

*The Most Sensational MYSTERY of the Year*

# **THE DEATH OF LORD HAW HAW**



The story of the mysterious Nazi radio propagandist who threatened to demoralize England and who was eventually tracked down by an American in the shadow of the New York docks.

*by* **BRETT RUTLEDGE**

# *The Death of Lord Haw Haw*

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Out of the tragedy and confusion of the first several months of World War No. 2, a single personality has arisen—that of the master propagandist, British by birth, Nazi by convictions, known as Lord Haw Haw. Twice daily, the voice of this unscrupulous and clever man swayed the English-speaking world and furnished topics for conversation between broadcasts.

The story of how he was tracked down by an American in the service of the French, his dramatic death, and the substitution by Hitler and Goebbels of another renegade Englishman with a persuasive voice, but lacking the brains and cunning of the defunct genius, is contained in this book.

That the final drama was enacted around Piers 86 to 90 of the North River, where were anchored side by side the pride of the French passenger fleet, *Normandie*, and the British giant liners, *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, heightens the interest of American readers in this thrilling tale.

Were England a totalitarian nation where heads could be chopped off for listening to foreign propaganda, the problem of the Allied officials in dealing with the insidious Nazi menace would have been more simple.

As it was, the combined resources of two strong nations and the wonders of modern science were all brought into play.

For obvious personal reasons, the author has preferred to use the name Brett Rutledge rather than his own, which is by no means unknown to Americans.

**BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA**

# WHO IS—OR WHO WAS—LORD HAW HAW?

(Reprinted from the April 22, 1940, issue of LIFE)

"Last loophole in Europe's wartime blockade is the babel of foreign broadcasts on the propaganda radio. On this new psychological front, first blood now goes to Germany, which, like other belligerents, hires renegades and traitors to undermine their countrymen's morale. A smash hit is a mysterious nightly voice on the Hamburg wave length, the radio favorite star of 50% of all English listeners. 'Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen' has an impeccable Oxford accent, cloaks his news and opinions with clever humor that Englishmen find irresistible.

"Lord Haw Haw's last broadcast follows the late evening English news, gives them facts and scoops that the bumbling BBC suppresses. He was first with the news of the Russo-Finnish peace. He now rings a startling imitation of Lloyd's famous Lutine Bell to announce the sinking of British ships.

"What has transformed Lord Haw Haw from a figure of fun into a matter for concern is his theme that Germany is invincible, that this time England will not 'muddle through,' supported by such taunts as this: 'Was it not the First Lord of the Admiralty who assured the House of Commons that Scapa Flow had now been made perfectly safe . . . unassailable? That was before the days of Lieut. Commander Prien and the German Air Force.'"

Brett Rutledge's *The Death of Lord Haw Haw* is straight fiction, but the author obviously is in possession of certain facts that have never been disclosed by the official news agencies.

THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA

18 West 48th Street

New York City

# The Death of **Lord Haw Haw**

NO. 1 PERSONALITY OF WORLD WAR NO. 2

Being an Account of the Last Days of  
the Foremost Nazi Spy and News Commentator,  
the Mysterious English Traitor

BY BRETT RUTLEDGE



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NEW YORK 1940

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## The Death of Lord Haw Haw

TO BENNETT A. CERF  
in grateful acknowledgment of  
the help and encouragement  
given a young writer  
in preparation of  
his first book

IT WOULD be uncandid to announce that the characters in this book are imaginary or that the incidents are purely fictional. If truth was stranger than fiction in the dear dead days when that remark was first uttered, how much more frightful today is reality than patterns devised by any literary mind.

Of course, the author has taken all possible precautions to guard the identity of those men and women engaged in dangerous but necessary work for our own or belligerent governments, and whose activities have come to his attention.



## The Death of Lord Haw Haw

★ ONE ★

WHEN World War No. 2 broke out, I was in Stockholm, where I had been working at my trade for several months. Stockholm was handy to Danzig, then one of the hot spots of the world, and many of the agents and investigators I was trained to recognize made a stop in the Swedish capital before and after visiting the former Free City. While I picked up considerable information about international intrigue, the work was tedious and uninspiring. I do not share the enthusiasm so many of my fellow men have for Smörgåsbord, and I find the Swedish mind, as a rule, somewhat sluggish and none too well equipped with facts. In fact, Stockholm at that time was a pro-Nazi hotbed, with a population so completely sold on the excellence of everything German that I found the place depressing.

My work in Stockholm was made difficult by the prevalence of the accursed Smörgåsbord. For just then I was making a catalogue, which now reposes in the secret vaults of P. I. 17, in Washington—a study of the eating habits of various foreign secret agents. There is no department of life in which spies and counter-spies are as careless and transparent as at table. They are clever about covering all other kinds of characteristics (except perhaps, sexual habits and preferences), but none of them seems to be cautious about ordering his favorite food, if and when he can get it. It can easily be understood that in Stockholm, where huge tables are spread three or more times daily with highly spiced rich *hors d'oeuvres*, which lure hungry eaters into traps for deadening their taste and appetite, my monograph progressed slowly and laboriously. But by haunting famous restaurants and public markets I was able to ferret out numerous paid agents of Italy and Germany who never knew exactly what gave them away. In one instance, I trapped a man who had accepted large sums from both England and Germany, while working for Franco in Spain, because I noticed his fingers were stained with saffron and that he purchased, twice a week, crayfish, mussels and other sea food that goes into

the making of a Spanish rice. Agent Y, the spy in question, had become addicted to that delicious dish while in Burgos, and later in Santander.

The trail of Agent Y led me away from Stockholm to Paris, a few days before the opening of hostilities in Poland. Actually, both of us traveled in the last commercial airplane to make the flight over Germany from Copenhagen to Le Bourget, and we were equally nervous while our craft was winging high above the Reich, aware that gasoline engines occasionally fail to function and that in case of a forced landing, our reception down below would be a memorable one.

In Paris, where I am known as a free-lance newspaper man, I stop at a small hotel in the rue Cassette, not far from St. Sulpice, and which is patronized not so much by international agents of espionage as by Jesuit missionary priests connected with the famous church. It is a quiet little place, with a friendly management, a small garden out back, and a large jolly Alsatian cook named Lena, whom I actually loved for her goose *cassoulet*. Imagine my surprise, soon after I had turned the unlucky Agent Y over to the Sûreté Générale, when Louis, the Breton *garçon*, mounted four steep flights of stairs to tell me that a gentleman, unquestionably French, was

downstairs and hoped to have words with me. The card Louis handed me read:

COLONEL HENRI HENRI

“Lena,” I said to my plump, good-natured companion. “This is distinctly bizarre. Colonel Henri Henri does not go calling on the likes of me, in obscure hotels. Would you mind going downstairs to get a look at the gentleman? And hurry back.”

Meanwhile, I strapped on my automatic, with silencer attached.

Alone there in the attic room I reviewed my situation. At first glance it was not an enviable one, and further consideration only served to make it appear worse. From my back window there was a sheer drop of four stories to a pebbled garden, and I am no human fly. A single narrow stairway, on which two persons could pass only at the turnings, led to the rue Cassette in front. A cat could not have walked on the roof.

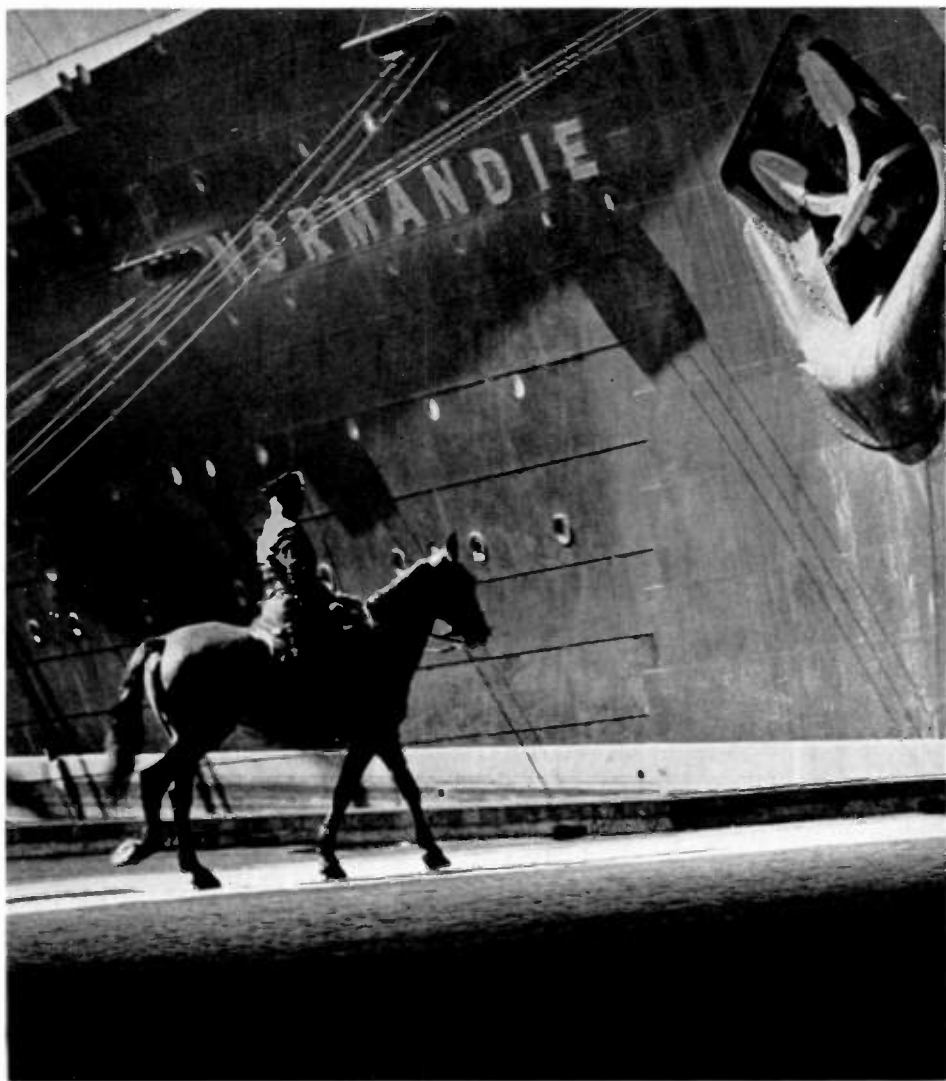
The possibility that my visitor was actually Colonel Henri Henri did not enter my mind at first, for the real Colonel Henri held one of the highest and most confidential positions in the famous *Chambre Noire*, or Black Chamber, access to which had been denied American cryptographers *even when*



A Sky View of the Pride of the Allied Transatlantic Services  
(Reading from top to bottom, the *Mauretania*, the *Normandie*,  
the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*)



Gasouse Overlooking the *Normandie*



Mounted Police at Pier 88





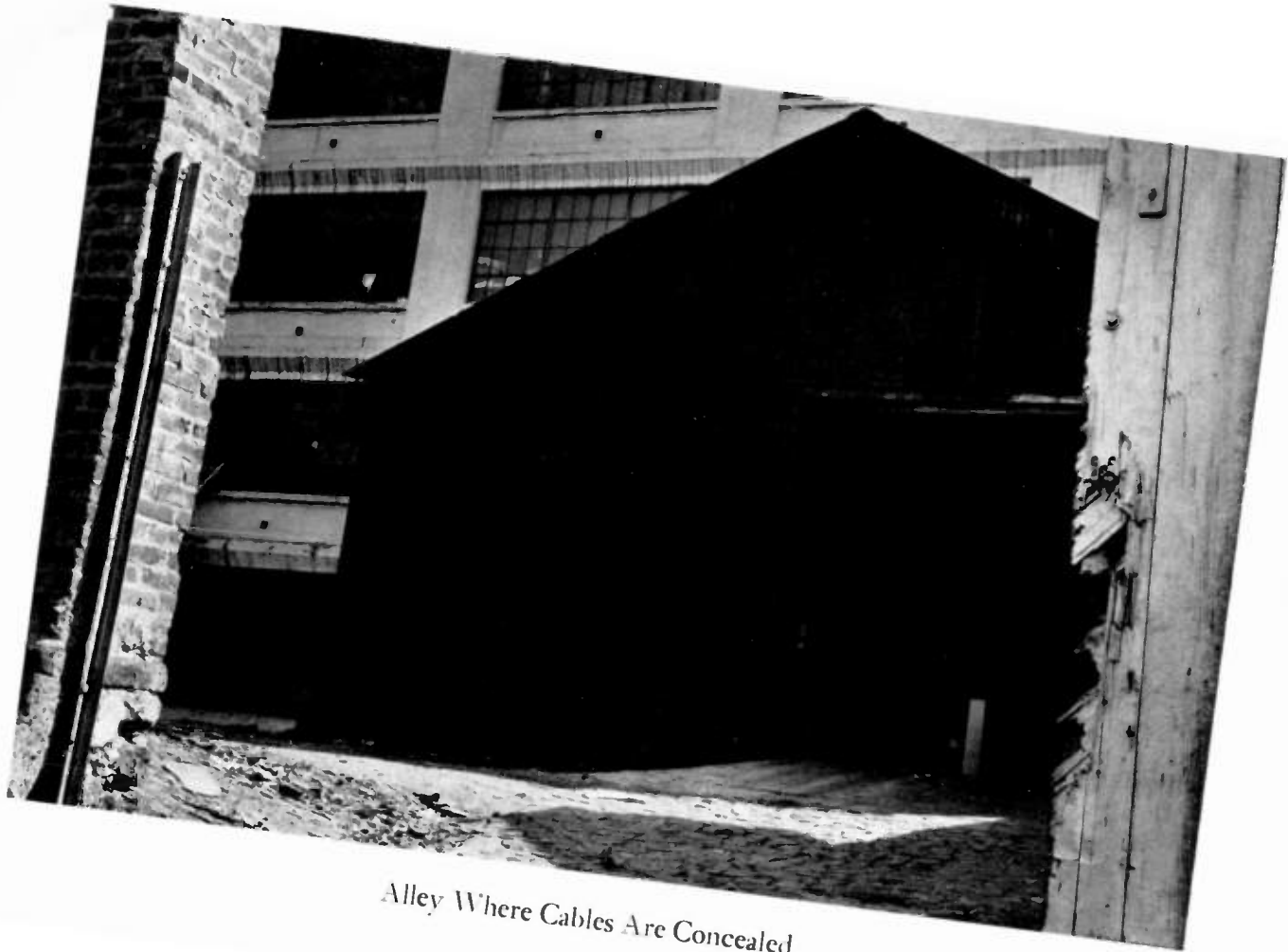
Flagpole in De Witt Clinton Park



The Anchor Café



Buttercup Dairy Farm Milk Truck



*Alley Where Cables Are Concealed*



Windows Masking French Secret Office

*the United States had been an active ally of France and had two million soldiers on her soil.*

Who could possibly know of my presence in Paris except casual friends in the newspaper offices, some of my favorite waiters, and perhaps three members of the Sûreté Générale? None among the aforementioned would attempt to impersonate Colonel Henri Henri, or know of his existence. Had I, while fatuously noting down the eating habits of spies and *agents provocateurs*, been stalked like a moose? Had friends of the late Agent Y, who had been popular with certain Jesuits, got wind of my part in his misfortune? Could it be Agent Y himself, not yet dead? I had not actually seen his body.

Imagine my surprise when Lena, panting from her run up the steep stairs, in a hoarse whisper described the visitor as a small man like a sparrow, with tight riding breeches, a pale brown uniform with several medals across his chest, small gray moustaches, twinkling blue eyes and a thumb missing from his right hand. Like many simple souls, Lena had a gift for quick observation and accurate description. I felt, rather than believed, that, odd as it might seem, the real Colonel Henri Henri was waiting to see me below. Again numerous possibilities rushed in and out of my mind, but to make them clear I must

go back twenty-two years, to the last days of the so-called World War.

In 1918 I was one of the youngest and most enthusiastic cryptographers in the field with the A.E.F. As is now generally known, after the disastrous consequences at St. Mihiel, brought about because the Americans used a code that properly belonged in a museum, a small staff of experts was detailed from Washington to encipher and decipher important messages concerning battle plans. Before the St. Mihiel fiasco, secret orders had been framed in a code the German field clerks could read in ten minutes, so most of the Germans and Austrians in that salient escaped the well-laid trap General Pershing had set for them. In preparation for the huge Meuse-Argonne offensive, no such chances were to be taken.

Now at that time, as he has explained in print, the chief of the American Black Chamber tried to learn from the French the contents of numerous messages between Berlin and Madrid, messages which meant the losing or saving of American lives. Clemenceau not only refused the information, but would not admit that the French had a Black Chamber, and the brunt of the refusal, which resulted in serious discordant diplomatic exchanges between Washington and our allies, fell upon Colonel Henri

Henri, the then young and famous solver of the Arabic code used with such deadly purpose in Mesopotamia and around the Dardanelles.

At the time, I had not believed Colonel Henri Henri cared a tinker's damn whether any Americans could read code messages or not. He was self-possessed, arrogant, cynical and, unless he was purposely dissembling for his unpopular role, chauvinistic to the core. After more than two decades, I and all the other American cryptographers still smarted because of his double-dealing in 1918. But, of course, he had been under Clemenceau, who had thought so little of the American Army that he wanted to scatter its men as replacements among the French and was only prevented from so doing by stubborn and heroic resistance on the part of Pershing, to whom Americans' gratitude will always be insufficient.

So it can be easily understood that, as I descended the hotels stairs on the 7th of September, 1939 (without unstrapping my automatic), I was determined that, if in the shuffle of international affairs the arbitrary Colonel Henri Henri had a favor to ask of me, I would make him pay through the nose and remind him of the days in 1918 when Americans could be placed in danger by the hundreds of thousands in order to protect the secrecy



like of him had been due to the character he had had to assume in order to protect his superiors. Also, a long acquaintance with Frenchmen had taught me that under one set of circumstances they can be cruel and inhuman, while another array of conditions brings out their best qualities. The harassed leaders of 1914-1918 had reason for caution. After all, as recently as 1916 our Secretary of State had been Bryan, the Fundamentalist, who was certainly no man to entrust with French government codes. It was doubtful if he should have been left alone in his office with matches. My real reason for melting a little was due to curiosity. What did the French want of me? Why had I been selected? Would they make me rich enough to retire and study, as I had always desired?

I wish to be honest, and to that end I must confess my vanity. To say that I was not flattered that the French Government, in a moment of need, had turned to me and sent as distinguished an emissary as Colonel Henri Henri would be uncandid. It must have turned my head. For I began to enjoy having the upper hand in a situation where always before I had felt myself at a disadvantage. And I was gratified that, at last, the French seemed to be cultivating an appreciation of my country and my countrymen. We had become worthy of politeness.

Had our splendid Black Chamber been left in existence by our stupid civil authorities, we could then have concealed its work from the French, and let them dance from office to office, to be met with bland words and knowing smiles. At least, I felt a growing impulse to take command of the situation myself, to state my terms to Colonel Henri on a take-them-or-leave-them basis before he disclosed what work he wanted me to do. That the assignment would be dangerous and difficult I had no doubt.

The Colonel walked beside me along the narrow rue Cassette, between old walls covered with ivy, windows filled with books in paper covers and articles of piety. We passed the small *bistrot* on the corner of the rue de Mezières, where I had had so many peaceful drinks in former years and had felt reasonably secure. Inside, at the bar, was Madame Simard, dressed in black, her eyes red from weeping, her pale face eloquent with despair and indignation. Her husband had been called to the colors again, while she still shuddered at the memories of the day he had departed as a bridegroom. Years of drudgery, of killing anxiety, of taxes, privations, immeasurable suffering were ahead, and she had known such years before. To my intense surprise, I saw tears in the eyes of the

aloof Colonel Henri Henri, and I winked rather hard myself.

"*Pauvre femme*," he said, sighing. "What can we do for her?"

"Europe is finished," I said unkindly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Even so. We must work until the end, and it is very possible, my friend, that we shall win."

"Then you'll have the Downing Street diehards to bargain with," I began.

He sighed again. "Nevertheless, we must work until the end. I am tired."

"I'm sorry," I said, contrite.

"My country is tired. The continent is tired. Only you Americans have resources and vitality."

"Russia?"

"The British ruined Russia by throwing Stalin into the hands of Germany. But Russia *is* ruined, and will go from folly to folly while the people starve," the Colonel said.

"You think the Russo-German alliance is irrevocable, then?"

"Complete, of course," the Colonel said, as if that were an elementary fact.

We had reached the rue de Rennes, where no taxis were standing near the battered *pissoir*, as had been the case in happier days. All taxis had been

commandeered. The Colonel shook off his despondent mood and smiled.

“Perhaps you would prefer to walk?” he said.

Whoever was left in Paris, unless he had an official car, was walking that day, one of the most beautiful from the standpoint of weather that I remember having seen. We passed through the rue de Rennes, where the shops were closed and the shutters drawn, crossed the *place* St. Germain des Prés and skirted the old wall of the abbey toward the *place* Fürstenberg, where the secret Communist headquarters had been for years. By means of the narrow rue St. André des Arts and the rue St. Severin, we reached the rue Zacherie. The street is short and narrow, one of the shortest and narrowest in all Paris. Piles of fresh sand stood in front of the shabby doorways. To my surprise, Colonel Henri Henri, after glancing swiftly behind him, turned into a small and rather stuffy laundry, where two girls, red-eyed and flushed from the heat of the charcoal irons, were working wordlessly at the bench. One of them looked up at Colonel Henri with dark eyes smoldering.

“Has he been called?” the officer asked kindly.

“This morning . . . Will there be fighting right away?”

“No, my *petite*. No fighting . . . At least, not

right away," the Colonel said. He was leading the way behind the bench and down a curtained stairway and suddenly it occurred to me what he was doing, to establish a friendly relationship with me. He was disclosing to me what had been denied the entire A.E.F. and the American Departments of State and of War in 1918, the location of the *Chambre Noire*. For under the ancient streets, below the level of the Seine, old sub-cellars known to Robespierre had been converted into secret chambers where the most trusted French cryptographers worked incessantly, to break down the enemy codes and devise unbreakable ones for the Government's use. There were entrances, Colonel Henri explained, via tunnels, one opening into the cellar of the St. Severin church, another going under the river to the Conciergerie on the Ile de la Cité, still another terminating near the Cluny Museum.

One of these tunnels, which had recently been reinforced with modern steel and concrete, we followed until confronted with a heavy oak door, studded with a medieval pattern. This was unlocked by Colonel Henri, and I found myself in a small private dining room with walls of stone, beneath one of the neighborhood hotels.

"First, dinner," Colonel Henri said. "We eat rather well down here. In the first place, because

the work we do is trying on the nerves of the stomach, and secondly, because, being French (except for a handful of naturalized foreigners), we like good food."

He had pressed a bell, to which a waiter with a genial Savoyard face responded.

"Steak, watercress, potatoes, cheese and coffee," said the Colonel, and I nodded appreciatively, not, however, without making an involuntary mental note for my monograph.

The waiter disappeared for a moment into an adjoining cell-like room and came out with a dusty bottle of red wine, unlabeled. This, with glasses, he placed on the heavy oak table. The Colonel took away his napkin, dusted the handle of the bottle, and poured.

"No sediment. It's Château d'Issan, '14," he said.

The wine and the Colonel's exquisite manners began to work in harmony, warming me at first, and then sustaining my determination to be firm. I found myself talking, rather loosely, it seemed to me, but I couldn't stop myself, nor did I want to.

"Colonel Henri," I began. "You do not do this sort of thing every day, or every year. You have an important job for which I happen to be qualified, perhaps. Now, first, I want to explain my position to you. France treated me, and my respected

chiefs, rather shabbily in 1918 and many times since. Still, I love the country and its people and especially its institutions. When I saw my friend, Madame Simard, weeping at her modest little bar today, I wanted to rush to the nearest recruiting station and enlist. The sight of those piles of sand, to be used when incendiary bombs fall on these innocent people, makes me boil."

He rose and shook my hand, quite simply.

"Now I know," I continued, "that among French soldiers and statesmen, there are admirable gentlemen. But also, they are handicapped by as foul a collection of underpaid bureaucrats as exists in the world."

He winced, but admitted the truth of my statement.

"If I am going to risk my life and my reputation, I shall insist on being paid, not with promises or decorations, but hard cash. We Americans are generous and sentimental, a thing the French have imperfectly understood. In this case, I must resist my quixotic impulses. To retire, I need . . ." I named what I considered a prohibitive sum. "And I don't want francs. On no other terms will I accept employment at present, and I must be paid in advance, with gold deposited in a New York bank under a name I will furnish you later."

I realized dimly that I was being inflated and muddled by the excellent wine, after months of the preposterous punches, distillations and brews downed in Sweden, to the tune of absurd regulations.

Colonel Henri Henri smiled. "I feel slightly tipsy, too. The atmosphere is charged. Paris is bewitched today. Do not think I misunderstand, my friend. You have been touched to the quick by the spectacle of our stricken city and its reluctant population going off to another brutal war with so little complaint, and so little hope of anything but misery. To cover your quivering indignation, you try to pass yourself off as a mercenary. Well, in this case, you shall retire. My Government will deposit the price you ask, with only one stipulation: Your word, sir, that you will not draw it out until you consider you have earned it."

I said nothing for a while, but nibbled some bread and waited for my head to clear, which it promptly did. After that, I enjoyed the wine, the illusion of sudden wealth and importance, the unusual confidence placed in me by the solver of the Arabic code; I should mention also the steak, the watercress, the French-fried potatoes (golden, neither limp nor brittle, not too hot and not too cold), the



Brie, the coffee and the Armagnac. French cuisine as well as culture was in the balance.

As we ate and drank we recovered our sobriety, not forgetting that outside were those who faced hunger and thirst, or whose food turned to ashes in their mouths for fear of the dreaded summons addressed to a loved one. I have seldom experienced such mental and spiritual confusion, but that was the state of Europe and of the world, on that September evening.

"Now, to business," Colonel Henri said. "Your instructions are simple. The bank transfer will be made tomorrow through Morgan and Company, and evidence of it will be handed you to read, memorize and destroy. As you may or may not know, the *Normandie* is to remain for a while in New York, at the French Line pier. Near by will be also the *Queen Mary*, and other important ships, both French and British."

It was my turn to smile, for my brain was clicking again.

"Rather tempting bait," I hazarded.

"Isn't it?" he said, pleased that I had caught on.

"We want you to make a survey of the water front in the minutest detail, to direct our secret police, cooperate with the officers of our ships in that vicinity, in short, to protect our huge investments

and *also*”—he paused significantly—“to point out any suspicious persons or circumstances in that area.”

“I’m not much good at routine or executive work,” I said. “I do better alone . . . But I’ll try.”

“You have no commitments that might interfere?”

“None,” I said. “Shall I start for New York right away?”

The answer was a sigh. “We must wait for the British. Certain details, let us say—synchronization of our common efforts. Stay here at least until mobilization is completed, and if you want to give us a hand, study our propaganda and make an absolutely frank report when you’re ready to leave. Between you and me, I have no confidence in G—, the chief censor; none in the prime minister, less than none in Bonnet. They won’t last long. But Gamelin, one can bank on, in case of static warfare, and Weygand, Foch’s disciple, has shown genius in rapidly shifting campaigns. Our success or failure depends on the extent to which our progressive officers have their way.”

## ★ T W O ★

AT MIDNIGHT, after my long interview with Colonel Henri Henri, I was stumbling hesitantly through the blue-stained darkness around the gare St. Lazare, awestruck by the change that had come over Paris. Huddled close together and chattering or dozing, were hordes of women, children and old men, their goods tied up in cloth bundles or loaded into battered straw hampers, waiting for trains into the country. The trains were hours late, sometimes days late, on account of the mobilization.

No longer were the streets and avenues familiar. The street lamps had been hooded and let out a dismal indigo which seemed to falsify heights and distances. With blue headlights, or with none at all, continual files of nondescript vehicles, ranging from small horse-drawn wagons to voluminous army camions, halted and started, alternately. Now and

then, with a clatter of hoofs, a cavalryman would ride into view, consult with the traffic officers, then the streams of refugees would be dammed for a while to let pass a long column of tanks, field kitchens, machine guns or chuck-wagons bound for the gare de L'Est or the gare du Nord. The French Army—or at least those divisions that had been selected for service on the Maginot Line—was spreading eastward, along white roads lined with poplars, or over the network of national railways. It was an orderly exodus, complicated only by the counterflow of unorganized civilians. For all inhabitants of Paris who did not have urgent reasons for remaining (urgent from the point of view of M. Daladier, Minister of War), had been ordered to the surrounding areas. The residents of each quarter had been assigned departments in the country in which they might settle, if they had no family home or near relatives in villages safe from air raids.

The wisdom of the evacuation order, in my mind, was open to grave question. First of all, I did not think the Germans would bomb Paris, comparatively difficult of access to air raiders, when Essen, Düsseldorf, Köln, Elberfeld and so many large thickly populated industrial cities lay within twenty minutes' flight of the French lines. Secondly, I had learned from a Soviet agent, Dr. S.—Rose, I shall

call her—that the Germans intended using incendiary bombs not so much in the city as in the rural areas, where crops, villages, forests, in fact the entire hinterland, were without adequate defense. Rose was then enrolled as a student at the Sorbonne, looking very eager, young and intellectual in her shabby student's clothes and enjoying a return to school days, although she possessed more degrees than many of her professors.

Two nuns passed by, with their two gas masks in a rattan clothes basket carried between them. Some of the children waiting in the station or sleeping on the steps had small cylinders containing gas masks strapped over their small shoulders. Now and then a zealous policeman would stop a pedestrian and ask him why he had no mask. The man's reply was usually to the effect that his *commissaire* had none to fit him, that he had left his mask at home, or that he was a foreigner and no provision had been made for his protection. In any case, the policeman shrugged his shoulders and the man passed on.

I decided, if possible, to have a talk with Rose S. that night. Not that I had any idea of disclosing my new employment. I was merely anxious to hear her reactions to the mobilization, which seemed to me the best-ordered mass movement I had ever witnessed, in the service or out. Behind the confusion

of politicians, the grief of the harassed population, the faltering and fumbling of Allied leaders, was the methodical war college, bringing order out of chaos. There had been a note of personal affection and absolute confidence in Colonel Henri's voice when he had spoken of the French commander-in-chief. For Gamelin's strategy had always taken human losses into account, as a principal item, and he had done much to impress on his subordinates that no strip of ground was worth too many lives, and that blood once spilled can never be scooped up again.

Whatever I thought about, my emotions ran away with me. The spectacle was too much to bear for anyone who understood its implications and whose background made it ominous to a degree that mercifully escaped the innocent. Still, I was definitely glad to be in the service of France, as personified by those women on the station steps, those children with tiny gas masks, those kids in uniform awaiting orders in garages, and those patient sorrowing men and women who were left behind in the skeleton of what had been the world's gayest city. As best I could, I would guard their marvelous steamship *Normandie* and the docks and buildings near the famous Pier 88 on the distant Hudson. Remembering their faces as they started off for the

Maginot Line, or said good-bye to those who did, I would exert myself in their interests, I promised myself.

A small news dealer in the rue de Rennes, an old woman without relatives, who was defying the government order to go into the damp country for the winter, had promised me to save a copy of every edition of every newspaper published in Paris, of no matter what political coloring or in any language whatsoever. She sold yarn for knitting, and was known in the neighborhood as Madame Absalom, because in the early part of the day she combed out her long gray hair and let it stay down a while. As well as I knew Paris, I got lost several times in trying to make my way through dark streets and bewildered crowds to the *place* St. Germain des Prés. Nothing looked the same, and above the bleak expanse of railroad-station roof a full moon was shining, adding silver streaks to the indigo blobs of the street lamps. However, when finally I reached the rue de Rennes there was a very dim crack of light in Madame Absalom's window, again in defiance of a new body of guardians of the public who wore D.A. (*Defense anti-aerienne*) on their sleeves and harried their fellow citizens in varying degrees, according to their temperaments.

"Who is it?" Madame Absalom cackled, when I tapped on the window pane.

"Your best customer," I said. "Let me in."

I heard the old woman shuffling inside and muttering as she put down her knitting, found her slippers and came to the door. My stack of newspapers was ready, neatly bound with colored twine.

"Why couldn't you come at a Christian hour?" she demanded crossly, although she was delighted to see me and talk with me, even for a moment. Knowing that, I sat down.

"Any news today?" I asked.

"I don't read the papers," she snapped. "What's the use? All the stuff comes through the censor, and it's all alike. It was bad enough in the other war. This time it will be worse."

The old woman's gas mask was lying on the floor, near the rocking chair.

"Have you tried it on?" I asked, pointing to the gruesome object.

"It's uncomfortable," she grunted. "Besides, it's unnecessary. Gas settles down into the basement, *n'est-ce pas?* Well, then, all one has to do is hurry upstairs."

Impressed with the logic of this, I chatted a while and then started out, bundle under my arm, for the Café Balzar in the rue des Écoles. There I would



find Rose S., unless something unusual was afoot. As I passed the rue Cassette, I decided to leave my clothes and toilet articles in the Hotel Bretagne, knowing that Lena, the cook, would take care of them. No use taking chances. Many spies, while shadowing others, seem unaware that they may be followed themselves. After all, Colonel Henri and I had crossed the quarter in broad daylight, practically arm in arm. He had felt that in a city filled with soldiers and officers, a man of military age and bearing would be more conspicuous out of uniform than in. That had given me the necessary hint. With a man as subtle as Colonel Henri it is not necessary to dot the "i". But I resolved that next morning I should visit a tailor I knew and be fitted out with French officer's uniform and all the fixings. My stay in Paris might be longer than either the Colonel or I had planned.

In the St. Sulpice and the adjoining Latin Quarter I did not lose my way. The streets are narrow and poorly lighted there in peace times as well as under stress of war, so the contrast of the blackout was not so baffling as on the boulevards of the right bank. Also being off the beat between the École Militaire and points of entrainment, there was little extra traffic because of refugees or soldiers. As I entered the Café Balzar, athirst for their matchless

beer, the Hatte-Cronenbourg, I saw Rose S. sitting at her table with her back to the doorway. Beside her sat a middle-aged, somewhat ardent Frenchman of scholarly appearance. She beckoned me to join them and then, in an undertone, asked her companion to have another *demi* and then to go. Rose had found the Balzar an excellent place in which to pick up information, it being the headquarters of newspapermen and intellectuals who mingled with the bourgeois clientele. Since she could not go there night after night unescorted, she arranged to have one of her subordinates, who looked like a professor (as, indeed, he was), meet her there and pose as her lover (which he was not). Rose's lovers were either ardent Communists with whom she felt a political bond, or men who possessed information she needed for the Communist cause. Physically and spiritually she was aloof from all of them. That she had escaped the Red hunt set in motion by the then Minister of Justice, Georges Bonnet, is a tribute to her discretion and good sense. To the waiters and clients of the Café Balzar, this striking Serbian girl was merely an intense and beautiful young student infatuated with her professor, who was envied by dozens of males each evening.

"I never noticed the moon over Paris before," I said. Of course, in ordinary times, the glare of bril-

liant lights reflected in the sky dims the pale moonlight.

“To think of what that *beast* can do,” she said, tears of rage in her eyes. She was referring to Adolf Hitler, although several days had elapsed since the signing of the Russo-German pact. At that time, the Communists in France insisted that Stalin was still Hitler’s enemy and was circumventing the Fuehrer by some design of diabolical cleverness.

Just then political conditions were too involved for the most zealous advocate of any cult to discuss with conviction, and Rose, knowing of my distrust of the Soviet leaders and my unworshipful attitude concerning party members who were turning somersaults almost daily in an effort to follow prescribed “lines,” turned the conversation into another channel. We spoke of propaganda, omitting Russian propaganda, and attempted to appraise the trends and effectiveness or non-effectiveness of the German, British and French official handouts on which news was to be based. As far as the newspapers were concerned, there was little to choose between them in Paris and in London. In Germany, of course, nothing that could properly be described as a newspaper had been printed or circulated for years. I told the anecdote of Madame Absalom, who sold newspapers but didn’t read them, and Rose

agreed that the attitude was general among the French.

"It's the radio that's going to be the determining factor in shaping public opinion," Rose said, and I was inclined to agree.

"The British and French Governments will continue to allow their citizens to listen in?" I asked.

"What else can a democracy do?" she asked. "Of course, they'll have to let in enemy propaganda, too. By the way, I heard an amazing broadcast from Germany today—Hamburg, I think it was. Some British chap who admires the Nazi ideology and thinks Hitler is a little tin god."

"Someone else mentioned that broadcast," I said. "At what hour did it come in?"

"Eleven in the morning, five in the afternoon. It's on a short wave, 9.61 megacycles, clearly audible here and, evidently, all over England, too. The man was clever. Most of the things he said about Chamberlain and his gang were more than half true. Really, not strong enough for me . . . That's the point. The broadcast wasn't framed for you or for me, but the British public, and amusing to the Germans at the same time."

"Most of the Reich's announcers, when they try to speak English, sound like comedians in Bavarian rathskellers at home," I said.

“About this fellow’s English. Would you mind giving me an opinion? You are clever in detecting accents . . .”

“I’d be delighted,” I agreed, “but I haven’t your background in phonetics.”

“You’ve heard more Englishmen talk,” she said. “I believe . . . Well, perhaps I should not say a word until after you’ve heard him. Will you come tomorrow at eleven? Meet me here . . . Oh, bother! The Balzar won’t be open, or at least the waiters will be sweeping out the place.”

