire. It had to be heated with a blowlamp, and to prevent any delay they had arranged that a German naval artificer would be on hand to get the motor started.

Later that afternoon the five spies met together for a few seconds and then split again into two groups. Sorensen and Braun slipped round the corner, where they were picked up by a Norwegian civilian car, which drove them to German naval headquarters. Pedro, with orders for the evening firmly in his mind, disappeared with Mewe and Koch. Pedro and his two companions waited until dusk was falling and then by back streets made their way toward the docks, and Quay No. 2. No one appeared to give a second glance to the three figures in Norwegian fishermen's clothing trudging through the gathering darkness, but as they approached Quay No. 2 they slipped behind sheds and took stock of their position. They looked round carefully, but no one seemed to be following them, and stealthily they edged along the side of a dockside building until Pedro pointed and said, "There she is; that's the *Luna* over there."

Then he took precautions which had been ordered by Berlin. As the three men moved across the quay, rolling slightly, as though they were drunk, Pedro drew a Luger from his pocket and fired a couple of rounds into the air. As though in reply, Mewe and Koch did likewise. The *Abwehr* staff had been convinced that the sure way to make all good Norwegians take cover in these difficult days was to start a shooting affray, and thus ensure that no one observed the theft of the *Luna*. For a moment Pedro thought he saw a light come on and then go out again in an upper floor of a tall building overlooking Quay No. 2, but he scarcely gave it a second thought.

After firing the shots the three spies waited a few moments. Then, satisfied that they were unobserved, they moved swiftly toward the quayside. They were only a few yards from the edge and from the *Luna* when a figure darted toward them. It was the German naval mechanic sent to start the motor.

"There's a big snag," he gasped breathlessly. "You can't

get aboard. There are two men in the boat. They look like the captain and his son. I've been watching them for the past hour from behind the shed."

Pedro began to think quickly. The plan made by the staff in Berlin had gone adrift. No provision had been made for such an eventuality in the orders he had been given. But the young fellow from Brazil was a man of resource. He decided he would try to bluff it out. Motioning to Koch and Mewe and the naval mechanic to stay on the quayside, Pedro dropped softly on to the deck of the *Luna*. Feeling for the gun in his coat pocket, he moved toward the cabin and banged on the door. A moment later a gray head appeared. "What do you want?" asked the man.

"I'm looking for my friend Christiansen," said Pedro. "He told me that I should find him here."

"No, no," said the elderly Norwegian, who was the skipper, "you've made a mistake. Look," he said, opening the door, "there's only my son with me here."

Pedro had managed to push himself into the half-open door, and, pretending to be tipsy, he insisted in broken Norwegian that his friend was aboard the ship. The argument became fierce, until suddenly Pedro drew a bottle from his pocket—a bottle he had ready for just such an eventuality.

"No offense," he muttered drunkenly. "Have a drink out of my bottle." And as he said the words he thrust a bottle of schnapps well-doctored with morphia toward the men.

The Norwegian captain drank deeply. So did the son, for it was good schnapps of a quality seldom tasted during the war. Both kept gulping down the liquor while Pedro, pretending to join in the drinking, did no more than wet his lips. The morphia soon began to affect the older man, but the son had a formidable resistance even to a morphia cocktail. Eventually, however, he had begun to get glassy-eyed when suddenly from the engine room came the sound of someone trying to start the motor.

"There's something damned funny going on here," said the son. He jumped up as though to leave the cabin, but found himself looking into Pedro's gun.

"Stay where you are; I know who is at the motor," said Pedro, for he realized that the naval mechanic, despite orders, had panicked and was trying to get the *Luna* out of the harbor by hook or by crook.

"Well, whoever it is he won't start that motor. It's the very devil. I'm the only one who can get it started."

The efforts of the German Navy man were all too obviously proving unavailing. Again Pedro had to think quickly. The skipper was by this time nearly unconscious. Still covering the son, Pedro said, "Come on, then; you can start it." And with the Luger pressed into the younger Norwegian's back, Pedro pushed him toward the engine room. As they crossed the deck Pedro found that Mewe and Koch, alarmed by the navy man, had also come aboard. A few moments later there was a healthy chug-chug as the Norwegian started the motor which he understood so well. The *Luna* started to vibrate, Mewe and Koch cast off, and the boat headed toward the harbor entrance.

The operation was going according to plan, except that the *Luna* carried two unwanted passengers—something that had not entered into the calculations of the Berlin planners.

At first Pedro attempted to talk the two Norwegians into going with the *Luna* across the North Sea.

"We are German deserters," he told the son, for the father was now beyond caring. "We are going to England. Come with us."

But the younger Norwegian, although badly affected by the schnapps-and-morphia concoction, had not lost his native shrewdness.

"No, no," he told Pedro. "You can take the boat if you like. But put us ashore. There's a dinghy behind. We can row ashore."

"All right," said Pedro, and lifting the almost senseless father, he dropped him into the dinghy trailing astern. The son attempted to jump after him. But, drunk as he was, he fell into the water, catching the side of the dinghy with one hand. A moment later the dinghy had overturned and the two hopelessly drunk men were floating in the water. Pedro was an *Abwehr* spy, but he was not a Gestapo murderer.

"Put about," he shouted to Mewe at the wheel, and five anxious minutes later the two Norwegians, more dead than alive, were dragged back aboard with boathooks.

The Brazilian decided there was nothing for it but to maroon them. The *Luna* was moving through what seemed to be a fjord toward the sea, and ten minutes later Pedro sighted a small island about four hundred yards from the shore. It was used in peacetime as the site for a flashing light to guide shipping.

Pedro put the fishing boat as close to the rock as possible. After a great struggle the spies got the two men ashore, and the two Norwegians were left lying, completely drunk, on the rock, which in daytime was clearly visible from the shore. He was sure they would be rescued as soon as it was light and they sobered up.

The *Luna* headed out of the fjord, and soon the fishing boat began to pitch as the North Sea made itself felt. In the distance Pedro could see a faint light, and as the *Luna* drew nearer he could make out a signal, "S . . . B," repeated several times. It was "Sorensen and Braun." He acknowledged the signal, and ten minutes later a camouflaged German naval launch was alongside. Sorensen and Braun clambered aboard. The navy mechanic who had failed to start the motor was taken off. The two boats drifted apart in the darkness and *Luna* was on her way.

"Course Scotland," shouted Sorensen, and Braun, who had seized the wheel in sheer exhilaration at finally being on the way, pointed the bow of the *Luna* toward west-southwest.

Scotland was somewhere ahead, four hundred miles or so off the port bow.

All that night and in the fine spring weather next day the two-masted fishing boat chugged steadily across the North Sea. The *Luna* maintained a steady six to seven knots, and apart from keeping on the course there was little to do. They had plenty to eat and nothing to worry about. "This is like a spring cruise," said Sorensen, and then compared the clear sky and the calm sea with the grim conditions on his previous attempt to reach Scotland.

Only one incident occurred on the first day out from the Norwegian coast. From the south came the noise of aircraft motors and soon afterward a flying boat appeared. For a moment the five spies thought it might be an RAF aircraft, and hastily prepared to hoist the Norwegian flag and pretend to be fishermen. But the plane was on a normal *Luftwaffe* patrol looking for genuine Norwegian fishermen who might be trying to escape to Britain. Sorensen knew the challenge signal. As he flashed the answer at the plane it changed direction, and was soon disappearing in the northern sky. So the voyage continued for more than forty-eight hours after leaving the Norwegian coast. In perfect weather and nothing in sight the *Luna* seemed to glide across the surface of the North Sea; by the early morning of April 29, Sorensen reckoned that they had reached a point some distance to the east of the Orkneys. The sun was rising out of the sea when suddenly the motor coughed. It stopped, coughed again, and then stopped completely.

"*Der Verdammte Motor,*" cursed Pedro, who knew slightly more about Diesel motors than any of the others in the party. "And we don't know how to start it."

All that day Pedro, with what help the others could give, toiled in an effort to overcome the susceptibilities of the old-fashioned Diesel. He cleaned filters. He blew out oil pipes. He tried everything he had ever heard about Diesels. But

the motor refused to give a kick. By evening the situation was beginning to get serious, and as darkness fell over the sea the five spies discussed what they should do.

"We'll be picked up by a warship from Scapa Flow," said Braun. "We can't be far from the area of some of the British patrols."

"God forbid," said Sorensen. "I don't want to fall into the hands of the British Navy—Canaris always says they are the toughest of the lot." As they discussed the possibilities there was an explosion from below. There was a rush of hot oil fumes and then a steady chug-chug. Pedro had been making experiments with the blowlamp and somehow he had started the motor. All through that night the motor kept driving the *Luna* steadily forward on her course, and as dawn appeared on the thirtieth, Braun suddenly spotted a gray shadow far to the west.

"Land!" he shouted, "over there to the westward." A few minutes later Sorensen was able to pick out a dark headland rising out of the sea. Braun, who knew something of the geography of Scotland from the Scots with whom he had once worked in South America, was tolerably sure that the land was some part of the Scottish mainland, but how far to the north was uncertain.

Keeping the land in sight, the *Luna* kept on course, until by early forenoon land was visible ahead on both sides. They were clearly at the entrance to some large estuary, and after consulting the charts which they had brought with them, both Sorensen and Braun were satisfied that the *Luna* had reached the Moray Firth.

From Berlin, Sorensen had been given orders to land on the coast of Sutherlandshire if at all possible, where the *Abwehr* staff believed the spies might make an unobserved landing; this would give them time to make some observations about life in Britain before informing the British authorities that they were deserters from the German Army.

Sorensen therefore turned west toward the coast, behind which the five spies could see blue-gray mountains in the distance. By early afternoon, the *Luna* was half a mile from the Scottish shore. From the deck Braun searched for a deserted beach where they could run the *Luna* ashore, but the sounding line warned them that the water was too shallow inshore even for such a comparatively small craft as their Norwegian fishing boat. The tide seemed to be on the ebb; Sorensen therefore abandoned all idea of a surreptitious landing on the Scottish coast and decided that the *Luna* must enter harbor. So for the sake of safety, and as he was now in no hurry, he decided to delay an approach to the shore until the next high tide, which he estimated would be around midnight.

All afternoon and evening the *Luna* cruised lazily to and fro between the entrance of the Dornoch Firth and the Ord of Caithness to the north. They seemed to be quite alone, and fifteen years later Sorensen commented, "we might have landed a division of fifteen thousand German troops on that coast for all the British seemed to care." He was mistaken. Hours earlier the *Luna* had appeared as a small blob on the British radar screen guarding the Moray Firth. But many strange fishing boats appeared off the Scottish coast in those days, and even although some authorities may not have been altogether surprised by the radar station reports, nothing was done, at least at that point.

Dusk is late in the north of Scotland even on the last day of April, and Sorensen waited until it was dark and the tide seemed to be nearing its full before he headed the *Luna* toward the shore. He made for one of the small harbors which he had inspected with binoculars during the cruise off the Sutherlandshire coast. It was some time before midnight that watchers on the quay at the small port of Helmsdale saw the strange craft approach the harbor entrance. The stranger, which to the fishermen on the shore seemed to

be rigged like a Norwegian fishing boat, slipped past the pier, and a few minutes later there was the rattle of an anchor being paid out.

