

ARMIES OF SPIES

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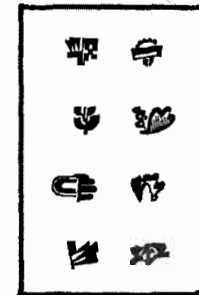
# ARMIES OF SPIES



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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK · 1939

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*Set up and printed. Published July, 1939.*  
*Reprinted July, 1939.*

To  
RACHEL AND HELEN

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ARMIES OF SPIES

**✠ MATA HARI TODAY**

WERE Mata Hari in the flesh again, glamorous and at her best, she would be a spy as old-fashioned as a car of her day compared with its current model, as innocuous as a coupé in collision with a high-speed army tank. For one thing, more than twenty years of furious development have scrapped the types of dictaphones, midget cameras, radios, optical instruments, sensitized surfaces, invisible inks, chemical reagents, photoelectric devices, and a thousand and one other gadgets used in the World War.

Along with this has come development in the character of the spy. During the World War, espionage was ruthless enough; but often it was the ruthlessness of a heavy boot tramping on sensitive tissue. Today the spy must be just as ruthless, but also as sensitive in touch as a surgeon, and as imaginative as his wily protagonist, counterespionage, which has developed as much since the World War as the quarry it hunts.

Let us illustrate with Mme. Kalman de Littke. Mata Hari was a wartime spy. Mme. de Littke did her work in 1931-32, in Poland and in Hungary, when there was presumably peace, yet her espionage was as dangerous as Mata Hari's, and she took life as ruthlessly as an executioner. Mata Hari had a long, voluptuous body, informed with a dancer's training, and a face that went with the legend that

she was born in the Orient and brought up in a Buddhist temple. Mme. de Littke was petite, and although she had grace and piquancy, you pass twenty like her without turning your head. Yet she worked havoc with her woman wiles on cleverer men than Mata Hari's lovers. Mata Hari fell in love with a man, to the detriment of her work as a spy. Mme. de Littke fell in love, sincerely, but deliberately because it furthered her spying. Finally, Mata Hari failed at a fairly simple assignment and paid for it with her life; Mme. de Littke succeeded where the secret services of three governments had failed—including Germany's—and still lives, though the world does not know where.

Her story begins before she came on the scene, early in 1931, when the Intelligence Service of the Polish War Office went almost frantic with the certainty that someone in their midst was systematically betraying their best agents operating in Soviet Russia. Who was it? How was it being done? And how much further was this betrayal going? Polish counterespionage doubled their forces and efforts, in vain.

Then word came from their allies, the War Office in Hungary, that there too the same kind of betrayal was going on. There, also, the best brains among counterspies went frantic with failure to uncover the enemy within. Especially what drew the two war offices together was that Hungary too suffered most of her losses among her agents in Soviet Russia. Whereupon experts in the two countries pooled their efforts, and succeeded no better than before.

Although this was two years before Adolf Hitler came to power, his projects, as the world now knows only too well, are always in work long before his victims know enough to worry about them. In his book, *Mein Kampf*, as well as in later utterances, Hitler coveted Russia's great

granary, the Ukraine, her vast mineral deposits in the Urals, her oil fields; and since with him to covet a thing is to go after it, he began long ago trying to sap the Soviet Union in peacetime, then crush her in war. Poland and Hungary he visioned as tools. As early as 1931 he indulged in what is often standard practice in international spying. A bears the cost of spying on B but uses C and D for the work.

When, therefore, Hungary and Poland found a serious leak in their war offices, they called upon Hitler to help them plug it up. A commission of his experts went first to Warsaw, then to Budapest, and set to work with Teutonic thoroughness. The lives and daily contacts of several hundred individuals employed in the two war offices were charted to a degree of minuteness that was almost laughable. At the end of six months, however, the experts from Berlin went home, leaving behind them mountains of data, but no whit of solution.

Then a woman offered to see what she could do. She was Mme. Kalman de Littke, daughter of a retired Polish field marshal. Her father knew of the treason in the secret service of his country, and as a patriot took it to heart. His daughter, his confidante, expressed herself scornfully about the intelligence of the best espionage brains in Poland, Hungary, and Germany to solve a problem they had in common. Her father rebuked her for criticism of "her betters." Whereupon Mme. de Littke snapped at him with a challenge that she could do better than the "giants of intellect" he defended. Marshal de Littke rather feared the waspish sting of his daughter's mind, and secretly admired it. When therefore she volunteered to help hunt the undiscovered traitor in the Polish War Office, Marshal de Littke got her the assignment. She had said, "I will help."