“Dupont’s, across the street. They sweep that out, if at all, about seven in the morning,” I said.

## ★ T H R E E ★

SOON after two o'clock in the morning I was walking along the avenue de la Bourdonnais, looking for a hotel in which to spend the night, when the sirens began to sound. At first there was a distant whine, like that of a coyote; other whistles joined in, then the neighborhood alarms got into action. The quarter was residential and aristocratic, but adjoined the busy *place* de l'École Militaire, through which laden taxis were struggling, between infantry columns, long files of camouflaged six-inch guns and baby tanks. Overhead, the starlight was sharp and distant, and the sky was clear. Straining my eyes, I could make out the sausage shapes of two or three captive balloons high in the air.

The blue street lights were dimmed, then went out entirely. I could hear muffled commands as infantry columns veered to the sidewalks, in the

shadows of the trees, of which no leaves were stirring. In high windows of the rooms where shuddering servant girls slept, matches or candles flickered guiltily, were blacked out, reappeared again. From the broad avenue, a short one-armed man with D.A. on his sleeve barked upward.

“No lights. This is precisely the moment when lights are dangerous.”

Then the D.A. chap caught sight of me in a doorway.

“You’ll have to go inside. There is shelter in No. 103 for ninety-two persons,” he said, glancing around to see if he could produce the other ninety-one.

Windows opened. “Close all windows,” the D.A. shouted, and hurried away, flashlight in hand. In all the buildings I could see descending flashes as half-clad men and women tried to find their way to the cellars. A large white horse appeared from an alley, dragging a heavy cart. His driver stopped him, swore, then drove him to shelter beneath a stately plane tree.

“What the devil? Must I go to the cellar, and leave the horse to be gassed or to walk away? Or have I the right to sit in my wagon?” the driver asked.

“Chauffeurs have the right to sit in their vehi-

cles," I volunteered. One had the impulse to answer all questions.

"*Merde alors,*" the driver said. "I'm as good as a chauffeur."

So there he sat in the open, while I tried the door of 103.

"Who's there?" asked a hospitable voice.

"The *chef d'islot* said I must enter," I explained. "I hope I'll not be in the way."

"But no, monsieur! Come in! See. I've plastered up the windows with putty, so no gas can leak in, and I have chairs and a radio for my clients," the *concierge* said proudly. Just behind him I saw his pale fat wife, with no expression on her face, and a daughter, like her mother, but still beautiful.

"Monsieur has no gas mask," the *concierge's* wife said, fearfully. "The *chef d'islot* will fine us."

"I'm a foreigner," I said.

"Evidently," she said, but not unkindly.

Outside the sirens had ceased their din and the starlit sky was calm. The only sound on the avenue was the footsteps of the officious *chef d'islot*.

The *concierge* led the way to the concrete room he had air-proofed in the basement. The walls were of concrete and not flimsy. Two easy chairs and a few kitchen chairs, strewn with worn blankets, were the only furnishings, except a small radio on



the floor in a corner. From the house, a retired army officer descended from the top floor, escorted by his nephew, who was just below military age. The old Colonel was eighty-two years old, but he refused the easy chair and sat in a hard one with dignity until he fell asleep. In an opposite corner were his two Alsatian servants, extremely pious old maid sisters. A sleepy and very frightened Basque girl of nineteen, named Anna, her younger sister Jeanne, the busy *concierge* and his wife and daughter were all finding comfortable places when a hysterical voice called from the sidewalk above, and there was frantic pounding on the door. A large fat woman wearing a wig and panting in a terrified way was admitted by the *concierge*, and with her came three yapping dogs, each about a foot long, old, half-blind and infirm. One of them, named Musique, hesitated and his mistress pleaded with him.

"We'll get into trouble for admitting dogs," said the *concierge's* wife, at which the fat woman, who kept a perfume shop next door, burst into tears.

"Let them in, poor animals," said the *concierge*, but in our dugout all eyes were fixed on the white-haired Colonel. He was a reserve officer, with rank and honors, and should know what was right.

"What harm, poor creatures?" he said.

"*Ah, merci, monsieur.* How can I thank you?"

wailed the fat woman, clasping all three trembling dogs in her lap, from which they hopped erratically, now and then, only to return again when the cool night air made them shiver.

Periodically the *concierge* went upstairs to gaze at the sky. There was argument as to whether a certain noise was anti-aircraft fire or simply a Metro that passed near by. The Basque servant girls, tired and with beautiful complaisant faces, sank to sleep in their chairs, hand in hand. The pious Alsatian women became merry and encouraged the *concierge* to tell ribald stories about his seven years in the cavalry in Africa. Once the laughter was so hearty as to awaken the Colonel, who promptly toddled up the six flights of stairs to his bed. That was an hour after the alarm had sounded. The others debated as to whether to stay or go, but always the *concierge's* wife reminded them of the dread *chef d'islot*, who could clap a fine on them or have them carted away to jail.

Two priests came silently in, pasty white, and were given a separate cellar, nearer the stifling heater, the *concierge* being a Socialist and free thinker.

After two hours I went upstairs with the *concierge*, on one of his periodical inspections of the sky, and saw that day was breaking. We stepped out

on the sidewalk for a smoke, risking the wrath of the D.A. The old white horse was asleep, so was his driver. The columns of infantry, tanks, artillery and supply trucks were still motionless under the trees beyond the *place*.

"Will the Americans help us?" asked the *concierge*.

"I'm sure they'll furnish you with materials and equipment you need. Nobody likes Hitler," I said.

"All the same. He's good for the Germans. I wish we had a man," the *concierge* said.

Just before sunrise, the "all clear" signal sounded, with a din almost as disturbing as the false alarm had been. Our companions came up from the dungeon, yawning but relieved, and the three little dogs yapped and scampered like waterbugs all over the sidewalk. The *bistrot* on the corner of the rue de Grenelle was opening for business, and already had a crowd around the zinc bar, including many of the residents of the avenue who in ordinary times would have scorned the place. The *concierge* and I were pursuing our conversation.

"You wish you had a man like Hitler?" I asked.

"Not like him, but nevertheless a man," the *concierge* said. "We won the war, in 1918, and somehow we've lost it again. Tardieu, Laval, Blum, Daladier . . . one proved to be worse than the other."

"You'd better be careful. I saw in the paper to-day that one cannot speak badly even of the Poles, without risking a fine and several days in prison," said his wife.

The daughter, I had learned, was about to get married, although her young man was in the Maginot Line and had not enough money to support her. That was what her mother had done—if you substitute Marne for Maginot.

"We're lucky to be in a swell quarter, although we live on the back street," said a white-haired stationer and newsdealer. "No one bombs rich quarters. The bombs fall where the workers live."

"Workers are lucky not to be at the front," said the wife of a baker who had departed that day.

"There won't be a front, this time," a milkman said.

Sleep was impossible for me, so until eleven o'clock, the hour of my appointment with Rose S., I watched the exodus from Paris and tried to size up the prevailing moods. More and more I was impressed and filled with admiration, and the more admiration I felt, the sadder I became. I had admired the brave people of Spain, who had resisted tyranny and invasion. Also I had been deeply shocked by their treatment at the hands of the French Government, whose people were facing a similar fate and

could not or would not believe it. Everyone just then was admiring the Poles, who, according to the papers, were resisting bravely. One thing was sure. The bravest of them had the shortest terms of life ahead of them and the worst to fear for their families.

The people of Paris were going to war with dignity and without illusions. Not once had I heard the *Marseillaise*. There was no cheering when troops passed or captive balloons were hoisted up and hauled down. Workmen muttered against Daladier, who was sweeping away all labor's gains under the Popular Front. Soldiers and their wives harangued against workmen, who talked of strikes in reprisal. Communists were being outlawed, Fascists changing their tune. Parliament was powerless. The population faced a chill winter in the country, where heating facilities or even sanitary facilities scarcely existed. The means of livelihood of the city folk had been taken away. Their shops were closed. Could their country relatives feed them? Hitler had announced already that after six weeks, when Poland had been subdued, the might of Germany would be turned toward the west. Could the *Boche* break the Maginot Line?

Everywhere there were ample reasons for panic, and still all around me was an impressive calm and

resolution. There were cliques and classes, internal dissensions, complete lack of confidence in the politicians. But no one said the war was unnecessary or could be avoided. Paris was not on parade. The Parisians had not been goaded and excited. I could not help believing that French determination would prove more effective than German bombast, if only the French were not overwhelmed. Some of the army chiefs were insisting that Italy be made to declare herself on one side or the other. Instead of dreading another foe, the bulk of the French people seemed eager for a chance to close the mouth of Mussolini and hear the end of his claims in the Mediterranean.

I lingered in the gare Montparnasse, where trainloads of school children, marching along two and two in care of their teachers, were being kissed, wept upon, then loaded into trains. Those were the children who could not remain with their parents, and who had no relatives in the country who could take them. Here and there, flashlights exploded as news photographers and employees of the propaganda division got touching human interest shots to scatter on inky pages throughout the world. Particularly I noticed a pair of twins, with honey-colored hair, bobbed in the same manner, dressed alike. If a child was carefree, he was selected for that

reason. If he or she had a sad worn face, like a mature man or woman, and looked with dread into the future, that child was much in demand by the press. I had visited the orphan colonies in Republican Spain before the débâcle and had noticed that in almost every class or dormitory, one child remained alone and could not be comforted. It was the same in the gare Montparnasse, and I was forced to turn away and hurry out into the street, blinded with tears, when I asked myself, "If that forlorn child were a certain little boy who looks to you for guidance . . ."

The question could not be faced, or even endured.

The central market, because of the possibility of air raids and wholesale destruction, no longer spread its store of meats and vegetables, fruits and flowers, in the glare of arc lamps around Les Halles. The hours were from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, and for a while I watched the market folk and their customers attempting to adjust themselves to new conditions, without losing too many sous. The fresh fish were there, glistening on scrubbed board counters: John O'Dorys, conger eels, whiting, mackerel, daurade. Fresh-plucked fowl were displayed in abundance. Grapes and apples, purple eggplants, potatoes, beans, cauliflower—

how long would the supply last? Supposing Les Halles should become another Guernica? What about those compressed-air bombs in Barcelona that knocked buildings flat one hundred yards from the point of explosion? Would the British and French retaliate against ruthlessness, or would they argue and hesitate too long?

Naturally, in the course of my work, it had been made clear to me that there would soon be a general war. In fact, I had been surprised that it had been delayed so long. Now that I was witnessing its beginning, I could hardly accept the fact. For this war was to be totalitarian and its commencement was not on the military front, but here behind the lines, in cities. All I could say was that Paris was giving an excellent account of itself.

In the Luxembourg Gardens the autumn flowers, the late-bloomers for which the park was world-famous, were luxuriant. But the children who should have swarmed on the pathways and the nursemaids who should have occupied the benches were absent. A few priests strolled here and there, prayer books clasped behind their backs. Some of the old men who played croquet or cards were carrying on. But nowhere else did Paris seem more deserted.

The café where I had agreed to meet Rose was



just across from one of the Luxembourg gates and I arrived at the place of rendezvous in time to swallow a few cups of black coffee. The long walk (I had covered many miles since leaving the Balzar), had tired my legs but the weird wartime sights had set my brain spinning at an unusual rate of speed. I did not try to slow it down.

Heads turned on the *terrasse* as Rose, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with ivory complexion and lithe graceful figure, approached. The strong autumn sun shone through her flimsy skirt, revealing the outlines of her legs and undergarments.

"How damned beautiful," I thought to myself, but did not dare betray my admiration. Many times before I had deplored the fact that Rose was steeped in questionable world politics which had spoiled a lovely girl to make a zealot.

"I slept through the alarm," she said. "My *concierge* was furious, but I slept, just the same. Just now I learned that the police raided the party headquarters and several of the big unions while the air raid was on. Gathered up all the papers they could find."

"Did they get many names?" I asked, hoping Rose would not be involved.

"Lots of them. Daladier's going to outlaw all his opponents, the only ones who voted against

Munich. . . . The workers won't stand for it," she said, spilling her coffee in her indignation.

"I spent the night in a shelter and the morning in the streets. This looks like anything but a revolutionary situation to me. The army is being mobilized, police are everywhere. The labor unions were fairly well smashed after the general strike a year ago. Everyone believes he must fight Hitler."

"It's a class war, nothing more nor less," she said with conviction.

"That's one side of it, surely," I admitted.

Rose's room, in the Hotel de l'Odéon, was neatly arranged but Spartan to a degree incongruous with her appearance. On the street she had to dress her part, that of a love-lorn student, but at home all was businesslike. No periodicals or documents were there, only schoolbooks and scientific treatises. Her gay wardrobe was hidden in a closet, an extra blanket was folded in a military way at the foot of the wooden bed. On the wall were a crucifix, a trade calendar, and an old engraving of the Tuileries before the fire. The radio, which was more expensive and elaborate than any of the other articles, had been bought by the professor, in a shop where he was known. A few minutes before eleven, Rose turned the dial and caught a local station from

which an earnest French soprano was singing out the strains of "*Parlez moi d'amour.*"

"Revolted," said Rose, turning the dial in a fury. "What incredibly frivolous rot."

"Most of the performers and employees of the broadcasting companies have been called to the colors," I said. "The short wave to America last evening, on the station most valuable for propaganda, sent out some boring stuff about Racine. Perhaps they'll do better after they get organized."

She was searching the dial for 9.61 megacycles. The receiving set was in perfect adjustment. Soon a smooth voice with a pleasing inflection filled the room.

"This is Germany calling, Germany calling. Here are stations Köln, Hamburg and DJA. Good evening. Good evening, everybody. I trust you are well."

Rose glanced at me and whispered, "He's on the air again."

"Now don't be hasty. Hear me out, if you please," the voice continued. "We British always stand for fair play, oh, don't we now? You may think me a traitor, but hear what I have to say."

"I want to talk about Poland, to tell the truth about it, if I may. We're much nearer Poland here in Germany, you know. That's what makes it so

absurd for your old gentleman, Mr. Chamberlain, to talk about helping the Poles. As a matter of fact, the Poles aren't faring so badly, really. They've had such a filthy government. Got them into all sorts of trouble, and now their ministers are ready to turn tail and are already in Rumania. It's taken the Fuehrer about five days to chase them out. They'll turn up in Paris presently, with old mother Beneš who used to be President of Czechie. No doubt they'll come to London, so you can size them up for yourselves. Not a prepossessing lot. After all, what do Englishmen care about Poland, so long as the people there are decently treated? You may be sure the Poles will be thick as thieves with German soldiers, especially those pretty Polish women. They won't hold a grudge forever. As a matter of fact, they've been rather cordial to the German troops already.

"Be calm, my friends. Go out into your charming English garden and fill up your favorite pipe. Walk up and down the paths, and after a fragrant puff or two, ask yourselves what you or your country has to do with Poland. Mr. Chamberlain didn't get worked up about the Czechs to any noticeable extent. He parked his umbrella and signed right on the dotted line, as the Americans say. And what about the Americans? We get plenty of news direct

from New York, here in Germany. The Americans didn't take it very kindly when the *Athenia* was sunk, and they began to understand the trick Mr. Churchill had played on them. A clever bit, Mr. Churchill, but not clever enough. The United States is wary this time, and there are quite a few Germans there, after all, aren't there?

"Are you listening? That's good. I'll soon be through and the pubs will still be open, I hope. You surely haven't run short of beer. We haven't in Germany. Now in a week or two, the Fuehrer'll have Poland, the Poles will begin to be reconciled to German order and the world can go back to its business again. Unless, my friends, your Mr. Chamberlain and his impetuous Mr. Churchill are obdurate. That would be too bad for England, wouldn't it? With Germany prepared, no worries about the East, and eighty million people solidly behind their leader. Not a bad fellow, when you know him. Simple, open-hearted. A peace-loving man who doesn't want to spend his life in useless fighting. Why not call the whole thing off? Why not go back to work? Why have London bombed and burned, the children chased into the country, industry at a standstill, nations at one another's throats? You may be sure the French aren't keen for war. Why, only today, the German soldiers on the Siegfried Line

saw a sign put up by the French across from them. Do you know what it said? 'Look out, comrades. The British are coming.'

"The Fuehrer won't be vindictive. He'll give you all another chance. He can live and let live. He's made peace with Russia. The countries are going to prosper, side by side, whatever their differences in ideas about government. Can England do that? No, my friends. Mr. Chamberlain says she must help Poland. I haven't heard him say how.

"Now it's getting toward lunch time, and everybody here is looking forward to a good meal. You are told we have no eggs and butter, that we eat meat in Germany once a week, and horse meat to boot. I want to take you with me into one of the Hamburg cafés where some students and sailors are singing a good German song, with beer on the table and the smell of sausage and potatoes coming in from the kitchen. They feel good this morning, because they all slept well. The Fuehrer didn't keep them up all night with a fake air alarm, as Monsieur Daladier did the Parisians. I don't think the French are singing this morning. I think they're getting tired of this war already, before it's fairly started. Indeed, we have information here that even M. Daladier is willing to listen to reason, and let the Poles be improved in the good German way. The Fuehrer has

said again and again that he doesn't covet Alsace-Lorraine, that he likes the French and admires them. Not their politicians, you know, but the French who work for a living, have a home and children, mind their own business.

"Well, now for the beer and the music, and those German sausages that smell so good. Hear the boys sing, friends . . .

*"Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um."*

. . . "Cheerio, until this afternoon."

Rose switched off the radio and turned to me. "Well?" she asked.

"Insidious stuff," I said. "I wonder how much of a following this chap has in England."

"I'm going to find out. Do you think he is English?"

"I am fairly sure that he's a well-educated Englishman, public school and all that, who is imitating the speech of a lower stratum of society. Not Cockney, of course, but middle class, the ones who ape the toffs and resent the advantages of the rich at the same time. Anyway, he can't be German or French or Italian or Scandinavian or Russian. If he's American, he's spent most of his life in England, and the rest near Boston."

"Will he prove to be effective? Will the British shut him off the air?" Rose asked. "Already, you

know, the Germans have an announcer who speaks perfect French. But it's different here. The French turn white with rage and turn him off, sometimes disabling the machine. In England, I understand, hundreds of thousands of men and women wait for the mysterious Englishman's broadcast and talk about it throughout the day."

"I shall listen in myself, after this. The fellow has a way of holding one's attention. God, what a temptation to accept his line. After what I have seen in the last forty-eight hours, I myself would consent to almost anything to prevent this war from breaking loose in earnest. . . . Of course, no concessions would stop Hitler. He couldn't stop if he wanted to. But how to make the general public understand . . ."

"The public will learn to look to Russia for leadership, if you mean by the public, the public who earns its keep, not the drones," Rose said.

"Rose, my dear. You are talking too much about Russia and the worthy working public. Some day soon you're going to forget to whom you are speaking, and land in jail incommunicado."

She flushed, but thanked me. "You're right. I must stay in character. But see me often, if you can, so I won't explode and get myself in trouble."



“As often as you like,” I said, warmly.  
“You’re . . .”

Pained, she looked at me appealingly. “Oh, please,” she said. “We’ll go to bed if you’ve got that on your mind. Only don’t talk about it, at a moment like this.”

It was my turn to blush, for she had taken all the wind from my sails. “Hell. I can’t help my urges, what with all this excitement. And you are damned lovely, whether you like it or not. But I’m blasted if ever I go to bed with you unless you feel just like it,” I said.

“As truly as I stand here, I have never felt that way,” she said.

I went out cursing Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky, and all politicians or salvationists of any age or clime. Nevertheless, as soon as I had ordered my new uniform, checked up with Morgan and Company, and found a suitably obscure hotel, I turned in and slept deeply.

## ★ F O U R ★

DURING the next few weeks, I led a strange existence, fascinating to me insomuch as any spectacle could be that held such potentialities for human suffering. To many others who came in casual contact with me, it must have seemed pointless indeed. But I had thought the matter out carefully, and decided that if I were going to give Colonel Henri a report concerning French propaganda, I should concentrate as much as possible on its effects. The methods and texts were all too familiar.

First I learned what I could about the chief censor (who was also active as a direct propagandist). Of course, his literary work was familiar to me. He wrote novels that were neither good nor bad but quite successful. He was cultured but not adventurous, mentally indolent, superficially clever. As ambassador to several important countries he had

been a social success and never had got France into trouble. Neither had he got his Government out of any hole, as far as I could ascertain. I did not associate exclusively with Rose and her professor, or the harassed Communist group, although I kept in touch with them. Rather I cultivated my acquaintances in the news agencies and newspapers, so that a large area of what reached the public as blank white space in the journals came before my eyes in the printed form in which Monsieur G. rejected it. But that was routine. I knew G. was inexperienced, cautious, and that he would fumble at first.

The usual coloring of news in wartime was effected without change of pattern. Paris papers, and a part of the public, mentioned Polish resistance, the heroism of Polish aviators and officers, the determination of the population of Warsaw. All the time I knew Poland already was doomed, that mobilization there had never been accomplished and that continued resistance on the part of the Poles, while it gave England and France a few more days in which to prepare, meant in Poland only that the reign of terror by means of which Hitler intended to break the people's spirit could be pursued with all machinery of warfare, instead of more quietly, as in technical times of peace. How many Parisians were deceived?

Much was made of the Polish rains. The weather, it was said, would stall off Hitler all winter if only the Polish Army could hold together until November. Rose and I knew that the Polish rains would serve to make the army of occupation more sullen and uncomfortable, with dire results for men, women and children at the mercy of the Nazi troops.

Right in the beginning, I made up my mind to imbibe propaganda in small doses, and not numb my brain with an overload of unreality. Sometimes I wore my French uniform, at other times I found it more convenient to be an American. Almost nightly I changed hotels and quarters, and when the registration slips I made out were received at the police commissaries they were held out of the general file and sent to the War Department. I posed either as an officer detailed in Paris temporarily, or as a foreigner waiting for space on a liner.

It goes without saying that at eleven each morning and at five each afternoon I was seated before my radio intent on the words of Lord Haw Haw, the Peer of Zeesen. For so my favorite announcer and news commentator had been named on September 18th by Jonah Barrington, radio editor of the London *Daily Express*. The mysterious peer had changed his tune on the air. In that period he said

little about Mr. Chamberlain who, in the first days of the war, enjoyed more popularity at home than he had while futile negotiations were in progress. The British, and others, for that matter, were convinced that he had done his best for peace and taken up the iron gauntlet reluctantly. Lord Haw Haw had increased his own number of fans by poking fun at German propaganda, always, however, with sly digs at the British and French publicists, too. It appeared that his object, for the moment, was to shake the faith of English-speaking peoples in government handouts of any sort. Naturally, that worked to the advantage of Germany, whose broadcasts and editorials had been so crude and false that only dupes had believed them outside the borders for months or years.

I don't know what impelled me to ask the question, but one afternoon when I had accompanied Rose to the phonetics laboratory of the International Broadcasting Company in the rue Moscow (the name of which was due to be changed as soon as the authorities could get around to it), I interrogated and cross-examined her repeatedly as to the qualities of individual voices. Was Lord Haw Haw always the same Englishman? Could that fact be established definitely? What she told me astonished

me beyond all expectations. And her subsequent demonstration was still more surprising.

It seemed that Rose had been studying the voice of Lord Haw Haw, and had made records and graphs of his pronunciation of all the consonants and vowels. She showed me charts with firm lines and fine lines, showing pitch, volume, overtones—a wealth of technical material, only part of which I understood. Some days there was considerable static interference, and this had been plotted also.

“There is a laboratory in Berlin, one of the best, under direction of Professor Westphal,” Rose told me. “I studied with him in Vienna, and know his ability. Since Haw Haw’s voice is valuable to the Fuehrer, undoubtedly it has been oscillographed, recorded, diagrammed, analyzed and studied in all possible ways. If, for instance, the professor wanted to substitute another Englishman for Haw Haw, and the second Englishman had a voice not too dissimilar, Professor Westphal, by throwing in overtones, broadening or shortening vowels, could pass off one for the other. Why, in America a machine has been invented that will form words without the foundation of a human voice at all. It’s on exhibition at the World’s Fair, but for private research its cost is now prohibitive. How I should like to have one!”

John Bell, one of my friends on the local *Daily Mail*, was an Englishman who looked and acted like all of his countrymen put together, in an idealized form. He was tall, with good bearing, and had what Christina Stead calls "Cunard-colored" eyes. His manner was distant with strangers, cordial with his friends. He wore a public-school tie and had a degree from Christ's College, Oxford. Because he had always typified the English, at their best, to me, his face and manner of speaking came to my mind whenever I heard Lord Haw Haw. I asked Rose if she could doctor up John Bell's voice to resemble that of Haw Haw as it came over the radio. She was glad to make the experiment. I brought Bell with me to the Café Balzar one evening and introduced him to Rose and Professor Panarioux, who by that time was showing signs of wanting to be promoted from his job as dummy lover to the real McCoy. In my enthusiasm, I had forgotten how difficult Englishmen are. Now John Bell had never set eyes on Rose S. before, but from his distasteful way of looking at her through his cold blue eyes I realized at once that he thought her loose and far too good-looking. Also he disapproved of a student, so young and unprotected, holding hands with a bearded Frenchman old enough to be her father and who gazed at her in a way that was objectionable

to a purist like Bell. The evening went badly, with the professor overstepping the bounds of his employment, Rose twisting napkins in an effort to restrain herself from contesting Bell's rather stuffy opinions, and my own uneasiness for having engineered the whole thing.

For a while I was inclined to abandon the project, believing that if I suggested to Bell that we wanted to try him out as a substitute for Lord Haw Haw, the famous traitor to his country, Bell might take me out to the sidewalk and do me bodily harm, strictly within the limits of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. But having received the high sign from Rose that John's voice was just about right for our experiment, I broached the matter as tactfully as I could. Bell's reaction relieved my doubts.

"Why, certainly, old chap. Clever, Lord Haw Haw. And I must say he hits it on the nail now and then. I haven't missed his broadcast" (sounding like cawst) "in a fortnight," he said. And for the first time the conversation at our table became general and animated. If I had asked a Frenchman to impersonate the voice in French from Köln he would have stopped speaking to me. Never had I been more forcibly impressed with the differences in national temperaments. For Bell was a patriot, through and



through. He had pulled every possible wire to be relieved from his safe job in Paris and sent to the front as an officer and, when that had failed, he had tried to induce the *Daily Mail* to use him as a field correspondent.

The upshot of our meeting at the Balzar was that we gathered the next morning in the laboratory in the rue Moscow, in a large loft above the warehouse of a publishing company, and Bell obligingly read, improvised after-dinner speeches, pronounced each letter of the alphabet, and was as curious about the final result as I was. Surrounded by the apparatus she loved and understood, Dr. Rose S. came dangerously near giving herself away. More than once I saw Bell's eyes gleam with approval and astonishment because the pretty young café girl of questionable morals had turned into a savant and serious woman. When the session was over, he invited her to dine with him and was delighted when she accepted.

Two days later, after Rose had completed her analyses and graphs, we met again in the laboratory and listened to two broadcasts, one by Lord Haw Haw, the text of which was taken down in shorthand, the second by John Bell, whose voice was strained through a complicated apparatus Rose had rigged up. As he spoke, in a soundproof room in

plain sight of us, Rose sat at the controls and his voice came to us through a radio set. I doubt if Haw Haw himself, had he been a listener, could have told the voices apart.

Until closing time at the Balzar that night, and long afterward in the hotel room overlooking the black waters of the Seine, I pondered on what modern science was to do in the course of the war before us. Wonders had been worked in 1914-1918, but how primitive and ineffectual most of them seemed now! A man's voice was no longer his own. A voice, in fact, could be hatched up with a keyboard and didn't need a man at all. In other fields of science, similar strides had been made, and all were to be turned against mankind.

The Soviet admirers, in the period of which I am writing, were having much to answer for in Paris and I must admit were often criticized harshly and unjustly in the days following the Russian invasion and seizure of Poland as far as the Vistula. For the French public, it must be remembered, had been fed large doses of misinformation, to the effect that the Poles were holding out manfully and had prospects of turning back the German invaders. Therefore, Russia's move, to the ordinary Frenchman, meant a stab in the back of a brave and allied people. The Communist newspapers were promptly suppressed,

prominent Communists were arrested and kept without trial in prison, where they could communicate with no one, inside or out. Other prisoners were obliged to turn their backs when political prisoners were marched through the room. That many Parisians had begun to suspect that Poland had been lost long before Russia moved in, seemed only to make them surlier and less charitable. Only the Jews drew breaths of relief to think that tens of thousands of their race had been snatched from Nazi hands.

As soon as I heard the news I hurried to the Balzar, to get Rose's angle, if she had one. I knew she was very high in party circles and had been entrusted with important confidential missions. She did not appear at the café that Sunday evening, nor the next day, nor on Tuesday. On Wednesday I chanced to be walking up the rue du Louvre, bound for a small café and restaurant where manipulators on the Bourse had lunch and stopped for a drink after closing hours. Nowhere else could one, if one was inconspicuous, pick up more information about the trend of financial affairs. I was startled out of several years' growth by a hearty voice just behind me.

"Oh, I say! You're just the chap I've been look-

ing for. You're not easy to find, you know," said John Bell, the typical Englishman.

"You startled me," I said, which was an understatement.

"Sorry," he continued. "But I wonder if you could tell me how to get in touch with that remarkable girl, Miss S., you know. She's amazing, what? To tell the truth . . ."

The Englishman blushed like a schoolboy. He had just stopped himself in time from saying he was frightfully keen on Rose; in fact, that he had been scouring wartime Paris for her, as I had been. Absurd as it may have seemed, I had a lurking fear that my clumsy advances to her had put her off me. Of course, I had erred that way before, and she always had overlooked my awkwardness and susceptibility. More likely she was in danger, because of the new impetus the Russian move in Poland had given the Red hunt in France. Georges Bonnet had been removed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and given the post of Minister of Justice (lovely word) in order to hunt down left-wing leaders and scotch the labor movement, once and for all. That was a field in which General Gamelin did not impose himself. The commander-in-chief had spent his life in the army and knew nothing of social or financial problems.

Anxious about Rose, I called Professor Panarioux on the telephone and hung up the receiver in a bad temper. The professor was evasive in his answers. He did not disclose Rose's whereabouts. He said she was in good health, and was safe. I did not question him in detail. All telephone lines were likely to be tapped. Public phones and booths had been closed. One had to phone in the open or not at all, and in the French language practically devoid of foreign accent. Otherwise an operator cut you off, very often after rebuking you for not having stayed in the land you came from. I never had liked Professor Panarioux, or trusted him, and I hoped for Rose's sake that she had not confided in him too much. Otherwise he might betray her to the authorities. Dozens and hundreds of the comrades had been similarly betrayed.

At the Hotel de l'Odéon one of the Alsatian women, a joint proprietor with her sister, told me Mademoiselle S. had quit the hotel several days before, without leaving an address. As a last resort I went to the sound laboratories not only of the International Broadcasting Company, but all the others I knew about. Dr. S. had not been seen in any of them.

My ire was gradually aroused. Either the French Government agents had arrested her and were hold-

ing her incommunicado, or she was deliberately avoiding me. Either possibility angered me and increased my determination to find her. I went straight to Colonel Henri and, after exacting a promise of secrecy, I told him a half truth, namely: that I had become infatuated with a beautiful young girl at the Sorbonne who had been on the harmless fringe of the C.P. The girl had disappeared. Would he, as a personal favor, make inquiries in Bonnet's department and let me know if she had been apprehended?

"Of course. Glad to help you," Colonel Henri said. "It makes me ill, the way they're running in-offensive people around. As if we haven't enough to do. But politicians are all the same. That's why they go into politics. First in importance comes their job, then their clique. I've heard it suggested that they all be sent to the trenches, but by whom? We have no dictator, worse luck."

"Supposing Gamelin . . ." I began.

"He's a soldier, nothing more," the Colonel said.

Within six hours his assistant gave me Rose's new address in the rue de Vert Bois. The moment I saw her, I was aware that she had been suffering intensely and all my indignation melted. She had not been informed about the proposed move in Poland before troops were actually on the march. She was

in the dark as to what she was supposed to say in Stalin's defense. I suspected that she was beginning to understand that the alliance of her idol in the Kremlin with her arch-enemy, Hitler, was a *fait accompli* and that her furious hate of Nazi arrogance and cruelty would have to be stifled, in line of duty. For an intense girl like Rose, that was a task that strained every fiber of her being. Was that why she had avoided me? Did she think I would gloat over her discomfiture? As kindly as I could, I set her right on that score. Then, in the hope of amusing her, I told her what havoc she was causing in the honest heart of John Bell, of the "Cunard-colored" eyes.

I should have remembered how she loathed her own power to entangle well-meaning males of all classes and nationalities. The mention of Bell's name made her wince. I thought for a moment she was going to be ill.

My next foray into the field of diverting conversation had worse results. I spoke of Lord Haw Haw. That time she was not disgusted, but flustered, and her pitiful effort to appear nonchalant aroused enough of my chivalry so that I did not press the matter. She tried to make it appear that, once the voice experiment was over, she had no further interest in John Bell's vocal cords or nasal tones. And

as for Lord Haw Haw, she was bored with his vapid chatter. Surely, it could have no value in influencing England, she said. Reports I had received were exactly to the contrary, but I was bewildered by Rose's uncandid attitude and shut up like a clam. We parted, without making another appointment and, disgruntled, I plunged myself into my survey of French propaganda again. It was getting worse and worse.

I do not suppose that the essentially peace-desiring leaders of peace-loving but determined peoples ever faced problems exactly like those which confronted the statesmen of France and England in the first days of the war. I am not speaking of the military problems, but the civil situations. This was to be the first civilians' war. The man and woman in the street was to have his or her part, offensively and defensively. Unarmed cities were to be targets, and targets more accessible than the heavily fortified front lines.

Germany was prepared to strike, but Hitler and his close associates did not believe the Allies would fight. The Allies were not prepared, and were obliged to pretend that their hesitation in opening large-scale hostilities was on theoretical grounds. The population of France, which had been slowly brought to the boiling point by Hitler's and Musso-



lini's insults and abuses, now had to be kept from cooling. And there were no invasions of French soil, retreats and valiant counter-attacks, like that of the Marne, to make them feel the danger; no quick victories to inflame their lagging hopes.

Much was made of a supposed offensive in the Saar region. The Warndt forest, near Forbach, was "occupied." Saarbruch was "evacuated," all according to Monsieur G, the novelist's handouts to the press. At the first approach of the Germans in force, the French scrambled back to the Maginot Line, but this was not stressed in the news. The Minister of War, who was also Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, used false air-raid alarms hoping thus to keep his people on their toes, and succeeded only in breaking their much-needed sleep. This official blundering was pie for Lord Haw Haw. In fact, I soon began to notice that events in Paris, minor events, since no major ones occurred, reached the ears of the German announcers in Hamburg, Köln and DJA in time for their next broadcast. If the French authorities had any such detailed information about life in Berlin they did not see fit to disclose it.

There was a terrific to-do about the distribution of gas masks, and Monsieur Reynaud, Minister of Finance, made one of his master strokes in that con-

nection. All citizens and their children over the age of two were ordered to go to their local commissary of police to be fitted with gas masks. What was going to happen to the infants less than two years old, no one explained, until that question became the most general topic of conversation in the almost-deserted streets and overcrowded villages. Then it was announced in all the four-page newspapers (patched with white) that special masks were being prepared for the babies. Up to the time I left, I did not see any of them. But after the masks had been handed out to adults, the latter were informed that they would have to pay for them, a total of about two and one half billions of francs.

Another means of diverting the public from worrying about inaction at the front was the building of zigzag trenches in public parks, as protection against air raids. To the Parisians who had convinced the War Department they should remain in the city, or the larger body of citizens who had defied the Government order to evacuate, watching the trench digging in the Invalides, the Champ de Mars, the Parc Monceau, the Luxembourg Gardens, the Champs Élysées, etc., became a daily sport. And at twilight, dozens of huge captive balloons were raised slowly toward the darkening sky, and arguments mounted with them as to whether they would

snare enemy planes or not. The consensus was in the negative.

Many of the city dwellers who had obeyed their first hysterical impulse to seek shelter in the country quickly got bored. They began to complain of discomforts the peasants took for granted. Then floods of them tried to return home. The Government (in the person of M. Daladier) countered with a decree that no one could make a journey, even for a few miles, by railroad, automobile or otherwise, without permission in writing, the document to bear the travelers' photograph and fingerprints, attested and countersigned by the local police authorities. During the first fortnight of mobilization, the mails were at a standstill and the use of the public telegraph forbidden.

Business streets were a queer patchwork of closed corrugated-iron shutters and locked grilles, and shop windows crisscrossed with adhesive paper, so that the concussion of exploding bombs would not shatter them easily. In true French manner, neighbors vied with one another in original designs and evolved striking patterns, geometrical and otherwise, on the methylene-blue panes. *Concierges* up and down the streets rivaled one another also in stopping chinks with putty and cement, so that the air-raid shelters were absolutely without ventilation.

Unfortunately the zigzag trenches and gas-mask distribution, on a smaller scale, were old stuff to the citizens of Paris, the same stimulants having been applied at the time of the Munich conference a year before. One of the wittiest signs I saw on a closed bakery read: "Closed on account of the annual mobilization."