The local officer of the Sutherlandshire Constabulary had been alerted as the boat approached the harbor, and as soon as the strange craft had stopped he decided to make preliminary investigations. So frequent in those days were arrivals of Scandinavian fishing craft along the shores of the Moray Firth that there was a well-organized routine for such occurrences. As the policeman prepared to investigate the identity of the craft an immediate call was put in to the nearest detachment of the Field Security Police, a party of whom set out for Helmsdale.

The fishermen on the shore had meantime prepared a rowboat for the policeman, and in a few minutes the stolid Highlander was pulling steadily toward the visitor. He was soon able to read on the side the letters "BN" with a number. He believed that stood for Bergen, which confirmed his impression that it was a Norwegian fishing boat. A few seconds later he could see dark figures on the deck outlined by a feeble light which burned in the deckhouse. As he approached, one of the men threw him a rope and two others helped him aboard.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the policeman in his soft Gaelic accent. "Who are you, and where have you come from?" He was scarcely prepared for the answer, in perfect English, which came from a well-built man of about forty with thick lensed spectacles, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party.

"We are Germans," said the thick-set man. "We have come from Norway, where we stole this boat. We are all deserters from the German *Wehrmacht*—you undertand, the German Armed Forces."

The unemotional representative of the Sutherlandshire

Constabulary was flabbergasted, but not for a moment did he show it.

"Germans," said the policeman. "I don't think we've had any of you before. And now tell me, what would you Germans be intending to do here?"

The constable clearly wanted time to think. With traditional courtesy he slowly drew a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. As he handed them round he eyed each of the five Germans carefully, and then said, "Very well, first of all give me your names," and, falling back on the routine of a lifetime, he undid the silver button of his breast pocket and produced a black notebook.

It was the English-speaking member of the party who replied, "Well, officer, my name is Hans Braun. Until a few days ago I was a civilian employee in the office of the German Town Commandant at Oslo. This man here," he said, pointing to Sorensen who, with his weather-beaten face and fair hair, might have been a native of northern Scotland, "is called Hans Sorensen. He deserted from a regiment stationed near Oslo." The young man with the Latin countenance he identified as Pedro Kupferhagen, and the others, he said, were Hans Mewe and Fritz Koch of the German Air-Sea Rescue Service.

As the policeman noted down the names he failed to observe Pedro slip into the wheelhouse for a moment and then sidle across to the far side of the *Luna*. There were a couple of "plops," and the four looked relieved. Pedro had quietly disposed of two Lugers which by carelessness had still been left lying on the chart table when the *Luna* entered the Helmsdale Harbor. Slowly the policeman spelt out the outlandish names, and he was still at his task when there was a bump alongside. Four figures in khaki with revolvers in their hands appeared over the side—the Field Security Police had arrived.

"It's fine to see you, lads," said the constable, who in fact

had been rather worried about being aboard a strange ship surrounded by five Germans. "There's something here for you tonight. These are Germans." For a few moments the spies and the sergeant and three corporals of the Field Security Police eyed each other with mutual suspicion. But soon the inevitable camaraderie of the British soldier started to work, and as Braun continued his story in perfect English, the immediate suspicions of the soldiers were allayed. The NAAFI issue of cigarettes was soon handed round and, not to be outdone, the Germans produced their *Wehrmacht* cigarettes. But the British soldiers made wry faces after a few whiffs of the rank German tobacco and returned to their own. They also sampled some of the dark German Army bread, *Kommissbrot,* which the spies had carried with them but that was scarcely to their taste either.

While these civilities were in progress the tide had turned and a sudden lurch and shudder gave warning that the *Luna* had gone aground in Helmsdale Harbor. She settled on an even keel in the mud, and soon afterward the five spies were rowed ashore with the police and army escort. Under escort, but with the soldiers chatting to them, the five Germans were marched to a wooden shed and led into a large room which smelt of dried fish. After being given sandwiches, and the inevitable British cup of tea, they were locked in, given a few army blankets and told to go to sleep. The four who understood little or no English were not slow to take that advice. But for Braun there was little sleep, for he could hear what was going on in an adjacent room, where non-stop telephoning seemed to be in progress. He was soon aware of other voices. It was not long before he discovered that a first-class row was in progress about his four companions and himself. The police, so far as he could make out, maintained that the five men were refugees and should be dealt with according to the well-defined routine, but secret-service officers seemed to take a contrary view. They

demanded immediate possession of the "bodies," and Braun began to wonder why the British secret service should intervene so forcibly at such an early stage. It was a worried Hans Braun who eventually fell asleep late on that morning of May 1, 1942.

Some hours later, the door of the shed was opened and a soldier appeared with food and more tea. As they breakfasted Braun did not reveal to his companions all that he had heard, but he did warn them that a battle of wits was about to begin. They must not deviate in the slightest from the cover stories with which they had been provided. Soon afterward a soldier brought them pails of water, and as they washed and shaved Braun emphasized over and over again to his companions that they must never depart from the story that they were deserters. He warned them that they would be the targets of both threats and promises, but they must let neither seduce them into admitting that they were members of the *Abwehr.*

Soon they were led into the spring sunshine and saw five identical black civilian cars awaiting them, and as they separated his last words to the other four were, "stick to your cover story." In each car was a driver and two men in civilian clothes. Each of the spies was put into a different car, and at once the convoy set off at high speed to the south.

May Day had dawned bright and invigorating in the northeast corner of Scotland but it was late afternoon after a long drive before the convoy crossed a river and drove into a largish country town. Braun, despite the absence of signposts along the road, had little difficulty in guessing they had reached Inverness. The cars drove straight to the station and into what seemed to be a freight yard. There the Germans were escorted by soldiers with fixed bayonets to a train which was on the point of leaving. Part of a carriage had been reserved for the party, and each of the Germans

was put into a separate compartment by his two escorts. The train left immediately and in the early evening as it toiled up mountain passes and steamed along river valleys the Germans were told, "Come and have dinner. You must be hungry."

Late in the evening the train reached Perth, and the Germans, weary with their long sea voyage and the excitement of their first encounter with the British, showed signs of going to sleep. At once there was a change of tactics.

"What's your name?" suddenly demanded one of Sorensen's hitherto taciturn escorts in almost impeccable German. Sorensen, who in later years admitted that he had used at least ten different names during his *Abwehr* activities, was momentarily nonplussed by the suddenness of the question. But quickly he answered, "I've told your people already. I am Hans Sorensen, a deserter from the German Army. I made plans with my four companions to escape. We were fed up with Hitler and the Nazis. So we went to Bergen and stole a boat and sailed to Scotland. You know the rest."

"You are a liar," said one of the escorts. "We know all about you. You're a German spy. The whole damned lot of you are German spies."

Strenuously Sorensen denied the charge, but he wondered about the British secret-service officers' claim that "we know all about you." All through the long night while the express roared south the interrogation went on. Sometimes the two secret-service men let Sorensen doze off in the corner of the first-class compartment. Then he would be awakened suddenly and while still half awake bombarded with new questions. At other times he was shaken roughly and told, "Come on. Stop it, you damned spy. Come clean. You'll only make it worse for yourself. We know you are all spies. You are not nearly as clever as you think you are."

In compartments along the corridor the other four were

undergoing the same ordeal. They were shaken and roughly wakened, but never once were they struck—the British were too adroit to attempt to beat a confession out of any of them. Braun was the least impressed by the British secret-service tactics. "All right," he answered, "as you say you know so much, why worry me? Why don't you be content with what you know and leave me to get some sleep? You can wake me up from time to time and I'll tell you if your guesses are any good." Despite this bold front, Braun was worried. In the Channel Islands he had heard something about the procedure for French refugees who had landed in the south of England. How they had been taken to some school in south London for interrogation. He could not understand what was going on—and he definitely didn't like it.

Dawn came eventually. As the black blinds were pushed up Braun was sure that the express was thundering through the Chilterns toward London. And he wondered what his mother-in-law, living near Bournemouth, would think if she knew he was not so far away. An hour later the train pulled into a vast, dirty station which Braun, who had kept a stamp shop not so far away in 1938, immediately recognized as Euston. As the train stopped the spies saw an armed guard on the platform. A few moments later they were marched across the station and into what appeared to be a large waiting room. And there stood a reception committee which appalled Braun, if not the others, who scarcely appreciated what was happening.

In the center of the group stood an officer with a red hatband and with the red-and-gold insignia on his lapels which signified a British general. Beside him were staff officers, including one with the crown and two stars of a full colonel, who glared at the Germans. It was all too clear to Braun that this was no ordinary reception party for a group of five refugees. Only information of great significance could

have produced such a parade of British brass hats. And the important information could only be about his four companions and himself. He was still trying to recall more when the colonel stepped forward and said harshly, "Come along, come along; you're late, men. Where have you been all this time? We've been waiting for you two days. What do you mean by keeping all these distinguished officers waiting?" Braun pretended not to understand, but he was aghast. The British had been expecting them!

The colonel turned to the general and said something. Braun could not hear all he said, but he picked up something like "Well, sir, what do you think of them? It seems to be them all right; but there's something queer."

Braun was shaken. The British secret service clearly knew something. They suspected that he and his companions were German spies, but they were not sure. Then he recalled the skipper of the *Luna* and his son. Had they been rescued, and had they told the Norwegian Resistance about the curious theft of the boat?

The skipper of the *Luna* and his son had indeed been rescued at dawn and their story recounted to the Norwegian Resistance in Bergen a few hours later. At almost the same time German counterintelligence swooped on the high building overlooking Bergen Harbor from which Pedro had seen a sudden light. (On the empty top floor the *Abwehr* counterintelligence had since discovered a British agent's hideout, obviously recently vacated.)

Of these things Braun and his companions knew nothing as they stood in the Euston waiting room. As he gave the whole matter more consideration, Braun began to wonder if the carefully staged reception party in the station waiting room might not have been a gigantic bluff. He knew quite enough about the British secret service to believe that they were quite capable of putting on an elaborate show just to panic the Germans into making confessions. Clearly they

suspected a lot, but how much did they really know? The other four Germans had also been alarmed by the appearance of so many high officers, but they could do little more than exchange puzzled looks. The general and the colonel had some further conversation and then from the colonel came an order, "Shackle and gag them."

The five spies were each handcuffed to a soldier escort on both sides. At the same time strips of adhesive tape were clamped across their eyes and mouth. Dumb and blind and helpless, the five spies were led out of the station and into waiting cars. After some time the cars stopped and they were taken into a building where they spent about a quarter of an hour. They were then put back into the cars and driven for at least another half-hour. The cars halted and they were led down stone stairs and roughly pushed into what they discovered, as soon as their eyes were uncovered, were cells. It was a long time afterward that they learned they had become inmates of one of the most secret establishments in wartime Britain. All that day, just a week after leaving Oslo, the Germans were left in their solitary cells. The following morning after breakfast they were taken in turn to the interrogation rooms on the first floor of the building. There they were greeted once again by the colonel whom they had seen at Euston. Once again he was scarcely genial.