What she really meant was that she would work alone, bothering little to cooperate with the masculine brains in the War Office.

She was twenty-seven at the time, slim and neatly formed, with a face people found surprisingly hard to remember. The reason was anything but lack of good looks or of character. She had lustrous brown hair, sea-green eyes, and features that had a kind of Levantine allure. What made her face hard to remember was its capacity for changing character with each passing mood. She could look chronically lethargic, then suddenly her eyes, her mouth, and her very hair became charged with angry, crackling vitality. Actually the color of her eyes seemed to change according to her hairdress and the clothes she wore. With it she had no small talent for acting a role.

She married at an early age, but no woman with such appetite for devouring the egos of others could stay married long. Her husband won his only victory in their married life when he deserted and left her ego raging. Thereafter she determined to be a somebody on a scope that exceeded domestic bounds. But she was one of those people who achieve importance only by destroying something or someone.

She became all things to all men—friend, mistress, or maternal, but always to the undoing of the one to whom for the time being she gave herself. When she went to work at the Polish War Office, she set no limits to the extent to which she used colleagues or suspects, so long as it helped her to succeed where so many men had failed.

She mulled over the *dossiers* the Germans had piled up about everybody in the Polish War Office. Then she proceeded, like a beginner, to work along one of the oldest lines in criminal detection, “Look for the woman in the

case.” The men in the War Office, she asked herself, what women were they seeing? Many men there were seeing many women; but that did not help Mme. de Littke, as she learned after weeks of effort. Stung by frustration, her mind always reacted in a keener key. That seemingly illogical process, intuition, prompted her to try her formula in reverse. The man she was hunting—there were indications that it was a man—might be just clever enough to make it his business to keep away from the woman in the case. Who, then, in the War Office was studiously avoiding what woman?

The moment she formulated the question there flashed into her mind an incident, the current gossip of the pleasure-hunting set of Warsaw. It had taken place several nights before in the most popular night club in the city. Tiodosza Majewska, a professional entertainer, had made a hit with her version of that American institution, the tap dance. Tiodosza was small, blonde, and exceedingly pretty, but it was hard to tell from her face—she was in her early twenties—whether her smile meant sunny youth or rather worldly slyness.

On the night of the incident, now so talked about, she had given a particularly good performance of her “rag-time” number, in which she was scantily clad, very gay, and, as her audience thought, very American. After her dance she went to a ringside table, where a young man rose as she approached. She sat down with him. He was her brother, Peter Majewski, as theatrical with good looks and grooming as his sister was in her own way. He was obviously the playboy with no worry as to work or money. The moment Tiodosza sat down, her table became a social center. Men flocked to pay compliments, women watched her ways with men.



Then Major Wladislaw Berakowski, of the Polish Ministry of War, came over. He presented himself with ceremony and little warmth. "You are Polish?" he asked Tiodosza.

"Of course," she smiled.

"Then why do you, presumably a patriot, prefer a foreign dance to something Polish?"

The reports of the incident were that Tiodosza lost her smile. "I don't know who you are," she retorted. "But it's clear you're not an artist and just as obviously not a gentleman."

"I'm an officer in the Polish army," the Major said, "and patriotism is more important than mere manners."

Tiodosza's brother rose. "You will address any further remarks to me," he said. "I will answer to your full satisfaction, my military friend!"

A fight, if not a duel, seemed imminent. But guests intervened, among them personalities so eminent that Major Berakowski stalked out of the night club, apparently defeated. Nevertheless, the general verdict was that a lack of patriotism had been rightly rebuked.

As Mme. de Littke thought over the incident—it had been described to her with a wealth of detail—it seemed to her that the gentleman did protest too much.

It would seem a slender thread for a net wherein to trap anyone, but there was something spiderlike in touch about Mme. de Littke. She asked her father to give a reception at their home to War Office personnel. There she made Major Berakowski's acquaintance. She encouraged him to make more of it. But he proved a stolid army officer in the presence of the daughter of a superior, and neither wile nor guile on her part made him unbend.