John Bell, pale and bewildered, haunted the Bazar in the hope of seeing Rose. He was hard hit, poor chap, and I felt sorry for him. In a last desperate attempt to enlist and forget, he spent three days in London, was refused again for the service (on account of injuries he had received in 1918) and returned sadly to the desk of the Paris *Daily Mail*. He had been in London also during the days of the Munich affair and told me that a year ago, when trenches had been dug all over London and gas masks given out, the Londoners had felt a wave of pacifism. They were game enough, but not really concerned about the Czechs. France was their ally and was committed to the preservation of Czech independence, but Laval had let them down "stinking" (as they expressed it) in the case of Abyssinia. And Prague was many miles away and peopled with foreigners. Bell was very frank about the vagaries of his countrymen and mentioned them oftener than he did their solid qualities, which he took for

granted. He told me that they cared as little for the Poles as they had for the Czechs, but were convinced that Hitler had gone far enough. This time, the sight of trenches in Hyde Park and photographs of the kiddies trying on gas masks had not deterred them from declaring war.

"About our friend, Lord Haw Haw?" I asked him.

"He's as popular as Harry Lauder used to be. Everybody listens to him. It struck me, though, that he's not quite as funny as he was. He keeps harping on class distinctions, the rich and poor, you know—all that kind of rot. Asks the people: Who gets the profits? How much do they stand to win, in pounds and shillings? What price victory? Did they get rich in 1918, when everything seemed to be going their way? No. It was the profiteers. Now in Germany, he says, there is no privileged aristocracy. One man is as good as another. And a merchant or manufacturer who tried to squeeze his countrymen would have his head chopped off. But I daresay there's plenty of grafting in the Reich. And a bit in England, worse luck."

"Sounds socialistic to me, this new line of Haw Haw's," I said.

"Oh, the Socialists have a point or two that's sound," Bell said, looking very grave and tolerant.

“If only they weren’t such blighters. That’s what puts people off them. And they’re always in such a blasted hurry.”

“Holy cats!” I said excitedly. The exclamation had nothing directly to do with what Bell was saying, yet his conversation had brought it out. His words had fitted into a kind of picture puzzle that had been forming unconsciously in my mind. Whatever else he said got little of my attention that evening, for my brain was racing and I was trying to steer it properly without slackening its speed. My hunch was nebulous, indeed, but facts were facts and had to be explained. Lord Haw Haw had changed his tune again. Of course, I had noticed that myself, but I had not understood how much ground he was gaining with the British. At the moment the mysterious announcer, who now had an audience as large as that of Amos and Andy, and more diverse—just when Haw Haw had begun to show veiled concern for the downtrodden masses, Rose S. had ceased to worry about him. Was it possible that the Peer of Zeesen had two masters, Hitler and Stalin, whose hearts were beginning to beat as one?

I knew that cryptographers sleep lightly and at odd hours, so I went to an address in the rue Rochecouart, a certain No. 13 at which the door is marked “Marianne” and bears the invitation: “*Entrez*

*sans frapper.*” The small and apparently frivolous proprietress of the house was in the service of her country in more than one way. Colonel Henri had asked me to go there, when I found it necessary to telephone him, and tell her what I wanted to say. Then she murmured baby talk to a supposed lover over the wire, in a most ingenious code that would have burned the ears and upset the vigilance of the strictest eavesdropping censor.

“Is ums daddy-waddy at his nasty old deskie-weskie, when his Mariette has on her new nightie? . . . Oh, naughty! Daddy-waddy can see right through. And ozzzer awful soldier man wants to play oddleoodleoodley whoopsikins, too. Shall Mariette let him?”

The above is a free translation of the playful and suggestive words Madame Mariette lisped. Within five minutes a taxi pulled up at the door and the small dapper Colonel, after glancing up and down the blue-lighted street, pushed open the door that set a bell clanging in the reception room in which I waited with the landlady.

“Did I wake you?” I asked.

“No. I was working. But I’m glad for a rest from that new Italian code. The macaroni have learned a thing or two about ciphers.”

Madame Mariette left us for a moment to get a

cool bottle of Piper-Heidsieck, not the kind she served her customers, but a special vintage kept on hand for Colonel Henri and his confreres. The Colonel, who worked prodigiously, looked tired, but soon rallied.

"I hope I haven't started you on a wild goose chase," I said, "but I have a hunch so strong I thought I ought to pass it on. It's about an Englishman . . ."

"About Lord Haw Haw?" asked Colonel Henri.

"Exactly. How did you know?" I asked.

"You are studying propaganda. In that field there is one sensation, thus far: the Lord from Zeesen, or Hamburg, or Cologne . . ."

"Or Moscow . . ." I interrupted.

"Moscow," he repeated in astonishment, but without delay he composed himself and said, "In cryptography, practically all our results come from hunches, from notions picked out of the blue. Please, if you can, trace the growth of this interesting idea. I shall place myself in a receptive but critical state of mind and listen carefully. Afterward we can discuss the matter."

The champagne and the restful atmosphere of the semi-luxurious *maison de joie* had put me in a good mood. I began at the beginning, told how Rose S. had called my attention to the mysterious English



voice and asked my opinion about it. I told the Colonel about Bell and the experiments in the laboratory, about Rose's strange manner when I found her in the rue de Vert Bois. . . . I was aware that I was committing an unethical act in connecting Rose with the outlawed C.P. or Moscow, but it seemed to me that Colonel Henri's powerful protection, the promise of which I exacted promptly, more than compensated for what I disclosed of her intricate affairs.

Colonel Henri listened intently to my remarks. It was as if he had cleared his mind of everything and was allowing me to furnish it anew. In my pocket I had three stenographic records, one of a Haw Haw broadcast in the first, or Chamberlain-baiting period, which lasted through the very first days of the war. The second was a burlesque of German propaganda. The third, dating the second day after the Russian seizure of Eastern Poland, went, in part, as follows:

"Well, my friends. Here's Germany calling again. Not the Germany you read about in the dear old *Times*, whose editors imagine Prussian officers are striding up and down Unter den Linden pushing baby carriages off the sidewalk. But a growing healthy Germany, settling down to peace and quiet, after all the to-do that has been made about giving

the nation adequate living space. Everyone is satisfied here. We have all we want, and no quarrel with anyone. The Czechs are content, and some harmless schoolboy pranks have been distorted and exaggerated. The Fuehrer has been shooting schoolboys before breakfast, it seems. How absurd! The last time I saw the Fuehrer, he was releasing a butterfly that had flown inside his window.

“The war? What war? In the beginning, the Fuehrer said that when Poland was put in order he would turn west, but no one has attacked in the west, and unless the British can’t stop themselves in time, we are in for an era of peace. France wants peace, Russia doesn’t want to fight. Even President Roosevelt, whose son married into the family of one of the biggest munitions manufacturers in the world, a French Jew in America, doesn’t want to have a war. The Pope himself prays daily for peace.

“I’m not addressing Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Churchill. I’d like to say a word to the man in the fields or the factory, the clerk” [clark], “the chauffeur, the chap with a little shop his father had before him. If England persists in fighting, if Germany isn’t allowed to live in peace, who pays? Not Mr. Chamberlain. His stipend goes on just the same, and if worse comes to worse, there are always vacancies in American universities. The Yanks have a frightful

lot of schools, and like to have a few non-Jews on the faculty.

“The English worker and tradesman knows who will foot the bills. And the United States isn’t likely to send over boatloads of gold this time. The English upper classes” [clawses] “will go on, as usual. They’ll find ways of getting their ill-earned money to New York, and when the pound goes to pot, they’ll double or triple their pile. Will Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Churchill shake them down, and make them do their bit? Oh, no. Not unless the people of England take matters into their own hands, and find a leader like Germany has, or go a step farther and abolish profit entirely.

“The world moves on, my friends, and thanks to the English aristocracy, merry England lags behind. Everywhere else one foresees economic and social changes and prepares for them. What happens in England? All the government jobs are held by men with public-school ties. Am I right? You’ve all seen them. The English workers are taxed the limit already, at the beginning of a war, not the middle or the end. And all the English worker has to do to save himself and rehabilitate himself is to say ‘no’ to the bankers and industrialists who are rooting for an imperialistic war, to line their own pockets.

“There’s a stirring old song called Rule, Britannia. ‘Rule, Britannia. Britannia rules the waves. Britons never shall be slaves.’

“As for ruling the waves, Mr. Churchill is having his troubles, isn’t he? At the rate German submarines are sending ships to the bottom, there won’t be much left on the sea except waves. But Mr. Churchill won’t rule them. What the lords and ladies of the Admiralty never seem to learn is that while a sub can submerge many times each day, a battleship only goes down once.

“Well, cheerio. I, for one, am going down for a pint. Let’s all have one for the road, as they say. Toodle-oo until tomorrow.”

Colonel Henri sat in silence a full two minutes.

“That doesn’t sound German,” he said. “The Germans are too heavy-handed. Neither does it sound Russian, to me. If any propagandists have been duller than the Boches, the Soviet Russians are entitled to the medal. What your Englishman, Mr. Bell, said about ‘blighters’ is all too true. The ‘comrades’ go out of their way to be offensive, to flaunt bad manners and worse taste, to scorn the good fruits of civilization as well as the bad.”

“That is the point,” I said. “Unless I am mistaken, the master propagandist is Lord Haw Haw himself and not one of his superiors. He has the touch

the others lack. Before Rose S. lost interest in him, perhaps under orders, she tested many of his broadcasts and established that he did not read them but delivered them without notes. What does that mean? That they are not censored, most probably. That Lord Haw Haw is high enough in official circles to write his own ticket. And think of the jealous bureaucrats who must detest him!"

"I can tell you frankly that the British Bureau of Information is worried," Colonel Henri said. "They can't confiscate receiving sets and chop off heads if anyone is caught listening. Britannia may be in a bad way, but she hasn't come to that. One might as well deny a Frenchman his glass of wine as an Englishman his radio. The British mentality is shy of blacks and whites. Its color is gray. There is something sporting about listening to unpleasant truths from an enemy announcer, and the fact that the voice is a traitor's does not offend your Englishman as much as a foreign accent. The Sermon on the Mount, delivered in England with an American twang, or in German gutturals and snorts, would act as an irritant. And the former king has a following among the younger and sophisticated set that chuckles whenever Mr. Chamberlain is lampooned, although even with his umbrella the Prime Minister of England is not as much like a comic-

strip cartoon as Georges Bonnet, with his incredible nose."

"I have another strong suspicion," I said.

"Develop it by all means, my friend," the Colonel said.

"You have noticed that the general lines and objectives of German and Russian propaganda have been converging lately. Hitler, in particular, has stressed the socialistic and soft-pedaled the national features of Nazism. In fact, on questions of territory as well as on the plane of ideas, the Fuehrer has lost cards and spades to Uncle Josef Stalin. Could it be that Lord Haw Haw is the go-between, that he has established himself in Germany in the interest of another one-man government I need not name? Perhaps the world's leading radio speaker is also a master diplomat, a truly Machiavellian type. Does that seem possible to you?"

"Haw Haw must be removed. He must be silenced at any cost whatever," Colonel Henri said, rising and pacing the floor. "After he is dead, we shall know for certain just how dangerous he was. . . . Will you undertake the mission?"

"My German is not very good," I said.

"The devil! Can't you learn?" he said, unwilling to relinquish his swiftly formed plan.

"I'm not good at languages. You know what my

French is like. Fluent, but not the French of a Frenchman. Believe me, I regret my limitations more than you do. I'd ask nothing better than a crack at Lord Haw Haw."

"We must do something," said Colonel Henri, clasping his forehead. "The safety of France is dependent on English morale."

## ★ F I V E ★

IN THE beginning, the ranking officials of the French intelligence department (except those engaged in active censorship) were more concerned about Lord Haw Haw than were the British. They did not want their allies undermined. I once heard a talented French writer and *animateur* remark that the reason there is little open anti-Semitism in France is that the French are intelligent, too, and are not jealous of the intellectual Jews. The same national gift of good sense insulated the French public against the French Haw Haw, and enabled Frenchmen to tolerate the crude work of their own propagandists without being taken in. Every morning and afternoon the French announcer in Germany broadcast his piece, but it became more and more perfunctory and had a dwindling audience. There are classes in France, and well-defined, but the virile and important one is the *bourgeoisie*.



Shortly after my interview at Mariette's with Colonel Henri Henri, both the French and British secret services, however, made concerted efforts to find out about Lord Haw Haw: who he was, from which station he broadcast, how much play he was able to give his individual initiative. And Colonel Henri asked me to focus my studies on the Peer from Zeesen, extending me every facility at his command. The espionage service of both the Allies had been developed to a high degree in Germany, but, it seemed, the emphasis had been given military and naval movements and preparations. No machinery for reporting on civilian morale had been set up in time. Every British and French agent in the Reich was instructed to find out what he could about Lord Haw Haw, and about radio propaganda generally. The reports received in Paris were, to all intents and purposes, uninformative.

The ingenious journalist, Jonah Barrington, who had given Lord Haw Haw his immortal name, also had lent him a personality, and a personality well known to Englishmen and Americans the world over. Barrington had written, in his first Lord Haw Haw article in the *Daily Express*, that he "imagined Lord Haw Haw as having a receding chin, a questing nose, thin yellow hair brushed back, a monocle, a vacant eye, a gardenia in his buttonhole. . . .

Rather like P. G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster."

I could imagine Lord Haw Haw chuckling his thanks for the valuable introduction. Of course, Mr. Barrington wrote his article at the time when Lord Haw Haw was essentially the buffoon and was furnishing the British public some much-needed entertainment. But Bertie Wooster, one of the finest literary creations of this age, had a way of coming out on top. His character was unselfish and candid. He did not overrate himself, but he had a keen insight into others. He was game. He liked to gamble. He personified ease and contentment. One could easily picture Bertie Wooster at the Drones Club giving a rollicking imitation of a German radio announcer or news interpreter, after several rather stiffish Scotch and sodas. Not only did the British public begin to listen in each time Haw Haw's voice sailed out on the air, but secretly the English began to like the fellow. And the affection Haw Haw-Bertie gained for himself as a comedian held over when it appeared that Jeeves, or someone socially minded, had been putting fleas in the young aristocrat's ear. His hearers seemed pleased that Wooster from Zeesen had grown up a bit, and was exceeding his youthful promise.

The French counterpart of Haw Haw, whom I had nicknamed Monsieur Tien-Tien, came out with

the statement one day that of the two and one half billions of francs extracted from French citizens for gas masks, eight hundred and fifty millions had gone into the strong boxes of the manufacturers and, furthermore, that the masks were no good anyway. Of course, there was no way for the average Parisian to test his gas mask. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and so did his wife. Manufacturers naturally were in business to make money; politicians got themselves elected to share whatever profits they could. Nevertheless, thought the Frenchman, there is a fundamental loyalty to France in the make-up of everyone in the country. The same news item about graft on gas masks, rearranged to fit the English situation, did much more damage in London, and the Government was obliged to stage demonstrations and issue statements to ease the public mind. For *noblesse oblige*, although a French term, is taken much more seriously in England than in France. French aristocrats, having been left for years to their own devices, are known to have no interest in the public welfare. The British aristocracy is nominally responsible for British welfare. And the man in the street has a way of confusing noblemen with rich men, and vice versa.

Systematically, Allied spies in Germany observed the personnel of radio stations from which news or

comment was broadcast. Lists were transmitted in code, by every means known to espionage. Nowhere in Germany could a trace be found of a Lord Haw Haw in the flesh. Purely on the strength of my suspicion about his possible Russian connections, the Moscow stations were subjected to every feasible scrutiny. Naturally, spying in Russia is more difficult than spying in Germany, because the Soviets are less highly organized. Nevertheless, Colonel Henri showed me sheaves of documents, listing the names and addresses of every radio commentator in Russia whose voice had been heard on the air. Thousands of pounds and millions of francs were spent freely, but without inconveniencing Lord Haw Haw. A musical comedy was staged in London and entitled "Haw Haw," and the "standing-room-only" sign was hung out before each performance. Radio comedians and gag men put out jokes about Haw Haw until he rivaled Henry Ford. Other newspapers than the *Daily Express* took up the enemy apologist, published long articles about his identity, his voice and accent, his way of winning friends and influencing people. Song writers dashed off couplets to disguised old tunes, song boosters bawled them in the streets, within sight of the zigzag trenches which, by that

time, served only as hazards in the blue darkness of the evening.

Some of the writers were not content with Bertie Wooster, as a semblable for Lord Haw Haw. A few of them finally agreed that the voice must belong to a chap named Hoffman, a German propagandist and Nazi enthusiast who was active with the Bund in the United States and had an English wife. Nevertheless, the Wooster image clung fast in the public mind, and, of course, Bertie is a bachelor.

The more I studied Haw Haw's broadcasts, the more I was convinced he was working in the interest of Moscow, and was using Adolf Hitler as a dupe. My many acquaintances among Communists in Paris kept me posted, sometimes unconsciously, on every detail of the so-called party "line," which, if plotted just then, would have looked like a snapshot of a monkey puzzle rocket. I had found a safe hotel in the rue Fabert, overlooking the *place des Invalides*, and there I plotted two diagrams, one representing orders sent out from Moscow to guide the expressed opinions of the comrades and the official explanations of this and that; the other a condensation of the text of Lord Haw Haw's remarks. After two weeks I showed my charts to Colonel Henri, who whistled in surprise. The relationship,

or apparent relationship, between Haw Haw's words and the Moscow line was striking, to say the least. Lord Haw Haw did not cover the whole field of Soviet instructions, but never once, on any given date, had he said a word that could not have been uttered in pursuance of duty by an orthodox Communist. Colonel Henri's comment on my progress was so flattering that I settled down to work all the harder.

In all Paris there were only three sorting machines, with the electro-magnetic devices used by statisticians in America. One of those I obtained, and set up a small office in the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. Every remark of Lord Haw Haw, from the first broadcast on record, the April before the war began, was catalogued and cross-indexed by a staff of trusted clerks assigned me by Colonel Henri. Most of them were women, all but two, in fact. Of the women not one had been chosen who had not some special grievance against Germans and Germany. One of the boys was brilliant but tubercular, the other was a hunchback named Georges Vautier, with a mind as sharp as steel. The zeal with which my new staff worked was inspiring to me. I felt, when I stepped into the shabby little office, as if I were entering a transformer station charged with electricity.

If a sentence in Lord Haw Haw's speech dealt with an abstract idea, such as the British dislike of war, for instance, it was written on a card which had numbers printed around all four sides. One of the numbers, representing that idea in our catalogue, would be punched. Thus, if I wanted quickly all Haw Haw's references to the British dislike of war, the cards would be run through the sorter and those I wanted would be separated automatically from the rest, at the rate of seven thousand an hour. If Mr. Churchill's name was mentioned, a number would be punched on the rim of the card. In half an hour I could have before me every word Haw Haw had said about Churchill, arranged according to the nature of the accusations, according to date, almost any way at all.

News items, false, half-true or authentic, were given the most careful consideration, and I had a crew of mathematicians working day and night, making diagrams showing the exact hour and place an event took place (like the order issued by the American authorities for the search of the *Bremen*, for instance), and the distance and difference in time with reference to Hamburg, Köln, Berlin, Moscow, Paris, London, Rome, New York and other important centers. A minor comment on a news item or event made by Lord Haw Haw was

the subject of complicated records and studies, so that we knew exactly how long after a thing occurred it was mentioned by the arch-propagandist. The sound laboratories of the International Broadcasting Company and the specialists and teachers of the Sorbonne were at my disposal for use in preparing statistics, and each recorded syllable was compared and tested. The best French radio engineers were overloaded with work in connection with military preparations, but they never were too busy to listen to my questions, many of which must have seemed childish to them.

Outside my little room on the *place* des Invalides and the workshop in the old street where Molière held forth in his day, the war dragged on eventlessly. From the French countryside came discouraging reports as a result of the partial evacuation of the cities. The toll of illness from influenza, bronchitis and pneumonia was reaching grave proportions, and the dismal winter weather, with continuous rains and cloudy skies, depressed the spirits of those who managed to keep out of bed. Mud was everywhere. Mails improved, but still were slow. Travel was almost impossible, on account of red tape.

In Germany, the situation was quite different, according to our best information. The Germans



were being convinced that the war was over, that the Fuehrer had secured everything they needed for abundant life: space, raw materials, the world's most powerful ally. In France and England the officials in charge of public opinion and morale were stressing the virtues of a long war. The Reich was to be slowly strangled by means of a naval and terrestrial blockade. Italy, the public was led to believe, was being alienated from the Axis because of the German alliance with the Russian infidels. Comparisons were published stressing the loss of life in 1914 and the negligible casualties of 1939, the territory overrun in France by the Germans' surprise attack in the other war, and the Maginot Line which thus far seemed to have made such a performance impossible in this one.

"You can see," said Colonel Henri, "that if we are going to be able to hold ourselves together as a nation and a fighting unit, we must suppress dissenters. I feel sorry for the Communist deputies and leaders. They have been trimmed by Stalin, and ruined by their misplaced loyalties. But naturally we can't let them rant and work against us with impunity. After all, they are not the logical champions of free speech, now are they?"

"We have no great leader to stir the populace and absorb its capacity for hero worship. We

have to whoop up enthusiasm for a form of government our statesmen have travestied, which never has been honestly tried in this country at all. The kind of life we are defending, in which government is an unimportant element, is eminently worthwhile. Still, it is hard to define, or rather to dramatize in a spectacular way. Men take their liberties as a matter of course until they disappear.

“First of all, we must win this war. Secondly, we must win it without throwing over all our heritage of freedom. Compromise, in the interest of expediency, is frequently necessary, and subversive elements must be sacrificed. I have considered the whole situation as objectively as I can. We have a chance to win, we have a chance to lose. We must clamp down on anyone who will not accept national discipline. Now, your charming little girl, who fancies herself as a Marxist. Why don't you ship her to New York, where she can play Soviet to her heart's content? I don't mind telling you there's going to be a real clean-up here. She won't be safe.”

“Thanks for the tip,” I said. I knew he was trying to do me a kindness, and I wanted to save Rose if I could. But my mind was so filled with the mass of statistics I had compiled that the Colonel's casual reference to New York fell on it like a magic seed

and sprouted instantly. As a matter of fact, one *could* do practically anything in New York. New York, with its tolerant citizenry and administration, was the propagandist's paradise. Was it possible that Lord Haw Haw was there? Muttering incoherently, I dashed out of the bar of the Plaza Athénée, where I had been having cocktails with the Colonel, grabbed a waiting taxi (there were taxis then, manned by chauffeurs of more than military age and vocabulary) and rode to the rue Moscow, which still was waiting for a respectable name. The director of the laboratory led me into his private office and I fired questions at him about static interference until he was blue in the face. I learned that static interference between New York and Paris, for instance, at any given time would be the same on messages sent at different wave lengths. The director showed me how various local atmospheric conditions affected the static, so that messages might come through from New York clear at the same time broadcasts were unintelligible between Berlin and Paris, for example.

Then I set telegraphs, cables and telephones in motion. From that time on, beginning at nine o'clock, when Haw Haw delivered his evening broadcast, a phonographic record was made of his speech simultaneously in New York, Paris, London,

San Francisco, and, whenever possible, in various points in Germany, Russia, Italy and Spain. It would be several days before discs could be received via air mail and I knew they would be anxious ones for me, that I should sleep fitfully, if at all. To occupy my time, as well as to fulfill an obligation of friendship, I set out to warn Rose S. to get out of France without delay.

I did not think of Rose as a mere political pawn, but as a sensitive desirable woman who deserved better things of life than the service of unscrupulous schemers and the companionship of political fanatics who were due for harsh treatment at the hands of harassed officials in many lands. I was fond of her, and knew that I could become much more fond of her if I let myself go. But I didn't want her as she was, involved and tangled with illogical and irreconcilable hopes and mirage-like objectives. I nourished the hope that I could influence her to take a sane view of the world situation. A short time before, she had understood well enough that Hitler was the enemy of all of us. Her recent self-deception, it seemed to me, was weighing heavily on her mind.

At any rate, I liked her so much that I did not relish the prospect of knowing she was at the mercy

of French jailers, who can reach depths of meanness quite frightful to contemplate.

Rose and Professor Panarioux had deserted the Café Balzar for the Café de Rohan near the Palais Royal. I set out in that direction, hoping not only to find her but to learn, if possible, whether Comrade Joe had sent out any instructions to the effect that the faithful were not to criticize or obstruct Lord Haw Haw. That evening, Rose did not come to the Rohan, but Panarioux put in an appearance and something in his manner impelled me to watch him closely. He rode up in a taxi which flashed its blue headlights into the *place*, and got out with much grunting and ceremony, dropping one of his gloves to the sidewalk. His clothes were freshly pressed. He showed signs of having dined unusually well.

"Ho, ho," I said to myself, in a nearby doorway. "For a Communist Party member in good standing in the midst of the world's liveliest Red round-up, our learned friend shows amazing unconcern."

While he was in the Rohan, I hurried to the rue de Rivoli, showed my special badge to an amazed taxi driver and asked him to follow the professor's cab, when Panarioux came out.

"It's not easy, with these blue lights all around and people stumbling through the dark without looking this way or that," the chauffeur said. "I

don't know where I'm going, half the time, and I've been driving in Paris for twenty years."

The task of following the professor that evening did not prove to be a difficult one, even under adverse conditions of light. His cab followed the rue du Louvre, turned right toward St. Eustache, mounted the empty rue Montmartre, which in normal times at that hour would have been lined with marketmen's wagons and trucks, and brought up at the Hotel de Venise in the rue de Vert Bois, near the Porte St. Martin.

Mentally I thanked Rose for having led me into such a fascinating quarter, one I had neglected in my rambles through Paris recently. It is populated with pimps and prostitutes, swarms with small tradesmen, café keepers, and shelters all sorts of questionable activities ranging from abortion to clairvoyance and theosophy. Just around the corner, on the boulevard St. Martin are huge commodious cafés and restaurants, so that when one steps out of the side streets it is like coming from a musty alcove into a too-brightly lighted amusement park. The boulevard was still broad and spacious, but the lights were blue and the boulevardiers somewhat sparse. Eleven was the closing hour.

At the door of the Hotel de Venise, Professor Panarioux paid his chauffeur and let the taxi go.

That conveyed to me that he intended to stay a while, if he could, and that he was not taking any great precautions to conceal himself or his destination. I didn't like his manner at all. The professor had never impressed me as a bold or courageous man, or one who would go too far in defense of one set of ideas as against another. Why Rose had selected him to act as foil for her at the Balzar and other cafés I never had been able to fathom, but I knew that her judgment of men was not dependable. She liked best a man who had no feelings at all, and lacking one of those, she inclined toward someone she would hold in contempt.

There was nothing for me to do but dismiss my own taxi and lurk in the neighborhood. All around, other men were lurking, too, for various reasons, mostly to check up on one or more of their women, whose earning capacity had been reduced by the mobilization. The Government, I had been told, had offered extra inducements to prostitutes who would move up near the Maginot Line, but the pimps of the St. Denis quarter did not relish having their means of support so far away, with the mails what they were. Furthermore, hundreds of the maturer sporting girls had been in their prime during the other war, and knew what it was to serve the troops.

I was pleased to see, five minutes after he had entered, the figure of Professor Panarioux making his way to the street again. He did not look pleased. He looked, in fact, like a thwarted rooster. I smiled as I watched him waddle toward the Porte. When he was safely out of sight I crossed the street and tried the door of the Hotel de Venise. It was locked, and to get in I would have to push the bell. I did so, and a black-haired, somewhat bleary-eyed man in his shirt sleeves opened the door and preceded me into the dingy little office, where he fumbled for registration slips and a blotter. That I had no baggage didn't trouble him at all. Rose, I believed, would choose a room on the top floor, for she liked climbing stairs, or any kind of exercise, and suffered if she did not have a view from her window. I could see by the array of keys that nearly all the regulars were out. Of the four rooms on the upper floor, two were unoccupied. I asked for one of those, to the annoyance of the proprietor, who usually put transients on the second floor, in rooms kept vacant for that purpose. He smelled of Pinard and was not in an accommodating mood until I pulled out a thousand-franc note. When I suggested that he keep it until he had a chance to change it later, he became anxious to help me in any way.



"Do you want the room for a month, monsieur?" he asked.

"I'll try it for a week," I said.

Once he had left me on the top floor, I tapped softly on Rose's door.

"Who's there?" she asked, and by her tone I could tell that she was on edge, probably because of Panarioux.

I spoke my name, and heard an exclamation of annoyance and astonishment. "I've something important to say to you," I said.

She opened the door, stared at me inhospitably, and asked, "Why did you come here?"

"I was worried about the actions of your faithful Airedale," I answered.

"Has he been talking . . ."

"Let me in. We'll rouse the house," I said.

Reluctantly she complied, and closed the door behind us.

Her little attic room was as bleak as her room had been in the Hotel de l'Odéon. The wallpaper was stained by leakage from the roof; the small bed-side rug skidded across the cold tile floor, which was dull red. The only heat came from a small kerosene stove that had a faint unpleasant smell. Textbooks and technical periodicals in several languages covered the shelf and the rickety dresser.

"Rose," I began, "you are in danger."

"My papers are in order. I have a right to stay in France. Unlike most of my unfortunate friends who are the object of this new persecution, I have resources," she said.

"Just how would you explain them?" I asked.

"Money comes to me from an uncle in Zagreb, every week, or it did until the French Government started stealing everything from the mails," said Rose.

Her mood was bitter and defiant, less cautious than usual. The arrest and sequestration of the members of her party, even those who had been elected to represent large districts in the Chamber, had inflamed her resentment of capitalistic evils.

"You have not attended classes lately. I know, because I have been looking for you at the Sorbonne and in the laboratory," I said, glancing at the array of textbooks.

"I have not been well. Pretty girls are often indisposed, are they not?" she said crossly. "Besides, what new danger am I in now? The worst excesses already have been committed by Bonnet, and no suspicion has fallen on me. . . . Really, your visit does not help. . . ."

I tried to keep my temper. "It helps more than the call just made by Professor Panarioux. I

wouldn't trust him as far as I could kick a steam roller, and still you have placed your safety in his hands."

"I did as I was told," said Rose, then bit her lip with mortification.

"Perhaps a few martyrs are wanted," I retorted. "At any rate, try to believe I am still your friend, although I cannot swallow the snake oil from Russia and shut my eyes to facts. I have been told on the highest authority that a 'real clean-up' is imminent. You know what that means—or do you? The French can be thorough in a matter like this, and they have plenty of time and means. Paris will be strained through a sieve. What can you say for yourself?"

"You are sold on this imperialist war. That's plain," she said sharply.

Again I kept myself in check with an effort. "I believe Panarioux is a spy. Not a Soviet spy, but in the French secret service," I said flatly. "Otherwise he would have been more careful in his approach tonight. I watched him half an hour. . . ."

"In whose interest? Whom are *you* working for?"

"Myself," I said, shortly. "And I am trying to save you."

Heavy steps sounded in the tile corridor and I

heard the voice of the shirt-sleeved proprietor and two strangers. Rose turned pale and clung to my shoulder. A sharp knock, then another, shook the door.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"The police," was the gruff reply.

"Can't you wait till I get my clothes on? You've come at an embarrassing moment," I said.

"Be quick about it, then," said one of the strangers.

Rose had silently been rumpling the bed and stripping off her outer clothes. I motioned for her to get under the covers. Meanwhile, I had slipped off my coat, vest, necktie, trousers and shoes. As I pulled on my trousers again, and before I had finished buttoning them, I unlatched the door. Two plain-clothesmen, of the borderline type between out-and-out thugs and detectives, stepped in. The proprietor, protesting his own ignorance of anything that had been taking place, was behind them. He had not disclosed that I had hired another room not fifteen minutes previously, and, had I had time, I should have breathed a sigh of relief at having a host who did not volunteer information. Evidently, then, the raiders had inquired for Rose.

The senior detective was leering at Rose appreciatively.

"Get up and dress. We want you," he said.

Rose began to cry.

"Oh, don't take on. We've seen chippies by the dozen, dressed and undressed," the detective said.

The actress in Rose gave way to the Ph.D. "Is that the famous French politeness?" she demanded, dark eyes flashing.

For answer, the second detective grabbed her by the bare arm and hauled her out of bed in her chemise. "Don't argue," he said.

"Gentlemen," I said, indignantly. "You have made a mistake."

"Shut up. No one said a word to you," the senior said.

"Your papers, monsieur," said the other. It was almost worth the fright I had to see the detective's face when I disclosed my badge. Taking both astonished plain-clothesmen by an arm, I led them back into the narrow corridor and showed them my credentials in detail. "This girl is my sweetheart. I can vouch for her," I said. "Take me along to your chief, if you like. I'll soon square matters, and make sure she won't be troubled in the future."

Hats in hand, the two officers made themselves scarce. They fairly trotted down the stairs. The proprietor, looking happier than he did in his en-

larged wedding photograph down in the office, winked and descended, too.

"Now, you little fathead," I said to Rose, "dress yourself and listen to me. I was right about Panarioux, even if I cannot interpret international pacts and land grabs. He decided tonight to place himself at your disposal as squire of dames. Your kindness to him in the past had gone to his head. You refused his attentions with untactful words and unconcealed loathing. He went promptly to the special police and denounced you."

"I've been a fool," Rose said. Then she collapsed on the bed, and sobbed unrestrainedly. "I'm tired," she moaned. "I'm tired of meetings, and pacts, and endless talk, and of pretending. . . ."

"Of course you are," I said. "You must get out of here. Your Serbian passport is good. Your standing at the Sorbonne is O.K. The American consul will give you permission to continue your studies at Columbia, if you like. Only you must leave without delay."

"I don't know what to do," she said, drying her eyes.

I thought I knew what was troubling her. Her superiors were either in seclusion or had been arrested. She could not consult with them. "Your first duty is to save yourself, and report on Pana-

rioux from a safe place. How many others could he turn over to the police?"

"I don't know," she said. "I really don't know."

No doubt it had been years since the crude Dr. Rose S. had given way to her feelings as she had that evening, and the effect on her was astonishing. She became, for the time being, docile and dependent and made it clear that she did not want me to leave her for a moment. Actually, she was frightened and uneasy when I had to go across the hall for toilet articles. I spent the next two days at her side, helping her arrange her visas and papers, seeing her through the prefecture, which was beset with clamoring crowds seeking official help and obtaining documents which became obsolete before they could be stamped and recorded. Her clothes and schoolbooks I packed into a trunk I bought for her. She acted dazed, like a person who had suffered a nervous shock, but I finally got her a ticket on a Dutch boat sailing from Amsterdam, chartered the limousine from the Hotel Ritz to transport her and her luggage to the gare du Nord, and kissed her on the forehead in a brotherly fashion just before the train, with blue-stained windows and hooded smokestack, pulled out.

However long this war goes on, I shall be haunted by the memory of those two days and nights. It

was touching to see so fine a woman in such a helpless condition, her alert mind numbed with worry, not because of personal danger, but on account of ideals and a faith so dear to her that their crumbling would have meant destruction. I hope I was the good companion, that I helped her regain her balance to continue what for her will always be the final combat, and that my strange behavior is somehow understandable to her, if she is still alive.

After years of work in a field which brings one into contact with men and women of diverse beliefs and varying degrees of integrity, I cannot decide whether it is better to have faith in nothing, or to cling to one pattern through thick and thin. The first course is easier on the intelligence, the latter satisfies the strong religious instinct that is a part of the human spirit, perhaps an indispensable part.



★ S I X.★

THE WEEK before Christmas my voluminous and expensive statistics produced a startling result, like a rabbit from the tall hat of a prestidigitator.

The British Empire learned that day that Cosmo Edelbert Faugh, Eighth Earl of Boonley, arose in the House of Lords and delivered, not quite word for word, an admonition to the English that Lord Haw Haw had given his radio audience four days previously. Lord Boonley was a graduate of Eton and somehow had got through Cambridge, but his mind was no stronger than that of Bertie Wooster at his best. For weeks he had been listening twice daily to Lord Haw Haw, sometimes fuming, at other times thumping the table and saying, "Damme if the chap isn't right." He had seldom spoken in the House of Lords, being essentially a hunting and fishing man, but on December 21st he rose to his

feet and shocked the assembly, although most of the members themselves had heard similar words from Haw Haw.

Lord Boonley began with the fable of the wind and sun, vying with one another in order to remove a traveler's coat. He garbled it a little, but soon got down to business. Germany could still be won with kindness, he said.

"Fighting does not produce a change of heart," Lord Boonley said. "Why not make a free offer of peace, as man to man? What can we obtain from Germany, anyway? We don't want her territory. According to our bankers, she has no money we can hope to get. What is left? Good will. And how can we get good will by means of a war, if one can call this a war. Herr Hitler, after Germany had suffered from abuses and threats since Versailles, tried to free his country, to make it prosper, and to protect it from future danger."

Many members of the House of Lords made scathing comments, but Lord Benedict, whose *bête noir* was Moscow, defended his sporting colleague.

"If we fight to the finish," Lord Benedict said, "the finish will mean a revolution against Hitler, and a Communist Germany that will unite with the hordes of Russian barbarians to overrun Western

civilization. We shall find ourselves under the thumb of Stalin, with everything we hold sacred swept away."

To the chagrin and astonishment of the Government, Bishop Dunn of Worcester took up the gauntlet for peace without victory, declaring that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill had not taken seriously the offers of foreign statesmen and churchmen to mediate.

"Two decades ago, a period which is fresh in the minds of many of us here, our Government exacted the strictest military, naval and economic guarantees which could be devised. Every one of those precautions has backfired."

That also was Haw Haw, in an almost unadulterated form.