"You," he barked at Sorensen and each of the other four as they were led in individually, "You German spies, you know what's coming to you." And the gallant colonel drew his hand across his throat to indicate hanging. That was merely an opening gambit. He fired more questions at the Germans before him and then the interrogation was handed over to a major, a chief interrogation officer, or one of his staff. Some of them were refugees, German and Austrian-born officers, who had fled from the Nazis between 1933 and 1939.

At first the spies told their cover stories. Then came the cross-examination, quiet, usually polite, but inevitably devastating. Often the interrogation officer offered the German a cigarette, but, however friendly, they never let up for a moment. After two or three arduous sessions Sorensen and Braun began to understand what Lahousen had meant by "the battle of wits." The battle was on. If they won they might join the Pioneer Corps. If they lost they would be hanged. Morning after morning the interrogation went on. Usually the questions came from a volume with many hundreds of pages. Often the queries seemed innocuous, but it did not take the spies long to discover how clever the interrogation was.

One day a British officer asked Sorensen, "Are you a member of the Nazi Party?" Sorensen, who had once been one of Himmler's SD men, answered, "No." Days passed and then, apparently fortuitously, the same officer asked, "Where do you wear your decorations?" Members of the SS and other Nazi formations wore their decorations differently from ordinary members of the *Wehrmacht*. But Sorensen remembered in time and gave the answer which a private of the 388th Regiment would have given.

Another day an interrogation officer produced Sorensen's *Wehrmacht* underclothing. "Where did you get these underpants—and when, and what about these socks?" Sorensen gave the best answers he could. He was to discover later that these were real test questions, for MI5 knew where and when various different types of underclothing and socks had been issued to the German Armed Forces.

On another day the interrogation officer returned to the old question, "Where were you serving when you deserted?"

"On the island of Hoved Oeen near Oslo," answered the German.

"Most interesting. Well, now, here's an aerial picture of the island. Perhaps you will show me where your camp was.

I am sure you will recognize it," said his British interrogator.

Sorensen gulped and thanked his lucky stars that Lahousen had insisted he should spend some weeks on that island. Finally the same officer produced a picture. "You really should have been more careful," he told Sorensen. It was a picture of Sorensen in civilian clothes taken a few yards from German headquarters in Oslo's Klingenberg-gate. It had obviously been taken by the Norwegian Resistance. Sorensen was in a cold sweat, but he noticed in a flash that it was not a very good picture of him. "Sorry, Captain," he laughed. "That's not me. Your Norwegian spies must have made a mistake."

The British officer grinned, but said no more. And so the battle continued in the quiet room.

Suddenly, after three weeks of interrogation, Sorensen was moved into a large cell beside Pedro. The door had scarcely closed before Pedro pointed significantly to the electric-light bulb high overhead. Sorensen understood only too well that his companion suspected a hidden microphone, but he must talk to Pedro. There were points about the theft of the *Luna* before he boarded the ship about which he had been questioned, and he must give the correct answers. So Pedro and Sorensen started a conversation by writing with soap on the inside of the cell door.

"Which way did the *Luna* go out, bow or stern first?" wrote Sorensen.

"Bow," scrawled Pedro in reply.

Finally after a considerable expenditure of British Army soap their stories tallied.

For Braun the daily interrogation was even more alarming, for he knew a great deal about MI5's methods. Even today he sometimes wakes up in a cold sweat after dreaming that he is under interrogation.

"I was only too conscious of the fact," he said fifteen years later as he sat in a Hamburg wine house, "that the

British knew all about me up to 1939—South America, the stamp shop in London, my wife, my mother-in-law, still in England, as she is to this day. So I answered every question about that period with meticulous accuracy. But I didn't know how much they knew about my wartime activities. I was especially worried about my period in the Channel Islands in 1940. I had been on pleasant terms with an islander whom I was tolerably certain was a British agent. I didn't know how much or what he might have reported. I can only say that this gentleman, now dead, was kind enough to send food parcels to my wife and family in Hamburg in the immediate postwar hunger years while I was still in a British camp in Germany."

One night a British guard opened his cell on some errand and, knowing he spoke excellent English, started to chat. He offered Braun a cigarette and after lighting it for him took one himself. Braun thought the cigarette had a curious smell, and as soon as the soldier left he put it out. Next day, a few yards from his cell door, he saw an unsmoked cigarette butt—scarcely smoked: he surmised that MI5 had been trying to use talking drugs on him. Of what Koch and Mewe, the doubtful starters, told MI5 the other three were never quite sure. But sometimes from odd questions they suspected that the two spies from Hamburg had been less discreet.

For seven months the battle of wits went on. Braun and Sorensen kept on hoping that if they could struggle on long enough they would eventually be released and allowed to join the Pioneer Corps, as Lahousen had intended. But the longer the interrogation went on, the clearer it became that the colonel and his officers strongly suspected that some of the five Germans, at least, were spies or saboteurs. Equally clear, however, was that MI5 was not sure. Still less did the British secret service have enough evidence to try any of them before a British court of law, obtain a conviction, and hang them.

It was a deadlock. Then in December, 1942, just before Christmas, Sorensen, Braun, Koch and Mewe were put into a van, and after an hour's drive found themselves in another camp. MI5 had decided to call it a draw. Sorensen and Braun were given jobs in a magnificent all-electric cookhouse, and for the next two-and-a-half years carried on a very successful black market with the British soldiers who guarded them. Each week as soon as the rations were issued Sorensen duly bartered the surplus—tea, coffee, sugar, margarine and the rest—with the soldiers for the cigarettes, books, chocolate they wanted in exchange.

A few weeks after the end of the war the four spies were suddenly transferred to the British Zone of occupied Germany. Of Mewe and Koch little more is known. Braun was interned for part of the time in the Bad Nenndorf Camp near Hanover until 1947, when he returned home to Hamburg. But Sorensen's adventures were not at an end. On his return to Germany he was sent to the Sennelager Internment Camp, where among his fellow prisoners was Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, who was later sentenced at Nürnberg as a war criminal, and is once more Germany's richest millionaire.

It was in Sennelager that it occurred to Sorensen that the British had never learned his real name, and that if he were discharged in due course under the name of Sorensen, he would be unable to claim bank accounts and other property held in his real name in Hamburg. So he made a daring decision. Like many of the others in Sennelager, where the British had little real idea of what went on, he "went through the wire" one night. In Hamburg he made discreet inquiries about his friends and possessions and then, hitchhiking south, he illegally crossed into Austria. He was at once arrested for being without papers, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for illegal entry. But he was careful to give the Austrians his real name, and when he

was released from the Austrian prison six months later, he possessed documents making him legally himself. He returned to Germany and later settled in the Ruhr.

But what of Pedro? He did not go with the others. The tall, thin-faced Brazilian-German, unknown to the others, had become MI5's problem child. His story, that he had been a student forcibly enlisted in the *Wehrmacht* because of his German background, rang true to the British. And his presence in the party had perhaps been Lahousen's master stroke. For Pedro had created just enough doubt about the whole undertaking to make the British uncertain about the others. A few hours after the other four disappeared from the camp a British officer sent for Pedro and told him that he was to be sent home to Brazil.

Arrangements were being made for him to be repatriated, for he was a Brazilian subject, and the British said they would pay his fare. He was given a civilian outfit and taken to a hostel in London to await transport to Lisbon. He was more or less under supervision, but he managed to slip out for an hour unnoticed and made his way to Fleet Street, where he inserted an "In Memoriam" notice in a national newspaper. It was in code in which all five spies had been instructed before leaving Oslo seven months before. A week later, when the London papers reached the Tirpitzufer, *via* the Stockholm courier plane, Lahousen learned enough from the newspaper notice to know that his five spies had been captured.

chapter eight

Two Norwegian "Refugees"

With most of western and northern Europe in German hands in the summer of 1940, the *Abwehr*—as has been indicated previously—was faced with the need for rapid expansion of the whole German secret-service organization throughout the recently occupied countries.

In the weeks immediately after the fall of France much improvisation took place, but as soon as possible Lahousen set out on a tour of the newly established *Abwehr* posts in the various capitals, a tour which he reported from time to time in his diary. He had many urgent problems to settle, some of them concerned with the apparently imminent operations against England, and one of these was the recruitment of new spies and saboteurs to be sent to the United Kingdom.

As a cosmopolitan Austrian, Lahousen tended to the view that Germans as a whole did not make the best spies. There were notable exceptions, of course, but the imagination, flexibility and flair for rapid improvisation, the prerequisites

of a top-rank spy, were seldom German attributes. Lahousen therefore preferred where possible to employ foreign-born spies—a view shared at the time and still held by the directors of the various Soviet espionage systems.

In each capital he visited, therefore, Lahousen impressed on the local *Abwehr* chiefs the need to find new recruits from the populations of the occupied territories, and he emphasized in particular that a search should be made for pro-German foreigners who spoke English fluently, and, still more, who had relatives in the United Kingdom or had spent some time there.

In Norway, where large sections of the community speak English, this search for spies was at once put into operation, and it was not long before it occurred to Captain Mueller, who had taken command of the *Abwehr* post in Klingenberg-gate, that the German postal censorship department might contain some likely material. Correspondence between occupied Norway and the still-neutral United States was considerable, while a trickle of letters passed to and fro from Britain through neutral Sweden. To censor these letters English-speaking Norwegians, prepared to accept German money, had been recruited, and after some inquiry Mueller discovered a number of likely recruits in the censorship department.

Interest soon focused on two young men, both of whom had lost their normal employment as a result of the German occupation the previous April, and, what was more important in the eyes of the *Abwehr,* had been only too willing to take a well-paid job in the service of the occupying power. They were Jack Berg, a hairdresser in his middle twenties, and his friend Olav Klausen, about the same age and formerly a sergeant in the Norwegian Army.

Jack Berg was a powerfully built young man, about five feet ten inches in height and one of those Norwegians whose dark coloring, wavy hair, and dark brown eyes bear evidence

of the Celtic strain in the Norwegian population. He had been employed as a hairdresser in an Oslo hotel, but as a result of German requisitioning he had lost his job. He lived alone with his mother in an Oslo suburb and in addition to school German he spoke almost perfect English. On examination of his security dossier, Captain Mueller discovered that this was explained by the fact that he had a grandfather in London whom he had visited several times.

Olav Klausen, in contrast to his friend, might well have posed for a portrait of one of Hitler's Nordic heroes. Burly and blond, he was well over six feet in height and a great favorite with the ladies of Oslo. Until the beginning of April, when the Germans invaded Oslo, he had been serving as a sergeant with a Norwegian sapper regiment, stationed on an island in Oslo Fjord—at the same camp in fact where the master saboteur, Sorensen, some time later spent several weeks to provide himself with a cover story. Olav Klausen also spoke excellent English, and according to his records he, too, had friends in the United Kingdom.

The fact that the two young men had accepted German employment soon after the beginning of the occupation suggested that if they were not pro-German they were at least willing to be persuaded by money. Mueller's chief contact man, Andersen, whose activities have been reported in previous chapters, was instructed to "get to know these two young men." That was not difficult. It did not take long for the gregarious Andersen to discover that the two young men spent a good deal of their spare time in a rather tawdry variety of theatre-cum-cabaret where the balcony was provided with tables and a bar. Andersen, who was no stranger to this establishment, was soon able to scrape up an acquaintance with the two young men and in a week or two had gained their confidence. After several drinking sessions he began to hint that they could make much more money

than they were being paid by the German censorship if they would be willing to work for Germany in another capacity.