Mme. de Littke then turned to Tiodosza Majewska, with-

out, however, attracting the young lady's attention. She found that Tiodosza went often to a moving picture theater that specialized in American films. One afternoon late in November, 1931, gray, sleety, and raw, Mme. de Littke, muffled in a greatcoat that hid all but her eyes, waited outside the theater. She saw Tiodosza drive up. The small blonde face between collar and cap of black caracul was exceedingly young, fresh, gay, and innocent. Mme. de Littke followed her into the dark interior and saw her move down the center aisle with the showy grace of the professional dancer that she was. With what looked like exhibitionism even in that darkness, Tiodosza found two seats on the aisle, took one, and preempted the other with her hat and coat. Then she gave herself over to the picture. Mme. de Littke stole into a seat behind her, but entered it from the next aisle.

The picture was Hollywood's latest importation, and Ruby Keeler was "giving out" generously in song and dance. Mme. de Littke could see that Tiodosza had stolen many of Ruby Keeler's dance "routines," but was coupling larceny with such spontaneous tributes to Miss Keeler's art that little whispers of ecstasy reached Mme. de Littke's ears.

Down the aisle that led to Tiodosza's seat came a stiff, tall figure with an unmistakably military carriage, and Mme. de Littke recognized Major Berakowski, in civilian garb. With the courtly gesture of a stranger he inquired of Tiodosza if he might have the only seat vacant in the row, now filled with Tiodosza's hat and coat. She removed her belongings and seemed to begrudge him the brief moment he eclipsed the screen in passing her.

Mme. de Littke, with a guess compounded more of imagination than of actual vision, was sure that the hands

of the Major and Tiodosza met and held. Whether he was passing a message, either on a piece of paper or communicated by pressures of fingers in the alphabet of deaf mutes, did not matter. The thing to determine was whether the Major and Tiodosza found themselves neighbors by accident.

Ruby Keeler found haven in her sweetheart's arms, Mickey Mouse came on the screen, and Tiodosza rose and left the theater. Major Berakowski, apparently as much engrossed in Mickey Mouse as Tiodosza had been in Ruby Keeler, did not even glance at his departing neighbor. He left the theater a full hour after Tiodosza.

Experts in shadowing followed Tiodosza in her visits to the movies thereafter, and reported to Mme. de Littke that Major Berakowski was neighbor to her in the theater three times in the ensuing ten days.

One night Mme. de Littke, dressed in finery that would indicate no great taste or social standing, came to Tiodosza's night club with an escort who looked no more impressive than she did. The two appreciated Tiodosza's art noisily, and after her performance joined the crowd about the performer's table. Mme. de Littke praised Tiodosza. But Tiodosza seemed singularly unappreciative. Beneath her mechanical smile of thanks she made Mme. de Littke feel she was one of a multitude. Mme. de Littke's subsequent efforts to make friends with Tiodosza also came up against that lack of interest which the young can show with such irritating sincerity.

But there was Tiodosza's handsome brother, Peter. With Mme. de Littke's social resources she found it easy to meet him and maneuver an invitation to lunch. The circumstances in which she did it gave him no clue as to her pre-

occupations. She was by turns gay and serious, personal and disinterested. They discussed the world at large. She became compassionate for those afflicted by the world's unrest. Then she asked him, "And what interests you most?"

He smiled. "A pleasant companion and the hope of seeing more of her."

He had his wish. She found him so responsive that the third time they had dinner together she knew it was safe to say, "I have seen your sister perform and even tried to make friends, but without much luck. In fact . . . why should she dislike me?"

"Does she?"

"I wish I were wrong."

"Perhaps she sees you as a competitor."

"Then she should like me now"—she smiled with touching humility—"as a sort of sister, should she not?"

He looked at her. "I'll speak to her about you."

He did that night, when they came home to the private hotel in which they lived. Tiodosza, with a cold incision her night-club audience would have been surprised to see in her, said, "She's too sweet, a good kind for you to avoid."

"I know," he said testily.

But with talent for duplicity he carried on an affair with Mme. de Littke which developed so secretly that the world did not suspect Peter and Mme. de Littke had long week ends together in the country. She played, not on the weakness in the man but on his strength.

"Don't you ever feel badly about being—an idler?" she asked one evening.

He laughed. "I like it."

"At first I didn't mind when people called you that. Now it hurts."

"They don't say it to me."

"I hear them. 'A man of no consequence,' and they shrug their shoulders."

A subsequent description of the scene indicates that angry color mounted to his very eyes. But he managed a smile. "I don't mind, so long as you know better."

"Do I?"

"Let's drink," he said.

They drank, not only on this occasion but always when they were together. It was she who led the pace. But no matter how deep in liquor he was, some cold-eyed mentor seemed to be by him, for she got no self-betrayal out of him until she began to think she was wasting time. One night, however, he broke out.