My sorting machines hummed for a while, and I was able to present the French Government with a convincing chart, looking like the tree of life, in which the growth of all the ideas and arguments expressed in the House of Lords that day (except those concerning a Communist peril) were traced from their roots in Station DJA, Germany, to the protagonists in Parliament, Lord Boonley and the Bishop of Worcester. Lord Benedict, who had been a member of the Government in post-war years, had thought up the Red menace independently, or

at least, it had not sprung from Lord Haw Haw.

Colonel Henri, who transmitted my report to the French Cabinet, told me afterward that it had made a telling impression and that all my findings were to be brought to the attention of the British Bureau of Information without delay.

But a more enlightening discovery was in store for me.

The evening after the stormy session in the House of Lords, which ended almost in fist fights following a blast by Lord Halifax, who would not listen calmly while Great Britain was "blamed equally with Germany" for the state of world affairs, Lord Haw Haw excelled himself. He was by turns suave and caustic. He begged the English people to listen to their own dissenting leaders and spare Europe the impending slaughter. Of course, he did not claim credit for planting the germs of Lord Boonley's and the Bishop's speeches in their respective minds. He simply agreed with them, and asked more and more indulgence of his hearers in the presentation of what he called "facts."

Now on that day, atmospheric conditions over France and Germany were adverse to clear radio transmission. On 8.14 megacycles, from the Stuttgart station, at the same time Lord Haw Haw was speaking, supposedly over Hamburg, Köln and

DJA, renditions of Viennese waltzes by an all-Aryan orchestra were inaudible and jumbled with static interference. On the other hand, Lord Haw Haw's remarks were transmitted clearly and were taken down by numerous stenographers who did not lose a word.

My excitement, and that of my assistants, was so great that we could not conceal our jubilation. The New York record was played back to us over the wireless telephone. There was scarcely a flaw, and no static noises whatsoever. Short-wave broadcasts on other wave lengths, 7.45 megacycles, 10.50 megacycles, and the like, were unimpeded between New York and London.

I jumped at the conclusion I had hoped for, in a most unscientific way, but all later developments bore me out. Lord Haw Haw had sent out his speech that evening not from Hamburg or Berlin at 9 P.M. but from New York, or somewhere in America, where the clock said 3 in the afternoon.

Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen, gratified that his own work was being carried on so ably by British peers, switched subjects abruptly, and did his best to minimize the *Graf Spee* disaster off Montevideo. Also he announced himself as speaking, not from station DJA but over DXB, Berlin.

"Ladies and gentlemen abroad," he began, on

Christmas Eve, "since the British propaganda has tried during the last fortnight to furnish false versions of the sea battle between a German pocket battleship and three English cruisers, we are taking the opportunity again to give a detailed account of the action.

"It is not sporting of the Bureau of Information in London to besmirch the honor of German sailors, and particularly that of the brave commander of the *Graf Spee*. The English assert that the officers and crew of the *Spee* behaved like cowards and that the pocket battleship took to flight. Such methods are despicable and, in the light of the reputation of German naval officers, futile.

"One German ship successfully repulsed the attack of three enemy craft. Here are the true figures as to tonnage and speed. On the German side, one ship of 10,000 tons, with fourteen guns and a speed of twenty-six miles per hour. The British craft, numbering three, totaled 22,000 tons, had twenty-two guns and could travel thirty-two miles per hour. And the *Graf Spee* anchored at Montevideo not because she wanted to reach a safe place, but because her commander acted upon the very natural necessity to refuel and to repair minor damages. Her commander's pluck caused him to disobey orders, which were to raid enemy ships without

risking battles. He accepted the British challenge and fought off three cruisers. For three months he had raided British commerce in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, sinking nine vessels with a tonnage of 50,000. Besides this, the *Graf Spee's* existence in those oceans drew large enemy forces from their objectives and enabled the *Bremen* to return safely to Germany.

"So you see, ladies and gentlemen! What the London Bureau of Information broadcasts as a victory turns out to be quite the reverse. We can't blame them, can we, but they shouldn't cast mud at a dead hero whose only possible fault was too much courage, and a sense of honor so strict that it prompted him to take his own life.

"So I offer a toast to the dead commander and to brave and gallant seamen everywhere, and I'm sure that most of you will join me. Cheerio."

Mr. Churchill promptly countered with the statement that Lord Haw Haw was merely trying to trap him into disclosing the whereabouts of the *Exeter*, which by that time had been repaired.

"You see," said Colonel Henri to me. "Our friends across the Channel have got the wind up at last. The Lord of the Admiralty condescends to reply directly to a renegade Englishman broadcasting for the enemy."

“Then isn’t it time I received my sailing orders?”  
I asked.

“You’ve made yourself very useful over here,”  
the Colonel said graciously. He had grown to look  
upon my little office in Molière’s old street as a ref-  
uge from the mental strain of cryptography. “Are  
you convinced Lord Haw Haw is in America?”  
he asked at last.

For answer I led him to the office in the rue de  
l’Ancienne Comédie. The past three days had been  
ideal for my studies. The weather had been fair in  
Paris, London, Berlin and New York, but there  
had been a shifting storm area over the North At-  
lantic. Therefore reception should have been per-  
fect between Berlin and the capitals of the Allies,  
and imperfect between New York and Europe.  
The records we had made revealed the following  
discrepancies:

(a) While other broadcasts were audible be-  
tween Berlin and Paris, Lord Haw Haw’s had  
been jumbled with static noises.

(b) While other broadcasts between Germany  
and New York had been spoiled by static inter-  
ference, Lord Haw Haw’s remarks had been  
clearly heard in New York.

I did not show my tabulated results to Colonel  
Henri immediately upon arriving at the office, for



it was approaching four o'clock, Paris time, which was five o'clock in Berlin, and Haw Haw was due on the air. First, I hoped to give the Colonel direct proof in his own ears that the Peer of Zeesen was not where he said he was and that several indications pointed to the fact that he was enjoying the liberties of a democracy he ridiculed and whose form of government he pronounced unsound. Carefully adjusting the sensitive radio instruments, I caught the station announced as DXB, Germany, and soon Haw Haw's cheery and arresting voice filled the room.

"Germany calling. Friends, here is Germany again. Still on deck. Always hopeful. Well, there's news today, and I wonder if you've heard it yet. Perhaps Mr. Churchill has kept this item under a blanket, as it were.

"The German Supreme Command announced today, just after lunchtime, that a German submarine had torpedoed a British battleship of the *Queen Elizabeth* class, to the west of Scotland. The *Queen Elizabeth* class comprises the following battleships: The *Malaya*, the *Barham*, the *Valiant* . . ."

I gasped with annoyance, and the alert little hunchback, Georges Vautier, frowned and turned the dial knob a hair. For the man who represented himself to be Lord Haw Haw had not said Valiant,

but had mispronounced it to sound like "Vailiant." Also, he was reading his script. That I could detect with the naked ear, after the practice I had had. Of course, it was logical that he might have made notes of the lists of capital ships.

The broadcast continued:

"The battleships *Vailiant*, *Warspite* and *Queen Elizabeth*," said the voice, "were completely modernized between 1935 and 1939. These ships have a weight of 30,000 tons. . . ."

"Oh, come," I said, bewildered. "He makes a hash of the simple word 'Valiant' and speaks about the 'weight' of ships instead of their 'displacement.' This is not Haw Haw, but his stand-in."

Colonel Henri and I, forsaking the radio, went into the next room. There I selected discs at random, found several instances in which Lord Haw Haw had pronounced "val" in the proper way, and became convinced that a substitute was speaking, probably from Berlin. And I thought I had been prepared to demonstrate that the voice came from New York. The Colonel was patient and understanding. So often in his work, a lead he had counted on produced erratic results. We took a brisk walk along the Seine, where dead leaves had blown against the parapets, and derricks were stark and still along the quais.

"The melancholy days are here," he quoted.

Disgruntled, I took the occasion to inform him that Professor Panarioux, of the Sorbonne, had been playing both ends against the middle. I hope the Balzar, which thereby lost a steady customer, will forgive me.

At eight o'clock (9 o'clock Berlin and 3 P.M., New York), after having dined quietly at the restaurant Delafon, at the head of the rue Sts. Pères, we went back to the office. Lord Haw Haw was not on the air at the appointed hour, and no substitute was using his time. Over DXB, Berlin, a recorded performance of *Der Rosenkavalier* was progressing merrily. My deformed assistant fumbled and fumed and we were about to give up and go home when at 9:30 we were startled by Haw Haw's familiar tones, stepped up to an unnatural volume. Vautier toned it down without delay.

"This is station DJC, Berlin . . ." the voice began.

"DJC, not DXB. That's a new one," I muttered. The Colonel nodded.

"The German information service this evening begins their bulletin with a familiar phrase: *Im Westen Nichts Neues*. (All quiet on the Western Front.) But the British evening papers, which reach Berlin promptly, have quite a bit to say. It seems

that the British have begun hostilities on the Maginot Line and have established contact with the enemy.

“Perhaps I ought to set my English hearers right. What’s the harm? The so-called opening of hostilities took place on December 11, more than two weeks ago. A bit slow, your newspapers, what? A contact division under the command of a French general was formed and the new British troops carried out what they called a reconnaissance against three attacking German detachments. They did the best they could, but there wasn’t much they could do, and they were forced to retire with many wounded. The wounded were carried to safety by German stretcher bearers, who were every bit as careful as if they were carrying their own comrades, and most of them are doing as well as can be expected. The Germans don’t eat their prisoners alive, you know. At any rate, not in the Christmas season.”

I nudged Colonel Henri and whispered, “This is the real Haw Haw, if I’m not mistaken.”

The broadcast continued: “As a matter of fact,” Lord Haw Haw said, “the French are rather annoyed that so few British troops have appeared in the front line. It can’t be that the English are afraid. Oh, no. In Germany, one hears many good words

from veterans about the pluck of the British 'Tommy' and the 'Aussies,' the Canadians, and the famous 'Ladies from Hell.' Inefficiency. Hesitation. Bad leadership. That's what causes delay. Too many old men in G.H.Q., and the Admiralty and Downing Street. The French know that, but what can they do about it? They're holding the bag, as the Yankees say.

"Now let me say a word about the other war. During the first two years, because the English were so wary about conscription, a lot of Indian troops were shipped into France and some of them fought on the Western Front. 'Sacrifice troops,' the French called them. The Indians didn't like the job, of that you may be sure, and the division that made an opening for the Coldstream Guards at Lavasse was wiped out to a man. The survivors among the other Indians suffered from the cold and eventually were shipped to Mesopotamia, where their losses amounted to 140,000 men.

"No doubt, if the British send troops to France, not one in five will hail from England."

The voice faded, again was faintly audible, then faded again. The rest of the speech was lost.

I grabbed up the telephone receiver and called New York, and the record of the Haw Haw broadcast that had just been cut there was promptly

played back to us. Then I phoned London and we listened to a record of Lord Haw Haw's remarks as intercepted in the British capital. Both records indicated clearly that Haw Haw was in America.

"*Nom de Dieu,*" exclaimed Colonel Henri, showing what for him was unusual excitement.

"You see," I explained eagerly, although his alert mind had grasped the significance of my demonstration. "In New York the alleged DXB broadcast, supposedly from Berlin, is received without a flaw. What is more natural, if it is sent out in New York City? The same broadcast is marred by static and part of it is lost entirely in London, at the same instant that Berlin stations other than the mysterious DXB are heard in London as if they were next door. The storm area is between New York and London. The air between London and Berlin is clear. As a double check we have our Paris station and our own ears. We were troubled with static while Haw Haw was speaking. New York was not. Are you beginning to share my convictions that our friend Haw Haw is in the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"He's a clever man," said Colonel Henri appreciatively. "I wish he were working for us. . . . But then, in that case the Germans wouldn't be al-

lowed to hear his talk about distribution of wealth and the sins of the upper classes."

"Shall I take the next boat to New York?" I asked again.

"We shall miss you, but go ahead," he answered. "And don't let the *Normandie* be blown out from under you, because of your preoccupation with Lord Haw Haw. He'd like nothing better, you know."

★ SEVEN ★

HOW CAN I describe my feelings as I piled into a taxi in the rue Fabert one morning early in January, along with my few personal belongings? On the way to the station I searched my pockets to be sure I had my passport; my credentials in the French service; my steamship ticket; my railroad ticket; my certificate of domicile; my identity card (smeared with fresh fingerprints attested by the local *commissaire* of police); my permit to travel countersigned by the Paris prefecture; and my certificate from the bank, approved by the Ministry of Finance, enabling me to carry more than \$13 out of the country. Several packing cases, stenciled and addressed to the S.S. *Normandie* in New York harbor, and containing hundreds of duplicate phonograph records of Lord Haw Haw's broadcasts as well as photostat copies of all the important files



and statistics in the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, were already in the hold of the *De Grasse*.

It was as if I had been visiting in hospital a woman, formerly beautiful and vivacious, who was stricken with a fever and had lain dull and motionless on a bed from which she was not due to rise for a long time, perhaps never. Paris was like that, to me. I had known the streets, the shops, cafés and restaurants, the theatres, cinemas, markets, slums and fine residential avenues. I had felt the staunch spirit of the city when the thunder of German guns on the Marne was almost audible in 1914. As is the case with most cosmopolitans, Paris was my second home. I was sure of that, although I had so many others that I could not so easily have named the first.

Only the hunchback, the diminutive Georges Vautier, was at the station to see me off. He had been promoted for his tireless and excellent work, and it seemed to me as he limped through the crowd near the boat train that he was less conscious than formerly of his puny misshapen body, buoyed up as he was by the knowledge that he was serving his country in a way the majority of his huskier brethren could not duplicate. He was to have charge of the office in the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, and to be in touch with me by transatlantic telephone

daily. He envied me, in his touchingly gentle way, the adventure on which I was embarking, but there was no malice or jealousy in his mind.

"Good luck," he said, simply, when the conductor was about to give the signal for the train to start, and, sighing, he shuffled down the aisle and did not turn back. The amount of credit due Georges Vautier for our final results has never been estimated and his only reward is that he is still working feverishly to circumvent the enemy, day and night. I hope when medals and decorations are distributed that some president or general will stoop to pin a few on his chicken-breast and that in his dreams he feels like Guynemer or von Richthofen.

The customs shed at Le Havre was a madhouse. Mad Tom of Bedlam could not have had a stronger feeling of unreality than I did, sandwiched in among frantic refugees who were being harassed and abused at every turn. At one turnstile stood a sullen misologist of military age waving a sheaf of papers and informing Poles, Czechs, Jews, Americans, and a few French citizens that they must leave all their money, except the equivalent of thirteen dollars, with him, and that maybe they would get it back. That many of them, on disembarking in New York, would be faced with privation and had no friends nearer than Kansas City or Seattle,

did not alter the case. Some of the most insistent he told they could get permission from a local bank to take out their money, knowing that the day was Saturday and the banks were closed. Moody customs officials were opening outgoing baggage, and the shabbier it was the more thoroughly it was overhauled. Porters were jostling or ignoring the poor and shaking down the rich. Now and then an official would bustle around and insult his subordinates. The French public employees were overworked and underpaid, and appeared to detest mankind.

I was traveling tourist class, but I had the run of the liner from stem to stern, not because of my new connection with the French Government service, of which I could disclose nothing, but because I had crossed with the officers and crew many times before, on the old *Lafayette*, the *Paris* (which lay half-submerged on its side following its recent partial destruction by fire) and the *Normandie*. The *De Grasse* was painted dark gray, with no name showing, and one rather decrepit-looking cannon was mounted on the stern. Another smaller one stuck up at an odd angle from the bow. Portholes and window panes had been smeared thick with blue paint; entrances from the deck were heavily screened and curtained. Nevertheless, the voyage was reasonably gay. The third class contained

about one hundred refugees, and the tourist class had about one hundred passengers. In first class there were fifty. Nevertheless it had taken all day to get us on board.

No passenger lists were distributed, but I obtained a typewritten one promptly and with it the information that we were going to cross the Channel to Southampton and take on more refugees in England. On the way over, I checked up on the passengers, as best I could, and found none of them who at first glance showed any earmarks of a spy or *saboteur*. The Jews and fugitive Central Europeans were prayerfully thankful for having reached shipboard safely, through hazards the average American could not conceive of and therefore cannot understand. Most of the other passengers were business men whose interests and influence had won for them permission to make the journey. There were a few fiction writers, some teachers, a number of musicians and one or two newspaper men.

From Southampton, after feeling his way through the mine fields and submarine zones, the commander of the *De Grasse* hit north, notwithstanding the danger from floating ice. The liner, with its two guns, which were fired for practice each afternoon at floating wooden boxes, bucked a heavy storm and made slow progress. Being a

good sailor, I was one of the faithful few in the dining room presided over by my old friend Queré, tourist dining steward of the *Normandie*, and one of the best on the sea. I think he is one of three chief stewards or *maîtres d'hôtel* I have ever known who are liked heartily by their men.

The first morning I slept late, having worked long hours with little rest in Paris. In the afternoon, I found a secluded chair, which was not difficult considering the scarcity of passengers, and thought about Lord Haw Haw. My investigation thus far had convinced me that there were at least two Haw Haw's, one of whom was a genius of the first order and quite as useful to Russia as to the Reich; the other was a fair mimic but slipped up on his "a," as in "pal," now and then. The former, unless my records and calculations were misleading, was in the United States, somewhere on the Eastern coast. The substitute was in Berlin, with access to stations DJV and DXB.

At my urgent request, and after consultation with the chiefs of the French Intelligence, Colonel Henri had agreed not to communicate to the British my suspicion that Lord Haw Haw did not work from Germany until I had had time to make a survey of the New York situation without aid or interference. Radio engineers in Paris had explained

to me how fugitive transmission stations could be located by means of triangulation.

For hours, while the *De Grasse* plowed through the wintry sea and my fellow travelers worried about the reception they were about to receive from the United States immigration authorities (and with reason), I tried to interpret what I observed about Lord Haw Haw in terms of the Russian-German alliance. Did it mean that undercover agents of Stalin, more clever than the propagandists who worked in the light of day, were busy undermining Hitler and preparing the way for his downfall by revolution, or was Lord Haw Haw, at the request of the Fuehrer and Herr Goebbels, soft-soaping the Soviet leaders into believing he was socialistic and amenable to their kind of reason? When two serpents fight, each one tries to swallow the other, and several things may happen. If the smaller of the two gets the head of the larger in his mouth and tries to swallow the rest, he dies of suffocation and so does his stronger victim. This happens rarely, of course. More often, the larger eats the smaller and eventually digests him, bones, fangs and all.

My eleventh-hour conferences with Colonel Henri had convinced me that the British high officials, charged with conduct of the war, were tardily

understanding how much damage had been done England by Lord Haw Haw. Some of them, with more sensitive understanding than their colleagues, knew also that the well-meaning Mr. Barrington, of the *Daily Express*, had doubled or tripled Haw Haw's power by comparing him with the beloved nitwit, Bertie Wooster. For Bertie had been an acquaintance of the reading public in England and America for many years, and P. G. Wodehouse had endeared him to everyone who knew him. The first effort of the Bureau of Information to shake off the Wooster image, and with it Bertie's popularity, had failed. No one thought of Lord Haw Haw as H. Rolf Hoffman, Sir Oswald Moseley satellite, Bund organizer in New York, with an English wife, poor woman.

The next candidate for the personality of Judas Lord Haw Haw was a party with a square head, shifty eyes, protruding ears and a scar from the right-hand corner of his sullen mouth to a point not far from his right ear. His name was William Joyce, a former member of the British Union of Fascists. Joyce, it seems, left England as the war was starting and had not been heard from since. He was portrayed with narrowed eyes, a stand-up collar and his hair neatly parted on the left side. He was de-

scribed as a University graduate, and it was hinted that while in school he had cheated at cards.

The British public would have none of him. They would not admit they had been entertained and stimulated into a critical attitude regarding the war and their leaders by such a low and surly fellow. William Joyce looked brutal, but rather stupid. He had an evil countenance, indicating sexual abnormality of the aggressive type so common among Fascists everywhere. But his face did not fit the velvet voice or the cheery insinuations of Lord Haw Haw. Bertie Wooster simply swamped the new candidate. I was willing to admit the possibility that William Joyce was the second-string Haw Haw of DXB, Berlin, but not the master propagandist I hoped to overtake in Manhattan. Joyce's scar, however, fascinated me, for it was exactly the mark certain American gangsters used to brand for life recalcitrant members who had squealed. On the other hand, it might have been inflicted with a saber in a student duel at Heidelberg.

Colonel Henri had at first been reluctant to believe that Lord Haw Haw would have chosen New York as his base of operations, with so many nearby neutral countries like Sweden, Norway, Holland and Belgium, to say nothing of Rome, where the Government was openly in alliance with Hit-



ler and where the alleged neutrality was mere opportunism. The chief of the French *Chambre Noire* had traveled much in Europe and a little in Northern Africa, but he held the same fantastic ideas about the United States as did most of his provincial countrymen. When I told him, for instance, that in New York no cards of identity were necessary and that the police kept no record of itinerants and had no accurate lists of residents, he could not credit my words. When I went on to say that foreigners could enter any kind of employment or go into business on the same terms as natives and citizens do, he visualized our country as chaotic, and only able to keep afloat because of an inexhaustible supply of raw materials.

However, to ease Colonel Henri's mind, I had asked Vautier to demonstrate by means of weather charts and diagrams of radio transmission from Stockholm, Oslo, Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels that the Peer of Zeesen could not be speaking from any of those capitals. It was equally easy to prove that Haw Haw was not in Italy or Spain. Furthermore, the bulk of the information reaching the French intelligence office from Germany and Italy indicated that while Hitler and Mussolini flattered and helped each other, there was little mutual confidence between them or their subordinates.

The Germans rated the military talent of the Italians very low, and Mussolini, born diplomat, thought of Hitler as a hysterical bungler. That did not mean they would not join forces openly when the moment came, but merely that the Axis leaders did not trust each other unnecessarily.

The more I considered the possibility that Lord Haw Haw was directly in the pay of Moscow, the more I was inclined to discount it. He had too much latitude. No agent of Stalin, and I knew many of them, was given as much leeway as Haw Haw enjoyed. More likely, I decided, the perverse Englishman was a destructionist at heart, a man who had turned against his country and all mankind and who believed that Communist infiltration was ruinous to any land. On the other hand, for a man who detested his fellow men, the suave commentator had a disarming sense of humor. He displayed light moments that would seem to show he had not lost his zest for life.

During Phase No. 1 of the Haw Haw career, covering the period from April 1939 until the outbreak of the war, the peer had been most caustic and vituperative. Then, it will be remembered, he devoted himself almost exclusively to abusing and ridiculing Mr. Chamberlain, and drew to his broadcasts the hordes of well-meaning persons through-

out the world who had been disgusted with the British Prime Minister's dilly-dallying. Those who favored a Republican Spain had been indignant because of the Chamberlain-sponsored non-intervention campaign which had strangled Republican resistance to Fascist aggression. And, of course, the surrender at Munich and the subsequent conquest of Czechoslovakia had reduced Chamberlain's popularity to its lowest ebb.

But when the war broke out, and could no longer be sidestepped, and Chamberlain had wept into the microphone as he declared he had worked incessantly and in vain for peace, the British public had felt a wave of sympathy for their vacillating spokesman. His muddling character somehow endeared him to the public. That Lord Haw Haw had instantly understood this shift of sentiment convinced me that he was English or Irish, not German. From the first of September on, Haw Haw was kinder to Chamberlain. For a while he paid scant attention to him, and gathered thousands of listeners by his burlesques of German propaganda. No serious-minded patriotic German of the kind left in Nazi Germany would have been capable of such *lèse majesté*. And it was then that Mr. Barrington presented Lord Haw Haw with the mantle of Bertie Wooster's charm.

As the Polish disaster grew and Polish resistance, never really organized, came to an end with Warsaw in ruins, the "forgive and forget" motif entered into the broadcasts and was stressed until it became clear that England and France were still disposed to fight. At that point the social significance theme was brought to bear. The caste system in England was emphasized a little, but principally in its economic phases. Just when the industrial workers, miners and seamen were feeling the pinch of war measures which meant, to all intents and purposes, the suspension of union activity for the duration, perhaps forever, Lord Haw Haw began to inflame the workers' misgivings. Exactly when the people of the various Dominions began to realize they were in for another long war, with attendant sorrows and privations and renunciation of the joys of civil life, the propagandist who had played so many clever roles began searching out the chinks in the structure of the Empire and widening them.

The man I was seeking was surely intelligent to an unusual degree. That, in itself, would make him conspicuous and would make it easier to find traces of him in pre-war life. He was versatile and cunning, and would take great care to cover up his tracks, but as between pursuer and pursued, the former has all the advantages.

One reason I was ready to believe he was in America, and a reason Colonel Henri could understand better than anyone, was the fact that diplomatic correspondence between foreign capitals and Washington or New York is not subject to secret scrutiny by American officials. Since the closing of the Black Chamber by a naive and overscrupulous government in Washington, communications of any nature, however dangerous to American interests, no matter how far beyond the legitimate bounds of diplomatic exchange, have passed freely between Europe and representatives of foreign powers in the United States. This situation, unthinkable in Europe, has made of the United States a Mecca for European intrigue and espionage. True that up to date the plots have largely been concerned with European affairs, in which American support and resources are factors in any game. Still, the ostrich policy of the American officials nullifies no end of military or diplomatic precautions by exposing every American move in advance and airing in European capitals American questions of policy and protection, while Americans remain too polite and shortsighted to examine foreign mail, if it is in code. Haw Haw, I was sure, must be in constant touch with the Nazi chief propagandists, through official or unofficial or semi-

official agencies in the United States. Not even in tiny Luxembourg could such diplomatic high jinks go on without a public scandal.

I did not expect to find Haw Haw in direct touch with the Soviet Embassy in Washington, or the consulate in New York, but the tone of his broadcasts, after Poland, was such that I hoped to get in touch with him by exploring Communist circles in Manhattan. Even the quality of his voice changed when he preached the ills of capitalism and the villainy of the idle snobs. Physicists at the Sorbonne had showed me photographs of the sound waves set in motion when Haw Haw was in earnest and when he was joking, when he was bitter and when he was calm. There were characteristic differences in all those moods, a sharper or smoother tone of voice, a change of pace to be measured in hundredths of seconds or a preponderance or diminution of certain overtones. I had in my address book the names of several American acoustic and sound experts who could carry the voice studies much further, if Haw Haw was actually on their side of the Atlantic. Naturally, the static interference had complicated the work of the Paris engineers.

So as the *De Grasse* approached the coast of Labrador and prepared to turn southward, within the three-hundred-mile limit recently proclaimed as

a safety zone, my excitement grew. I was to be the first to have an opportunity to study Lord Haw Haw at close range, to share a city knowingly with him.

It was on a Monday morning, early, when I saw two speedboats of the U. S. Coast Guard cutting the smooth surface of Long Island Sound like water-bugs. Then, one by one, the shapes of larger vessels at anchor or moving slowly toward the harbor appeared in the morning mist. The refugees, torn between fear of the officials and rapture because the Statue of Liberty with all it meant was drawing near, huddled pitifully at the rails. Old people who had stayed moaning in their bunks had dressed and were shivering in the dawn, some weeping, others trying to keep up their courage for the sake of their relatives and children.

Voyagers who had made the trip before were pointing out landmarks, in seven cases out of ten, incorrectly. A few late sleepers were turning and twisting in their beds, trying to shut out the din on all sides.

The *De Grasse* was in again. Once more it had eluded submarines and avoided mines. The crew were in good spirits and, because of the small number of passengers and the negligible quantity of baggage to be handled, the landing was accomplished

without delay. It is true that a number of unlucky refugees were left pale and weeping at Ellis Island, having lost the last gamble which is open to the victims of colossal injustices today. Slow death was their portion, to be seasoned with official explanations and legal complications. I turned away, and tried to think of my own problems. That's what everybody did. That's what Pilate did, some centuries ago.

If one is obliged to visit a madhouse, and is nervous about the doors that are locked behind one, as one progresses from corridor to corridor, never feeling sure they will be unlocked again, the first breath of outside air and the sensation of having escaped from the threat of walls is precious. That was how I felt when I found myself on the pier at New York, able to stand off and view the gray and dingy *De Grasse* objectively. I was home, where no identity cards, permits to travel, fingerprints, profile photographs, permits to work or sing or breathe were daily preoccupations. I was in America, where cellars are not marked "91 persons," where sirens do not wail when airplanes hum over a border, where food is rationed only by the pocketbook and the pocketbook by the hazards of fortune. How could one explain that feeling to a German or a Frenchman who has never strayed from home?



How much more hopeless to attempt to explain it to an uninformed American who has never felt the breath of terror and, if he thinks of it at all, believes he never will.

I had been ten days without news of any kind, and a quick glance at the *New York Times* told me that I had missed little or nothing. The war was still in a stagnant condition. But until it occurred to me that, unless my calculations had played me false, I would hear Lord Haw Haw at three o'clock that afternoon (for his nine o'clock broadcast), I had not realized how much I had missed the smooth voice of the enemy ace during the days on the bleak northern sea. My personal luggage was inspected and loaded into a taxi and I set out for the Hotel Lafayette with as much eagerness as a schoolboy could have mustered for his first trip to the metropolis. Actually I had been away only two years, but the years 1938 and 1939 were unlike ordinary years and my own activities had kept pace with the mad whirl of international affairs.

The packing cases containing discs and records from the Paris office were to be transferred to the *Normandie* that afternoon, and I had been given a pass that would gain me admission on any ship or pier or office of the French Line. My first objective was lunch, and a sea food lunch at Billy the Oyster-

man's. Whatever else Europe has to offer, there are no soft-shelled clams from Ipswich or even Long Island. Neither is a *langouste* or a *homard* like a State of Maine lobster.

Colonel Henri had given me the New York telephone number by means of which I could get in touch with a French agent, a young man named Cros-Decan, who could be trusted to give me information but who was not, of course, to be told of the nature of my mission, except as it affected the safety of the *Normandie*. Cros-Decan's duties had to do with propaganda, and he had showed brilliant promise in ferreting out the sources and effects of both pro-French and anti-French influences in New York. When I found Cros-Decan, a presentable young man whose heavy black eyebrows and boyish dark-blue eyes made him look younger than he actually was, and told him I wanted to listen to the European short-wave broadcasts in order to be *au courant*, he took me to a studio on McD. Street in Greenwich Village. There the most modern apparatus had been installed and records were cut for the C. Institute, which was financing a detailed study of war propaganda. I could have used our own office, the head of which had often talked with me over the transatlantic phone, but it had been set up by local French officials, at Colonel Henri's order, and

the cautious Colonel had asked me to look the office and personnel over carefully before disclosing my identity. Colonel Henri took no chances.

In the room where the receiving apparatus was situated, a small group of listeners was gathered, and at five minutes of three I was pleased but not surprised to see Rose S. enter, looking like a student with left-wing tendencies as to dress and hair. Before she saw me, and before I spoke to her, very fortunately one of the young women present addressed her as Dania, which put me on my guard. Rose, or Dania, was so startled, however, when she set eyes on me, that I covered the situation by appearing to be even more astonished, and let out something about not knowing she had left Paris. The operator signaled for quiet and the voice of Lord Haw Haw came forth, in all its flexibility and persuasiveness.

“Ladies and gentlemen. Germany calling. Station DJD Berlin . . .”

I was thrilled, so excited that I almost forgot about Rose, who was seated next to me, flushed and annoyed because I had discovered her there. The day was clear, ideal for radio reception at any wavelength and I hoped to hear the Peer of Zeesen as if he were in the room. In fact, his introduction was so lifelike that my heart leaped with anticipation.

His subject that afternoon was the recent shake-up in the British cabinet.

“Two men who were ministers in His Britannic Majesty’s Government have retired from the boards of the political stage,” said Lord Haw Haw. “They have gone into the wings, but in a democratically ruled parliamentary country, of course, you can play a better role in the wings than on the stage itself.

“One of the men is Macmillan, who is a sort of biological curiosity, since he survived his own political extinction by several months. He entered office as Minister of Information, and you all know what kind of information he handed out. I daresay you’ve got more real information from me than from him. But he did as Mr. Churchill ordered, and passed on Mr. Churchill’s lies. As usual, Mr. Churchill blundered, and shifted the blame to poor Macmillan and Macmillan was made the scapegoat. If you would like to know how Macmillan wrote news . . .”

To my intense surprise and chagrin, the voice began to fade, and static sounds like distant sirens and buzz-saws completely blotted it out.

“The devil,” I said.

“Too bad. It’s been like that several days now.



of a British Pfouiiiiiiiiieeeeeee by a Jewish plutocracy. Horeb-Elisha violated one of the u zzzzzzz prttttttt zzzzzzzzzzeceee from 1928 to 1931. One cannot help thinking that Chamberlain would have done better not to allow this man to go. But when has Chamberlain been right, friends? I mean to say, right in the interests of the British public. He's right enough when the profiteers are getting theirs. He's right on the line when the hours of work are stepped up and the pay cut down. He gets a hustle on, and no mistake, when the British officers, by Jove, are threatened with having muckers from the ranks invade their mess.

"The Italian press, for example, the *Giornale d'Italia*, prrrtfui tweeeetrtrtrtrtrtt dzt dzt dzt."

Nothing more was intelligible, until suddenly the Brahms Waltz in A-flat sailed over the air as smoothly as could be.

My head was in a muddle, but I intercepted Rose before she left the room. That she was about to slip out without speaking to me again depressed me. When I cornered her, however, she agreed to meet me at the Lafayette for dinner that evening. She had registered at Columbia and attended courses there, she said. Dania Ivkitch was the name she used. The high scholastic standards at Columbia surprised her, after the disparaging remarks she had

heard at the Sorbonne, she said. In vain I waited for a clue as to how she felt about the Russian invasion of Finland, but something in her manner warned me that her convictions, bruised as they had been in Paris, had healed and were stronger than ever. She had recaptured her frantic belief that the Soviets could do no wrong.

Once Rose was out of sight, I tried to stifle my disappointment and find an explanation of the interrupted broadcast. In order to be sure that there had been no special conditions of local interference I did not know about, I went to Radio City and in the N.B.C. studios I listened to records made from broadcasts between three and three-thirty from all stations in New York. The audition lasted several hours, and in no case was there static interference at that hour of broadcasts originating in New York or anywhere along the Atlantic seaboard. I tried to convince myself that the Berlin substitute, William Joyce, had been pinch-hitting, but my ear, now trained, told me otherwise. I had heard the real Haw Haw, for between gusts of static, his voice had been unusually distinct.

It was at that moment I realized how much I had come to depend on Georges Vautier. I went directly to Pier 88, on the north side of which was moored the *Normandie*, drab and silent on the outside, more

active within. The baggage master of the *De Grasse* met me at the head of the gangplank and showed me where my records had been stored. I was introduced to the various officers and assured of cooperation. That the seasoned navigators looked on me with slight suspicion and wondered where I got my influence in high places was evident. I had expected it, and hoped to overcome their natural distrust in time.

Finally I got Vautier on the phone and told him what had happened. He seemed to be as disappointed as I was, but promised to get to work and find a solution, if possible. I thanked him and hurried back to the Village to keep my appointment with Rose.

The Lafayette had a somber atmosphere unlike its old-time gaiety. One of the doormen, who came from Lorraine, asked me anxiously about conditions in France, and particularly what was happening to the French who had been obliged to evacuate their homes in the Eastern provinces. He had a mother and sister and had had no news for weeks. The employees of the travel agency were looking for other jobs. Most of the waiters wore a troubled look and inquired about Paris, how it was there with the cafés closed and the shops out of business. How long would the war last? Would the Germans



attack the Maginot Line? As in France there were conflicting opinions as to the impregnability of the eastern border defenses, so the ideas of French-speaking people in New York varied widely. Why was nothing happening? Why did France and England wait for Hitler to conquer Poland and reassemble his forces? How did the working people feel about the war? Was France to do all the fighting on land? Would there be heavy fighting, or only an economic blockade? Not only the French but my American acquaintances, knowing I had just come back from Europe, were bewildered by conflicting reports from abroad and were pathetically anxious for news and general information.

When Rose appeared, she was dressed not in the dingy sports clothes she had worn that afternoon but in a ready-made evening gown that fitted none too well but was not conspicuous in the Lafayette's dining room. We found a somewhat secluded table for two and started our conversation like two amateur fencers. It was evident to me that she had not lost her job as a Soviet agent on account of her flight from France and also that she swallowed the Soviet line, with the hook and sinker attached. I made no reference to her former signs of weakening.

All the official party explanations had been furnished her, and stereotyped Communist phrases

formed a sort of rash on whatever she tried to say. The British and French were "warmongers"; President Roosevelt had become a tool of Chamberlain, J. P. Morgan and Trotsky and an enemy of the working class. America's so-called freedom was an empty shell at which Russia's foes were pecking and they soon would break through. Finland was populated with Mannerheims who were paving the way for a British and French attack on Leningrad. Stalin had frightened Hitler out of his wits and was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. A revolutionary situation was developing in England, France, Germany, all over the world. The capitalist war would end triumphantly for the workers and would break down national boundaries.

Having before me an article by a prominent Communist, W. J. F—, to the effect that the Chinese were still worthy of support in their resistance to imperialist Japan, I sounded her out, tactfully, on the feelings of New York party members concerning Chinese relief. I did not want to contradict her or seem unsympathetic to what she was saying, for I needed information badly. It was necessary for me to find out without delay where Communists met, how many of the fellow travelers were still on the train and who they were. My man, Lord Haw Haw, was a gregarious fellow, not a recluse. Of that I was

sure. He would enjoy subversive gatherings, I believed, and particularly if he could feel superior to the others who attended. At least, that was one of the plausible theories on which I intended to proceed.