Jack Berg and Olav Klausen were cautious Norwegians. At first they would not even discuss such a possibility. Gradually, however, they said they were looking for adventure, but they would do nothing against Norway.

Andersen reassured them on that point, but they were still discreet. At this stage Mueller decided to take a hand in the game and spent an evening at the next table to Andersen and the two young men listening to the conversation. He told Andersen that they looked like potential material for espionage and said he would like to meet them. At that point Andersen told Berg and Klausen that a close friend of his, a senior civil servant from Berlin, had arrived in Oslo and might provide them with a chance of adventure and good money.

The following weekend Andersen persuaded the two Norwegians to accompany him to the famous ski jump at Holmenkollen, some distance from Oslo, where they were introduced to Mueller in the café. After several drinks Mueller inquired casually if they knew anything about London.

"Yes," answered Berg. "I know London quite well. I have a grandfather who lives in London and I've been there several times."

"Maybe you're just the man I'm looking for," said Mueller. "I am employed in the propaganda ministry in Berlin; you know, the department of Dr. Goebbels. Since the start of the war we have been having great difficulty in getting news about England for the German newspapers. As you can understand, we can't send Germans now to England as correspondents. But we have been thinking of sending neutrals—people like yourself—to be foreign correspondents in Eng-

land. Would you fancy a job like that? There would be good money and expenses. And of course you would have to take a radio set with you to send back your reports."

Mueller did not reveal, or perhaps he did not know, that the Goebbels ministry monitored the regular radio transmissions of the Reuter European service just as had been done before the start of the war. The only difference was that they did not pay Reuters, but instead pretended that it all came from an *Abwehr* post in Amsterdam. Whether the two Norwegians were naïve enough to believe Mueller's story is uncertain. Whatever they really actually thought, however, they told him that they would be very interested in becoming correspondents of the German news agency (DNB) in England, but again emphasized that their duties must involve nothing detrimental to their native land. Mueller assured them there was no question of acting against Norway, and all agreed to meet in the Holmenkollen café a few days later.

Several more meetings took place. Finally Mueller said he would like to give them an advance to cover their expenses. Each was given the equivalent of about fifty pounds, and having taken *Abwehr* money they were completely under Mueller's control. At the next meeting he began to show his hand, and as encouragement he discreetly hinted that should they go back on their undertaking it would be the simplest thing possible for him to tip off the growing Norwegian Resistance that they were traitors. The fiction about being foreign correspondents was gradually pushed into the background and Mueller informed them that they must be trained for their duties in England.

At the same time Mueller put the counterintelligence department, *Abwehr III*, on their tracks and confirmed that the two young men seemed to have no contacts with the Norwegian Resistance Movement. By November, 1940, all preliminaries had been completed and Jack Berg and Olav

Klausen were handed over to Koblischke, who has been mentioned in a previous chapter, for training as spies.

Like other German agents, before and after, they were introduced at once to Andersen's notorious export-import agency in the Johansgate, which was the real operational headquarters of the *Abwehr* in Oslo as opposed to the official office in Klingenberg-gate. By way of a back entrance, which permitted clandestine arrivals and departures quite unassociated with Andersen's official herring exports, the two Norwegians were almost daily visitors at the Johansgate office. Training, however, was confined to evenings and weekends, as Mueller considered it an essential part of the cover plan that the two men should continue their employment in the German postal censorship.

There they began to hint to their colleagues and friends that they were being put under pressure to go to Germany to work. By Christmas 1940, they were expressing strongly anti-German opinions, while Jack Berg told his girl friend, who also worked in the censorship department, that they were planning to escape to England. How much of the truth Berg actually told the girl is uncertain, but she certainly talked to such effect that after the disappearance of the spies Mueller had to have her picked up by the German Field Security Police and sent out of Oslo.

While the two Norwegians were busy spreading rumors about escaping to England, Mueller made sure, through one of his stool pigeons, that these same rumors duly reached Norwegian Resistance leaders who, the Germans were confident, were in touch with the British Special Operations Executive.

The would-be spies in the meantime were given the usual instruction in the use of the *Abwehr* radio equipment, in codes, based chiefly on verses from German songs, and in the use of invisible ink. They were also given instruction in sabotage, but in the case of Klausen it was soon found that

he knew as much as his instructors. For, as a sergeant in the Norwegian engineers, he knew all about the technical niceties of blowing up bridges with small charges at vital points and the best ways of putting a factory out of action. In the meantime it had been decided in Berlin that the two men should act both as saboteurs and collectors of information, and they were given intensive instruction in the identification of various types of British ships—warships and passenger transports which they might expect to see in the great British anchorages in the Clyde and the Mersey.

Training on a part-time basis took somewhat longer than usual and it was, therefore, not until early March that Koblischke and his radio expert, Lieutenant Huenke, informed Mueller that Jack Berg and Olav Klausen were ready for their assignment.

During these months while the two men were being trained the *Abwehr* chiefs in both Berlin and Oslo had been giving much thought to the question of transport and cover stories.

At first it was proposed to drop the two Norwegians by parachute in the Scottish Highlands. But after the accident to the young Dane dropped the previous autumn near Salisbury, Lahousen had become skeptical about the value of parachute landings. Parachute training, if it were carried out, usually meant that too many people got to know the spies. If they were dropped without training there was a high risk of accident, and usually the loss of a valuable spy. Finally orders were sent from Berlin that as soon as the weather improved the operation of the previous September—the transport of Vera and her two male companions—should be repeated.

Contact was once again made with the headquarters of the *Luftwaffe* Fifth Air Fleet, and on this occasion it was decided that one of the slow but dependable Bloehm and

Voss flying boats should disembark the two Norwegians off the northern coast of Scotland.

Various cover plans were considered. Finally Lahousen decided that the simplest story was probably the best. The two Norwegians should go to Scotland as Norwegian refugees using their own names. Berlin was anxious to obtain information about the security machinery used to check Norwegian and other refugees and all details of the British screening process. And what better way of finding out than sending two spies through the screen?

Towards the middle of March, Berg and Klausen were told to stand by. Mueller warned them to tell their relations and close friends that they were on the point of being sent to Germany, and that instead they were going to run away to England. What Klausen told his friends is uncertain, but Jack Berg certainly told his mother the whole story. And for long after he had disappeared Koblischke slipped up to the flat where the old lady lived and late at night dropped packets of money into the letter box.

One day Jack Berg and Olav Klausen failed to appear at the censorship department. At first no one thought anything of their nonappearance. They were well-known roysterers, and their friends believed that they were suffering from a bad hangover. Next day, however, they were still absent from their desks, and the German censorship chiefs, who knew nothing of Mueller's activities, were officially informed. The Gestapo was called in, and soon there was a hue and cry. Rumors of their disappearance spread, and the news reached the Norwegian Resistance, which presumably reported the incident to London by one of the secret radio transmitters operating in the woods around Oslo.

The two young men had in fact been put into German uniform and concealed in a bus among German soldiers and airmen returning from leave, and had left for Stavanger.

But before they left Oslo they had been given a final briefing by Captain Mueller.

On the sabotage side, he said, they were to attack targets of opportunity, but, above all, anything which was vital to the British aircraft industry. They were also told to attack railways, armament factories, food stores or petrol tanks, for the U-boat successes were rising, and anything that the saboteurs could do would tighten the stranglehold on Britain.

On the espionage side they were instructed to find out as soon as possible all details about identity cards, ration books, and other documents for refugees from occupied Europe. They were also given an assignment which throws a curious sidelight on how little the Germans knew about conditions in wartime Britain. From some source or other Berlin had received a rumor that the population of London was being evacuated to Scotland in preparation for a German invasion, which in the spring of 1941 still remained a possibility. The two young men were told to report on this in detail.

On a longer-term basis the two Norwegians were ordered to concentrate on reporting troop movements, and as far as possible to function in the areas around the Clyde and the Mersey, from where they could report by radio the departure of important troop convoys for overseas. In addition they were told to establish the whereabouts of as many as possible of the Norwegian refugees and the addresses of relatives in Norway.

In Stavanger the young men were accommodated in the requisitioned Viktoria Hotel, where Koblischke carefully kept them from any contact with the Norwegian population. Much to their chagrin the two young men were sent to bed each evening at nine o'clock and finally Olav Klausen retaliated by telling Koblischke, "Just you wait until we get to London, then we'll get off the leash."

While they waited they were taken in hand, like their

predecessors, by the Fifth Air Fleet. On a small lake near Stavanger they practised disembarking from a Bloehm and Voss flying boat into a rubber dinghy. As usual there was the inevitable *Abwehr* complication—British bicycles supplied from the apparently inexhaustible loot acquired the year before in sundry British embassies and consulates. They were also supplied with typical refugee equipment—anorak wind-jackets and heavy climbing boots, in the thick soles and heels of which the *Abwehr* technicians in the Tegel laboratory had cleverly concealed five hundred pounds for each man. Profiting by previous experience, the two spies were strictly forbidden to carry weapons of any sort.

Toward the end of March everything was ready and the cheerful, happy-go-lucky pair decided that there must be a grand farewell party. So at the Viktoria Hotel they ordered a sumptuous banquet for their *Abwehr* colleagues: lobster, smoked salmon, caviar, *pâté-de-foie gras* and the delicacies of occupied Europe, including copious supplies of champagne—for Norway in these days was a comfortable backwater where Germans fortunate enough to be posted there lived greedily on the loot of Europe.

A good time was had by all and everyone agreed that the farewell party of Jack and O.K.—as they were known—had been a great success. It was some considerable time later, when the two Norwegians were far beyond the reach of the Germans, that Captain Mueller in Oslo was presented with a formidable bill for food and drink. Olav Klausen had told the management of the requisitioned hotel to "send the bill to Oslo." It took considerable manipulation on the part of various high-ranking *Abwehr* officers in Berlin before the *Wehrmacht's* bureaucratically minded military accountants were persuaded to write off the lobster and the champagne!

The following night the two spies were driven along the coast in great secrecy to the flying-boat base, from where they took off for Scotland. News of the departure was sig-

naled to Oslo, and, as on another occasion, Mueller signaled to Berlin that the two men had left. And once again his face was red when at breakfast he was informed that the weather had been so bad and the sea mist so thick over the Scottish coast that a landing had been impossible. In fact Jack and Olav were back in their beds in the Viktoria Hotel before breakfast, and if any of the other Germans in the hotel complained about the noise during the night it was put down to "those wild Norwegians again."

For several days the *Luftwaffe* reported that a landing in the waters off the Scottish coast was out of the question owing to mist. Finally, one morning in the first week of April, Koblischke warned the two spies: "You're going tonight. The air people say the weather is likely to be right."

That afternoon, as they were going over last-minute details with Koblischke, he was suddenly called to the telephone. It was his colleague from *Abwehr III* in Stavanger—Oberleutnant Grothe in charge of counterintelligence—who asked him to come at once. Koblischke disappeared with a promise to be back in a few minutes. It was many hours before he returned. When he did reappear late the same evening he told the two Norwegians: "Something sensational has happened. Your departure is postponed for a few days. I have just got important information direct from England which affects the whole operation." And then he told them why.