"Darling, I'm *not* an idler! I am engaged in work so important—" But he caught himself and stopped.

"Yes, I know," she said, openly contemptuous, deliberately flaying him; but still without result for her.

Little by little, however, by piecing this and that together, by twining gossamer threads, she got enough to gamble with. One night she burst into tears.

"Peter," she sobbed, "I'm terrified!"

"My, what a dramatic darling!" He was drunk. "What's terrifying my sweet?"

"They'll shoot you!"

He stared. "Who? Why?"

"For treason!"

It shocked him cold sober. "Just what are you talking about?"

"I don't know— Yes, I do, Peter!"

He asked questions, more questions. Of course she knew nothing definite. But skillfully she made her very indefiniteness work for her. He gripped her shoulders. "Who's

been putting things into your mind about me?" he demanded.

Tears came into her eyes. "When you were drunk, and twice in your sleep you said things."

"Exactly what did I say?"

"Peter, believe me, it was not what you said; it's what they make me fear! I can't have dreamed this thing. I've hardly slept of late!"

"Listen to me," he said gently. "You have had a bad dream. But if you keep on believing it you'll make a real nightmare of it."

"Dearest, if you're in danger, I'm going with you," she cried. "I think you're innocent. I think you are honest. But if you were black with guilt I would still be with you. All I want is not to lose you, and I'm afraid—afraid that men who mean no good to Poland, our country, are using you! And if it is found out you'll be shot—shot for treason!"

"That's twice you've used that word. I don't like it. It doesn't even make sense in regard to me."

But Mme. de Littke saw the man was hooked. There was full-bodied fear in the sweat on his brow.

She threw herself heart and soul and senses into her hunt. With the amazing duality of the actress who can play a role on the stage which conflicts with her own emotions, Mme. de Littke felt herself in love with Peter, without letting it blur her objective.

Peter Majewski, however, felt no duality in her. The more he tried to quiet her fears about him the more uncontrollable she became, until there must have seemed to him only one solution. If she really loved him—and he was convinced of it—he could trust his life to her. Dupe of his own love for her, he broke down one night. He was more

afraid, he said, of her betraying her fears to others than of anything else. He threw down his guards and confessed. Every ten days he went to Danzig to see Gregor Nazarowicz, an *agent fixe* of Soviet Russia's G P U. To him he delivered lists of names and addresses given to his sister by Major Berakowski and Captain Jan Bakowski, a retired captain who was now working as civilian clerk with the Headquarters Staff in the War Office.

Majewski followed his confession with a pleading, "You do love me, don't you?"

"Don't you know?"

"I do."

But two nights later Tiodosza, asleep in her room, suddenly woke and called, "Who's there?" She switched a reading light on and saw three men in the room. "Peter!" she screamed.

The door to her brother's room opened. He was in pajamas, surrounded by three men with drawn revolvers. One curtly ordered her to dress.

Brother and sister were taken to a military prison.

At the same hour Major Berakowski was playing cards at the home of a superior officer, invited there for the first time. A servant announced, "The other guests are here, sir." "Ask them in," the host said. Five officers of the General Staff entered. Major Berakowski slowly rose, his face bloodless. The host said, "Take him to headquarters. I will join you there. You will take all precautions against his suicide."

The brother and the sister, Major Berakowski and Captain Bakowski were each placed in solitary confinement. For three months they were subjected to day and night inquisition. At the end of that time even the two military

men saw that they had nothing to gain by withholding confession. The four prisoners told all they knew.

It was not enough. It developed that they were only subordinates to an anonymous someone in Budapest. All they knew of their superior was that he or she was meticulous in keeping promises of payment. Instructions came in code, by telegraph, ordinary mail, or by express post, according to the urgency of time element. Occasionally instructions came by telephone; but in every case the speaker was obviously some messenger repeating by rote a message that had no real meaning to him.

To Budapest, therefore, the Polish War Office sent Mme. de Littke. There she registered at the Ritz Hotel as Helene Picard, French citizen. Her passport said, "No occupation." Her manner added, "And alone!"

She was not long alone, and soon she had a choice of cavaliers. She chose merchants and military men, embassy attachés, and government officials. She spoke Hungarian with a French accent and badly enough to be a source of merriment to her company. She was gay without being frivolous, intelligent without overdoing it, sympathetic without seeming obtrusive. She won many a confidence, uncovered minor political intrigues, and could have played a part in some. With an intentness, however, that was not conspicuous she kept her mind on a chosen trail.