Chinese relief was very much in the party's graces, and so was work for the Spanish refugees. That much I learned. I caught on also to the fact that Rose had renewed her interest in Lord Haw Haw. Her eagerness to glean any bits of information I might possess about him, any hints to his whereabouts or his identity, set me thinking. If Haw Haw was on Moscow's payroll, as I had suspected from the coincidence of his remarks with the changing drift of the party line, and Rose was still in the service of Moscow as an observer and collector of information, most certainly her superiors would not send her looking for traces of him. They would know he was in America and would drop no hints to their local employees that might upset the apple-cart. Particularly, that would apply to an expert in phonetics and sound like Dr. Rose S., alias Dania Ivkitch. Should such an agent as Rose, because of danger in France, take refuge in New York where Lord Haw Haw chanced to be, the Soviet authorities would ship her elsewhere immediately, it seemed to me.

My feeling that Lord Haw Haw was a destructionist was compatible, I thought, with the possibility that he also was an idealist. The two often go together. That is, men who are embittered by existing institutions often embrace a distant dream of humanity in some other state of civilization. Some of them want to go back to nature or the primitive, others let flow all their pent-up and bruised romanticism in a Utopian direction. They feel a comfortable reconciliation if their vision of the future implies violent disaster to the actual.

That Haw Haw would prove to be a sincere Communist, in the sense of believing in the Sainthood of Comrade Joe, the villainy of all Stalin's non-worshippers, and the rosy future of society under Soviet auspices, was unlikely. Whatever the peer's words had disclosed to us of his training, education, tastes and upbringing, seemed to point in the opposite direction, toward a somewhat scornful aristocratic attitude, tinged with pathological cruelty. But that Haw Haw saw in the Communist doctrine a sure method for undermining and unsettling public opinion among the lower classes in England was completely understandable. His eagerness and seriousness when inciting the workers to revolt was due, I thought, not to his love of laboring millions but his hatred of the British ruling class. The

men with public-school ties, quite evidently, had snubbed and wounded Haw Haw and aroused all his vindictiveness.

Before my evening with Rose was over, I was able to re-establish a bond of sympathy between us and I held out tempting bait as to my connections which might put me in a position later to tell her something about Lord Haw Haw. That was my way of keeping contact with her, for the more perverse and irritating her opinions developed, the stronger was my longing to undermine them, somehow, and bring her out of her spiritual prison. Call my impulse what you like. I was attracted to her in a way I could scarcely explain and wanted to clarify her thoughts and cultivate her womanhood. Living in a continual state of tension keeps one's temperature a degree or two above normal so that spies, like tuberculosis patients, are always falling in and out of love.

After dinner we went to L—'s on 14th Street, one of New York's leading restaurants, a German restaurant (where the cooks are French, by the way) with a long and excellent tradition in serving beer. Some of the imported Würzburger was still on tap, and soothed by its coolness and flavor we imagined ourselves back at the Balzar, between moments of scrutinizing covertly the clientele. For

everywhere I was looking for Lord Haw Haw, and listening as well. In the way that a cultivated musician could identify the tone produced by Kreisler or Elman or Heifetz on the violin, I was sure I would recognize the voice of the Peer of Zeesen if and when I heard it at close range. And it would be unthinkable that a man who had developed such an understanding and admiration for other things German would not relish good beer and a hearty German bill of fare.

Now in New York there are hundreds of places where the beer is passable, but not more than a dozen where it is of the highest quality and also drawn to perfection. It cannot be served properly in the home without complicated and expensive apparatus, too bulky for modern apartments, and constant care by highly paid specialists. All those things would attract undue attention. Ergo: Haw Haw, if he liked beer, as he probably did, would drink it in a high-grade public place.

When L—'s closed, I took Rose back to her room in 69th Street, a street on which she could walk late at night without attracting attention. Then I spent a quiet half hour considering my problems. The routine work of organizing a protective service for the giant liners of the Allies and a counter-espionage network along the near-by waterfront

would have to be done promptly and carefully, but in my mind that had become secondary in importance. Naturally, the bulk of the routine work would have to be delegated to trustworthy assistants. I, myself, was wrapped up in the pursuit of Lord Haw Haw.

First on the order of the day, I decided, was to locate the fugitive broadcasting station that sent out, on 9.61 megacycles, the broadcasts thrice daily, purporting to come from various points in Germany.

Secondly, I was determined to try other means of tracking down the man in person, by analyzing his character and discovering his habits from a study of his words.

How many times that evening I had cursed Bertie Wooster, for, as was the case with the majority of Englishmen and Americans, I had accepted unconsciously the image of Wodehouse's appealing character as Lord Haw Haw in the flesh. Whenever I saw, on the streets, in passing taxis, or at L—'s, a blondish man with a receding chin, wearing a flower in his buttonhole, the blood rushed to my head. I started involuntarily to get up from my place at the table, or even blundered out into the street, in a few instances narrowly escaping being run down by cursing drivers of taxis or buses.

Monocles, of course, are scarce in New York. To see one of those would be too much to expect. But vacant eyes and weak chins seem to predominate, except among Mediterranean peoples. Formerly, I had assumed that nearly everyone in New York had a Jewish or an Irish face, aside from the denizens of foreign quarters. On my first evening I was astonished by the high percentage of chaps with thin yellow hair brushed back.



## ★ EIGHT ★

KNOWING that my strange quest would involve late hours and a considerable amount of nocturnal eating and drinking, to which I am naturally inclined, I decided to forswear the hearty American breakfast and start the day in the Continental style. At the Lafayette that is a pleasure. My room was spacious and well-lighted, overlooking University Place. The morning sun did not stream in the windows but it was reflected on those across the street. I had installed the best radio on the market, with earphones of the most sensitive design.

At quarter of five A.M. I responded to the muffled cling of my alarm clock, doused my head in icy water, propped myself up with pillows and listened to Haw Haw's opening broadcast which hit Berlin at eleven in the morning, and Paris and London at ten. That first morning I was well rewarded. My quarry was in rare form.

“Good morning, friends. ‘Fans,’ I believe you are called in America. This is Germany. Germany calling. Station DXB, Berlin.

“Those of you in England have already seen this morning in your so-called newspapers that Mr. Chamberlain has compared the casualty list of the earthquakes in Turkey with that of combatants in the war since September. The Turks, it seems, lost more people in the quake than the Allies have lost since hostilities began. Why not? The Turks were actually in the earthquake. They couldn’t help it, poor fellows. They didn’t have a sage with an umbrella to keep them out of it, while at the same time he assured them it must go on . . .

Prrrrtttt Krrrrrrrrraaaaaaaack ta da da ta da.

The static again. I switched to the Milkman’s Matinee and Christopher Colombo was going full blast, without missing a syncopated beat. Turning back to the short wave, 9.61, I heard more fireworks, then the voice, continuing:

“Another rather tasty example of the work carried on in the British Ministry of Information and diffused over the ether waves . . . is the news broadcast by Daventry, to the effect that there’s a shortage of clothes in Germany.

“According to Daventry, General Goering is organizing bands whose duty it is to go from house

to house, take a list of clothes everybody possesses and confiscate all but two suits or dresses apiece . . . give the rest to the soldiers. Imagine the possibilities such an ingenious scheme would offer. Imagine the beautiful spring days on the Rhine, with all the flowers blooming, all the trees shining in their fresh green, birds twittering, and the German soldiers going for a stroll in their brand-new crêpe de chine frocks . . . silk stockings . . . and the latest spring hat models on their ears . . . My, what a sight!

“The French and English heroes on the other side will turn green with envy, when they see this pageant. They’ll come over to us by the tens of thousands . . . pfuiiiiiiiiiiii zzzzwhее mrrrrrm houiiiiiii . . . in exchange for their uncomfortable brass hats. The war, it can be safely said, messieurs, is practically won already. And who is responsible for this marvelous, absolutely bloodless achievement? General Goering, with his clothes-hunting house-gang distributors. No wonder he’s Hitler’s right-hand man.

“Yesterday Goering . . . disgrace. Today he’s only hoping . . .” (The voice faded, then returned.) “The foremost German . . . is beheaded. The morning after, he is reported to have lunched with Der Fuehrer, and so on.”

As Lord Haw Haw continued, it dawned on me

that he was drunk, or at least, exhilarated. He lisped a little more than usual, used a German order of words now and then. He had less to say about social ills and economic injustices, which he reserved for his more serious moments. But he did not sound like a man recently awakened from sleep. More likely he had not yet gone to bed. I felt a twinge of elation. He would not be drunk at eleven in the morning in Berlin, but he might well be finishing a long night of tipping in New York at five in the morning. On the other hand, the bothersome static was not audible on other New York stations.

Pondering those fragmentary discrepancies I went back to sleep after resetting my alarm clock for eight-thirty. At that hour, refreshed and eager to get started, I bathed and dressed while the waiter set up a table by the window and served me with steaming coffee with hot milk and cream on the side, and crisp golden croissants enlivened with sweet butter and currant jelly from Bar-le-Duc.

The telephone rang. Monsieur T was in the lobby, asking for me. "Send him up," I said. Monsieur T was a petty officer of the *Normandie* and one who, by arrangement with the acting purser, was to communicate with me in cases of emergency. He handed me a message in code. It was from Vautier, coded by Colonel Henri, and as I read it

I was filled with renewed hope and confidence. In substance, it read as follows:

COULD NOT HAW HAW REALIZING THAT CLEAR  
RECEPTION IN NEW YORK WAS A SUSPICIOUS CIR-  
CUMSTANCE HAVE INTRODUCED ARTIFICIAL STATIC  
NOISES BY MEANS OF PHONOGRAPH DISC OR  
OTHERWISE QUERY STATIC INTERFERENCE WITH  
YESTERDAY'S HAW HAW BROADCAST DOES NOT  
CORRESPOND WITH STATIC OVER STATIONS BE-  
TWEEN BERLIN AND PARIS EITHER IN TIMING OR  
CHARACTER OR INTENSITY STOP SIMILAR DISCREP-  
ANCY IN FADEOUTS STOP BEST OF LUCK SIGNED  
VAUTIER

With difficulty I restrained myself from dancing around the room. My talented little hunchback had hit upon a plausible explanation of the mysterious static. It was faked with gramophone discs. How I wished he were present so that I might show my appreciation!

A half hour had not passed before I was closeted with Norman R, an eccentric but brilliant radio engineer. R was like Rabelais' Panurge. He had sixty-three ways of making money, but more than two hundred and fourteen of spending it. I told him I was writing a series of articles on radio propa- ganda and needed scientific information, for which

I was willing to pay liberally. R fairly fell over his long legs in offering to furnish whatever he could, and no questions asked.

"Here is my problem," I said. "I wish to know how a fugitive transmission station could be located in a city like New York."

He took up a pencil, chewed one end and started sketching with the other.

"Simple," he said. "Your fugitive transmitter could be spotted easily, within the limits of a city block."

"By what means?" I asked, and added that my scientific background left much to be desired.

"I'll shoot right over the plate," he said. "No hidden strings, no mirrors. Nothing up my sleeve. First of all, you need a fixed receiving station with vertical antenna. Get me?"

"A fixed receiving station with vertical antenna," I repeated, and noted down the words.

"Then you must have a movable direction finder, a simple loop which rotates around its vertical axis, with a protractor like that of a transit, calibrated in degrees and minutes. This loop is combined with a special receiver for detecting the conditions for maximum and minimum signal. The German Telefunken apparatus or the English Armstrong is all right for the purpose."

I continued making notes hastily, while he sketched rapidly.

"The fixed station has a plotted area chart," he went on. "The movable direction finder may be mounted on an automobile. The direction of minimum signal is easier to find within accurate limits than the maximum. When the loop is turned in such a way as to give minimum signal, the radio waves are coming at right angles to the loop. Understand? The rest is simple triangulation."

"How long would it take to locate the transmitting station?" I asked.

"That's a matter of luck. You couldn't expect to do it in less than an hour," he replied.

"Damnation. Supposing the broadcast only lasted ten minutes, three times a day?" I asked.

"You could take as many readings as possible each time, and gradually get nearer and nearer. I think you could find your bird in a day or two at the most, with any kind of a break," he said.

R was eager to give me more details, but I was afraid of becoming confused if I tried to absorb too much at a time. What he had told me afforded me plenty of work for the rest of the day. My first need was to get in touch with a dozen men in whom I could place absolute confidence, and any man of affairs, whether he is a politician, a business execu-

tive, an engineer or contractor, or even a labor organizer, knows how difficult that is. The new laws passed by Congress concerning the registration of foreign agents made my task more difficult. Excesses on the part of the German Bund, the Christian Front, the Coughlinites, Communists, followers of Trotsky, etc., had sharpened the vigilance of the American authorities, and emergency precautions were being taken to prevent foreign governments from inciting the American populace to war. This pleased the Germans, Italians, Russians and Japanese no end, whose fondest dreamers could not imagine free America lining up on their side. To the British and French, who wanted most of all to purchase necessary supplies and make use of the surplus industrial plants all over the United States, the strict neutrality laws and regulations meant a severe handicap. They found it hard to understand why Americans, eight-tenths of whom were sympathetic to their cause, were hamstrung in all efforts to give practical effect to their sympathies. It was as if the American pacifists held the theory that the way to sidestep a war against democracy was to let it sweep unimpeded to their doorsteps. What went on in the minds of American radical Jews, facing extinction if Hitler wins, was even harder for the Allied peoples to comprehend.



On the face of it, it was impossible to hire radio experts to set up receiving stations and dash all over Manhattan in autos equipped with loop direction finders without letting them know what station was their prey. And the mention of Lord Haw Haw was enough to make them suspect that I was acting for the Allies in that connection. Knowing engineers, and their usual sketchy notions of national or world affairs, or anything else except engineering, I believed that the problem was unique and attractive enough as an engineering twister to enlist their interest and influence them to secrecy, at least until Haw Haw was nailed to the mast. Nevertheless, I had to dig up twelve competent technicians who had no German blood or affiliations, who were not anti-British or French, who had never absorbed a word of Marx, and who were not anti-Semitic. The fact that I had ample funds at my disposal was in my favor, for many men will accept easy money without examining minutely the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Some of the men I selected, after as careful investigation as time permitted, were sportively inclined and accepted my story that I was trying to win a bet with long odds. Others were led to believe that I was working for the United States Department of Justice. A few of the brightest must

have thought I was helping out the British, but none, I am sure, suspected that I was in the pay of the French.

Regretfully, I was forced to let Lord Haw Haw ramble on to his heart's content at five o'clock each morning, for the presence in New York of twelve roaming automobiles equipped with loops would attract attention on the deserted streets and start the police and spy hunters on a jamboree.

Also, in the purchase of the apparatus I had to move with caution. That was done for me by Cros-Decan, in the name of the all-powerful C. Institute with which he was known to be connected. He was able to obtain without delay eight Telefunken outfits and four of the Armstrong brand. Quarters for the twelve stationary points of reference, with vertical antennae and area charts with graduated protractors, were found, ranging from the Battery to Harlem and the Bronx, with one each in Brooklyn and Queens. Wireless telephone connection had to be established between each stationary observer and his roaming partner. None of the pairs thus employed knew of the activities of the others. Purposely I made as erratic an impression on my men as possible, so that not one of them, I think, really believed in the beginning that the famous Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen was anywhere out of the Reich and

least of all in peaceful New York. But the pay was high, and to guard against idling and the stringing out of a good thing, I posted a tremendous bonus which was to diminish as time went on.

And before my twenty-four direction sleuths had got under way, I was busy setting up another organization to shag Lord Haw Haw in Communist gatherings, German societies of all descriptions, and especially in restaurants and rathskellers where the beer was of a quality that raised it above the level of indiscriminating drinkers.

In one respect, I was able to divorce Lord Haw Haw in my mind from Bertie Wooster. His gleeful way of referring to German soldiers in silk stockings and *crêpe de chine* gave me the first clue in determining one phase of his character, namely, his distaste for women. That abnormality I had learned to look for in Fascists of the extreme fanatic type. The self-styled superman invariably thinks of the superwoman as a commodious sort of breeder and more often than not does not fancy himself as a patriotic stud. That function is for the rank and file.

Without delay, of course, I had got in contact with the statistical office set up by Colonel Henri and found its personnel trustworthy and discreet and its equipment of a very high standard. It was situated in the rear of a factory and sales warehouse

devoted to mechanical pianos of the sort found in wayside restaurants, small saloons, dance halls and fraternity houses, and was only two blocks and a half from where the *Normandie* lay. The concern had been about to close its doors, after struggling through the worst of the depression, and Henri's intelligent representative had bought out the entire outfit and taken over the lease of the building. The former employees had drifted away before the warehouse was re-opened under the new management. No more music-making machines were manufactured, and seldom a customer wandered in. But the sound of the mechanical instruments, of which several were played at one time, covered the laboratory noises in the loft.

The moving spirit of this bizarre institution was Fred Morton, one of the most likable and original men I have had the pleasure of meeting in any country. He was a slight mild-mannered man with round eyes made more owl-like by thick-lensed spectacles, a bald head, pointed beard, slim sensitive hands and a truly Olympian sense of humor and detachment. He had one hate, and that was a simple and direct one aimed at Fascism in any form. For other human tendencies and foibles he had the utmost tolerance. Within half an hour after I presented myself, I knew we should understand one

another. And the first task I assigned Fred Morton caused his eyes to gleam with amusement and his mouth to form a wistful smile. I confided in him my hunch that Lord Haw Haw was no fancier of the opposite sex and asked him to examine the peer's remarks, from April 1939 to date, for traces, however remote, of what we suspected, and to punch the cards anew so that the sorting machine would take cognizance of Sodomitic or Gomorrahan tendencies in our prize announcer, who, we hoped, was lurking near by. The list Fred compiled was a honey. Freud himself could not have been more thorough. Haw Haw had gone into transparent raptures over "the boys in shorts on the athletic field." "My friend and I eat only white bread, and he's hard to please, so it must be good," the peer announced on another occasion. There is space here for only a few of the characteristic and telling phrases, without their context, but these will serve to illustrate:

"The Fuehrer has been criticized abroad because he doesn't fritter away his time with every girl he sees, but after all, Mr. Chamberlain isn't very attractive, physically . . ."

"One doesn't punish British officers with rump and dozen, like the poor sailor boys . . . A pity, what? . . ."

“The French are a funny race, as the saying goes . . .”

“Well, friends. Perhaps now the British will show up on the Maginot Line. Four thousand women of the streets of Paris have been sent up to keep the Allied heroes content; more are coming, so we’re informed. Revolting, isn’t it? But I don’t think trainloads of strumpets will tempt our boys to start a premature offensive. In Germany, the woman’s place is in the home . . . and the men can leave them there in the evening if they want to. They like to get together for a song and a glass of beer.”

Fred also punched all references to food or beer, and they were impressive when we got them together, although studying them caused my aide some physical discomfort. For years he had subsisted on the white meat of chicken, green vegetables, buttermilk and other innocuous foods. His digestion had been practically non-existent since he was a child. His pulse was low, his blood-pressure subnormal, his heart skipped as many beats as it accomplished. Yet, to my surprise, I saw him skating elaborate figures on the ice at Rockefeller Center one day. He was utterly unpredictable, except in his anti-Fascism and his ingenuity. But while I roamed evenings, on a still hunt for our adversary,

Fred was obliged to lie in bed, although he did not sleep much.

"I should have died long ago," he said to me on one occasion, "if I didn't think a man should be feeling pretty good to make a radical change like that."

From the beginning of my study of Lord Haw Haw I had assumed that he was rich and had moved in affluent circles from childhood. In the first place, his manner of speech was that of an educated man who was purposely and skillfully "talking down" to his public. Moreover, his trend of thought was not like that of a workingman who has been bitten by exalted ideas and is inadequately equipped to deal with them, but rather indicated a philosopher who, by reason of physiological peculiarities and disillusioning experience, had become a rogue and took pleasure in his perversity. Very likely he saw himself as a rollicking anti-hero like Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*, substituting boys for women.

Whenever I felt abstemious enough, I held long talks with Fred Morton on the subject of Haw Haw's characteristics. Afterward he painstakingly and shrewdly searched the records for confirmation or rebuttal of our deductions. I did not have the heart to sit across a table from him with a pig's knuckle and a seidel of beer in front of me, while he munched forlornly on an olive or a stalk of

celery. Fred, also, believed our quarry was born among nursemaids and silver spoons and that he had been a student who learned without much effort.

Haw Haw said always "bread is *more* plentiful" or "of *better* quality." He never mentioned stark hunger. In the matter of the alleged clothes shortage, he blandly assumed that in every house in Berlin more than two suits would be found. Chaps always had several outfits. When referring to money, he spoke of it familiarly, and of poverty as if it were exotic.

"Bribery in England," he said, early in December, "is not *only* a question of money. No, indeed. Only as much as is necessary, and no more, for the participation in the prides and prejudices of an aristocracy that can and does create new men at will, as birthday presents and New Year's presents from the King to itself and to its system."

The next day he said: "The lower classes in England are on the *verge* of privation. . . . Middle-class people are asked for still more contributions. . . . Their incomes will not stand more direct taxation. . . . They have no *large* untouched margins." To have no margin at all was a situation not in Haw Haw's ken. The people suffered not from disease and undernourishment and the grinding out of their finer feelings in a perpetual fight for existence,



he implied, but simply had less *money* than usual. "Many of the children had never seen a *cooked* meal in their lives," he declared, not understanding that prepared foods are the dearest and that fuel enough for cooking can be picked up in any slums by those who are not too proud.

That Lord Haw Haw had been long enough in America to have acquired a number of Americanisms in his speech was clear. He referred to "sidewalk" when anyone in England would naturally have said "pavement," and to "vacation" instead of "holiday."

The mother complex in his case was too obvious to be discussed in detail, and an examination of his utterances made me suspect that his mother had been Irish, with the whimsical qualities of a member of an oppressed race, while his father might have been a haughty Englishman, with service in India, perhaps, and a contempt for dark-colored or yellow races coupled with a strong preoccupation with sports. No doubt, I thought, he smelled of the stable and drove his shrinking wife to her bottle of salts. Lord Haw Haw himself referred to sports scornfully, except for the instance when the boys in shorts came into play, or went on "Strength Through Joy" hikes together. His frequent dissertations on the woes of the Irish revealed that he had

brooded much about Ireland and was well informed about its unhappy history.

In the course of his broadcasts, Lord Haw Haw had pronounced words in the following languages: French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, ancient Greek, Russian, Rumanian and Hungarian. Fred Morton knew only English, as spoken by middle-class Bostonians, but he had among his assistants men who, between them, had a fair knowledge of all the modern languages. Working in conjunction with sound experts, these linguists passed on every syllable Lord Haw Haw uttered in a foreign tongue. The peer's rating was as follows:

French and German	Perfect, to all intents and purposes. Acquired at an early age and used frequently throughout his lifetime.
Latin and Greek	As acquired in school by an apt, talented pupil with excellent instruction. Reading of them in post-university days must have been continued, and with understanding interest.
Spanish and Italian	Picked up by ear for convenience's sake and never thoroughly mastered.
Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian	Words learned parrotlike for purpose of broadcast.

The casual way in which the Peer of Zeesen referred to places, many of them comparatively obscure, convinced us that he had traveled much in America, France and Germany, and had visited Spain and Italy. Also he had cruised in the Orient and the Near East. There was nothing from which we could make up our minds whether he had seen Russia first hand or not. I was inclined to think he had not, but there was always the possibility that he was covering up his knowledge of the Soviet territory for a purpose.

Were he a theoretical Communist who had not seen the Stalin regime in action, his faithful adherence to the party line, which twisted like a toboggan slide, was understandable. The kind of distorted mentality I was cooking up for him, in advance of making his acquaintance, would admit of a hatred for the English (his father), a perverse embrace of all things German and Nazi in order to enrage his own countrymen, coupled with an intelligent disdain of Nazi logic and quasi-science. Such a Machiavellian split personality might well enjoy pretending to work for Hitler and Goebbels in a way that made a muddle of English opinion, while secretly aiding and abetting Communist disintegration of a sorry world. In that set-up, only Lord Haw Haw himself would be in the know. He would

be making nations dance on strings like marionettes. He would be having a hilarious time while the world went to pot. Powerful leaders would eat from his hand. Hundreds of thousands of hoi polloi would curse him but would listen, just the same. He would play upon crowds as if they were helpless rows of strings under flying hammers; a world catastrophe would be the keyboard; he, the master player.

Naturally, I thought of the likelihood that syphilis had tainted his brilliant mind and given him illusions of grandeur, but the fact remained that he *was* making nations hop and skip, that great leaders gave him *carte blanche* in his work, and it was evident that he was having a whale of a time. One cannot believe in the laws of chance, how they pile up hazards against the fulfillment of even the most modest ambitions, without realizing also that the off chance, the one in a billion, must fall on some one. Hitler's case was a modern example. Perhaps Haw Haw's was another, in the realm of publicity and human engineering.

## ★ N I N E ★

FREQUENTLY, in the course of my first week's work in New York, I found occasion to call on Norman R, the radio engineer and in the many small ways, by means of which men determine whether or not they are congenial, I sounded him out. The association was a happy and a fortunate one. Morally, Norman was utterly irresponsible. Morals did not exist for him, and neither did history, ancient or modern. He loved engineering and was thrilled by its problems daily, during as many hours as his alert mind could retain its razor edge. The rest of the day was devoted to wine, woman and song. Being lean and restless, and possessed of a tough New England constitution, he needed little sleep and never was reminded that he had a liver.

When I spoke of wine, I should perhaps have said whiskey and beer, and in that limited field his taste

was sound. He drank straight Bourbon whiskey intermittently until dinner time and the best imported beer he could get in the evening. Women of all sorts liked him and cavorted with him freely, knowing they were simply out for a good time without profound or dangerous attachments. In his notebook he had the addresses of a string of them—short and tall, old and young, shy and shameless—that would have done credit to an Eastern potentate. He made a good deal of money, being tops in his field and in constant demand, and spent it faster than it rolled in. At the time I first consulted him he had \$75 in his pocket and nothing in the bank. The last I heard of him was that he had drawn his pay a month in advance from W— and S—. His preference in song, or music, was catholic, indeed. If a piece was slow, he was not impatient. "What the hell. We don't have to catch a train," he said, when L—'s conscientious quintet was dealing with the Moonlight Sonata. If the selection was fast, he twitched his elbows and tapped with his toes. His conversation was gay, superficially witty, never boring and never deep. Aside from scientific works, he had read a dozen books, among them *Les Miserables*, for which he had an awesome admiration. He dressed well because he chose expensive

tailors and had to have large supplies of linen, being absent-minded about sending out laundry.

Seldom have I encountered a man who lived so completely from hand to mouth and moment to moment, without ever seeming to be overtaken by retribution. Now and then one or two of his women lost their heads and became troublesome, but he had neither fortune nor reputation to guard and so was not vulnerable.

Norman and I became fast friends and bottle companions, and little by little I felt safe in confiding to him the nature of my work and in delegating the direction of the engineering details to him. He took a liking to me and was eager to help me out. Besides, he thought the Allies deserved to win. The fact that the initial results were discouraging only spurred him on.

At eleven each evening we met at a table reserved for us at L—'s. Sometimes Rose S. joined us, and on those occasions we did not talk business, but Norman rattled on to Rose's complete astonishment. In all her life, spent with men and women to whom world affairs and the future of the race were the breath of existence, she had never met such a frivolous fellow and he fascinated her. But having so many women of his own, and assuming Rose was one of mine, he treated her as imper-

sonally as if she were a chair. I saw Rose, of course, in other company, particularly at the studio of the C. Institute on McD. Street, and we often dined alone. When Norman was with us she alternately burned with anger and bubbled with mirth. Marxism, to him, was like Egyptology or millinery. He simply did not have need of it in his scheme of things.

After our several pairs of technicians had worn out many tires and much of their patience trying to get a line on Lord Haw Haw's hideout, Norman explained in more detail to me one night about the difficulties they were up against. The skyscrapers of New York, for instance, were as troublesome as ranges of mountains, he said. The city was replete with "dead spots" in which radio reception was bad, for reasons which could not be determined exactly. The direction finders had to work with compasses, of course, and moving automobiles were always surrounded with metal in near-by cars and structures, which threw off the readings. The normal margin of error, under ideal conditions, he explained was about five degrees. In New York, the error might mount as high as ten degrees or more. That meant many readings, where a few would suffice in the country.

What was baffling Norman was the fact that if



one of the movable loops registered zero at noon, in a certain spot, the reading was off, sometimes forty degrees, at three o'clock. Reams of paper had been used to plot the field results, and nothing of value had been discovered.

"If we had the spondulix," he said to me, "we could charter a couple of airplanes. A plane can move around faster; the correction on account of local metal is constant. Of course, in plotting up the readings and making calculations, we'd have to allow for the speed of the plane. But your uncle Norman can do that. I don't know a damn thing about Lenin and Trotsky" (he always coupled those names) "and I can't *parley voo* worth a tinker's hoorah, but trigonometry is my meat." And he chuckled in his self-satisfied way.

After thinking it over, I assured him that the "spondulix" would scarcely be missed by the *gouvernement français*.

"Lead me to it," he said, and reached out for his beer.

While those of us who were tracking down Lord Haw Haw toiled on without conspicuous progress, the war situation in Europe was stirring ominously beneath the surface, like water about to boil. Neutral countries were all in terror. The Belgians worked feverishly to fortify the Northern frontier; the

Dutch planted dynamite in wayside trees. Trucks loaded with soldiers and supplies crawled incessantly through the streets of Brussels, sandbags by the tens of thousands were stacked in Amsterdam. But the eyes of the world were on Finland, where the enormous Russian Army was receiving setback after setback at the hands of the patriotic defenders. The Soviet Union sent protesting notes to Norway and Sweden, both of which were helping the Finns. The Norwegians replied, "You are misinformed." The Swedes said bluntly, "The Swedish people cherish ardent sympathy for Finland." Nevertheless, neither of the Scandinavian Governments would permit real aid to reach Finland, in the form of troops, artillery and ammunition from the Allies. Neutrality, as always, favored the aggressor.

Code messages of the most confidential nature I had received from Colonel Henri urged me to go forward in my pursuit of Lord Haw Haw with all possible dispatch, for the situation was growing tense between the Allies on the Finnish question. France had prepared an army of 50,000 men, picked to resist cold, and was all for shipping them through Norway and Sweden, whether the Scandinavians authorized the move or no. Being less practical and always more hesitant, the Chamberlain Government backed and filled.

Lord Haw Haw had not been slow in seizing upon this bone of contention and making the most of it.

“Good morning, friends,” he had said, a full two hours before my message from Colonel Henri was delivered. “I have a secret for you today, a little item not yet published by your ministries of information in France and England. Mr. Chamberlain and Monsieur Daladier are keeping this one up their sleeves. You all know how sorry the British Government has been for the Boers, the people of India, the Irishmen, the Arabs, the Egyptians and the Maltese. You remember also how France has helped the Algerians, Senegalese, and has made a heaven on earth in French Guiana; how the Indo-Chinese are so grateful that they ship all their rice to France and cheerfully chew the chaff themselves.

“Now the enterprising and warm-hearted French are burning to save the Finns, and are all for sending a large army through Norway and Sweden. Well, Daladier collected the army, with the help of a few Polish Jews and Czech Jews he has on his hands. In his haste to dispose of his surplus Israelites he forgot to ask the neutrals. Norway and Sweden, being honest neutrals, won't let them pass. They don't want to have to lock up their silverware. Besides, the Scandinavians have had peace for one

hundred years and won't lease their land for a British imperial war, even if it is to be fought by the French with Jewish soldiers.

"Not even the English fire-eater, Mr. Churchill, wants to take the chance, it seems. He wants a Northern front; and then, again, he doesn't. He's great pals with General Mannerheim, who is said to have butchered two hundred thousand working men in order to purify the Finns. But Mr. Churchill wants to moralize, not act. He wants Germany and Russia to fight, and it annoys him because they have agreed each to mind his own affairs.

"At any rate, there's a first-class row between the brothers-in-arms of London and Paris and, as usual, the English people have to hear of it from me. Not a word from the ministries of information. Only a protest or two, for appearances' sake, from Horeb Elisha, the wandering ex-minister."

The germ of this broadcast took root quickly and stirred a hotbed of dissatisfaction in England among the element that favored a more energetic conduct of the war. Meanwhile, Leland Stowe, and one or two other first-rate correspondents, got through dispatches via Stockholm to the effect that the Russians were doing as well as could be expected and would have Finland at their mercy in a few short weeks.

To the delight of Norman R, I gave him a free hand to charter as many planes as he needed. He thought two would be enough, and set about getting them in his usual practical way. Meanwhile, still clinging to the idea that Lord Haw Haw would not forego his beer, I made a survey of the beer situation in New York. The fact that the British blockade had cut down imports of German beer into the United States helped narrow the inquiry.

Tessie's Old Vienna, on East 54th Street, still had a supply of Kulmbacher, but was weaning its customers away from it, and substituting Klaver Dutch as rapidly as possible.

At Billy the Oysterman's, the Dutch beer, Heineken's, was increasing its popularity by leaps and bounds, as it was being accepted by Würzburger fans at L—'s.

Castleholm, on West 57th, was offering excellent Scandinavian brews, notably the Karlsberg from Copenhagen, and the Danish Tuborg. The famous bartenders, Henry and Alex, were giving their clients the best of advice.

Janssen's Hofbrau could serve Löwenbrau, but was recommending Klaver, against a shortage of German beer in the near future.

Lars, the bartender at the Kungsholm, was doing a land-office business in Tuborg and Karlsberg,

both Danish, and for amateurs of light beers he suggested the Norwegian Ringner or the Swedish Carnegie.

Of course, domestic Ruppert's was going strong and, because of the scarcity of the imported article, the local brewery was putting on extra trucks to meet the increased demand.

My personal attention was given L—'s, and a smaller but distinguished place called Wills' on old Death Avenue, near 48th, a saloon where the standard of food and drink had been kept at the highest level for forty-odd years by the cadaverous proprietor, Ludwig, whose father, the founder, was recalled to the memory of old customers by an oval-framed portrait above the bar. Wills' had not been given much publicity, but in almost a half century there had been few vacant places at the tables there and a search the world over would not have found a more exacting collection of disciples of Gambrinus.

"*Gemütlichkeit*" was Ludwig's byword and his attempts to define the word, in a broader dialect than that of Weber and Fields, was still the delight of his patrons. No matter how many times in the course of an evening Ludwig was asked to explain that slogan, he good-naturedly obliged.

First of all, I got in touch with one of the French-

men who did German cooking at L—'s, after having him sounded out by trustworthy members of the *Normandie's* crew of petty officers, and a whimsical German writer who detested Hitler with all his heart. The assistant cook indicated one of the waiters who was in need, because of sickness at home, and I soon made arrangements to have reported secretly to me the presence of any customer with a British accent. Men in my employ visited daily and nightly all the saloons, taverns and restaurants I have listed, and several more, and wherever a British accent was detected, I was summoned post haste. I listened to every variety from low Cockney to high Oxford, with "Yorksha," Lancashire, Welsh, Scottish and the dialects of New England in between. I was amazed at the number of beer-loving Englishmen I came across in the first few days. But none of them, unless I was mistaken, was Lord Haw Haw. Nevertheless, I persisted, and perfected my organization every day, straining my nerves to keep alive my faith in my own methods. Colonel Henri's communications, to the effect that redoubled efforts to locate Haw Haw in Germany were proving fruitless, and encouraging conversation I held from time to time with Georges Vautier in Paris, kept me on my toes.

Thursday, the 25th of January, started out for  
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me in a discouraging manner. It was a black day for everyone interested in Franco-British relations, and that time the trouble was not traceable to Lord Haw Haw. But to me, the fact that the peer was silent about the scandal that leaked out caused my already low opinion of Georges Bonnet to sink lower. Haw Haw, evidently, thought of him as an asset to the Reich, and not to be molested.

At various times since the French Government started exploring deeper levels of ignominy after the Versailles conference, Bonnet, with the pale snakelike eyes, lifeless hair plastered indecoratively over a segment of his bald head, and a schnozzle like Durante's, had been Minister of Commerce, Public Works, Finance, Pensions, Foreign Affairs, and Postmaster General. As has been mentioned before, he was transferred from Foreign Affairs at a critical moment after the opening of the war, and given charge of the Red hunt, which promised to afford full play for all his meaner instincts.

In the last week in January, the facts, as to why he had been removed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and given such a lowly war portfolio as that of Justice, came out with a bang. And just as the harassed French military men were beginning to make it impossible for Mr. Chamberlain in London to hedge and stall any longer. Colonel Henri,



unable to speak his mind in Paris, poured out his woes to me in eloquent code communications.

Bonnet, it had developed, had sold out the Poles, lock, stock and barrel, with malice aforethought and a cynicism that shocked even Daladier. Just after Munich, in which he played a double role, or more likely a triple or quadruple one, Bonnet invited Ribbentrop to Paris for the signing of a pact of eternal peace between Hitler's Reich and the large French industrialists who controlled the Daladier Cabinet. The border was to be frozen. The Germans were to keep hands off Alsace-Lorraine, with the understanding that Central Europe was to be their happy hunting grounds.

All the time he was assuring the Poles and the French parliamentary leaders that Poland would be fully protected. After a fiery speech in the Chamber, reaffirming the French-Polish alliance, Bonnet sent the following word to Ribbentrop, through Johannes von Welczeck, the German ambassador:

"In foreign political debates before the Chamber things are often said that obviously are meant only for internal consumption."