When Koblischke was summoned to the counterintelligence department that afternoon, Oberleutnant Grothe let him peep through a spyhole into a cell. Inside was a dark, round-faced young man, little more than a youth, sitting disconsolately on the bed.

"He was picked up on the coast by a coastguard early this morning just south of Stavanger," Grothe told Koblischke. "He had just landed from a small sailing boat which had been under observation for some time. When he was chal-

lenged he answered in German. He said he was a German prisoner-of-war who had escaped from a British POW camp —somewhere in Scotland. On examination the boat was found to have markings which showed that it came from Aberdeen. He says he stole it from a small place called Nigg five or six days ago and got away in thick mist."

"What else does he say?" asked Koblischke, who—because of his work preparing spies for operations in Britain—had a specialist's knowledge of conditions in the United Kingdom.

"He says he's German," continued Grothe, "and that his name is Werner Meyer. He claims to come from Frankfurt/Main and says he was once a Hitler Youth leader. According to his story he was picked up for stealing cars on the *autobahn* near Frankfurt in 1937 and after being 'inside' for a bit he was released in 1939 on condition that he served in a German weather ship. After the start of the war this weather ship was stopped, somewhere north of the Shetlands, I think, by a British warship and he was taken prisoner. Since then he claims he has been in various prisoner-of-war camps and that he managed to escape last week from one near Aberdeen."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Koblischke, who had been only too impressed by the likeness between the ex-Hitler Youth leader's story and that which he had prepared for Jack Berg and Olav Klausen. "I don't believe it is possible to steal a boat like that and get away from the Scottish coast even in mist," he added. "The British have far too many warships and planes patrolling that coast. They would have picked him up as soon as the alarm was given. Have another go at him."

Grothe entered the cell while Koblischke waited outside, but the young man stuck to his original story. He was still a Nazi, he claimed, and wanted to serve *der Führer*. That was why he had escaped, to get back to Germany.

"Let me have a try," said Koblischke. "I'm sure he's a damn spy. I know that sort!"

Very quietly Koblischke entered the cell where the former youthful follower of *der Führer* sat white-faced and tense. Koblischke sat down on a chair, but said nothing. For twenty minutes he did nothing but stare at the young man sitting on the bed. At first the boyish figure, who, Koblischke discovered, was badly cross-eyed, attempted to ignore him. Then he began to fidget. He looked at Koblischke anxiously, then averted his eyes. The young man became more and more uneasy. As time passed Koblischke could see that the young man was becoming more and more nervous.

Finally in a hysterical voice he turned on Koblischke and half-shrieking, half-weeping said, "Tell me . . . tell me, why do you stare at me like that? What do you want? Tell me."

"Look you," said Koblischke sternly. "I know all about you . . . you with your story of escaping from a British POW camp and stealing a boat. The British are not so easy. You're a spy . . . nothing but a dirty traitor. Come on, admit it; you've gone over to the British."

"No . . . no . . . it's not true," shrieked the young man. "I'm a good member of the Party. I escaped to come back to Germany . . . to serve *der Führer.*" Then, trying to bluster, he added, "And this is all I get in return, abuse from swine like you."

Koblischke paid no attention to the bluster.

"Look," he continued. "I know all about you. I know what you did in that camp."

Then slyly using information which had been circulated through *Abwehr* channels about various British camps he pretended to reveal details of the camp near Aberdeen. As Koblischke told more and more the young man became pale and then a sickly gray. He failed to notice that Koblischke was telling him only generalities. Finally Koblischke turned

his face to look straight at the young man on the bed. Slowly he took off his glasses.

"Now look at me," he rasped. "Look at me well. Imagine me without this moustache. Haven't you seen me before, in Aberdeen?"

The Hitler Youth leader looked intently at Koblischke for a moment. He gave a shriek and then collapsed, violently sick, on the floor of the cell.

"All right, all right," he moaned. "I'll tell you. The British sent me."

Koblischke quickly summoned a medical orderly and told him to assist the prisoner. Half an hour later he returned. This time he offered the young man a cigarette.

"Now look here, my boy," he said, "there's no need to get excited. You believe me now. All right, just tell me all that the British forced you to do."

In a rush the story came out.

After being detained in an ordinary POW camp for some time, the Frankfurt Hitler Youth leader had been interviewed by a friendly British civilian. He was told that the British knew all about him—that he had been in a concentration camp. Then the civilian asked him why he was fool enough to be in a POW camp because of the Nazis.

After several visits his British visitor suggested that he would be much better off if he would fight the Nazis. At last the young German was persuaded, or coerced, into becoming a British spy. Thereafter he began an intensive training course. Like Jack Berg and Olav Klausen, he had been sent to school to learn the elementary requirements of his new profession.

He had been transferred first to a large house somewhere in the Midlands of England, where with other would-be spies of various nationalities he had been instructed in the use of radio, codes, and invisible inks, and then on to a camp somewhere in the northwest of Scotland, where he was

shown how to blow up railways and sabotage machinery. Finally he had been sent to yet another establishment in the Aberdeen area apparently operated by some branch of the British security service, where final arrangements for his departure had been made. He had been taken to Aberdeen Harbor a week or so before and British sailors had shown him how to handle a small sailingboat. He had been towed far out to sea by a British motorboat and—after being given the course for the southwest corner of Norway—his British escort had cast off.

He was told to give himself up to the German authorities as an escaped prisoner of war. As his health was far from good, the British doctors had been confident that he would not be called up for service in the German Armed Forces, and as soon as he was free he had been instructed to go to Hamburg and insert an advertisement in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*. It was to be a Biblical text: "Come unto me all ye that labor," with his address in Hamburg. In due course he would be contacted by a British spy in the city who was provided with a radio transmitter.

During his training in Britain he had spent some time at one of the great shipyards on the Clyde and he had been ordered to get a job in the yard of the Clyde's greatest rivals, the shipyard of Bloehm and Voss at Hamburg. There he was to report on submarine construction and attempt as much sabotage as possible.

All the story came out in a rush. Many details were missing, but the general picture was clear. As the young man paused for breath Koblischke pulled himself up with a jerk.

"Did you say you had been in a school for other spies?" he queried.

"Yes," said the young man from Frankfurt. "Somewhere in the Midlands."

"And were there people of other nationalities there?"

"Yes."

"Including Norwegians who had escaped to England as refugees?"

"Yes."

"Did they tell you anything about what happened to them when they first arrived in England?"

"Yes," said the young man, "they told me quite a lot. All of them seemed to have been sent to some place in London. It had a name something like the patriotic school."

"And then you were in a security camp in Aberdeen. Were you permitted any freedom?"

"Yes, to some extent I was allowed out at the end," said the prisoner; "they were quite friendly."

"*Mein Gott,*" muttered Koblischke under his breath. "What a find, and just at this moment."

He informed the Hitler Youth leader that they would have further talks. Koblischke rushed back to Berg and Klausen to tell them that their departure must be postponed. The whole success of their operation—Hummer III Nord (Lobster North III) in *Abwehr* official documents—would depend on what he could drag out of that young man who had just landed. He would be able to find out exactly how the British secret service dealt with Norwegian refugees, and he might even find out something about security precautions along the northeast coast of Scotland near Aberdeen.

After some days Koblischke began to get the information he wanted, and without which he was not prepared to let his two Norwegian spies take off for Scotland. Refugees from Norway, it appeared from the interrogation, were first taken to a camp near where they landed, where they were segregated and kept under careful watch. They were then sent under escort to London, where they were taken to a large establishment which seemed to have some kind of school. According to the Hitler Youth leader it had been variously described as the "Patriotic School" and the "Victoria

School." It was, in fact, the former Royal Patriotic School for Girls in Battersea. There all clothes and personal belongings were removed from the refugees for intensive examination. Then began the detailed screening, carried out usually by interrogators of the same nationality as the refugees. Everyone who had gone through the Patriotic School mill spoke of its thoroughness.

Koblischke realized that he held in his hand the secret of the success of Hummer III Nord. Hour after hour, until the Hitler Youth leader almost fainted from exhaustion, Koblischke dragged out detail after detail of what the young man had been told by his colleagues in the spy school.

Koblischke also learned, incidentally, that the young man had been trained in the operation of magnetic mines and thermite bombs. From his kit bag the young German produced the latest type of British sabotage fuse—a fuse which depended on acid eating its way through metal in order to make the final contact for detonation of the explosive.

(It was this type of fuse of British manufacture which was used later by the German *Abwehr* officers, who attempted to assassinate Hitler with a brandy bottle full of explosive handed to one of his adjutants during a plane trip from Berlin to the Russian front.)

Perhaps it was just another coincidence that the fuse in the briefcase placed by Stauffenberg under Hitler's table in East Prussia on July 20, 1944, was of the same type, and that the explosive and fuse for the assassination plot had been provided—according to other members of the German Resistance—by a certain officer serving on the Russian front—Major-General Erwin von Lahousen.

But these matters were far in the future. Koblischke in the early spring of 1941 was concerned only with the present and he turned to security precautions in northeast Scotland.

The Hitler Youth leader—who was soon sent to Germany and a concentration camp—could give him only fragmentary

information, but it became clear that the whole Scottish coastline from the Shetlands down to Aberdeen was very closely guarded. Koblischke therefore was inclined to suspect that the best chance of disembarking Berg and Klausen without interference was somewhere south of Aberdeen. The experts of the *Luftwaffe* were doubtful about putting a large flying boat down on the open sea off the southeast coast of Scotland and transferring two spies into a rubber dinghy. Finally, however, the airmen agreed to attempt a pre-dawn landing as soon as the weather was suitable.

Koblischke, in consultation with the Norwegian spies, then started to redraft the plans for the operation in the light of the new information which had been obtained. It was clear that the Norwegians must make strenuous efforts to avoid falling into the hands of the British security authorities immediately after they landed. Their radio apparatus, the coding devices they carried, and the money hidden in their boots, which certainly would be discovered, would betray them. It was evident they must make a secret landing, bury all incriminating possessions, and then make their way to the Norwegian authorities in London.

The British security authorities would no doubt be suspicious about the interval between the landing and the spies' appearance at Norwegian headquarters—but Koblischke was inclined to believe that the happy-go-lucky pair would talk themselves out of that difficulty. In addition, the British secret service was bound to be aware of the disappearance of the two young men from Oslo and would no doubt be expecting them as refugees.

Just to complete the cover story, Koblischke arranged for a very old and leaky Norwegian fishing boat to be stolen from a small harbor not far from Stavanger—and sunk by the German Navy in the North Sea well out of sight of land. He was fairly sure, too, that this also would be reported to the secret-service headquarters. Finally he warned the two

spies that whatever happened their rubber dinghy and all its inflation equipment must be sunk, and that they must try to land on rocks.

At last, after all the delays, preparations were completed in the second week of April. The *Luftwaffe* reported that the weather seemed suitable for a landing. And once again Jack Berg and Olav Klausen disappeared shortly before midnight from the Viktoria Hotel at Stavanger.