Thus the French, who were accusing the British officials of mere dillydallying, were exposed as hav-

ing foreign ministers who were not hesitant but dishonest.

Lord Haw Haw must have known about Bonnet's chicanery and the reasons for his demotion to the Department of Justice (the maximum punishment for erring ministers who were industrialists also), but not one word did he utter, although he understood clearly how damaging his comments would be, coming at a time when large labor unions in England were passing resolutions in favor of an immediate armistice. But no. The Peer of Zeesen, with his sure light touch on the public pulse in England, did not lampoon Bonnet. He would as soon have thought of attacking Ribbentrop or Goering. Instead, having got hold of the English workers, or at least a sizable portion of them, he pursued his advantage along those lines.

How discouraging it was to those of us whose hope of the future was bound up in a German defeat (much more than an Allied victory) to have to face the fact that the Nazis were solidly behind their leadership and were working and fighting as a national unit, even a racial unit according to their hazy ideas, while the lovable and long-suffering French people and the workers of Great Britain were torn with doubts (and how well founded) concerning the men into whose hands their liberty

and welfare had been committed. At moments it seemed as if only wholesale and unnecessary blood-letting would bring the Allied peoples to their senses.

My own interest in the task assigned me had gone far beyond the mercenary, or mildly sentimental. I was maddened by the elusiveness of Lord Haw Haw, and his increasing efficacy in dissolving the British morale. In the days just preceding, only one thing had happened that heartened me a little, and that took place in Berlin.

Now William Joyce, American born, and one of Moseley's Fascists, with his brutal degenerate countenance, was not an attractive personality to be pinned on Lord Haw Haw, from the German point of view. It was not likely to increase his audience or the faith of the British public in his words. The London Ministry of Information had selected the most repulsive type, from the British point of view, to supersede Bertie Wooster. What did the Germans do but encourage the idea of Joyce as Haw Haw by putting on the same radio programs, just after the Peer of Zeesen, Joyce's second wife, a ballet dancer who performed a lamentable vaudeville act. Believing that this was done with the real Lord Haw Haw's connivance, I could give but one interpretation. Lord Haw Haw and Berlin were in-

creasingly nervous for fear the master propagandist's actual headquarters in New York would be discovered.

I had spent the day of January 25th receiving negative reports from all sides, rushing to three taverns at the cocktail hour in order to listen to English accents, and after dinner I had attended a party for the benefit of Spanish refugees. There I had been nauseated by the distaste for the idea of Finnish independence expressed by men, and their colorful women, who had risked their lives ostensibly for the freedom of the Spanish proletariat. Rose, to my disgust, drank it all in as usual and glanced at me from time to time, hoping for signs that I was seeing the true light at last. My reason for going to the benefit was to establish contact with the active Communists and to check up on a suspicious party who had been present at a similar occasion the Saturday before. My man put in an appearance, drunk, late, and very much dressed up.

As far as his manner of speech was concerned, the fellow might have been Haw Haw, allowing for the transformation made by the microphone. In other respects he did not fit the picture. He referred to Benedictine as a "lick-cure" and actually downed the stuff, after splashing in seltzer. He got as close to the voluptuous and tipsy Communist

girls as possible, which was rather close as the evening wore on and the company took its hair down. Furthermore, I learned that he was angling for a job with a publisher, at twenty-five dollars a week and, with that in his mind, was cultivating a buxom and intense young Marxist woman who had the hiring of proofreaders in the G—— and H—— concern.

Norman R, it seemed, had showed up at the usual rendezvous at L——'s. Since I did not put in an appearance he had promptly run afoul of a lightship, in the form of a well-developed Swedish masseuse, and was with her in the Lafayette when I arrived. The night clerk, of course, did not go into needless details, but merely told me as I entered that *mon ami* had come in, slightly *paff* and not alone. The mention of Norman brought to my mind a twinge of what might have been jealousy, for, during the bucolic benefit for the Spaniards, Rose had pointedly asked me questions about him, and had hinted that engineers, if they were susceptible of political development, were necessary to struggling proletariats. That she had toyed with the idea of undertaking Norman's Leftist education, at the risk of breaking down his impersonal treatment of her, had occurred to me. I was not amused. Having in mind all the damaging informa-

tion that was rattling around in Norman's brittle head, and the way he chattered when in his cups, I did not relish giving Rose the inside track. Also, I wanted her myself, without the Moscow trials, the blood purge of old Bolsheviks, the G.P.U., the abolition of the press and trade unionism, the defamation of Roosevelt's character, the pact with Hitler, or the extinction of the Finns.

Not knowing what was in store for me, I set my alarm for five o'clock and dropped off to sleep.

"Let me in! Let me in!" was the next thing I heard, two hours later. Half asleep I stumbled to the door and out in the corridor. Norman, in flapping pajamas and with spectacles askew, was dancing an angular hornpipe. Down the corridor about five doors, a bleary blonde face was staring out in indignant astonishment.

"Desist! Unhand me, woman!" chirped Norman in the masseuse's direction. "Can't you see I'm occupied?"

I hauled him in and shut the door. "What's biting you?" I asked.

"We've got Haw Haw, that's all. We've spotted the gazebo at last," he chuckled, and began dancing again.

As hard as I tried to keep calm, I could not. The likelihood that this irresponsible drunken man was

bringing me the vital news I had awaited seemed small, and yet . . . "What do you mean?" I asked.

He was scurrying from table to dresser to wardrobe in search of a pencil. He couldn't talk without one in his hand. I handed over my fountain pen and a pad of hotel stationery.

"Lomme-doo," he babbled. That was how he pronounced the name of one of our pilots, L'Hommedieu. "Lomme-doo's bagged him. He gets the fur-lined bathtub, and a license to steal! Some boy, eh? I told you Uncle Norman would come through."

"Explain, for the love of God," I said.

He was drawing large triangles, with A, B and C, or X, Y, Z, at the corners. "Got a map?" he asked. He was cold sober, now.

I produced a map from my suitcase and he nearly tore it up trying to spread it on the table. From the breast pocket of his pajama coat he drew a crumpled piece of paper with figures and angles noted thereon. Merrily he hummed and sang as he squinted at the map and drew lines.

"Stick out your can, here comes the garbage man," was the chorus he had chosen for the occasion. And as his diagram progressed he murmured, as if Lord Haw Haw was a sweetheart of his,

"That's the old girl! Move over! We're going to tickle you . . . Not there, not there . . . *There!*"

And beaming, he wiped the steam from his glasses and handed me the map, keeping a finger on what appeared to be De Witt Clinton Park.

"What the devil! He couldn't be in the park," I said, my heart sinking with disappointment.

"If he's one hundred yards from there, I'll eat my shirt," said Norman, nettled. "Figures don't lie, old boy. They look like hell on bank balances, but they tell the truth. That's where our bird has been Haw Hawing, or I'm a P.I. in a two-dollar cat-house. De Witt Clinton Park."

"Right handy to the *Normandie*, the *Queen Mary*, and the *Mauretania*. And I've been spending thousands of dollars to find out what's going on up there. I'll have to get a job as a P.I. myself," I said, but every nerve in my body was tingling. R. went on to tell me that Lomme-doo had called him on the phone, luckily after he had fallen asleep, to give him the news. The flier had been trying to reach him for hours. He had ordered both planes to check up, during the five o'clock broadcast. The pilots would report immediately, he said.

I glanced at the clock. It was two minutes to five. Too late to organize a trap for Haw Haw that morning. Even with a swift taxi, and no traffic, the



broadcast might be over before I could get up to 51st Street. Besides, I did not want merely to have Haw Haw arrested by the American police, on the charge of illegal broadcasting. That would have been all we had on him, unless it could be proven that he was acting as a *paid* agent for Germany. Were he playing the game for his own amusement, or if he could claim to be and get away with it, we were nowhere. Or, at least, he would be freed on bail and his fertile mind would still be at the Nazis' disposal. I was anxious to get him aboard the *Normandie*, apparatus and all. Still, I had to take account of the possibility that the French might be obliged to proceed by means of the American courts, and an air-tight case must be prepared against that contingency.

From force of habit, I had adjusted the dials for 9.61, short wave.

"Everyone dreams the dreams he deserves," began Lord Haw Haw, and Norman began to dance around the room again, and mutter endearing phrases.

"A child, for example, will dream of a music box on the night before its birthday. An English plutocrat, on the contrary, is often pursued by nightmares, as the shipping of objects of value from England to America shows. He is afraid of losing

his treasure. He is afraid the men who work for him, to increase his already swollen fortune, will get together. How can he teach them to work for nothing? By means of a war.

“The labor unions in England have recently disclaimed interest in a plutocrats’ war against hard-working Germany. They want peace. They vote for an armistice. They know that if this futile war gets started, trade unionism will hear its swan song.

“To make the worker work for nothing, to teach him to live on nothing, those are the preoccupations of the upper classes, the men with public-school ties, who wear out expensively tailored breeches, to say nothing of a platoon of horses and a pack of hounds, in pursuit of a small-furred animal about the size of a tomcat.

“They tell the wage slaves that to strike is unpatriotic, to ask for an armistice in order to avoid bloodshed is a detestable idea. They would make you believe that the Germans wish to depopulate France and build a pontoon bridge across to England. The Germans, they say, are planning to establish a common frontier with Rumania, to attack Canada by means of the North Pole.

“All the time, it is the English overlords who insist that prosperity depends upon the dismemberment of their neighbor, Germany, where National

Socialism gives the worker a share of the profits of his labor and a chance to hold up his head.

“They frighten themselves with their own stories, like old women chattering in the firelight. A German industrialist, who recently died at a ripe old age of kidney trouble, was shot, according to the *Daily Express*. The Fuehrer chews rugs and throws ink pots at his generals, the same newspaper would have you believe.

“Meanwhile, comes enlightening news from Canada, where some real rug-chewing and ink-pot throwing have been going on between Mr. Hepburn, who hates labor unions, and the ‘liberal’ Mackenzie King. Mr. King, it seems, has permitted the sale of 1,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat to Russia, ‘a potential enemy.’

“Profits rolled in, not to the farmers who grew the wheat, but to speculators among the upper classes. And while the profiteers were counting their money from Moscow, Air Force recruits were drilling in zero weather in summer clothes.

“In South Africa, where the weather is warmer, General Hertzog introduced the following resolution:

“‘Resolved, That this House is of the opinion that the time has come for the state of war against Germany to be ended and for peace to be restored.’

"Not a bad idea. What? How soundly, under those conditions, would the underpaid workers of England sleep in their beds?"

As Lord Haw Haw had been speaking, I had been putting on my clothes, and I urged Norman to do likewise. We breakfasted hastily, then aroused Fred Morton, at the risk of upsetting the precarious balance of his health.

The telephone rang, and I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"Is Mr. R in your room?" the operator asked, from downstairs.

Norman took the receiver. "It's Lomme-doo," he said and from the birdlike glee on his face I could see that the news was gratifying. R jotted down angles and figures. Before he could plot the results on the map, the phone rang again. The other pilot reported. Breathlessly I watched, feeling helpless and useless as Norman's pencil traced line after line. But before he was through I could see that the intersections hit close to De Witt Clinton Park again, slightly south, but not more than a block from the southern boundary.

"We must look for the antenna. He'll have to use a vertical," said R.

"Let's go," I said, and we took a taxi for Morton's office, where Fred had agreed to meet us. Already

he had sent word to his best men to be on hand. Because it was a brisk morning, Fred had put on a plaid woollen muffler, a red and yellow skater's cap and colored Swedish mittens. On the deserted water front, which had not begun to stir, one could have spotted him at a distance of a mile. Norman was wearing his stand-up collar with a pert bow tie and a black derby. Taken as a group, we looked a bit exotic, but not terrifying. I had the only gun. None of us possessed U. S. authority.

Posting Fred's husky and dependable assistants at convenient corners, we started looking for suspicious circumstances, objects or persons of British flavor. Since the National Union of British Seamen has headquarters exactly across 52nd Street, from De Witt Clinton Park, I had to caution everybody not to mistake a sailor on leave for Lord Haw Haw. It was Norman who first recovered his scientific balance.

"The antenna. That's our meat. If Haw Haw has stuck up a forty-foot rod, especially a copper one, on one of the roof tops, I ought to be able to find it with the more or less naked eye," he said, wiping off ruefully his thick-lensed spectacles.

The buildings in that neighborhood are not very high, as a rule, but at 46th Street, on the water front, and overlooking several millions of dollars' worth

of Allied shipping is an ominous-looking cylindrical gashouse two hundred feet high with an outside staircase all the way up the downtown side.

"Me for the gashouse," Norman said. "It's one hell of a climb, but here goes." It was characteristic of him. He had spent his life in bars, beds and drafting rooms, and yet he would tackle a feat that experienced athletes might have thought twice about. For the iron stairs were steep and the pitch was villainous.

Fred and I, considering that the waterfront block between 51st and 52nd Streets would be the most likely refuge for anything illegal and clandestine, walked around it, in opposite directions. The block was honeycombed with neglected vacant lots, some broad and littered with debris, others as narrow as alleys. Squat brick and wooden houses, most of them less than two full stories high, bordered 52nd Street, 11th Avenue, 51st Street and the water front. Even the colors were bizarre, what with giddy pawnshop signs, cigarette ads, junk emporiums and foreign bazaars, clay-green glue factories, and cavernous garages used for storing New Jersey buses. From the plant of the huge Gottfried Baking Company came a smell of baking bread, and milk trucks were backing and filling all round.

Along 51st Street was a small tumbledown shack

used as a sailors' boarding house and sporting fresh pink curtains. There were the Cauchois Coffee Company, a couple of lumber yards and a sash factory, next door to an empty three-story building that had been freshly boarded up and whose shutters were the only substantial part of it in sight. All in all, it was a block the like of which, for utter squalor, could scarcely be equaled in the so-called civilized world. Nevertheless, it bustled with seemingly legitimate activity, for the garages were busy, the lumbermen came to work on time, sailors swayed in and out of bars and lunchrooms, the money exchange where all languages were spoken opened for business, and the enormous baking concerns went on all night.

Norman had taken with him to the gashouse lookout a strong pair of field glasses, and while Fred and I surveyed the prospect below we set our hopes on his finding the telltale antenna. He came back tuckered and shaking his head sadly.

"Nothing in sight," he said. He had scanned all the rooftops and seen only the usual antennae used for picking up commercial stations. None of them would have served even a feeble transmitter, and Lord Haw Haw had a powerful one at his command, surely a 5,000-watt unit.

It was only nine o'clock, and in the two hours intervening before Haw Haw was due to broadcast again, all of us tried to check up, without becoming conspicuous, on the various enterprises south of De Witt Clinton Park. There was an Italian seamen's headquarters next door to the British seamen's union already mentioned, and the small shops seemed to cater to Italian trade. At least, the majority of their employees seemed to be of Italian extraction. Fifty-first Street was almost blocked with trucks, some of which were parked around the empty buildings with lofts advertised for rent. The bars and eating places I knew well, especially the Anchor Café, right opposite Pier 88 where the *Normandie* was moored. The office Fred Morton had set up for Colonel Henri's work, and of which I had charge, was on 50th Street. We found it hard to believe that Lord Haw Haw had been operating under our noses. Even Norman, having no antenna at which to point with pride, was beginning to think in some inexplicable way the aviators L'Hommedieu and Foster had slipped up on their readings.

Lord Haw Haw's next broadcast was at eleven o'clock and in Fred's office we all gathered tensely to hear it, while two of our men, with eyesight stronger than Norman's and good field glasses, were



stationed on each available roof to watch for an antenna that we hoped would be raised.

Right on the hour came to us the silver-toned voice of the Peer of Zeesen, on 9.61 megacycles as usual. My nerves were so taut that I nearly jumped out of my boots.

“Good afternoon. Good afternoon, everybody . . .”

Norman paced the floor, insisting under his breath that figures wouldn't lie.

“Germany speaking,” continued Lord Haw Haw.

Haw Haw went on, “Just after noon time, we had the interesting experience of hearing the first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, address a North Country audience. He had the Lord Mayor to protect him, but that wasn't enough. He should have stayed in the South of England. He's not likely to make the journey again.

“Well, Mr. Churchill cleared his throat, like a vicar giving out a prize at a harvest festival for the largest vegetable. Ladies and gentlemen, he got the bird. He simply couldn't go on. The audience remembered that he had been chased out of a neighboring town as a political turncoat. The Lord Mayor asked for order, tried to appeal to his hearers

as one Lancashire man to another. But it wouldn't go.

"Mr. Churchill tried to speak of the Navy, and was shouted down. When he mentioned agriculture, he was nearly mobbed. Naturally, you don't read of this sort of thing in the newspapers. It's freedom of the radio that helps us out, now isn't it?"

"But the English workman is good-natured. He has a sense of humor. The lords and gentlemen have left him that, and not much else. The upper classes have even encouraged a smiling countenance, for the lower classes, and the Queen—why, the Queen smiles practically all the time, if we can believe the cinema. So when Mr. Churchill started speaking about the sacrifices of the workers, his Lancashire audience burst into a roar of laughter, and the Lord of the Admiralty, mistaking its meaning, believed he had captured the meeting at last."

Impatiently, I was waiting for the end, but no more impatiently than Norman was. He wanted to hear what L'Hommedieu and Foster had to report from the air.

The phone rang. Norman grabbed the receiver, and jotted down co-ordinates and angles. At last he reached for the map and started plotting the readings.

“I’m a son-of-a-gun if he isn’t here. Right on this spot,” he said.

No antenna, reported all our observers from the gashouse and the rooftops.

★ T E N ★

IT SEEMED to me as if I had been concentrating years of life into the days that followed, and I know my colleagues felt the same way. Norman had the two airplanes gone over with a fine-tooth comb, checking all speedometers and devices for recording altitude and wind resistance. Every reading and computation was verified again and again. He got more accurate maps and checked the De Witt Clinton Park area all the way down to the gashouse. He foreswore daytime drinking and drove his men unmercifully. Nevertheless according to the mathematics developed by the Chinese and Arabs, improved by the Greeks, Romans, Germans, French and English, not to mention the Americans, Lord Haw Haw's powerful transmission set, with crystal oscillator, buffer amplifier, frequency doublers, fuse, cable, and conspicuous antenna, higher than

the Obelisk in Central Park, was in operation three times daily in one of the blocks just south of 52nd Street and just west of the Hudson River.

I got to know the area much better than I know the palm of my hand. Fred Morton, extraordinarily sensitive to smells, swore that he could walk around with his eyes shut and know just where he was. For at the sailors' boarding house the odor of cabbage was overpowering, pungent coffee smells issued from the coffee concern's warehouse, the bakers' establishments emitted whiffs of fresh daily bread, the garages smelled of gasoline, the lumber yards were fragrant with boards, shavings and sawdust.

Within the range of Joe DiMaggio's throwing arm lay at anchor the *Queen Mary*, the *Normandie* and the *Mauretania*. If Lord Haw Haw could operate invisible broadcasting stations, what could he not do to the pride of the Allied marines, if he took it into his head?

Needless to say, I found many things in the neighborhood that surprised me, among them a little shop with carved chessmen and checkers of exquisite variety and taste, to which also came stamp collectors from the world over, to ask the opinion of the modest and shabby old proprietor. A couple of undertakers did a desultory business.

An accomplished locksmith won Fred Morton's admiration, as the French café, La Bretagne, gained mine as time wore on. But, generally speaking, the neighborhood was unbelievable in a metropolis like New York, on the fringe of expensive and well-appointed docks and piers. What must a poor immigrant, filled with tales of the Land of Plenty, suffer when he shuffled for the first time among the empty lots strewn with bricks, the odoriferous boarding houses, third-class bars, unsightly garages and sheds, unoccupied buildings in a state of decay?

Of course, the top lofts would be the natural choice of locale for a radio transmission plant. So I made the acquaintance of a watchman named Mike, who took care of the largest building on 52nd Street which contained vacant lofts. He was an easy-going man, willing to oblige, and not only showed me through his building but asked his fellow watchmen in the neighborhood to do the same. I told them I was interested in starting an artists' colony there.

The storerooms on the upper floors contained discarded hotel furniture, of the pre-prohibition era, all kinds of junk and household goods, toys out of season, ship chandlers' supplies, old pianos and organs, nothing of more interest to me. After renting a half dozen lofts at a low figure, I was given

the run of the district and examined minutely the roofs and gutters. Frequently, I walked over to Death Avenue and lunched or dined at Wills'. Old Ludwig was the same as ever, and kept his ear peeled each day for the English accent and the accomplished beer drinker who might show up at any time after three in the afternoon. My results may be summed up in the expressive words: no dice.

"I shall have to fall back on my own methods without benefit of science," I said to Norman one evening, after an especially fruitless day.

"Science is going to get drunk," was his rejoinder, and science, in his person, most certainly did.

Nevertheless, I was more determined than ever to catch up with Lord Haw Haw, to see him in the flesh, or find someone who had seen him and who knew him.

To the outsider it might seem that we had little to go on, but the few leads I had been able to find necessitated setting up an expensive and complicated machinery in order to follow them up. Lord Haw Haw, I still believed, was English or Irish with an English upbringing. His manner of speaking was almost natural, being varied or vulgarized slightly to reach more directly the sympathies of his large radio audience. He was surely homosexual, well read along classical lines, but not well versed

in scientific or military subjects. He did not care for field sports. His talk revealed some familiarity with the sea. He was a good linguist. While speaking in behalf of Hitler, he followed in a general way the changing Communist Party line, although I was convinced that Haw Haw was no direct agent of Moscow. His references to beer were affectionate. Sometimes he was mildly drunk when he broadcast. He had traveled widely, not only in Europe but in the Orient and in the United States. His talks were delivered without notes, and therefore were uncensored, which placed him very high in the confidence of the Nazi regime.

All this about the man and his character had been derived from his own words, and I felt fairly sure of it. Such a chap was not like Bertie Wooster.

What I had discovered concerning his whereabouts had been accomplished through my scientific assistants and the inventions of the modern world. Being no scientist I was less sure of these. At first our findings indicated only that he was in Eastern America but the interception by the fliers of the broadcast in New York narrowed that field to the neighborhood of De Witt Clinton Park.

We were prevented from getting air readings for a few days following our first success. Atmospheric conditions intervened in behalf of the lucky Haw



Haw. Of course, I had a close watch kept in the loft buildings on 51st Street, taking also every precaution to prevent Lord Haw Haw from becoming alarmed. Every trace of our search was covered up. A news story appeared in Paris, inspired by Colonel Henri, to the effect that the famous Peer of Zeesen had been identified in Italy, near the French border, and was a dissolute intellectual who had frequented the Italian Riviera in past years. Berlin replied by extra doses of the fake Haw Haw, and the wife of the renegade Englishman, Joyce, with her vaudeville skit.

Still, there were ample signs that Haw Haw, himself, was not resting as tranquilly in New York as he formerly had. He had not got the idea of covering his traces through the air by means of false static noises until he had been in America some time.

In the first days of the war, Haw Haw had surely been in Germany and had received full instructions and a free hand to continue his work in demoralizing the British public and breaking down British morale. He had demonstrated his power, evidently to the complete satisfaction of the Berlin authorities; then gradually had changed his tone and become class-conscious. Did that class-consciousness account for his having left Germany?

Or did he have other work to do in America? That last idea cost me many restless nights, and learning that his broadcasting haunts were within a few blocks of the *Normandie* and *Queen Mary* did not improve my sleep or make me less jumpy by day. De Witt Clinton Park started at 52nd Street, the *Normandie*, queen of the French fleet and my especial charge, was moored between 48th and 49th.

Several times each day, I got false alarms from various beer parlors that an English accent had been heard, but none of them was a serious possibility. Rose S. got more and more curious about Lord Haw Haw, however, and no longer tried to conceal her deep interest in him from me. I knew she had been working for the Moscow authorities in Paris, and assumed she was carrying on her work in New York. In Paris she had kept aloof from local party leaders, all of whom thought of her as a student and faithful follower. Meanwhile, she had reported on political conditions and the work of the party in France, with no reference to military objectives. In New York, as far as I knew, she was engaged in the same field. Nightly she attended Communist or semi-Communist gatherings: meetings, parties, benefit performances, conferences, demonstrations. But if she was in the higher circles of local party leadership I saw no indication of it.

While in Paris Rose had had to take elaborate and dangerous precautions to elude the police. In New York the task was simplicity itself. When Communists got together, socially, the place was crowded with girls, many of them handsome and ravishing, some modest and earnest, some abandoned and free. Rose could sit in a corner and, aside from fending off an occasional drunken free lance, she suffered no inconvenience and remained inconspicuous. Her beauty was not of the sort known as *criant*, but rather was subtle and subdued. Her coloring was high, with jet black hair and dark eyes on a pale skin. But her temperament was not aggressive.

I could see, however, that the terrific struggle she had passed through, when in Paris her faith had had to bear the impact of the Hitlerian alliance and the invasion of Finland, had not spent itself. The New York comrades had disappointed her. They seemed crude, lacking finesse in their party work, intolerant to a degree. As safe as they were in free America, compared with her unfortunate French acquaintances, for instance, they complained continually of their danger, while at the same time attracting undue attention to themselves.

Under the strain, Rose turned to me again for friendship and gave as much of herself as she could.

She did not always conceal her dismay from me. She even accepted my answers to her questions without flaring up in anger in case they trod on party toes. And she let me understand definitely that her standing with her superiors depended largely on Lord Haw Haw. She had to find him. The situation became embarrassing to me, for I had led her on to believe I would get some information for her, in time. I had done that because I was anxious to know: (a) whether Lord Haw Haw was in the pay of Moscow; (b) whether, if he was not, Moscow was interested in him; (c) whether any English accents turned up in the local Communist gatherings.

My own position was complicated by her stubborn defense of the blunders of the Stalin regime. Rose was a brilliant woman. She was a scientist. She had been a tactful political agent, in a trusted place. As a woman she was capable of being tender and lovely. What flaw in her brain made her capable of assuming that Stalin was God; that a certain group of party politicians in Russia was infallible; that the future of the working people of the world lay in their hands?

Whatever the right and wrong of our various views may prove to be, Rose's deliberate choice of what seemed to me to be an indefensible and illogi-

cal position deterred me from confiding in her. I wanted to help her. It hurt me to withhold what would be valuable to her. My loyalty to France was exactly as I have tried to describe it, and nothing more. Simply, I was afraid to trust important secrets with any person whose view of modern events was so divergent from mine. I thought she was not herself, that her doubts in Paris had strained her nerves beyond the point where her opinions were trustworthy. I wanted to comfort and cure her, and make of her the woman she should be. And I did succeed in redoubling her efforts to locate Lord Haw Haw. She devoted her amazing energy and zeal to a round of the Communist hangouts, kept in touch with everybody, reported faithfully each day.

To Jean Cros-Decan I gave an assignment which kept him working at feverish speed. Fred and I decided that if Haw Haw had been in Germany at the outbreak of the war and had crossed later, probably about the first of November, he would have traveled through Italy and crossed to New York on an Italian liner. Cros-Decan and his staff set to work investigating the passenger lists of every liner touching New York from Italian ports between October first and January first. Through French diplomatic influence, the immigration authorities

extended him every facility. Reports poured in to me from all sides, and it must be remembered that little or nothing could be committed to writing. Had not Fred Morton had a stupendous memory, we should have been swamped. As it was, he bore the brunt of the routine check-ups; Cros-Decan supervised the immigration investigations in a clear-headed way; Rose was superb and single-minded in her survey of so-called Red circles; and Norman R outdid himself in the direction-finding department, and kept me company through many convivial hours.

After consultation with Colonel Henri in Paris, I received permission to warn the officers of the *Normandie* that a dangerous German agent with a crew of expert electricians and mechanics at his disposal had been traced to the water front near the magnificent liner, at Pier 88. That put the French crew on its mettle and prompted the commander to ask help from American authorities. The U. S. Government and the New York police did everything to aid him, the commander said. In response to his S.O.S. they put, for instance, a guard of police around the gas tank that overlooked the *Normandie* and *Queen Mary*, and stationed plainclothes men all up and down the water front in restaurants, bars and exchanges. Men were also sta-

tioned on all near-by roofs, and signals were agreed upon in case of suspicious circumstances. Mounted police remained in readiness at convenient points.

Then, just as the monotony of our failure was becoming unbearable, an incident occurred that nearly drove Norman mad. The readings taken by L'Hommedieu and Foster during a three o'clock broadcast were recorded, plotted and verified carefully. Due allowances were made for the speed of the planes in motion. The lines crossed exactly where the *Normandie* was at anchor.

When I reported this to the commander, as a patriotic Frenchman he nearly had me thrown overboard, but his officers went over the figures and we all scratched our heads. The inspection of the liner that followed that evening would have revealed any unusual bacteria, let alone a radio transmission plant weighing two tons and occupying several cubic feet.

I accompanied the assistant purser on the tour of inspection just mentioned, and as I passed from room to room in the great liner so familiar to me in peace time, the far-reaching ravages of war were brought home to me so forcibly that I was bitterly depressed. The Juggernaut was slowly being set in motion. First the smaller countries, then the larger ones would be destroyed. The best achievements

of mankind would go to waste, as the *Normandie's* superbly-appointed decks and salons were being wasted then.

The grand salon had been emptied of expensive furniture until there was scarcely a hiding place for a cat, and sentries were everywhere. They watched me, their own officers, they watched one another. The long nerve-strain of their tense but uneventful service was telling on their health and composure. The once resplendent dining room was like a corridor in Caligari's madhouse, and smelled of chloride of lime. In the theatre the curtain had been drawn wide open, so no one could lurk or hide on the stage. I remembered having seen a Marx Brothers' film in that same deserted playhouse, or had I been dreaming? At moments, all peace seemed divorced from reality.

The winter garden had been stripped of plants and potted shrubs, the swimming pool, of course, had been drained. At the sight of the former children's playroom, even H, my escort, turned away to hide his emotion. One of his sons in six months would be of military age. His son-in-law was in the Maginot Line, and had left three small children at home, with gas masks.

De luxe suites and drawing rooms, cabins in long empty rows, vacant deck space, areas of dingy



gray. This was the liner that had been conceived in the interest of comfort and joy, of travel and enlightenment. This was the pride of the French marine.

For hours we walked from stem to stern, through the tourist class, the crew's quarters, the officers' cabins, the engine rooms, the enormous kitchens, only one of which was in use.

It is not safe to dwell on the waste of war, if one has a task to perform, for the waste is colossal and what any individual can do seems puny indeed.

None of us slept, and at five in the morning, the results reported by the direction finders were practically the same. Lord Haw Haw's point of transmission, his gleaming copper vertical antenna had been set up across the street from the *Normandie*, on top of the Anchor Café, it seemed.

The phantom Peer of Zeesen and his magic air outfit had shifted south five blocks, as if passing the majestic liners in review.

I can only hope that those who think spy work involves merely the occasional slipping of messages written in invisible ink into the hands of passing women who wear safety pins for collar ornaments will be disillusioned by all this.

## ★ E L E V E N ★

AND THEN, on the fourth of February, the moment I had waited for so eagerly came into bloom instantly, like one of those rare tropical cacti which just once, after years of arid patience, sprout a stalk and a cluster of yellow flowers in a single morning.

The voice.

Industry, patience, ingenuity. Psychology and physics. All these became worthwhile again.

At ten o'clock one morning I was sitting in Fred's office on 52nd Street, listening to his recital from memory of Cros-Decan's reports on the Italian Line passengers when the telephone rang.

"Yes," said Fred, in his mild voice. "Or should I have said 'Perhaps'?"

Then he handed me the phone.

"Hello," said a pleasant guttural voice. It was

Ludwig, the proprietor of Wills' on Death Avenue. Ludwig was still guffawing on account of Fred's morning witticism. "*Ja oder vielleicht*. Dot's a good one."

"What is it, Ludwig?" I asked.

"Could you perhaps . . . haw . . . haw . . . come to mein restaurant? Perhaps . . . haw . . . haw . . . *ach, Gott* . . . I have news."

I covered the two blocks west in record time, and bettered my own time on the two blocks south.

"What is it? An English accent?" I asked.

"Still better. There's a fellow been coming here, maybe four-thirty, maybe five o'clock, und he likes shrimps mit his beer. Steamed shrimps," Ludwig began.

"That points to Spain. What then?" I said. I knew that to Ludwig, all his life in this country, the American language was like a mallet and stone, and he must take his time.

"Well, dot feller. He bring with him another feller. You know . . ." Ludwig smiled. "Like Frankie und Yonny mitout der fight. Und this feller, the first one, I began noticing him und listening for der Englisher *sprache*. Und all of a sudden, in bed last night, I said to myself: Ludwig, dot feller talks plenty mit der other feller but ven comes a vaiter oder me he motions. Ve know about der beer

und der shrimps. Und since, that was yesterday, I noticed he didn't say gut afternoon or anything und the minute came near to him der vaiter up he shuts like a *verflüchte* clam."

"Trying to hide his voice? Or just unsociable?" I suggested.

"He's not unsociable mit his own bunch," Ludwig said.

"Ah, he has a bunch?"

"Sometimes it comes other fellers, Chermans and Irishers sometimes. Und they sit together, und they laff und joke. The first feller he seems sociable und polite. He dresses like der Prinz von Vales . . ."

"English clothes?"

"Made in London, oder here by Englishers," Ludwig said. "I know der difference, after forty years in der restaurant business. I can schpott a suit from Budapest, even. Haw. Haw. Sometimes I do it, mit beer."

"I've got to hear his voice," I said.

"It isn't easy. Und he can talk Irish, mit a brogue, if he wants to. That I've heard, ven he does it for fun. If he has to say anything to the rest of us, he says it in Irish, mit not exactly a brogue like Pat und Mike but . . . Irish."

"I understand," I said. Rapidly I outlined to Ludwig my plan. The shrimps with the beer gave me my

inspiration, which leaves much to be said for seemingly unimportant details. That, as I have said, is a Spanish custom, and puts a man in a Spanish mood. I knew a well-born Spaniard, who could not be blamed for his political ideas, and for whom I had done a favor with the Loyalists. In fact, I had saved him from being thrown into jail by assuring my friends that Antonio C. y R. was harmless, as he was. Don Antonio was at present in New York and in need of a job, since Franco suspected him on account of his mild treatment by Negrin. My plan was this. The next time the mysterious Englishman who concealed his voice came to Ludwig's, I would ask Antonio C. y R., dressed in his best, which was nothing less than astonishing, to approach the Englishman and ask, in Spanish, "Excuse me, sir. But haven't we met in Madrid, in happier years?"

If the Englishman replied courteously, as I felt sure he would, Antonio was to shift the conversation into English. I was to be seated at the next table. By that means I hoped to hear the voice distinctly enough to identify it or discard it as a possibility.

Ludwig promised to set the stage and clear the way, and I rushed away to seek out Antonio C. y R., after sending out orders to our entire field crew to report orders of steamed shrimps with beer, wherever they occurred.

Don Antonio was gratitude and courtesy personified. When I suggested that I should pay him he turned pale and actually wept, but I succeeded in convincing him that the money came from a government fund and no Spaniard would ever turn down a cent from any government fund, whatever the circumstances. Anyway, Don Antonio got on his afternoon clothes and sat in readiness, with a taxi waiting, to be rushed to any quarter of the city where an Englishman ordered shrimps with beer. That afternoon no Englishman did, but Fred Morton had taught Don Antonio a simple gambling game, so he was content to remain in our office on call forever, if necessary. He and Fred were horse and horse at Russian Vingt.

I missed all Haw Haw's broadcasts that day, although I had the records played to me just after dinnertime. But Norman's hardworking aviators did not miss a trick and again the phantom station shifted six blocks south and lit on the seven-story gashouse which was under heavy police guard, besides being watched by the French so that a fly could not have crawled on its spacious cylindrical surfaces without detection. For four days the direction finders had reported alternately: De Witt Clinton Park, and then practically aboard the *Normandie*. It would not have taken Joe Di Maggio to

throw a ball from the gashouse to the *Normandie*. Mae West could have done the trick.

Elated with having turned up another lead that day, and knowing the demoralizing effect on Norman of the beating science seemed to be taking, I went to L—'s that evening and found him in a deplorable state. I was sorry he had got soused so early, because one object of my visit was to confess to him that I had, ten days earlier, sent to Paris for Georges Vautier to join us, hoping his agile mind would supplement Norman's and help us resolve the impasse of the invisible broadcasting outfit. I wanted to be sure Norman did not think I was losing confidence in him. And Vautier was due the next morning on the *De Grasse*.

Norman R was at the table with one of his plump and patient dames, May Johnson, a telephone operator, and was pouring out his woes.

"I'm an ex-spot-finder," he was explaining thickly, almost weeping into his beer. "I find spots but I can't find the women . . . When I find a spot, there's nothing there."

The speech was a fair sample of one of his drunken near-indiscretions. But long ago I had learned that he was to be trusted not to spill anything. Somewhere in the back of his amazing head, there was a safety-valve of control. May, of course,

was in stitches, laughing. But being in her thirties, and cherishing Norman's attentions, she gave way gracefully when I explained there was business on hand. Smiling, she finished her drink, about the sixth, and went along home.

Within half an hour, Norman was sober enough to listen, and I told him about Vautier. He beamed with pleasure at the thought of another keen colleague. There was not an ounce of jealousy or meanness in his make-up, only a complete unwillingness to take life earnestly as a whole. Who can say he is not right?

Later, when his head had cleared sufficiently so that it was safe for him to start in over again, I told him about the shrimps and beer, and the Englishman at Ludwig's, with a boy-friend, also a "bunch" of Germans and Irish, and the habit of piping down when outsiders came within range of his voice.

"He's our gooseberry. I feel it in my bones," Norman said. "Whatever you do, don't bump him off until your Uncle Norman gets the secret out of him. Take care of him like a brother, I prithee. Or your Uncle Norman will go nuts. I've checked our figures and instruments until I'm blue in the face. Science can't be wrong."

With that he hurried to the telephone to call



May Johnson out of bed and tell her that the business was over and pleasure could be resumed. Good-naturedly she dressed, and rejoined him at L—'s, as I said good night.

Until far into the night I decoded a long message from Colonel Henri, for he changed his code each time he sent word to me, and it kept me on my toes to figure out what he had done. The text of his message was urgent, indeed. The French Intelligence had unearthed traces of a plot in the Scandinavian countries and French-British co-operation was more necessary than ever. Meanwhile the Governments of the two countries were drifting farther apart, and Daladier was slipping. Among the British trade unionists, serious inroads were being made by Lord Haw Haw, to the point that respected leaders were taking up the cudgels for Haw Haw's destructive propaganda.

"You remember, dear friend, that I once said to you that we might win . . . I say now, we might lose. Can one picture the consequences in the France for which once I saw tears in your eyes?"

That, in code, from a man with the coldest exterior, to a foreign associate he had once snubbed in line of duty.

Those of you who rest complacently in your

beds, think of Colonel Henri's words and do not shut out from your ears the cries of humanity on her knees! We do not want war, but we can help those among our friends who are honestly in it, without fear or hypocrisy, holding up our heads.

## ★ T W E L V E ★

AT FOUR o'clock next afternoon, I could restrain my patience no longer. I went to Ludwig's without being summoned and stationed Don Antonio at another table. He ordered shrimps with his beer, which was natural for a Spaniard. I had to content myself with dry pretzels so as not to be conspicuous. We were facing each other, two tables away.

Behind me, as he greeted a pair of customers, I heard Ludwig's cordial voice and in it I detected a tone that set my pulses throbbing. Steps approached from behind, passed. The pair I had awaited were there, and were taking seats at a table by the wall, at one of the rear windows.

"Calm, for God's sake," I said to myself. "Keep the blood away from that frontal area of the brain. Watch everything without appearing to see a thing."

"*Herr Ober*," I said, not too loud. My voice was steady and helped keep the rest of me on even keel.

The Englishman, whom I saw in profile, was tall and slender, with a well-trimmed brown Van Dyke beard, long slim hands, wavy hair, a manner of *savoir faire*. His brown felt hat, in excellent taste, he placed on the window sill behind him. He was clad in dark-brown tweeds, cut surely by a London tailor. His shoes were dark tan, with socks and tie in other shades of brown. He was about forty-five. The man opposite him, who seemed younger, was not as quiet in his dress. His suit was blue, just a shade too blue. His tie was pale orange. He sighed and waved gracefully toward the waiter, who was standing near by.

"The usual," he said. Then he turned to the Englishman, affectionately but not blatantly so. "You were in form today, but you're tired. Why not a rest for the week end? The weather's likely to be fine."

My hearing was acute on account of my nervousness, but the Englishman did not reply, except with a gesture which silenced his companion. I gave the signal to Don Antonio, who rose to the occasion gracefully. Approaching the Englishman's table, he asked, in Spanish, "Excuse me, but haven't we met in Madrid, in happier days?"

The Englishman, taken unawares and through

long years accustomed to courteous behavior, replied, "It's possible, my friend . . ."

It was as though a current of life had been turned through my body. The timbre was exact, the pitch, the quality.

Don Antonio pressed his advantage. "I'm Don Antonio, friend of the Viscount de Guell . . ."

"I know the Viscount," said the Englishman. "Won't you sit down?"

"If I'm not intruding," Don Antonio said, and had I been less occupied I should have smiled at the discomfiture of the chap in blue, for rich Spanish young men, whatever their habits, give the impression of being effeminate. How well I had chosen my decoy, for the Englishman, Haw Haw, was interested in the newcomer and that broke down his guard.

The Englishman, Haw Haw. Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen. Of his identity I could not have a doubt. After my months of intense preoccupation, training and study of those vowels and consonants, in a variety of languages, I did not think I could be mistaken. As I sat there, trying to decide what to do, I wondered how resourceful Don Antonio would prove to be. His reception had been more cordial than we had counted on. We had thought we might get a chance to hear Haw Haw's voice, but it oc-

curred to me that the Spaniard, if he played his cards well, might even make an appointment, win more than a passing acquaintance with our man. Of course, he was a proud Spaniard, and as far from being a nance as Norman R. Would he catch on, and play the role?

As minutes wore on, and the conversation, part of which I overheard, went into English, I saw that Don Antonio, noble friend, was going to act beyond the bounds of our contract. By prearrangement with Ludwig, Fred's office had been notified that we had found our man and our machinery was set in motion. I cannot say that when I actually looked upon the man we would be obliged to silence, I did not have qualms, not of conscience but of something deeper. I wished Haw Haw had not been so clever, so smooth, so presentable, so resourceful. I wished he had dressed in an offensive way, or carried on more boldly with his orange-tied companion, who was sulking just then.

Three of our men, trained as "trailers," were already in Ludwig's and knew whom they were to follow. The back door was covered, so was the front. Outside were parked two cars; one taxi and a motorcycle were in a near-by garage, with the engines running.

Of course, broadcasting was over for the day.

Lord Haw Haw, whose name I did not then know, had performed three times, and very effectively. I must admit he did not show the strain. Either his daily routine had been worked out so minutely that he was not afraid of detection, or he was one of the coolest propositions I had ever seen. Both of those premises were sound. He had been operating in New York at least three months and, unless I was mistaken, had not had a scare. Probably the idea of false static had been brought forward by one of his engineers.

We must bag the lot, and all the secrets, without fail. Merely to get rid of Haw Haw and let the devilment go on in other hands would accomplish a lot, but not enough.

As I was drinking my third beer, from the special store of imported Würzburger remaining, I walked the shy and wistful Fred Morton and took a seat at my table.

"I thought you wouldn't mind," he said.

Having in mind the superhuman efforts this frail man had been making over a period of months, I certainly could make no objection. I have not the military mind, God be praised. And I could not help admiring the way his pale eyes took in every detail of Lord Haw Haw without seeming to see two feet in front of him. The Peer of Zeesen was

having a good time. The Würzburger was perfectly drawn, the service was perfect, the shrimps were unusually plump. Moreover, I think he had been lonesome, perhaps, for some good gay Latin company, having been surrounded by Germans and Irish so long. The boy-friend in blue was New England unless I was mistaken. And Don Antonio, with perhaps the memory of that Loyalist prison in the back of his mind, was extending himself to make himself agreeable. That he was succeeding was not a matter of doubt. I even overheard Antonio say that he would be glad to make an evening of it, that in New York he had been bored.

It must not be thought surprising that Lord Haw Haw would take up with a stranger. As luck would have it for us, he had met Don Antonio in the charming home of the Viscount de Guell in Barcelona, and they had attended a bull fight in Madrid. Anyone who knows what the society of Barcelona and Madrid was in pre-war days will find it quite understandable that presentable visitors, if they were taken up at all, met all the men of social prominence and few of the women. Lord Haw Haw was traveling under the very same name he had used in Madrid and elsewhere, in fact the name that had been given him at the baptismal font and which I learned later that day was James



McNeal O'Brien. My guesses about his father and mother were close to the truth, but reversed. He had a charming Irish father, it seemed, and a tyrannical English mother who held the purse-strings. She did not know what she was doing against England when she had denied her willful boy his pleasures and his way.

A few minutes' study of Haw Haw's appearance was enough to convince me that he was not a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, or a man whose heart would be likely to throb for the toiling masses. His clothes were too carefully chosen, his hands too expressive, his mouth too cruel. All his habits of life were fastidious. I was convinced, more than ever, that his ability had set him apart from his school-mates and associates but that he had not the social influence necessary for conspicuous success in England. The peacetime world had found no use for his talents, so he was revenging himself on it by trying to destroy it. For the first time, perhaps, he was enjoying the sensation of almost unlimited power, at the cost of much ingenuity but little effort. Self-satisfaction surely was irradiated from him, as he sat in Wills' excellent restaurant, having shot his poisoned shafts at England not two hours before.

It did my heart good to see the 'patient Fred

Morton checking up discreetly on all the deductions he had made from Haw Haw's spoken words. The sight of the disgruntled boy-friend evoked a gentle smile. I was equally gratified to note the way he drank his Würzburger. Well, watchful waiting seemed to be our policy. Also preparedness. My next big moment would be that five A.M. broadcast, and not for one second until then would Haw Haw be out of our sight.

When finally the Haw Haw party arose and made ready to leave, I was pleased and reassured by the smoothness and discipline of my impromptu organization. They did not all jump up at once, but one had been all ready to leave and got out of the door ahead of Haw Haw, while another quite plausibly, from another table, followed one second later. Haw Haw was sandwiched in between them. Antonio, bless him and bless me for having saved him in '36, was accompanying the pair as urbanely as you please and graciously let the boy in blue precede him into the taxi. I remained where I was. The party was going somewhere for dinner, and I would be notified the moment Haw Haw got there. In no way must I let my face or voice be impressed on him.

Taxi-trailing is not difficult, particularly when all the taxis in the vicinity are working for the same

man, namely, me. So Haw Haw rode in one of mine, and another followed.

"Fred, how do you feel?" I asked, when we were safely alone.

"I'm almost tempted for once to stay up until nine," he answered with his never-failing humor. "But I think in this case it would be more to the point for me to stretch it on the other end. I'll get up at quarter to five."

"Pray do," I said. "We shall need you then."

"The worst of all this, from my point of view," he said, "is that I'll never be able to go back to General Electric. Life would be too tame. Ah, well." He sighed, picked up his hat and went home to bed.

I felt sure that the talk of Madrid would have stirred in Haw Haw a desire for a Spanish dinner. Now in all New York there are six Spanish restaurants where Loyalists can go, but only two good ones for the other sort. Of those, I placed my bet on La Castilla Vieja, on Fourth Avenue not far from 30th Street. There, the chef can even produce *chipirones* and Val de Peñas. La Castilla Vieja it was, as soon as I was informed by phone. I returned to the Lafayette, bathed, changed my clothes and went up there, believing Antonio might want to consult with me. Once or twice in the weeks just

passed I had dined there, and was known by the head waiter, Carlos.

Haw Haw, Don Antonio and the boy in blue were in a private dining room, or rather a semi-private one screened off with curtains.

“Damned imprudent for Haw Haw, but ideal for me,” I said to myself. But the more I thought of Haw Haw’s imprudence and conviviality, the more I admired it as a part of his diabolical cleverness. He understood that most men in a position similar to his keep themselves under a state of strain and repression, and give themselves away in a moment of exhaustion. Not Haw Haw. He was having the time of his life, as Fred and I had expected. How glad I was when I saw that the waiter was taking into the Haw Haw alcove impressive quantities of Val de Peñas, which, I must explain, is the most powerful and deceitful of the Spanish wines! The taste is mild and pleasant; it seems to have no body at all. But what a kick. The historic five o’clock broadcast gave every promise of being a honey.

It seemed churlish not to give Norman R a peep at Lord Haw Haw, but I was afraid Norman would set upon him with his angular elbows and knees and try to pry out the secrets that had been driving Norman mad. So I restrained my companionable impulses. With Georges Vautier, also, who had landed

that morning, the chances were too great. Vautier, a hunchback, was too conspicuous anywhere and drew eyes to the table, sometimes eyes none too considerate. Rose S. was out of the question.

I had a chance to make contact with the two men who had trailed Haw Haw to La Castilla Vieja, to thank them and tell them they could take time out for a good meal. Spanish dinners with Val de Peñas last a full two hours or more and there was no hurry. At midnight I was still sitting there, and saw a stranger enter, evidently an American, and probably a newspaper man. He spoke with the headwaiter and was ushered into the private alcove still occupied by Lord Haw Haw, Don Antonio and the boy in blue. That the newcomer was not *un prisonier* did not have to be verified. He looked like a hearty who worked for a living and was not too fastidious about his clothes.

At once I inquired from the headwaiter, on a pretext, who the newcomer was. The headwaiter didn't know. But just then Don Antonio stepped out and walked toward the men's room where I joined him.

"*Amigo*," he said, delighted. He was not drunk, but neither was he sober. He showed me O'Brien's card, and also told me that the man who had entered was from the *Herald Tribune*. It seemed that

the boy in blue was working for a news agency and wanted to know what was going on in Europe. The *Tribune* man had obligingly joined them to explain the war situation. After Don Antonio, who had not suspected that the charming Mr. O'Brien might have designs on him, had promised to stay with Haw Haw as long as possible and to find out, if he could, where he lived, I went back to my table, feeling pleased with all mankind. By phone I arranged to identify the *Tribune* man. And I resolved myself to follow Haw Haw when he left La Castilla.

I did not have long to wait. Lord Haw Haw, flushed pleasantly with wine, held back the alcove curtains for the *Tribune* man to pass and stood talking with him a moment while Don Antonio tipped the waiter and settled the check. I understood that no matter how O'Brien protested, the Spaniard would feel like being the host in a Spanish place. The boy in blue, less hardy than the others, looked fearful and apprehensive. But already I had heard enough to feel sure that he was in it with the others and, like them, would have to go.

What ensued I was hardly prepared for, although I suppose I should have been prepared for anything. The *Tribune* man went on his way. No need to trail him, for already I knew his name and

had had reported to me the essence of the news that had passed before his eyes on the desk that afternoon and evening. He thought, no doubt, that he was supplying information to a foreign news agency, for a modest price, to augment his meager income.

Haw Haw, chatting gaily with Don Antonio, who by no means looked unhappy, got into a waiting taxi, this time ahead of the boy in blue, who scrambled after them as if afraid he was to be left behind. In the first of the two machines that followed were two of my best men, fully armed. I rode alone, but with a hand-picked driver. Norman R had been summoned, to wait for instructions in the 52nd Street office, sober, and with him would be Georges Vautier. I must say here, incidentally, that the sight of these two brilliant men, each grotesque in his own way, trying to find means of conversing on scientific subjects, with no common language, was ludicrous in the extreme. But by this time, a competent and trusted interpreter had been found, none other than the genial Q of the *Normandie*. Q was no mean engineer himself.

The Haw Haw car drove leisurely eastward to the water front, so deliberately, in fact, that I suspected that one of the occupants had asked the driver to slow down so that they all might enjoy the

streets and the water front in the mild clear evening, or morning. It was nearly one o'clock. Four hours to the broadcast, I repeated to myself. The lead cab passed the gashouse at 45th Street without a flutter, continued past the *Mauretania*, José's famous seamen's store, the Anchor Café, the Borden Milk plant, Dobson's diner, the Italian Bazaar, and the to me accursed De Witt Clinton Park. I could enumerate each shack and give the dimensions of each vacant lot as we progressed. Of course, on the Hudson river side was also passed Pier 88, the *Normandie* (for which I trembled), the *Queen Mary* and the empty piers of the Italian Line.

"What the hell!" I exclaimed in surprise as we passed the bleak De Witt Clinton Park without turning a hair. The traffic was so thin that I signaled the other following cab to drop back.

Near 78th Street, the Haw Haw cab's tail signals winked red and the driver slowed down. My own driver, having been coached, slowed down enough for me to get out on the run, and then drove ahead. Our maneuver was not noticed, I thought. On the ground and in the shadow, I continued ahead as fast as I dared.

To my surprise and chagrin, the Haw Haw party descended and walked straight down to a landing, unhurriedly, chatting and laughing as if they owned



the world. There was no attempt at secrecy, no precautions that I could see, although soon I was to be disillusioned on that account. Haw Haw had his arm around the shoulders of Don Antonio, who was telling, in Spanish, a rollicking story about a priest.

At the moment they reached the landing proper, a tender with a small outboard motor chugged up to meet them. The boy in blue stepped in, Don Antonio followed, and Haw Haw, after a word with the man who was in the tender, got in at the stern. Too late, I saw what was happening. Lord Haw Haw was taking his guests to one of the small yachts or motor craft moored in the 82nd Street yacht basin. There was no way to follow. It was too dark even to see which of the several craft was to house Haw Haw on that critical night. He had got clean away.

One of the men who had trailed us, in absence of instructions covering getaways by sea, had come along some distance behind me and soon I heard him in angry altercation with an unknown pair of men.

“Why shouldn’t I take a little air here if I want to?” my man asked.

Swiftly I walked in the other direction, toward my taxi, which had turned and was cruising slowly

back to me. I believed Jack K could take care of himself, with the help of his partner I knew must be in the offing. How I had eluded the civilian guard I do not know, unless the watchmen had believed I was in the Haw Haw party.

All I could do now was to count on Don Antonio, but he was proving to be more useful than I had imagined.

Crestfallen, I returned to the 52nd Street office, told my story, and received mild ragging from Norman R and Vautier.

"We've got him," Norman said. "I'll station six pairs of land direction finders, and give the low-down to L'Hommedieu and Foster in the air. At five P.M. we'll nail Haw Haw to the sour apple tree . . ."

"What was that?" asked Vautier in French, anxious to catch Norman's least word. Q the interpreter tried to explain.

"*Il va clouer Haff Haff à un pommier aigre,*" he translated, at which Vautier frowned at the seeming unnecessary barbarity of the proposed act.

None of us slept that night, which was a mistake. Instead, Norman, through Q, explained and re-explained our problem to Vautier, who limped back and forth in the dingy office, concentrating fiercely. Finally, he spoke.

"Messieurs," he said. "We must trust the physical sciences, or what have we left? If geometry and triangulation indicates that a broadcast emanates from De Witt Clinton Park, it does. Will someone accompany me to the park?"

We all expressed our willingness, and did so. It was only two blocks away, and it looked as barren by starlight as in the light of day. The ground was rocky and seamed, on a sort of knob of granite reposed an inadequate bandstand and shelter for the children in the rain. The shrubs were blighted and thin, the trees adolescent and undernourished. On the north the playground was bounded by the huge Canada Dry Ginger Ale plant. A wire fence, like that of a concentration camp, defined the limits of the ball field.

And the view! The most unsightly and unprosperous slums and decayed industrial area in all New York, and probably in America lay southward. The river, and the night sky, of course, were not so bad.

A faraway look came into the alert little hunchback's eyes.

"*Quel desolation,*" he said. "I had expected something quite different in America."

"My boy, I'll show you plenty different when we get through with Haw Haw," I promised.

Vautier surveyed the rocky scene, and Norman R stood by somewhat cockily.

"Well, where is the station? Produce it," he said. He had the marvelous tact, as *gauche* as he was sometimes, not to show the slightest consideration for Vautier on account of his deformity. "Come on, you little runt," he said as Georges was trying to scramble up the rocks.

"There is only one possibility," said Vautier. "The flagpole."

I was disappointed. I had hoped for something brighter.

"Georges," I said kindly, "that flagpole is of wood, painted white, and it is set in granite. Will you examine it? Tap it? Show me a place the size of a thumbtack where a transmission cable could be attached?"

"I'd like to look at it in the morning," Georges said, with his unshakable French aplomb.

"By all means. Gnaw it down, if you like," said Norman R. And he suggested going back to the office for a shot of hootch.

Still an hour and a half to go. I had set a guard along the yacht basin, and a strong-arm guard prepared for anything. Our direction finders were already finding convenient places for observations; our planes were being tuned up and placed in a

state of perfection. At four fifteen, Fred Morton put in an appearance and struggled with his high-school French for Vautier's sake.

4.55. Fred took out his watch, more disturbed than I had ever seen him. Norman chewed his knuckles in an effort to stand still. Vautier waited with a glint in his eye that was pathetic, truly touching. Adventure, real physical adventure was his at last. He was no longer exclusively a man of thought, disembodied and cheated by nature.

5.00.

"This is Germany calling. DXB Berlin. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen."

We trembled like caged animals. The voice went on.

"We must deal today with one of the most comical aspects of British official hypocrisy. No, I do not mean the honest British farmer or industrial worker. Although I must say the British people have shown little talent for self-government in all these centuries. I do not mean the cynical way in which the Chamberlain Government prevented the Poles from reaching a decent understanding with Germany, and then stood by when the Germans had to act. I am referring to the former Kaiser. You all remember. Wilhelm the Second, of the House

of Hohenzollern, prize grandson of the great Queen Victoria, as a matter of fact.

"Well, in 1918, when Germany was supposedly on her knees, all the English officials were for hanging the Kaiser. Now they come forward. I read in the *Daily Express* that they are encouraging the poor old man and financing, with Jewish aid from everywhere, a movement to restore him to the German people, or the other way around. Jolly, isn't it? Perhaps, in 1958, after twenty years of good solid German rule, the English will be dedicating May poles to the Fuehrer. Who knows?"

Fred Morton shook his head and smiled, as if to say, "Well. Perhaps."

The voice continued. "But this morning, with the sun shining on Unter den Linden . . ."

"Den Hudson, but let it pass," Norman said.

". . . there's a choice bit from France. It seems that the women of some of the French celebrities and officials want something to do while their husbands are away—at the office. So Madame Reynaud is going to work in a factory. Not a gas-mask factory, one hopes, because it was her husband, Monsieur Paul Reynaud, who sold billions of dollars' worth . . ."

"He slipped," I said. "Dollars—not francs."

"The Val de Peñas," murmured Vautier.

“ . . . of gas masks to the people, who afterward found they would not keep out the smell of Brussels sprouts, let alone poison gas. And Madame Lyautey, mind you, the wife of the marshal who trimmed and abused the blackamoors in the African colonies in a way that drove them for relief into the Belgian Congo, Madame Lyautey feels so sorry for the *poilus* that she's going to work on a farm.”

There was a sudden static whine and the rest of the broadcast was practically lost. I patted Vautier's shoulder.

“It was you, Georges, who solved the problem of the false static,” I said.

He smiled with pleasure, but his mind was on De Witt Clinton Park, and there it would remain until some result was forthcoming.

I was chuckling with satisfaction on another count. It chanced that the story about Mesdames Reynaud and Lyautey had passed over the *Tribune* desk that evening. The reporter had mentioned the item to Haw Haw. Now the British got the story with the peer's inimitable twist.

But now that the broadcast was over, the large map, accurate to the foot, surveyed and re-surveyed, was spread on the drafting table. Norman R took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and put

on his green eyeshade. But he kept on his derby, cocked at a rakish angle. With him was his principal draftsman.

Reports from our observers began to come in, figures and angles, distances and co-ordinates. They came from the land-direction finders who had been circling in automobiles carefully equipped with loops and protractors, from stationary observers, from L'Hommedieu and Foster in the air, and later at the port. The draftsman took them down. Norman plotted them. Vautier watched, then took a hand, verifying long columns of readings.

The lines were plotted. The angles were drawn.

"Jesus Christ! I'll be bugged! The station still remains in De Witt Clinton Park," said Norman, his eyes red with mortification.

"*Enfin*," said Vautier, and if Norman had understood what that meant he would have chucked Georges into the near-by Hudson, hunchback and all.



## ★ THIRTEEN ★

WHILE the rest of us damned and admired Haw Haw in our respective ways, little Georges Vautier excused himself and set out for a walk around the neighborhood. We all had seen it until our eyes were weary and our noses numb. To him it was new, and surprising. I glanced up the street after him as he started west on 50th, saw the trucks milling around, heard the drivers' early morning banter. Most of them were milk trucks, but already work had started at the lumberyard, and truck drivers about to go on duty were parked in front of the various eating houses and diners of the neighborhood. I knew I should snatch a wink of sleep but I was too chagrined and excited. I must wait for a report from Don Antonio. Also I must anchor two plausible and swift motor boats in the 86th Street basin before Haw Haw could have a chance

to get away. Not that he showed any signs of alarm, but I was taking no chances.

My old friend, Ernest W—, Chief Boatswain of the coast guard cutter H—, told me where I could charter the boats I needed. That suddenly I wanted motorboats did not surprise him. After our long acquaintance if I had asked him for a couple of kangaroos he would have done his best to furnish them, no questions asked. So at sun-up one forty-foot boat called the *Razor*, and a thirty-six-foot craft with perfect lines named the *Maizie S.* slid up the North River and anchored in the yacht basin where Haw Haw, Don Antonio and the boy in blue had spent part of the night and from which the phantom broadcast must have emanated. Don Antonio, I knew, was a chronic late sleeper. For years he had not stirred before eleven in the morning, and aboard a yacht, with no one to wake him, he well might slumber until mid-afternoon.

It was the moment when I could no longer withhold from the officers of the *Normandie* the exact state of affairs and the importance of my mission. Already I had obtained a stalwart crew of trusted French sailors for the *Razor* and *Maizie S.*, and had placed two of Fred's best detectives aboard each craft.

Seeing the eagerness with which Georges Vautier

had set to work, I could not repress a hope that he would solve the puzzle the direction finders had been unable to crack. It would furnish him with a stirring memory for his lonely years, if the war ever ended, even if it ended by enslaving him. For the more inept Mr. Chamberlain seemed to become, the harder the British seemed to cling to him. As Colonel Henri put it, "It is impossible to imagine that such a man could win a war."

In mid-morning, Georges asked for an interview with me, and we went to the private office in the 50th Street establishment, a room that Fred, in less hectic days, had amused himself by sound-proofing completely. Vautier had something on his mind, but it was merely taking shape and he wanted me to help him.

"It has been established," he began, "that the 'Freedom' broadcasting station, the one operated successfully and long in Germany, with an army of government agents, police and private zealots on its trail, was set up in a truck. You know the circumstances. The anti-Hitler patriots sent throughout the Reich true facts about the activities of the Fuehrer and his aides, published foreign news Hitler had concealed, urged anti-Nazis not to despair. Goebbels, especially, was frantic. And the success of the 'Freedom' station had much to do with his

downfall. The details of how the station was finally silenced have never come out, in full, but we know the outfit was housed in a truck and moved from place to place to elude the direction finders."

"Well?" I asked.

He made a gesture in the direction of the blocks between us and De Witt Clinton Park. "This area is filled with trucks. I have never seen so many, congested in a single quarter."

"But Haw Haw's station does not seem to move at random. It stays a while in the park, then hops down to the gashouse," I said.

"Nevertheless, I shall watch the trucks," said Vautier. Of course, I gave him every facility. Enough men were assigned to cover the district thoroughly and keep an eye on all vehicles. Norman R entered into the proposition with all his energy. The interpreter Q was at Vautier's side continuously.

Then, just before the eleven o'clock broadcast was due, along came Don Antonio, elaborately dressed in the Latin style, his dark hair pomaded, his manner somewhat hesitant. Having slept long hours each day of his life and lived most of it in an unhurried civilization, my Spanish acquaintance had that air of repose and unhurriedness that can never be acquired by Americans, for even the idle

rich in America make a pretense of work or, at least, sport. Or, if they go in for neither, they fret about their laxity.

"*Amigo*," Don Antonio began. "You are causing me to commit one of the cardinal sins, a breach of hospitality."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am that you played the game so well," I said. "I had hoped only to hear his voice. Now . . ." I hesitated.

"Señor O'Brien is charming," Don Antonio said. "We had an unforgettable evening. How seldom it is that one meets a man who likes good food and drink, who is cultured, has traveled, knows how to play the host—and guest. I think you will never understand what it meant to me, at La Castilla to be able to pay a sizable bill for my friends and myself—with a gesture" (his eyes glowed almost in pain) "as if I were still in Madrid; as if Madrid still existed. If your Mr. O'Brien is some great criminal, he showed no signs of it last night. We had a good dinner, spirited talk. At the proper time we went to bed, aboard his well-appointed little motor yacht, the *Avon*, I believe he calls it. Rather pleasant and simple, as English names go."

Knowing how punctilious Spaniards are, and how it strained Don Antonio's sense of honor to act traitorously to anyone, I tried to question him as

little as possible, but to let him tell his own story. Still, I could not help asking, "At five o'clock? Where was he then?"

"Unfortunately, I fell asleep before that hour. The Val de Peñas, you know. But O'Brien had turned in before I did. So had the little boy. What is his name? Ah, yes. Prescott."

"How long is the *Avon*, should you say?" I asked.

"Not more than twenty meters," he answered.

"Any antennae?"

"The usual little thing, like a kitchen clothesline, he said. "It beats me how sound can be caught by that kind of contraption. Still, as you know, my education had mostly to do with Spanish history and the saints. The saints, I am sure, would not approve of radio."

I asked Don Antonio to excuse me, but to wait until later to finish our talk, for the hour of eleven was approaching. He went to find Fred Morton and place a sizable bet as to whether the Haw Haw broadcast would come from De Witt Clinton Park or the *Normandie* area.

De Witt Clinton it was. With telescopes trained on the *Avon*, which showed no signs of life, with our men so thick around the park that they got in each other's way and interfered with the children's

recreation, with Vautier, Norman and their helpers scurrying like chipmunks between trucks and camions, Lord Haw Haw delivered himself as follows:

“DJD Berlin, Hamburg, Köln speaking. Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is Germany, DJD Berlin.

“This winter everything is frozen up, everywhere. The English report, for instance, that 30,000 kilometers of railway lines are paralyzed.

“One thing, however, has not frozen up, but, on the contrary, is blooming like the rose of Calcutta. That is the imagination of the London bureau of information which informs you that a gigantic German offensive is being prepared somewhere between the North and South Poles.

“Day before yesterday, the British public was told that Germany intended invading a section of Holland in order to confiscate 180,000 rose bushes with which to decorate the Westwall. Meanwhile, what few English soldiers had been sent to the French front were singing a song about hanging their washing on the Siegfried Line.

“You were told in England yesterday that Germany is one large hospital, that the population is being ravished by diseases due to undernourishment. Unfortunately, the British News Agency forgot to

give the source of that information. The report, ladies and gentlemen, was based on an article that appeared two years ago in the Berlin press, on May 4, 1938, if you want to be exact, to the effect that the prospects for students of medicine were very bright.

“That, my friends abroad, is the way the British government-nourished and censored press operates. That illustrates the quality of the information the lords and ladies deign to give out to the general public.”

Lord Haw Haw continued in the same vein, with amusing quips and anecdotes but not a single news item. This I called to Fred’s attention, but he had already remarked it. Naturally, a man in bed on a motor yacht in the Hudson River basin, who has had no contact with the press since midnight and has not been ashore, cannot deal with spot news. It was not often that Lord Haw Haw had been so lax in his work, but again, no doubt, the Val de Peñas might be credited.

“Evidently the broadcasts are made from discs,” said Vautier. “Lord Haw Haw prepares them at his convenience and they are played at the exact hours.”

The hunchback paced the floor, limping slightly, then left us to walk in the park again. He had not



done as much walking within a short space of time in years and the effort it cost him was beginning to tell on his rather pinched face. We had not been twenty minutes in the office, trying to assimilate and deal with the new details, when Georges came back again, his eyes shining like coals.

"Please come with me," he said. I followed, and he led me, as fast as he could travel, straight up to the flagpole in the park. Squinting up its smooth white surface, he pointed aloft.

"Do you not see an irregularity there, near the top?" he asked.

I looked, and there seemed to be a bulge along the side but it looked like a simple reinforcement. "No doubt it's been strengthened toward the top. We have high winds here, you know," I said.

"There, I believe, is your antenna," he said. His voice rose higher with excitement as he elaborated his theory. "What would prevent the attaching of a long copper rod, carefully insulated from the pole, and discolored with white?"

"But the wooden pole? The lack of connection?" I objected.

"Would you mind calling Monsieur R? I'm tired," he said suddenly, sitting down on the steps of the bandstand.

"You're not ill?" I asked, in alarm.

"No. Just tired. I'm not used to exercise," he said. "Plenty of excitement in Paris, but no exercise."

I hurried to the office and came back with the spluttering Norman, who had just verified the computations from the readings of the direction finders. Eagerly, the hunchback, without leaving his seat on the steps, pointed aloft again and explained his theory. Norman's response was similar to mine.

How could a connection be established? No German could shinny up the pole and hold a transmission cable against the copper, if it were there.

Vautier was dragged away again, but he would not be beaten. He ate no lunch, would talk with no one. He simply walked the floor until he was tired; then sat down in a hard wooden chair. I began to fear that I had tried his high-strung nature too far, that I had imposed a task on his mind that would destroy his body. Still, there was no use asking him to rest or to quit.

And all the time we were toiling and sweating, James McNeal O'Brien was following his pleasurable daily routine aboard the *Avon*, as far as we could determine. Every movement was observed as closely as possible without attracting attention from the shore by means of powerful glasses, and from the decks and portholes of the *Razor* and the *Maizie S*.

I had lunch with Rose S., since I had had a previous engagement with her and knew that if I broke it she would suspect something was in the wind. More than once I had caught a faint hint that she was aware I was withholding something from her. She had never seemed more beautiful or desirable to me than that day, and I was keyed up beyond the point for making careful decisions. Before we had reached the main course I found myself plunged into an argument about Stalin, so earnestly on my part that I resolved that if she would only show signs of willingness to abandon her stubborn fanaticism, I would take her into my confidence. Instead she flared up angrily, called me an imperialist and a fool, and spilled wine all over the table. I tried to calm her, but instead of responding she said she was going to live with one of the party members who needed someone to care for him. The man she mentioned, and who had been after her for weeks, was one of the least presentable of the comrades, an uncouth, opinionated, arrogant Irishman who was simply a Jesuit turned inside out. In his youth he had gone the usual way and had simply changed one dogma for another which seemed to give more play to his appetites.

I went back to the office, sorry I had not broken the engagement, sorry I had met Rose S., and be-

wildered because I had thought she seemed to like me.

The business at hand did not leave me time for regrets, for no sooner had I arrived at the 50th Street establishment than Vautier came hopping through the doorway.

"A pick," he gasped. "Have we got a pick and shovel?"

"For what?" I asked.

"I want to dig around that flagpole. If it had been hollowed, and transmission cables run up through the middle . . . ?"

It was apparent that he could not get his mind off that flagpole, so I sent out for a pick and shovel and, since none of us could pass ourselves off as city laborers I got one of Norman's men to come along who looked like a city engineer. The whole quarter was honeycombed with guards and secret service men and police of all nations and any suspicious action was likely to bring trouble around our ears. However, as it turned out, no one, either high or low, seemed to object to our digging around the base of the flagpole. The pole had been set in almost solid rock and at first I thought it would not respond to the pick. To my surprise, it did and both Vautier and Norman let out a shriek.

"Be still, you fools," I said, to keep them from

dancing. My own teeth were chattering, but at such a moment caution was most essential.

All of us had seen a cable conduit leading from the pole in the direction of the 52nd Street sidewalk.

Getting away from the park with pick and shovel, leaving only the engineer to cover up our tracks there, was a matter of seconds and once safe in our soundproof room two blocks south we cut loose. Norman did a hornpipe that jarred off his glasses, pausing now and then to slap the grinning Vautier right on his hump. The Frenchman winced with pain and pleasure at the same time.

"Fred, bring the sack of marbles," Norman was yelling to Morton. "Bring 'em all. Vautier gets them. And the fatted calf, and the folding brown derby."

"Good-bye, Lord Haw Haw," Georges Vautier said. Then he added: "But what ingenuity! What resources! Do you see what this means? Months ago, they must have been working on this area. That conduit contains a number of cables. Somewhere not far from the park, the cables are buried, carefully insulated, in trenches that take separate courses. . . ."

"Holy cats!" burst out from Norman R. "Hold me. Call a doctor. I'm giving birth to something!" He held his own head, grew red in the face, and pointed southward.

“The gashouse, men!” he yelled. “Storm the gashouse! It must have a concrete base. It probably isn’t grounded. Why, the gashouse is an antenna, a beautiful antenna, all by itself. I’ll bet one to ten that it’s hooked up, too. These birds are foresighted. If the flagpole blows down, there’s always the gashouse . . .” Then his excitement receded suddenly and he shook his head with admiration. “Still, fellows, you got to hand it to ’em.”

“*Ça c’est vrai,*” said Vautier.

## ★ F O U R T E E N ★

M I K E, the janitor of the loft building on 51st Street, had been working for me, making himself useful in a dozen ways, since our meeting at the Anchor bar. It was there I found him, as usual, since a nearly empty building required little attention.

“Mike,” I said, when we were safely out of earshot in the back room. “Who has been monkeying with the flagpole in De Witt Clinton Park? I mean, has it been taken down lately?”

“I seem to remember they put up a new one. The old one wasn’t good enough, probably, although it looked all right to me. Maybe they were afraid it would fall down on the kids,” said Mike.

“When did they replace the old one?”

“Let me see, now. Perhaps it was a year ago. Maybe a little longer. Last March. That’s when it

was. I was suffering from my lumbago," the watchman said.

"Just before Haw Haw started speaking from Berlin," I said to myself. "That explains his stay on the other side and his crossing to New York, also the necessity for finding a substitute to cover the time of his voyage. That is how our friend Joyce got his job, and his wife got on the bill to boot."

Within five minutes I had a man who was known there on his way to City Hall to copy all the records about the flagpole job, who authorized it, the name of the foreman, the laborers, everything pertaining to the work. I hoped thus to find out where Pole No. 2, with copper antenna aloft, and hollowed out to make room for a conduit of twisted cables, was manufactured, who painted it, shipped it, all the details. A half hour later my man came back with a reproachful air, as if I had sent him out for a left-handed monkey wrench.