Carrying rucksacks crammed with personal possessions, the radio set, and sabotage explosives they embarked in a small motorboat. Some distance off the shore they clambered into a big, ugly flying boat which had been cruising around with its motors turning slowly and left for Scotland.

The timing of the operation had been carefully planned by the *Luftwaffe* staff, and the pilot had been told that he must attempt to land in the half-light just before dawn, so that the two spies would have a chance of reaching the shore unobserved. The exact location of the landing was left to the pilot to judge for himself according to conditions which he found off the Scottish coast—but it was indicated to him that the landing must take place well south of Aberdeen and probably toward the Firth of Tay.

All through the hours of darkness the flying boat, with its motor mounted high on the wing, thumped noisily across the North Sea and then, as the sky in the east turned to a deep violet, the pilot put the heavy aircraft down toward the surface of the water. He was fairly certain, if his navigation had been accurate, he was somewhere off the Scottish coast between Aberdeen and the Bell Rock, far out to sea off the mouth of the Tay. Five minutes later tall cliffs suddenly loomed out of the gloom and the plane had to bank steeply to avoid crashing into the rocks.

Heading seaward again, the pilot told the spies, "I don't know exactly where we are. But get ready to get the dinghy

over the side. I'm going down. The water's a bit choppy, so far as I can see, but I think I can make it."

A few moments later the flying boat hit the water with a crash, bounced back into the air, and finally skidded to a stop. The dinghy, already inflated, was pushed over the side. Olav Klausen was in it a second later and then Jack Berg. The crew helped them with bicycles and the rucksacks, and the spies pushed off. There was no time to lose, for already the sky was getting lighter. And as the two spies paddled away from the flying boat they saw the pilot wave and the big aircraft took off again and disappeared toward the dawn.

That was the last time a German saw Berg and Klausen.

From that moment onward the *Abwehr's* knowledge of the activities of the two Norwegian spies came only from radio reports monitored in Oslo. But in the first flush of the success of the adventurous landing the two spies supplied copious details and it was not difficult for Mueller and Koblischke to piece together their story. The pilot of the flying boat had in fact carried out his assignment with great skill and the two spies had been landed less than a mile from a rocky part of the Scottish coast. Just exactly where, the *Abwehr* never learned.

As dawn broke the two young men paddled rapidly toward the shore. They were both accustomed to sailing, and although their clumsy rubber craft would scarcely have been their first choice for a dawn excursion in the North Sea, they eventually grounded on a rocky shingle beach. High above them they could see cliffs which it was clear to both of them would be a major obstacle to the transport of bicycles.

The immediate task was to destroy all trace of their rubber dinghy, and with their knives they hacked the rubber into small pieces. Then they waded as far as they could into the water and slowly scattered the remains. But they were careful to take time, so that all the rubber scrap would not

float on the surface in one place. At the same time they broke up their paddles and threw the pieces into the sea.

Both the spies decided to make a reconnaissance. So, leaving the bicycles and rucksacks concealed among the rocks, they started to scale the cliffs. Both of them had some knowledge of climbing, and after making sure they were unobserved they were able to scramble up the rocks. There was nothing in sight but the seagulls, and after a couple of hours they at last climbed to the top of the cliffs. From there they could see telephone poles marking what appeared to be a fairly important road. From time to time as they watched they saw a car pass, but there seemed comparatively little traffic on the road.

Clearly they must get to that road, but how were they to bring their bicycles and the rucksacks with the radio and the sabotage equipment up the cliffs? They could see no houses in the vicinity, but a mile or two away they could make out the white walls and dark gray roof of what they presumed was a Scottish farmhouse. Keeping out of sight so far as possible, they walked along the top of the cliffs until they found a rocky path leading apparently to the water's edge. They went down the path and were delighted to find that it reached the shore some two hundred yards or so from where the bicycles and rucksacks were hidden.

It took them most of the day to drag the bicycles and the rest of their equipment over the rocks to the foot of the path, and it was late afternoon when, with their possessions ready to be taken up the path, they had a meal. It was still daylight as they toiled up and down the rocky path carrying first the rucksacks and finally the bicycles one at a time to the grass at the top of the cliffs. And there they remained until dusk. Then, with rucksacks on their backs, they pushed the bicycles across the field and reached the road. They did not know where they were, but as the road seemed to run roughly north-south they headed in a southerly direction.

There was almost no traffic on the road, but from time to time they were passed by cars and an odd army truck with blacked-out headlamps. Two cyclists with rucksacks, however, aroused no suspicion, and till nearly midnight they pedaled south. Both the spies were weary with the excitement of their flight from Norway and the landing, and then the long effort in getting the bicycles up the cliffs. In addition, they had still made no report to Oslo. So when they saw a small wood which they decided would give them adequate protection they halted for the night—and started to erect their aerial.

They waited until 3:00 A.M., the scheduled hour for their transmissions. Jack Berg began to tap out their call sign, and then he listened. In a moment as though Oslo were only a few miles away they heard Huenke, their instructor, acknowledge their signal and tell them to continue. Carefully Jack Berg tapped out the Morse letters "X . . . Y . . . Z." That was a code signal to say, "Arrived safely. Transmitting without interference."

If caught, and transmitting under duress of the British secret service, they had been instructed to send a code signal consisting of the letters YEV.

Again Berg repeated "X . . . Y . . . Z," and at once Huenke in Oslo started to ask them details of the landing. And for two hours Berg continued transmitting until Oslo knew all about the landing and that they were somewhere in Scotland and free to move about. As soon as the transmission ended they fell asleep, and the sun was high in the sky when they woke.

From the wood where they had spent the night, the spies saw they were in undulating country still within sight of the sea with hills or mountains a long way to the west. And in the distance they could see tall gray spires of the churches in what seemed a small town. After some discussion they decided to head away from the coast as quickly as possible,

and Jack suggested they should head southwest in the general direction of Glasgow.

After careful study of the ordnance survey map they decided that the mountainous district to the north of Glasgow would provide ideal cover in which to bury their explosives and hide their bicycles. From there, with plenty of money in their pockets, they could take the train to London. And so for the next three days they cycled leisurely southwest across Scotland. They were not sure of the towns they passed through. And though Berg reported later by radio that, greatly daring, they had ventured into small Scottish pubs, where they were overjoyed to find they could still buy whisky, neither of them dared to ask people at the bar just where they were.

Mueller had told them to make no further report until they reached London, and so, pretending to be two Norwegian refugees having a cycling holiday in Scotland, they quietly headed toward the Glasgow area. By the end of April they were somewhere among the hills to the north of the city. There they buried their explosives and hid the British bicycles beside a famous lake. The *Abwehr* officers in Norway were never able to get them to identify this lake, but in Berlin it was generally presumed to have been Loch Lomond.

After discarding their possessions for the time being, the two spies made their way to Glasgow by local bus, and having discarded their Norwegian clothes after a visit to a second-hand clothes shop in the center of the city, they boarded a train for Euston. In London they made for the northern suburbs which Jack Berg had known as a boy during visits to his grandfather. Whether he made contact with his relatives he did not report, but on May 1, 1941, Lahousen noted in his diary:

"The two agents sent to England in the course of Operation Hummer [Lobster] III Nord have arrived successfully.

They have reported from London with the special radio equipment which they took with them."

In Oslo, and still more at the *Abwehr* headquarters in Tirpitz-ufer, Berlin, it was realized that zero hour was rapidly approaching for the two happy-go-lucky Norwegians; the hour when they were about to report to the refugee authorities of the exiled Norwegian Government in London. On orders from Berlin a top-priority signal was sent at 3:00 A.M. the following morning warning them to maintain radio silence in the interests of their own safety. "Don't transmit again before June 1," they were told, "or as soon after that as you can."

While *Abwehr* headquarters waited, there was intense speculation among senior officers on the two spies' chances of survival. But what exactly happened in England during these weeks of May, 1941 was never established exactly by the *Abwehr*. Whether Jack and O.K., as they were referred to in *Abwehr* documents passed through the screening machinery of the Royal Patriotic School, or whether they were screened elsewhere, the two spies never reported in detail. But at 3:00 A.M. precisely on June 1, Lieutenant Huenke on duty at the Oslo listening post heard their call sign.

He acknowledged immediately, and a few minutes later came the signal, "Everything O.K. Now at liberty. Transmitting outside London. Maintain radio watch as agreed; regards to all. Jack and O.K." Two days later Lahousen noted in his war diary that "the agents sent to England in the course of Hummer III Nord, on whom, in the interests of their own security, a transmission ban was imposed until June 1, reported on that day. Radio traffic with the Oslo post has now been resumed." Thereafter the *Abwehr's* only knowledge of the two Norwegians came from the radio messages they sent to Oslo.

On June 10, Lahousen noted that "the two V-men of Hummer Nord have made a full report to Oslo" on all details

of identity cards, ration books, and other questions affecting Norwegian refugees in England. And he ended his note with the comment, "The agents have now been instructed to proceed with their sabotage assignment."

The two spies immediately returned to Scotland, where they unearthed their explosives and recovered their bicycles. And by the end of June they reported that they had caused fires in a munitions dump, in a food store, and in a yard where wood for aircraft manufacture was stored. In due course Lahousen was able to confirm some of these claims from copies of British newspapers reaching Berlin via neutral capitals. For although the heavily censored news items referred to "southern England," it was not difficult to identify various fires with the activities of the two Norwegians.

At this time they maintained contact with Oslo every few days. They stated they were living in a working-class district in North London not far from Jack's grandfather, but they warned the Oslo operators that if they failed to keep schedule it was because they had to cycle into the country during the night to make their transmissions. In addition they kept moving, as instructed by Mueller, for it was clear that the MI5 listening posts must be picking up their transmissions, a suspicion that was confirmed by some of the *Abwehr* men in a British internment camp after the war.

During one transmission, the spies reported that Jack had found a job as a hairdresser in a fashionable London West End hairdressing salon, and from time to time thereafter he provided odd scraps of information from persons who frequented the establishment. Klausen, with his engineering training, had easily found work in an armaments factory in North London. The two spies also reported that, as instructed, they were forming friendly contacts with fellow Norwegian refugees, and soon afterward they were able to report on the formation of various Norwegian units in camps north of London.

In the autumn of 1941, the spies had a brilliant idea for chemical warfare. They demanded from the *Abwehr* chemists in Tegel, details of how to manufacture poison to kill horses and cattle in the fields. Up to that point chemical warfare in Britain had not been contemplated by Lahousen's sabotage division and the request was referred to Lahousen himself. He turned it down very firmly.

Everything seemed to be going well beyond the wildest hopes of the *Abwehr* when an emergency signal came from Jack Berg in the autumn of 1941: "O.K. called up by Norwegian Army in England and sent to Iceland." And on September 22, Lahousen noted that "a message has been received from England from the radio operator of Hummer Nord that his companion is now in Iceland. I am awaiting further details."

Klausen, it will be recalled, had been a Norwegian Army sapper sergeant before the German invasion in April, 1940, and apparently he had been automatically recalled for service. Berg was warned to pass on a message warning him strictly against any sabotage enterprises in Iceland.

Klausen was told that if he could send any useful information back to Berg in England he was to do so, but he was to make no attempt to get in contact with *Abwehr* agents in Iceland. He was told, however, to spread as much defeatist sentiment as possible—not too difficult a task in Iceland.

Klausen's call-up appeared to come as a severe shock to Jack Berg, and he quietly disappeared from his job in London and headed north for the Mersey and the Clyde where he concentrated on plain spying on the Allied convoys leaving for the Western Approaches.

Sometimes his information was of great value. At other times his signals caused panic in the German High Command—as when he reported that a large convoy including Norwegian units had just sailed. Hitler, who shared the British prime minister's belief in an attack on Narvik, was

convinced that the convoy was heading for northern Norway. An immediate alarm was issued to all forces in Norway which were deployed to meet the attack. And then Berg calmly reported that the convoy had returned: "It must have been an exercise," he said.

Later, however, in October, 1942, Jack Berg was on Clydeside reporting one of the largest concentrations of shipping he had ever seen. There were, he reported from a vantage point overlooking the Tail o' the Bank, many large passenger liners all in gray war paint, many of them with two or three funnels. There was at least one battleship; aircraft carriers kept arriving and departing, and there were many cruisers and small craft. He was able to report in mid-October that landings were being rehearsed on the shores of the Argyllshire lochs. The soldiers were confined to the ships, but from sailors whom he encountered in the Clydeside pubs he learned that everyone had been issued with Arctic clothing.

Jack Berg's reports coincided with other messages reaching *Abwehr* headquarters that seemed to indicate a major Allied operation in the western Mediterranean. But so wedded were some of Hitler's staff to the doctrine of an invasion of Norway that they became convinced it was imminent. Canaris and Lahousen were skeptical about a British expedition to the Arctic in mid-November, but by that time they had little inclination to argue with the "geniuses of *der Führer's* headquarters" about whom Canaris was so sarcastic.

In the last week of October, Berg reported that the convoy had sailed overnight. The German High Command awaited tensely for "sighting" reports. *Luftwaffe* reconnaissance planes from Norway, however, could find no trace of the convoy. It was nearly two weeks later that a faithful *Abwehr* spy, using his binoculars from Algeciras, opposite Gibraltar, reported that a convoy of more than forty troop trans-

ports with a formidable escort of half a dozen aircraft carriers and battleships, had passed through the Straits under cover of darkness heading east. He was able to report details with some authority, for one of his Spanish spies had been aboard a ferryboat—plying between Spain and the African shore of the Straits with all lights on, which had passed through the darkened convoy. It was not until a further two days, however, that Hitler's headquarters finally discovered the destination of "Jack Berg's convoy"—as the *Abwehr* in Oslo had come to call it. By that time British and American troops were pouring ashore at Algiers and Oran in the first phase of Operation Torch.

Some time before this notable espionage feat by Jack Berg, his companion, Olav Klausen, had returned to England for a few weeks' leave and they celebrated the reunion by reporting a new wave of sabotage. Finally, early in 1943, Klausen returned permanently to the United Kingdom, and from that date the two spies worked together again. Whether Klausen secured his release from the Norwegian Army on one pretext or another, or whether he simply deserted, was never clear to the *Abwehr* officers in Oslo who directed the operations of the Norwegians.

Questions about such details were regularly sent from Berlin and Oslo, but as often as not they remained unanswered. The Norwegians, once they were firmly established in the United Kingdom, reported to the *Abwehr* only what they felt the German secret service should know. Personal questions they were inclined to ignore. Soon after Klausen's return to the United Kingdom the two spies reported that if they were to carry out sabotage they must have more money and explosives and fuses, for by that time they found it impossible to buy the necessary ingredients of homemade explosives in British shops.

By this time the exploits of Jack and O.K. were well known even at Hitler's headquarters. Lahousen therefore

had no hesitation in placing the problem of supplying the spies before the Chief of the German High Command, Field-Marshal Keitel. Keitel had been intrigued by the activities of the two young men and as a result of his interest the cooperation of the *Luftwaffe* was obtained. After further negotiations a specially stripped-down bomber was placed at the disposal of the *Abwehr* to fly equipment and money to the two spies. Long signals were exchanged between the young men in Scotland and the *Abwehr* in Oslo, and finally it was agreed that the drop should be made in the area where they had first hidden their equipment on their arrival in Britain in 1941.

The pilot who carried out this special mission has not survived, but his reports were received by the *Abwehr* officers in charge of the preparations. The Oslo post prepared a large basket-container into which was packed a supply of Thermos flasks containing high explosives and fuses. Carefully wrapped in rubber containers were valves and other spare parts for the *Abwehr* radio set, which had now functioned without trouble for almost two years. Finally the basket contained four large leather wallets, each containing five hundred British pound notes. The drop was fixed for the night of February 20, 1943, and soon after dark the bomber took off from an airfield in southwest Norway and headed for Scotland.

By radio it had been agreed with the two Norwegians that they should flash the recognition signal "K" from a flash lamp as soon as they heard the plane overhead. As the pilot glided down toward the shores of the lake where he had been instructed to make the drop he could see no sign of any light. Cutting off his motors, he glided as near to the water as possible. Suddenly he saw a pinpoint of light. It was flashing, but the signal was certainly not a Morse "K."

In doubt he restarted his motors and turned away. Still the flashing went on. For a moment he thought of returning

to Norway. Finally he decided that some hitch must have occurred, and he let the basket with its parachute go. He was most relieved when next day, on his return to Oslo, he learned that the *Abwehr,* several hours earlier, had received a signal saying: "Drop successful. Basket received. Thanks very much."

But the courier plane had not been the only aircraft taking part in the operation. To give cover to the unarmed plane the *Luftwaffe* had arranged for a cover raid on two not-far-distant towns. A few days later the spies reported that during this cover raid a cinema or amusement hall had been hit and that there had been a number of casualties. Postwar enquiries have failed to identify the town where this incident is reported to have occurred.

On March 16, Lahousen, who had been absent at the time of the operation, noted that he had made a full report to Keitel on the operation. He added that, as a result of the excellent cooperation of the *Luftwaffe* in carrying out the coordinated bomber raid, the entire operation had "had a most successful result."

With plenty of money in their pockets and a fresh supply of explosives, the two young men reported that they had embarked on a new campaign of sabotage directed mainly against aircraft factories and similar vital establishments, where well-placed time bombs achieved results out of all proportion to the limited resources required.

In the middle of this campaign the two spies were sent a priority message from Berlin asking them to make an all-out attempt to find out the secrets of the new British airborne radar devices which RAF Coastal Command was using to hunt and destroy the German U-boats. So great was the toll of U-boats that the two Norwegians were offered ten thousand pounds, to be placed in a hidden account in a Swiss bank, if they could unearth the details of the devices. But by this time these two agents only carried out assignments

which interested them, and no reply was ever received to the signal about the radar apparatus. Instead the young men sent a message to Mueller saying, "Happy birthday to you," for they had attended his birthday party two years earlier in Oslo!

By late spring, 1943, the two Norwegians reported that the explosives dropped in February had all been expended and a further drop was arranged. Once again the same pilot carried out the mission to the same locality. This time he could see no recognition signal and he finally jettisoned his cargo. Two days later the spies reported that they had been at the rendezvous and had heard the plane overhead. At the appointed time, however, cars appeared on a nearby road and fearing that MI5 had got wind of the drop they had abandoned the plan. They had heard a splash, and were fairly sure that the basket with money and explosives had fallen into the nearby water.

On June 18, Lahousen recorded this failure and added that "a new attempt is being planned for the middle of July." This later operation proved successful, and the safe arrival of a further two thousand pounds and more explosives was duly acknowledged by the spies.

Soon afterward, Lahousen left the *Abwehr* headquarters to take up a front-line command in Russia, but before he did so he noted that—apart from normal service messages—the two Norwegians had sent more than sixty important messages in the two years they had been German spies in the United Kingdom.

After his departure, however, the Germans, with typical Teutonic *angst,* began to worry about the amazing success of the two spies. Some incredulous *Abwehr* officers found it increasingly difficult to believe that the two young men could move freely about wartime Britain, doing sabotage here and espionage there and duly reporting both, without in the long run being captured by MI5. Their success

seemed too good to be true, and these officers suspected that at some stage the two Norwegians had been picked up by the British secret service and "turned round."

As opposed to that view, other senior members of the *Abwehr* asked what possible advantage could be achieved by turning them round, as the spies had no secret German information and knew little if anything that the British could not find out by other methods. To support this view these officers cited the *Luftwaffe* cover raid on the two towns during the first drop of money and explosives. These *Abwehr* officers argued that the British authorities—who if the spies had been turned round would have been aware that this raid was to take place—would never have permitted the bombing of two towns just to maintain the fiction that the two Norwegian spies were still at liberty.

So intense did this argument become that, at the beginning of 1944, psychiatrists and other *Abwehr* specialists examined every message received from Jack and O.K. in attempts to find out if they were operating under duress. Trick messages were also transmitted to the two men, but in every case they passed the tests with flying colors. Eventually the commission examining the problem reported that there seemed no reason to doubt that the two Norwegians were still carrying out their mission free from interference by the British secret service.

But doubts still lingered. Finally the rump of the *Abwehr* in Berlin—which had passed under SD control—decided to make a sensational bid to find out the truth. The new bosses of the *Abwehr* decided to "send a spy to spy on the spies." A Norwegian miner with Nazi sympathies was recruited for the task and an elaborate plan drawn up.

The plan was to drop this Norwegian Nazi by parachute in the Scottish Highlands not far from where Jack and O.K. had been operating. On landing he was to bury his radio and then set out to track down the other two spies without,

however, revealing his identity to them. After he had shadowed them for some time and made up his mind whether they were in the hands of MI5 he was to return to his radio set and make a full report to Oslo. But the plan misfired. On being dropped over the rough ground of the Highlands, the Norwegian Nazi broke his leg, and was eventually picked up by the police and sent to a secret internment camp, but the first thing the *Abwehr* knew of the miscarriage of the operation was a rude and angry message from Jack and O.K. two weeks or so later.

What did the *Abwehr* mean, demanded the two spies in abusive terms, by dropping another agent in their area without warning them? Did the fools in Berlin not realize that this sort of nonsense might easily have led to their capture by the British secret service? "If any further operation of this type is attempted," concluded the two Norwegians, "we will immediately end our contact with the *Abwehr*."

This signal caused pandemonium in Oslo—and still worse in Berlin, where the active mind of Gruppenführer Schellenberg was by that time directing operations.

How did Jack and O.K. find out about the other spy? was the question the *Abwehr* asked.

Their detractors were certain that they could only have learned of the incident from the British secret service. The others argued that MI5 was much too adroit to reveal the capture of a further spy to the two Norwegians, even if they had been turned round. And in any case the British in these circumstances would never have permitted Jack and O.K. to complain to the *Abwehr*.

After consideration, the successors of Canaris and Lahousen were inclined to suspect that the two spies had probably picked up news of the accident to the third man in local pubs or from village gossip in the area where they were operating.

Despite these doubts the two spies continued to report

important information about troop movements in Britain, and they were still in touch with the *Abwehr* post in Oslo as late as the beginning of 1945. Their final signal was received when the *Abwehr* staff in Norway were themselves considering how much longer they would remain outside a British internment camp.