"Say, what is this?" he asked. "Mike's had a pipe-dream. That pole has been standing there since 1918. Nobody's been worrying about it."

"Thanks," I said, and when I told Vautier and Fred they chuckled with appreciation once more at the audacity and ingenuity of the Germans. Evidently, using men dressed as city laborers, they had taken down the other pole and put up the new one



themselves. The same or a similar gang, no doubt equipped with truck, red lanterns, city lockers, and all, had dug the network of trenches to conceal the transmission cables. Since there were twelve cables running up the middle of the pole, there must be twelve separate points at which the broadcasting truck could park and establish connection. God knows how many cables were hooked up with the gashouse.

A duplicate system, one to be used if the other broke down, also a frequent switch from one to the other would put off direction finders unless someone filled the city with them, as I had.

There remained much to be done. It seemed that finding Haw Haw and his antennae had piled up mountains of detail, and there was little time.

We must find where and how Lord Haw Haw made his records complete with static sound effects. For the process must be a new and valuable one, since we had not detected that the broadcasts were recorded and not spoken directly by Haw Haw. I believed, and a subsequent examination showed, that Haw Haw had entered the broadcasting truck and spoken directly into the microphone most of the time, and had prepared emergency discs to be used when that was dangerous or incon-

venient. He was a great fellow for his own convenience, was Lord Haw Haw.

We must locate the points at which the broadcasting truck stopped to establish connection, and the easiest way to do this was to find the truck in action. Had I been working under U. S. authority, the task would have been comparatively simple, but I had to bag Haw Haw; his technical associates, if possible; his plant for making records; his broadcasting truck or trucks; and the confederates who switched the De Witt Clinton flagpole. And all without attracting the attention either of the local police, the Federal men, or the various spies for foreign governments with which that section of the water front abounded.

Lord Haw Haw was still aboard his boat, but he could not get away by river and sea while the *Razor* and the *Maizie S.* were on the job. We had the landing well covered, and for safety's sake a good squad of men on the Weehawken shore of New Jersey, just opposite the yacht basin, in case he got that far and somehow landed. It was to be expected of course that he would come ashore at the usual time. In that case, we would follow him in the hope that he would lead us to some of his confederates.

Before the three o'clock broadcast, I had a long talk with my faithful assistants, Fred, Norman and

Georges, and we decided that it would be better simply to try to locate and identify the broadcasting truck that afternoon and find one of the cable connection points. We had searched for them, of course, but in that neighborhood of vacant lots, empty houses, littered sidewalks and heavy traffic, we had not been able to spot a single intake. To do it by digging along the cable trench would attract attention, the last thing we could afford to do just then.

To the intense relief of Don Antonio, I excused him from further participation in the affair. He thanked me from the bottom of his heart, and never asked me afterward what happened to James McNeal O'Brien, good host and conversationalist.

Then I hurried to the *Normandie* and held a long consultation. It was only then that the commander thawed a bit toward me. On that occasion I was accompanied by Vautier. The question of the phonographic recording plant was not terribly difficult, it seemed to me. Once alarmed, its operators would scurry for cover and we could transport it where we liked at our leisure. The flagpole we could leave in its place, where it would suffice to hold up Old Glory. The broadcasting truck was another matter.

“Why not run it aboard, take out the works, then

set it ashore again, and drive it into the country?" one of the officers asked.

"A good idea," I said. "You must keep an officer at the pierhead every moment, after I give the word, so there will be no question about the truck's entering the premises."

The French commander smiled. Ah, give me the French for handling and discussing delicate matters with the least embarrassment. "Do you think you can induce the driver to drive it on board a hostile liner?" he asked.

"I believe so. I am very persuasive," I said.

"But there will be more than one man on the truck, not just the driver," another officer said.

"I expect two men will be aboard," I explained. "One will drive, and probably establish the connection with the transmission cable. Inside will be either Lord Haw Haw or an assistant of his who will play the record for him."

"Let us hope it's Haw Haw," said the officer.

The commander looked at him quizzically. "Why ask for trouble? It would be much more convenient for us if Haw Haw were taken care of in some other way. We are inspected frequently, almost constantly, it seems to me. What should we do with him?"

"Hold him for the duration?"

"If he behaves, perhaps," the commander said.

"He's too clever, and he hates us too much," said Vautier. "And don't forget, we don't know how many confederates he has in New York."

When three o'clock came, I gave up the pleasure of hearing what I hoped would be Lord Haw Haw's last effusion in order to be on the streets. We had all agreed that, while the German agents had succeeded in swapping flagpoles in a public park and digging trenches all over the neighborhood in order to bury transmission cables, it was unlikely that any of the intakes would be far from the flagpole or the gashouse. Norman R pointed out that crossing streets with cables would be difficult, and we assumed that the main conduit from the flagpole would have crossed 52nd Street to a narrow vacant lot. There the twelve separate cables would branch out through the block. The most likely place, then, to find the guilty truck at three o'clock would be on 52nd Street, between 11th Avenue and the West Side Highway, or on 51st Street, between 11th Avenue and the Highway. There was also the possibility, but I thought a rather faint one, that the truck would park on 11th Avenue, between 51st and 52nd. The only remaining street front was between 51st and 52nd on the Highway itself. There the traffic was not only heavier, but swiftly moving,

and parking would be difficult. Still, the stretch had to be watched and patrolled like the others.

The gashouse block, if that antenna were chosen, was between 45th and 46th Streets, 11th Avenue and the Highway.

Thus our problem involved any parked trucks on either of the four sides of two blocks, with five full blocks between the danger areas.

In order to generate the necessary power to reach Europe, the truck housing the transmission outfit would need a good motor, say 95 horsepower, which would have to be kept running throughout the broadcast. Naturally, to conceal the apparatus inside and afford protection to the operator, the body of the truck would have to be spacious and enclosed. But at any moment of the day, in the blocks between De Witt Clinton Park and the gashouse, there would be dozens of trucks commodious enough and with motors large enough to serve Haw Haw's purpose.

By half past two the stage was well set. We had eight watchers to the block, two on each side, adjacent to the park, and a similar force between 45th and 46th Streets. Previously we had examined trucks perfunctorily, to look for suspicious antennae. Of course, no truck in New York traffic

could carry an antenna 40 feet high, and thus we had been put off the track.

But no previous moment of excitement equaled that when at a quarter of three a tender was seen putting out from the *Avon*.

Lord Haw Haw was coming ashore, just in time to perform in person.

I received the alarm almost before the Haw Haw tender had sent out a ripple, and was breathlessly considering the possibility of revising our well-laid plans in an attempt to bag the principal right then and there. The short but furious ride in Norman's car toward 72nd Street gave me time enough to regain my equanimity. Why not let the peer perform, and observe all details? Why close the trap with so many details to be cleared up? Did not I, as an American, want to know what organizations were springing up to perform prodigies of labor and engineering and deceit in the interest of the Nazis? Aside from my patriotism, which is as good as the next man's, I was professionally curious. Haw Haw was under my microscope at last, and I wanted to watch him wriggle.

James McNeal O'Brien, clad in a suit of gray, walked easily up the slight incline from the landing to the roadway. Our arrival in Norman's Pontiac almost coincided.

"Keep going," I said to Norman, for I had seen approaching from the north, at the rate of about forty miles an hour, a large light-colored truck.

"It's our persimmon," said the delighted engineer.

In fact, the timing was perfect. The large truck, which, when we passed it, displayed the neat advertisement of the Buttercup Dairy Farm, Inc., slowed down in response to a good-natured signal from Haw Haw, as if the peer, as a lark, was thumbing a ride. The truck stopped, Haw Haw got in. Norman frantically took a side road, turned around, and we followed. When the milk truck turned east at De Witt Clinton Park we slapped our sides with satisfaction. In record time, and very skillfully in spite of his spectacles, Norman R parked the Pontiac right smack in front of the Italian Seamen's Store near the corner of 52nd Street and the express highway. There was two minutes before broadcasting time. I wished I could watch the truck and listen at the same time.

The milk truck turned south on 11th Avenue, and taking a chance that it would turn west and come toward the water front on 51st, I sprinted around the block in a counter direction, slowing up at the corner so as not to frighten the truck driver away.

It was the neatest performance I have ever wit-



nessed. The truck of the Buttercup Dairy Farm, Inc., eased its way down 51st Street and came to a stop just in front of Mike's large nearly-empty building in which lofts were for rent. The smell of coffee from the Cauchois warehouse filled my nostrils as I passed nonchalantly by. The driver got out, lay down beneath his truck a moment. Unable to remain loitering there, I had to pass on, but Fred was on the other side of the street and saw the connection cable lowered from the body of the truck and inserted into the socket we afterward found.

I returned and found a safe point of observation in Mike's building. We had seen the driver and Lord Haw Haw, but I assumed there must be another man concealed inside, a technician who would have played a disc had not the master showed up with his voice.

I felt sure the truck and Lord Haw Haw, if he separated from it, would both be followed competently. At any rate, if we lost him for a moment now, it was not a matter of consequence. He couldn't get to his boat without our knowing it. Mike's building had a rear exit, and I made my way out through bricks and tin cans up to my ankles and by means of 11th Avenue got into our own headquarters in 51st Street in time to hear the finish.

"In all the variously expressed war aims," said

Lord Haw Haw, "there echoes an ever-recurring desire for security. Everyone wants security, but the different kinds of security wanted by the French and the English should be examined.

"Let us first consider the Frenchman. He has had a bad conscience since Versailles, on account of the treatment of Germany meted out by Clemenceau, who dragged Lloyd George at his coat-tails. So the Frenchman has been building up security ever since.

"At the end of the war he got back the lost provinces, provinces taken from Germany when Germany was too weak to resist. He rounded up a good-sized empire, bigger than his needs because of the failing birth rate. The Frenchman built up the League of Nations, gave the small nations money (at whopping good interest, you may be sure) and signed security treaties. One of those treaties has got him into the present war.

"So the Frenchman is like a man who has retired from business and wants to live on an ill-gotten income.

"But the Englishman's desire for security is different. He has built up a big business establishment that would go to smash if he thought of retiring. His method of prospering is to keep the other chaps squabbling.

"The Englishman has grown accustomed to

luxurious living, has developed the habit of taking life easy. He wants things to go on as they are, as if that had ever occurred in history. He wants to keep the world safe for the Englishman, and for undisturbed English exploitation. Anyone who does not relish being exploited is called an aggressor.

“Now, what about the German? The German has not had security for a long time. Situated in the very midst of all the others, his country has been the battleground of other aspirations. His family has been split up by the others.

“To protect himself, he had to arm. When he armed, his neighbors, all of whom had done him dirt at one time or another, began to feel uneasy. The German’s a healthy, robust fellow, and is extremely industrious. Living on a sandy, rocky soil he has to be, to make a living.

“All the German wants is simple security so he can work, and work for himself, not for somebody else.

“Think it over, friends abroad. It is not yet too late to stave off bloodshed. Let the French trim themselves down to a reasonable size, if necessary. Let the gluttoned English content themselves with smaller profits. It will be cheaper in the end, and more humane. For Germany is armed, and France

and England are not. And Germany is free. Can the same be said of France and England?"

I had only to hurry to the corner of 111th Avenue to see the truck marked Buttercup Dairy Farm cross the avenue, eastbound, on 52nd Street. Its destination, and the point at which Haw Haw descended, would soon be made known to me. I only hoped that, since he was in good form for speaking that afternoon, he would make a few emergency phonograph records and thus betray the whereabouts of his plant. I got back to the headquarters just in time to receive a hurried telephone call. The boy in blue (named Prescott, according to Don Antonio) was being brought ashore in the tender.

"Follow him, and phone me instantly where he goes," I said.

Haw Haw's system was surely a comfortable one. At five in the morning, if he chanced still to be up, he broadcast in person. If not, the assistant played a disc. I believed, and thought regretfully of Rose S. and her knowledge of sound production and recording, that with an improved form of oscillograph we should be able to go back over the records and determine which ones were delivered by the peer himself. The idea of building plants in duplicate, to allow for possible breakdowns, was very German. The gashouse would not be likely to

blow over, but it might be wrecked by an explosion and at any time an annoying short circuit might put either antenna out of commission temporarily. If no voice from America went out on 9.61 megacycles, from Berlin, a few minutes late, William Joyce would speak a piece.

Reports began coming in, and I will review them in order.

1. The Buttercup Dairy truck stopped near the corner of 52nd Street and Seventh Avenue, where, inconspicuously in heavy traffic, Lord Haw Haw got out, walked nonchalantly over to Fifth Avenue, and there took a taxicab headed north. The cab was being followed. So was the truck.

2. The boy in blue, alias Prescott, hailed a taxi near the 72nd Street landing, which taxi proceeded very slowly (Ah, that is the secret of the slow night ride of the evening before, I thought) to Lord and Taylor's. There, my informant said apologetically, he was lost in the crowd. He got into an elevator to which my man was not admitted. The store was doing a thriving business. I did not feel too sorry, believing he would rejoin Haw Haw after the shopping was over.

"Fred," I said to Morton, who was beaming with pleasure. I think even his digestion had improved. "Fred," I said, "send as large a force as possible to

investigate the Buttercup Dairy Farm, Inc., if such a concern exists."

"It exists," he said. "I've learned that much already. It's situated near Riverhead, Long Island."

"The camp of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund, none other," I chuckled. "How well this thing fits together!"

"Perhaps there's no connection," Fred said, mildly. "But if there is, I'll know it today."

Report No. 3 came from Norman and Vautier, who were going over the block south of De Witt Clinton Park in search of the spots where Buttercup trucks might plug in and connect the motor with the flagpole antenna. Of a possible twelve, they had located eight, but were careful not to disturb them.

4. Mr. James McNeal O'Brien's northbound cab took him to a large building on Broadway, near Columbus Circle. There he got out, paid the driver, and took the elevator upward. A few minutes later, my man, who is a very presentable chap on his own account, inquired casually of the elevator man if his friend O'Brien had gone up already. The elevator man, an Irishman, said, "Sure. He went into the gym."

For a while that had me stopped. I could no more imagine a man like James McNeal O'Brien peeling off his good clothes, getting into gym clothes and

waving dumbbells or Indian clubs than I could have imagined doing it voluntarily myself. But from little Georges Vautier I had learned that evidence, however bizarre, must be accepted. The flagpole was an instance. It was true that Lord Haw Haw had gone into a gymnasium near Columbus Circle. By so doing, he gave us the clue to much information. For I soon found out that that particular gymnasium was patronized, in fact had been built and financed, by a man named Cornelius O'Rourke, whose habits coincided in certain important respects with those of Lord Haw Haw, that is to say, he had no feminine ties and was constantly and by preference in the company of young men. To O'Rourke, who was a rich, retired, real estate man (who had been hard hit by the New Deal tax measures), a young man's gymnasium was like another man's dream of backstage at the Follies.

Now I soon was informed, by my investigators, who were toiling like bees, that Cornelius O'Rourke had been very much interested in Fascist and Nazi activities in New York, and had devoted much of his time to them. He was in demand as an anti-Semitic lecturer.

The beauty of the pattern that was forming began to delight me. The milk truck headed for the Ger-

man camp, Lord Haw Haw for the American Fascist stronghold. The boy in blue was still lost in the mazes of Lord and Taylor's.

Fred, his pale eyes and humorous mouth more animated than usual, said he was going to risk his precarious health and work that evening. Norman and Vautier, with the delighted Q still interpreting, could not have been stopped by anyone short of the police. Nevertheless, with the excellent organization hitting on all cylinders, there was simply too much to do. When first we had found the secret of the antenna in the park and Haw Haw's system had begun to unravel so swiftly, my mind had begun racing. There are some advantages in having a mind that works quickly, but there are corresponding ones to slow methodical thinking. Norman and I were both too quick on the trigger. Fred and Vautier had more stable intelligences. At any rate, the combination worked well.

I had planned, as I say, when things first started breaking, to nab Haw Haw the next morning at five, whether he was sleeping on his yacht or was boring into English complacency from his seat in the interior of the Buttercup truck. Why the haste? I asked myself. The British Empire has stood these many hundreds of years. A few more days of Lord



Haw Haw won't be a decisive factor. So I informed the officers of the *Normandie* not to hold the gates of Pier 88 in readiness for the reception of a milk truck next day, and when I explained what was unfolding they readily agreed that I was right.

## ★ F I F T E E N ★

I KNEW it would not be prudent to have every meal within sight of Lord Haw Haw when he was ashore. He had not noticed me particularly at Wills' the previous afternoon, which already seemed months back in the past. He had not glanced in my direction when he had left La Castilla after midnight. Nevertheless, when dinnertime came, I decided that it would be less of a risk if Norman and I should celebrate mildly and relax at L—'s on 14th street, near a telephone.

Lord Haw Haw had remained in the gymnasium with Cornelius O'Rourke about an hour, then had walked a few blocks to the Plaza Hotel, in the grill room of which he was joined by the boy in blue. After dinner, quite appropriately, they attended a performance of *Parsifal*, which caused some complaint from my patient assistant, who loathed music,

and particularly Wagner. O'Brien and his young friend sat about ten rows from the front, where they could be observed without difficulty, and seemed to enjoy the music in an unostentatious way, as if they were accustomed to it. After the opera, they had a few drinks at L—'s before going back to the *Avon*. Luckily, long before that time, Norman and I had left the place to go back to work. It was just as well, because Norman, once seen, was not to be forgotten. His admiration for Lord Haw Haw, because of the latter's engineering feats, was almost without limit. Naturally, the political implications of the peer's destructive work escaped Norman entirely.

The Buttercup Dairy Farm, Inc., supplied a large camp of German-American club members with its milk supply, amounting to hundreds of gallons daily, and the rest of its strictly Aryan product was contracted for in advance by two baking concerns, both with German names. The bakers, it was established later, were not in the plot, and simply bought good milk from fellow German-Americans for a reasonable price. They were used as a blind. The Buttercup had three trucks in service, when from all figures Fred could obtain on short notice from dairymen and experts, one would have been ample. That left two, most probably, for broadcasting

work. It was reasonable to expect that a government which was willing to spend money for two expensive antenna installations within a mile of each other would not balk at duplicate installation in the matter of transmission outfits and trucks.

Of course, for purposes of the French aboard the *Normandie*, one truck would suffice. It was not necessary to try to bag both of them. But I wanted to get possession of the *Avon*, at least long enough to ransack it from stem to stern for documents, lists of names, and plans, if any.

Our investigators worked furiously all night, particularly in connection with the Buttercup farm and the Cornelius O'Rourke gymnasium. Lord Haw Haw and young Prescott slept, no doubt peacefully, aboard the *Avon*. The five A.M. broadcast was by phonograph record. The Buttercup truck passed the 72nd Street landing. The driver found no one waiting and passed on, parking on 11th Avenue, between a marvelous old junk shop, stuffed to the ceiling with unredeemed pledges from sailors and their women, and the Superior Grill, a diner painted bright yellow. This was several blocks south of the concentration of milk trucks around the Gottfried Baking Company and the Golden Crust concern, but the Superior Grill is a favorite with early-going truck drivers of all kinds, so there were plenty of

trucks in the neighborhood. Only a few drivers kept the engine running. Only one revealed, on close examination, a transmission cable leading from the floor of the chassis down into the ground. The duration of the broadcast was 4 minutes 20 seconds, then the truck was off again. Morton and Vautier, watching closely from separate points of concealment, reported that no one except the driver put in an appearance, and that the driver did not leave his seat. The transmission cable was inserted into the intake by the operator inside the truck. That was possible, evidently, when the truck had room enough to park exactly over the socket. Afterward, we found that the curb was marked in such a way that no outsider would notice it.

I missed the text of the recorded broadcast until later, having forced myself to go to bed in the Lafayette and sleep as long as I could. Many excellent plans have been messed up because the participants were soggy from lack of sleep.

In the morning, what appeared to be a city electrician appeared in the De Witt Clinton block and made a quick examination, using an instrument that looked like a Preiss agitometer, of a small fuse box flush with the level of the ground in a small vacant lot exactly opposite the park on 52nd Street. That, we already knew, was the point from which the

twelve separate transmission cables branched out from the main conduit that carried them across the street from the flagpole. The electrician was followed over to Death Avenue, where, after doubling and looking up and down the street, he hailed a taxi in front of John, the American Tailor's establishment, and to our glee and his own downfall, he got out in front of the building in Columbus Circle which contained O'Rourke's gymnasium. He was photographed at least six times in the process, and soon Fred's men had his name. It was Dennis O'Hagan, a close associate of the seventeen members of the so-called "Action Committee" of the Front who a few weeks later were bagged by the F.B.I. on account of a plot to seize the Government of the United States, after murdering a dozen Senators for moral effect.

A closer view of the premises of the gymnasium was obtained by Fred, himself, after he had spent an hour in the leading sporting goods houses of New York. He obtained from Abercrombie and Fitch the latest model of a rowing machine, a piece of apparatus new to the market and superior to all others. Fred put on dark clothes, got the small K. of C. lapel button, bought a discreet tie pin involving the Cross, and went to see O'Rourke with the rowing machine carried by a sharp-eyed assistant. Fred flattered the

ex-realtor by telling him he wanted him to be the first to try out the apparatus, and sold the rowing machine for a price less than half of that listed. His assistant got an impression of all the locks, and that same noon was able to discover the phonographic recording plant, in a room behind O'Rourke's private office. To know that it was there was enough. We did not try to take it until the principal business was over, but it did prove to be far ahead of anything in New York, even the plants of the big broadcasting companies, and the secret of the Ehrenite needle and the treatment of the wax was used to good advantage.

An examination of O'Rourke's correspondence revealed that among the Christian Front boys was an inner group, having no organic connection with the main body of patriots, which was pledged to enlist the service of artisans and technical experts who were given inducements to join and who formed a corps of "workers." Even before I proved it absolutely, I was sure that these "workers" had done the flagpole raising, trench digging, and complicated electrical installations. There is no telling what government jobs were promised them by the smooth O'Rourke when, as a result of their faithful labors, a Fascist government would be set up and would have cleaned out Communists and Jews. Much in-

formation regarding the various Fascist organizations has since come to light. But I have never seen it published that the city authorities of New York found several street barriers, red lanterns, danger flags, requisition and order blanks, etc., missing from the city stores. These were found hidden in a storeroom for broken gymnasium apparatus in the famous Columbus Circle gymnasium.

Lord Haw Haw, as debonair as usual, perhaps more so on account of the unseasonably clear and fine weather, emerged from the *Avon* in person for the eleven o'clock performance. He was photographed by telescopic lens not less than ten times as he signaled the approaching Buttercup truck, entered, and later the truck, driver, transmission cable and all were photographed near the corner of 51st Street and 11th Avenue, not twelve yards from the plant of the Gottfried Baking Company. I counted twelve milk trucks within easy eyeshot, so it can be understood that Haw Haw's portable transmission plant was not conspicuous. Again the driver made a perfect parking and did not have to leave his seat. The cable was inserted from above.

Early that afternoon, most interesting news from the Bund began coming in. On the premises of a wealthy German American near Riverside, in a thick patch of woods of which he was said to be



proud, was found a flagpole, the duplicate of that which stood in De Witt Clinton Park. It was carefully wrapped in oilcloth and in a perfect state of preservation when, four days after our discovery of it, it was secretly carted away. The camouflage of turf, moss and leaves was replaced carefully, but soon afterward the United States Government caught up with Fritz Kuhn. His principal helpers had already escaped. The flagpole had a copper top, forty-three feet long, which was covered with a special white paint the composition of which is still in question. The paint, however, in no way interfered with radio transmission. The wooden half of the pole, at the base, was hollow and contained twelve twisted transmission cables, each of which was securely in contact with the copper above.

Moreover, we found that Mr. James McNeal O'Brien had called on Kuhn several times during the period when William Joyce, the second-string Haw Haw now in Berlin, was busily helping the American would-be Fuehrer organize and drill his cohorts. Joyce was responsible for the organization of several posts of the Bund.

That James McNeal O'Brien ever had any serious illusions about the antics of the American Fascists I do not credit for a moment, but he could make use of their folly and energy and naïveté, and he did.

O'Rourke, we learned, simply waited on Haw Haw's words, seeing in him a link with greatness. No one was in Haw Haw's confidence completely but he allowed willing dupes to serve him and chose them with unerring eye.

When war was no longer avoidable O'Brien went to Berlin for his final talks with the Fuehrer and with Hess, not Goebbels. Work went forward on the New York water front until the broadcasting arrangements were in order. Meanwhile Haw Haw got a hold on the British public, and also the American and French public to a lesser extent, and became the outstanding new figure of the war before it was two weeks old.

I had all the information and exhibits I needed. The time had come to close the trap.

Briefly, my plan was this:

The five o'clock broadcast was the ideal time to act, because the blocks in question were comparatively clear of traffic at that time, except for trucks, and truck drivers are drowsy in the early morning, or are intent on getting food. I chose to make the attempt the first morning Haw Haw remained aboard the *Avon*. Of one thing I was sure. He felt quite safe and even contemptuous of his adversaries, and had no elaborate system of warning signals. In fact, nearly everything he did was so arranged that

in case of accident someone else would be in trouble and little or nothing could be traced to him.

The plan was not entirely mine, but was discussed and agreed upon by all of us.

When the Buttercup truck was parked in a suitably isolated place, and after connection had been established, one of the men I had hired, a fellow who had unjustly lost his license to practice medicine, was to approach the driver and ask him for a match. Whether or not the driver produced one, my operator was to jab him with a hypodermic that would render him insensible before he could let out a yell, which in any case he would be most unlikely to do.

The ex-doctor would then move the driver over to the right and take his place at the wheel. Meanwhile, two others of our crew, one a sailor, the other a rigger, would be binding the body of the truck with ropes in such a way that no doors, either front or back, could be opened outward.

The truck, with its unconscious driver apparently snoozing on the shoulder of his alternate, would be driven, contents and all, through the portals of Pier 88, where French naval officers would be waiting to clear the way, and snaked aboard the *Normandie*.

A signal would be given, the moment the truck

was captured, and the crews of the *Razor* and the *Maizie S.* would get into action. One man, a strong swimmer under water, would foul the propeller of the *Avon* with hemp, and cut the stern moorings. Another would cut the bow moorings, attach a cable to the loose end and slowly the tender of the *Maizie S.* would execute the same maneuver on the port side. Haw Haw's crew consisted of a skipper and two seamen but most likely only one of the seamen would be on board. My eager assistants, French and American, then, would have to deal only with Lord Haw Haw, one sailor, and the boy in blue. Before the *Avon* got fairly started, my men would board her. Once the situation was in hand, and the occupants of the *Avon* safely covered, the *Maizie S.* was to come alongside the *Normandie*, where I would be ready with a ladder to board her.

The whole merry party would then go out to sea.

I had made my plans no farther than that point. Of the rest I was by no means sure. Much depended on the behavior of James McNeal O'Brien, alias Lord Haw Haw.

## ★ SIXTEEN ★

THE suspense of the next few days I should not like to experience again. One thing after another conspired to thwart us. For two mornings in succession, Lord Haw Haw, after a merry night, did his trick himself at 5 A.M. On one of these occasions he went so far as to arrange to have his milk truck meet him downtown, not far from the studio of S—D—, a painter of his acquaintance who was convivially inclined. Then the driver, out of perversity, parked between two furniture trucks occupied by two men each who were wide awake and curious about the city.

Meanwhile, the war of nerves went on with increasing signs that the lid was to blow off in the spring. Those of us close to the situation did not anticipate large-scale offensives, of the 1914-18 variety, along the Maginot Line, but the neutrals

were shivering in their boots and England was inspiring less and less confidence as an ally. Of course, the neutrals gave England no chance to help them before it was too late, afraid that the slightest gesture toward the Allies would bring the German *blitzkriegers* right into their backyards.

Madame Eve Curie came out with the statement that "All the men and women of genius are with us."

*Das Schwarze Korps*, organ of the Gestapo chief, came out flatly for artificial semination of childless women, as an aid to free love "in order to promote the birth of more children of good blood."

Lord Haw Haw, in that grim period between his discovery and his doom, touched on a variety of subjects. Once or twice William Joyce came in with one of his special numbers, so easily identifiable to those of us who had studied the real peer. When Joyce was at the microphone, he got too raw for any British audience, speaking of the number of "murdered" in Poland.

"From August 31 to September 17," the false Haw Haw said, "5,347 Germans were assassinated, men, women and children."

"The British have committed the most atrocious crimes in the name of morality . . ."

“. . . Cromwell's horrible campaign which turned Ireland into a theatre of misery . . .”

But when James McNeal O'Brien was on the job, the product was increasingly effective and subtle. He entertained his hearers with tales of “innocent English fishing smacks.” He pointed out the differences between Germany's economic organization and that of England, in a convincing way, stating that Germany could bring her entire force to bear at once while England could get her hands on a small part only of the national riches at present. Haw Haw made much of the fact that “no belligerent will obtain credit from the United States for the purchase of war materials,” and remarked that the last war would have been a very different story without America's wealth.

“The Polish people were induced to sign a mutual assistance pact with France and Great Britain, but no help was forthcoming,” he said. “It looks now as if Finland would become one of those countries which in vain placed her trust in British promises.”

The execution of the Irishmen, Barnes and Richards, stung Haw Haw to the quick and he declared there was no possibility whatever of an Anglo-Irish understanding. “Today Ireland is united in the re-

alization that she has only one enemy, England," he said.

At last, on February 13th, our opportunity arrived. Haw Haw, after a long session at Janssen's, during which he drank even more than usual, seemed to get sleepy and was almost supported by the abstemious boy in blue as he went to his taxi at closing time. We knew that neither the skipper nor the extra seaman was aboard the *Avon*. And in the morning, the Buttercup truck passed the 72nd Street landing at full speed and took what for us was an ideal position, in front of the vacant lot near the Italian Seamen's Store on 52nd Street. It was the only truck in the block; the desolate stretch of empty park protected us from observation on the north. That the truck was headed the wrong way for a quick dash to the *Normandie* mattered little. I gave the signal to go ahead.

What followed I can see in my mind's eye, but always like a slow-motion camera film. The connection was made. Dr. V. in milkman's clothes approached, asked for the match. From around the brick wall that screened them from direct view, the two men with ropes got into action. I saw the doctor move the man over and get in. There was no struggle from the operator inside. I waited seconds, then saw the truck start east, and as fast as I could with-



out running I made for the entrance of Pier 88. The truck drove in, but I saw it enter from the gang-plank of the *Normandie*.

From the stern, First Mate J. and I were peering through the light fog in the direction of the *Avon*. I heard steps behind me and saw Georges Vautier, bundled up with mufflers, approaching with a question in his dark expressive eyes. To answer it in the affirmative was the quickest decision I made that morning, and it proved to be a fateful one.

"Of course, *mon vieux*. Come along with us. Can you make it down the ladder?" I said.

"My arms are quite strong," he said.

"*Mais, monsieur*," objected the Mate, but I overruled him. That particular show was mine.

I heard the forward derrick engine purr as the Buttercup truck was lifted from the pier and swung to the deck. Then a sound came that electrified all of us. The *Maizie S*. They had accomplished their part of the program upstream according to schedule.

Over swung the ladder, and I was down in an instant. Vautier followed, with creditable speed.

"You got him?" I asked breathlessly of Jack K., on the *Maizie*.

"Not exactly as we planned. Mark" (he was the man who had swum underwater) "carried an extra

rope in his hand and looped it over the solitary seaman on the *Avon*, who had suspected nothing until he found himself spluttering in the cold waters of the river. Mark, being a quick thinker, landed one on his jaw and left him there. Then we started towing the *Avon* slowly, without making any noise we could help. I think the pair inside are still asleep. At least, they were when I shoved off," he said.

The *Maizie S.* was already in midstream, and I saw the *Avon* loom in the thin fog. As we got nearer, I noticed two of our men were on deck with sub-machine guns. So Vautier and I, instead of boarding the *Razor*, as we had planned, climbed directly to the deck of the *Avon*. The hunchback was panting but jubilant. He was crowding years of adventure, enough to last his lifetime, into those moments that passed so slowly for me.

As for me, I was neither triumphant nor elated. I was confronted by a problem that brought cold sweat to my forehead. If there was any other way . . . If only I could turn Haw Haw over to the French . . . Give him a military trial, or a civil one, or simply not know what happened to him. The man was a traitor; he was more dangerous to our cause—I mean the cause of all of us who do not want Hitler's heel on our necks—than any living man except the Fuehrer himself, I believed.

Still, I reserved my judgment. How would he behave? Surely he could not be asleep. More likely playing 'possum, trying to collect his wits, to think his way out of a disaster he did not yet understand. Or was it possible that he still slept? I knew he had had little rest for several days, that he had eaten and drunk heavily during that time, that even his voice had revealed extreme fatigue.

I counted the piers as we passed them in review. No one on other craft or ashore paid the slightest attention to us. It was quarter of six when we cleared the Battery, and I gave directions to go as far as possible from the haunts of the fishermen in the Sound and to stay away from shipping channels. By seven o'clock, we lay in a convenient position, utterly alone on the smooth water surface that was oily gray. The light fog had not yet lifted and enveloped us in damp woolly silence. A gull drifted over us, cocked his head down wisely, then made haste to flap away.

"Come on," I said to Jack K., who had been waiting impatiently for orders. I drew my automatic and started down the hatchway. No sound came from below. Both Lord Haw Haw and the boy in blue, accustomed for years to cruising, had slept the sleep of the devotees of Löwenbrau, al-

though young Prescott had drunk comparatively little. No doubt he was a heavy sleeper.

The situation had become almost grotesque. I felt like an intruder, as if I were invading a gentleman's privacy, as indeed I was. Lord Haw Haw was in his cabin, and the door was not locked. Prescott was in a comfortable bunk just outside. I motioned to Jack K. to smother the young man and lug him aft, out of the way. As he proceeded to do so, I roused Lord Haw Haw. Georges Vautier was beside me, in his cabin.

The Peer of Zeesen blinked, sat up, saw my automatic, the pupils of his eyes distended, hesitantly he raised his hands. Whether he thought it was an ordinary hold-up I shall never know. At any rate, he seemed ready to submit in a reasonable way, for I had him dead to rights, and I had just about decided to spare his life, at least for the time being, when he caught sight of Vautier. Now Vautier, somewhere back in his ancestry, had Jewish blood, but it was not particularly noticeable in his appearance. At least, not to me. But once Haw Haw saw him, a terrible transformation came over the peer. Yelling "God-damned Jew, Jew dog!" he threw himself on the little hunchback with such fury and so quickly that before I could shoot he and Vautier were inextricably tangled on the floor. The sight

aroused my blood lust, too. I reached for Haw Haw's throat, found it, and pressed with thumb and two fingers as I hammered his face with my free fist. Jack and others came running, but I motioned them to take care of Vautier, and slowly, with decreasing struggles, like a clock running down, I felt Lord Haw Haw dying beneath my frenzied fingers. How long it took, I cannot say, but he brought it on himself and I prefer not to judge my own act, since I am reluctant always to pass upon the acts of others.

Still seeing red, and further inflamed by seeing Vautier's limp body, blood oozing from the lips, stretched out on a bunk, and hearing the boy in blue start yelling "God damn Jew. *Jüüd raus!*" I walked up to Prescott and shot him dead.

That I have regretted least of all.

The tide was at the flood, so I gave orders for the *Razor* and *Maizie S.* to cruise around at a safe distance for fifteen minutes, leaving only Jack K., the unconscious Vautier, and myself aboard the *Avon*. Young Prescott was dumped overboard in his wisteria pajamas, well weighted down. The chart showed a comfortable eight fathoms.

Lord Haw Haw was wrapped up more ceremo-

niously, and weighted twice as heavily, and I gave, not the Nazi salute because I could not bring myself to do that even in exceptional circumstances, but the one I had learned in the A.E.F., as the body of the peer, with marks at the throat, disappeared beneath the surface of the bay.

Then, before the motorboats got back, I went over Vautier as best I could. He was badly shaken up, one arm was broken, his head was bruised, but I thought he would live. Mostly he suffered from shock, being entirely unaccustomed to physical violence and in no way built to stand up under it. I am happy to say that within a week he was able to sit up, and long before that time had recovered his keen awareness of what took place around him. To this day we have remained fast friends, although he rejoined Colonel Henri in Paris at the first opportunity.

At a loss as to know what to do with the *Avon*, I towed it back to the 86th Street basin and left the craft there, moored about as it had been before. The skipper and the extra seaman did not come back to investigate. No body was found in that vicinity, so we all assumed the unlucky sailor socked by Mark had been rescued or had saved himself somehow.

I must record the fact sadly that Rose, whom I

might have saved with a few frank words on the morning of the 13th of February, was recalled by her Government on February 17th. I had let slip enough in my conversation with her to convince her that Lord Haw Haw was in New York, and she reported his presence just at the time the Moscow authorities learned that the peer was dead. Because of the distrust of her aroused by this incident, and the fact that she knew so much that was dangerous and damaging to the Kremlin, she was ordered back to Russia and disappeared.

The money deposited for me by order of Colonel Henri I drew from the bank, but its possession did not quiet my nerves. To ease them I wrote this book, believing that if once I put the adventure on paper I could forget it more easily.

As a matter of fact, I still cannot rest tranquilly, with Germany gaining power and prestige every day and the Nazi menace to sensitive people everywhere gaining momentum. One of these mornings I shall go back to the *Normandie*, call Henri on the transatlantic telephone and ask him if there is anything I can do. He will know what I mean, and I do not think he will answer, "No."