That was the last *Abwehr* contact with Jack and O.K. But in the months after the German surrender in May, 1945, some *Abwehr* officers learned from British intelligence officers during internment that MI5 had been well aware that two spies were operating in northern England and Scotland.

The ex-members of the *Abwehr,* however, were not the only persons interested in the truth about Jack and O.K. Some years after the end of the war a Norwegian criminal commission arrived in Hamburg. Former members of the *Abwehr* who had served in Oslo and elsewhere were invited to the Norwegian Consulate and closely questioned about what they knew of the two spies. The Germans were under no compulsion by that time to answer Norwegian questions in British-occupied Hamburg and politely told the Norwegian investigators just as much as they felt was good for them to know, which was very little.

chapter nine

Curtain Falls on the *Abwehr*

All the *Abwehr* operations described in preceding chapters were planned and launched while the invasion of the British Isles remained a distinct possibility and while Germany continued to hold the initiative in almost every theater of operations. By the summer of 1942, however, the picture had begun to change. The initiative was just beginning to pass to the Allies.

As Germany gradually went over to a defensive strategy the extent and number of *Abwehr* overseas operations—and of those in the United Kingdom in particular—showed a marked decrease. In the last year of Lahousen's service at *Abwehr* headquarters in Tirpitzufer, Berlin, up to the beginning of August, 1942, he made only a handful of entries in his diary about operations in Britain. And most of these referred to spies, like the two Norwegians, who had reached Britain much earlier.

As the balance began to swing in favor of the Allied Powers, the RAF attacks on "Fortress Europe" were stepped

up, and Hitler became ever more strident in his demands on the *Abwehr* for attacks on the British aircraft industry. It was to meet these demands that an elaborate plan was drawn up to strike at the very vitals of the British aircraft production, the two great aluminum plants in the western Highlands, at Kinlochleven and Fort William, near the southern end of the Caledonian Canal.

For this operation, which was given the code name of *Moewe* [Seagull] I, a Glasgow-Irishman was given extensive training by the *Abwehr* industrial experts at Tegel in Berlin. About midsummer, 1942, Lahousen noted that he had given final approval for the dropping of the man by parachute "in the area south of Glasgow," where the deputy-*führer*, Rudolf Hess, had led the way a year before. From the dropping area, Lahousen noted, the man would contact Irish friends in Glasgow and with their aid attempt to form a three-man sabotage group. The target for the operations he noted as: "Sabotage measures to interfere with the aluminum works at Kinlochleven and Fort William, and the associated hydro-electric installations,"—the tunnel through Ben Nevis, no doubt. For some reason the operation does not appear to have taken place. Lahousen himself could recall no details and the managers of both plants have failed to trace any evidence of sabotage.

The manager of the North British Aluminum plant at Fort William writes: "There were of course several air-raids on the factory but even if they were intended, it would not seem that any parachute or sabotage attempts were actually put into operation."

Soon afterward, however, a more successful attempt to interfere with the production of British bombers was made when a spy given the code name of Fritzchen was parachuted into southern England. This man was a minor British criminal with more than a passing knowledge of the niceties of high explosives. He had been "liberated" when the Ger-

mans in the summer of 1940, after the fall of France, seized the Channel Islands and occupied Guernsey, where Fritzchen was found in a local prison. After some persuasion Fritzchen agreed to work for the *Abwehr* and was handed over to the Paris post for training as a spy. After being dropped about the middle of 1942, complete with radio equipment and explosives, he reported considerable successes. He concentrated on plants manufacturing aircraft components in the London area. About the beginning of the following year, Lahousen noted that Fritzchen had just reported that a *Luftwaffe* attack on January 17, had put the Underground out of action over a wide area of North London.

By that time Fritzchen's success enabled him to ask for permission to return to Occupied Europe, a request to which Lahousen agreed. With the aid of a neutral embassy and faked papers, a passage was arranged for him to a Spanish port. But the ship in which he sailed was torpedoed off the Spanish coast, according to the *Abwehr* reports from Paris, by a German U-boat. When a very angry and miserable Fritzchen did at last report back to the *Abwehr* post in Paris he gave vent to his views on German staff work which permitted one of their best spies to be torpedoed by a German submarine. Despite that, however, Fritzchen was persuaded to make a second trip to England by parachute. He made several reports, and then silence. The *Abwehr* never heard any more of Fritzchen. Maybe they thought that after the submarine incident he had felt the perils of the German secret service were too great and had quietly resumed his British domicile! Maybe he was picked up by MI5—or perhaps he was really in their service! After the war, however, Fritzchen himself made it known to his former German colleagues that his own country at any rate had seen no reason to condemn him.

During this period one of the few Germans sent to England, a Captain Huebner, also operated successfully.

It was, however, at the beginning of 1943 that Lahousen's Second Bureau had one of its greatest operational successes in the cross-Channel traffic. On this occasion the German spy traveled to England by RAF Lysander.

Some time earlier one of the chief *Abwehr* agents in Brussels, a Belgian identified only under the code of Spy No. 10015, made contact in Paris with a naturalized British subject. The German agent soon confirmed that this man was a British secret-service radio operator in contact with the special-operations executive in Baker Street. The Englishman was operating a set used only for high-priority messages between London and the British espionage service in occupied France, and also to summon RAF planes for the transport to England of prominent French personalities and other important passengers.

Spy No. 10015 soon gained the confidence of the naturalized Englishman and through him penetrated a British spy ring in Northern France in which the German spy was eventually given a job as courier. As a result of this he was able to infiltrate a second German agent, No. 10012, into the British spy ring. This required months of careful work, but finally on February 3, 1943, Lahousen triumphantly noted the success of his second bureau in Brussels in Operation Torrero, which was the German name for the whole affair.

In his note he recorded that according to a report from Brussels, on the night of January 31, about 1:40 A.M., agent No. 10012, in company with a Belgian mechanic in the service of the British, had been picked up by a British aircraft in a meadow near Fleurine in the vicinity of Senlis and flown to England. At the same time he noted that he had passed instructions to the counterintelligence division—*Abwehr III*—that the landing ground should be guarded

from interference by German organizations, as further agents might be sent by this valuable channel. This penetration of a British network by Lahousen's agents had repercussions far beyond espionage and sabotage in the United Kingdom and eventually led to the catastrophe of June, 1943, when there were wholesale arrests of British agents in Paris and Northern France.

Lahousen, however, was never informed of the full story, for in the late summer he was relieved as head of *Abwehr II* by Colonel Freytag-Loringhoven. And after his final mission to Venice with Canaris to warn the Italians of the Gestapo plot to kidnap the Pope, Lahousen left for the Russian front, where he became major general on taking over command of a brigade.

He was glad to go, for he was only too well aware that the *Abwehr*, as Canaris and he realized, was near the end. For a long time before Lahousen left Tirpitzufer, the Gestapo had also been aware that there was "something wrong" about the people surrounding Canaris. Telephone calls were tapped, letters opened, and *Abwehr* officers and their contacts shadowed, but such was the prestige of Canaris, Lahousen, and the others that the criminals under Himmler's command had been too frightened to strike. For in previous brushes they had discovered that Canaris, as head of the entire German Armed Forces Secret Service, could always find a justification for any irregularity.

Some months before Lahousen's departure, however, one of Canaris's trusted subordinates, Dohnanyi, who was deep in the anti-Hitler plot, was arrested. From that moment the Gestapo pressure increased, and by the summer of 1943, Canaris was a bundle of nerves. Soon after Lahousen disappeared to Russia, Canaris's main link with the anti-Hitler generals, the gallant Major-General Hans Oster, was finally suspended from duty after hairbreadth escapes during the

previous five years. At last heat was turned on Canaris himself.

Early in 1944, the Nazi thugs got the excuse they required. Some *Abwehr* employees in Turkey deserted and in the scandal that followed Hitler relieved Canaris of his post as head of the *Abwehr*. But so well had the admiral fooled *der Führer* that he was appointed soon afterward to the comparatively unimportant post of Chief of the Special Staff for Trade and Economic Warfare. And there he remained until July 20, on the afternoon of which he received a mysterious phone call. The caller gave no name, but Canaris had no difficulty in recognizing the voice as that of Stauffenberg, who a few hours earlier had placed the bomb under Hitler's table and fled from *der Führer's* headquarters.

"Hitler is dead; *der Führer* is no more," the voice told Canaris.

"What, dead? Who killed him? The Russians?" asked the apparently astounded Canaris. The admiral was far too wily to give away anything to the Gestapo on the telephone, but his cunning was of no avail this time. A few days later he was arrested, and finally the Gestapo chiefs admitted to their intimates: "That Canaris fooled everyone, even *der Führer* himself." In the end, Canaris was hanged with the utmost brutality in the Flossenburg Concentration Camp a few weeks before the end of the war.

Lahousen far away on the Russian front had also played his part in the same famous plot. Although parted from Canaris and the chief conspirators in Berlin, Lahousen as intelligence chief of a German Army group was closely linked with the members of the plot in the Eastern armies. And it was from a store of British explosives dropped to the European underground and acquired by Lahousen as head of *Abwehr II* that he was able to supply the bomb which Stauffenberg placed in a dispatch case at Hitler's feet on that historic twentieth day of July.

But, Austrian intelligence officer as he was, Lahousen had perhaps been more discreet than Canaris and he survived to be arrested by intelligence officers of the Western Powers soon after the German surrender in May, 1945. He was removed to the Combined Services Detailed Interrogation Center at the small spa of Bad Nenndorf near Hanover, the activities of which—at a later stage—led to the courts-martial of a number of British officers which gained international notoriety.

Lahousen, too, was beaten and kicked and had some of his teeth knocked out by ruffians, military jailbirds whom the British command saw fit to employ as warders in the camp. In a lesser man, such treatment would no doubt have sealed his lips. Lahousen however, was "an officer and a gentleman" in the true sense of that much abused phrase. And despite the beatings in Bad Nenndorf he made up his mind to tell what he knew.

He, therefore, informed the British secret-service officers in the camp, who had no part in the brutality, that he considered it his duty to his native Austria to give evidence at the trial of Göring and the other surviving Nazi leaders at Nürnberg.

Justice Robert H. Jackson, the leader of the United States prosecution team at the trial, was at once informed and Lahousen was flown to Nürnberg. It was there, in the first days of December, 1945, that a thin and haggard Lahousen appeared in the witness box—as the first major witness for the Allied prosecution.

His appearance caused a world-wide sensation; a distinguished American observer William L. Shirer noted in the *End of a Berlin Diary:*

"At last a German—and a general at that (well, he's an Austrian, but let's overlook the difference)—has had the guts to stand up publicly before the world and brand Nazi Germany and the Nazis for what they were!"

Göring, Ribbentrop, and above all the last Gestapo chief, Kaltenbrunner, himself an Austrian, almost leaped from the dock at the tall, bald man who solemnly revealed their most secret crimes to the world. At times the chief Nazis almost had to be held in their seats by the American guards, for they seemed ready to spring the few yards across the court room at Lahousen's throat.

And finally, as Lahousen left the witness box at the end of this historic performance, the rough voice of Hermann Göring rang out across the courtroom:

"*Jawohl* Ribbentrop—that's another one we forgot to hang!"