But there accumulated so many men, so many trails, and not a sign of her quarry. Her chiefs grew impatient. The huntress herself lost sleep, became keyed up. Then in the middle of a night she hit on a new device. Did her game elude her? Then she would set a new trap, bait it, and make the elusive creature come to her!

The following evening she dined in at the Ritz, the guest

of a lieutenant of Hussars. The whole dining room looked part of some lavish operetta, with most of the men in glittering uniforms and glamorous with good looks and posturings. A gypsy orchestra in scarlet and silver was thrumming out impromptu *tzigany* music.

Into that setting walked two men discordant with their burly police bodies and faces, though they wore plain clothes. Behind them the *maitre d'hôtel* looked as if the heavens had fallen. The beefy men stopped by Mme. de Littke.

"Mademoiselle Picard?" one asked.

"Yes, why?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, but you must come with us. We're police."

Mme. de Littke's escort rose. "You're making some dunderhead blunder," the Hussar officer said. "I will take it up with your chief in the morning. Get out."

"I'm only carrying out orders," the detective insisted.

"For the present she's under arrest."

"On what charges?" the officer demanded.

"I don't know. But she will be told at headquarters."

"She will not go unless you state the charge," the officer said.

The eyes of all were on the little drama at Mme. de Littke's table. A gray-haired, cold-eyed man came up to the Hussar officer. "It must be obvious to you, Lieutenant," he said incisively, "that this is none of your business."

The officer colored. It was an official of the General Staff, but he protested, "I'm her escort."

The other turned on his heel. "She has an escort!" he said, and walked away.

Mme. de Littke left with the two detectives. The music kept on wildly; but it might as well have stopped, so little attention it got.

The morning papers gave little space to the arrest and threw less light on the reason for it. It left the imagination all the more scope for speculation. With international relations throughout Europe tense with the threat of war, many came to a certain conclusion about Mme. de Littke.

But the following evening she entered the Ritz at the head of a triumphal procession. She had been discharged from custody with fulsome apology; and while the press was no clearer than before as to what happened at police headquarters, Mme. de Littke, surrounded by beaux and acquaintances, was explicit. Someone asked, "But why did they arrest you? What did they think you were?"

"Oh, something more terrible than Mata Hari," she replied.

Shouts of laughter almost drowned the music. She protested, "Don't laugh! It takes intelligence to be a spy, and am I then so stupid that you laugh at the idea?"

It was a gay evening.

But thereafter there were few army uniforms in her retinue. Her stay in Budapest continued to be gay but fruitless, notwithstanding her device to cast suspicion on herself.

With all her waiting and watching she did not know just when it was that she first became aware of Gabriel Ruttkay. Casting back, she remembered seeing him in the restaurant of the Ritz. Then she met him at a cosmopolitan party at the home of a playwright, but Ruttkay made no particular impression on her then. Certainly he made no effort to impress her. A little later, seeming accident brought them together again, neighbors at a dinner party in the home of an industrialist. He still appeared only politely attentive.

What attracted her attention to him was the realization,

after she got home that night, that she had spent the greater part of the evening with Ruttkay, and that it was she who had done most of the talking. With others she was usually the listener. She went over what she had talked about. It was travel talk, generalities about life, gossip of the theater world. But he must have been questioning subtly.

She remembered his lean, tall figure, weather-tanned, hard-bitten face, and chill gray eyes under black brows, straight, long, and hooked at the corners like an eagle's. Now that her attention was focused on him he made her think of the hook hidden in a trout "fly," the blade in a sword cane.

She sent word to her superiors in the Polish War Office asking for information on the man. The report came back, "Captain Gabriel Ruttkay is attached to the Intelligence Staff at the Hungarian War Office. Trusted."

Nevertheless she took it upon herself to investigate him in her own way, before she, too, trusted him. They became intimate. But when she tried to make their relation a basis for confidences, he looked at her with half-closed eyes that belied his smile.

"You're a charming woman, and I prefer to dwell on that."

"Is that all I mean to you?" she demanded, stung at the lightness with which he was taking her efforts to get close to him. "Just one of many?"

The chill in his eyes was now in his smile. "You're a woman of the world and you should know better than to force such questions!"

She flushed, then put her arms about him. "I love you for your honesty," she said.

Next day Mme. de Littke took a plane for Warsaw, where she consulted an important figure in the Polish

Secret Service. "I want a communication test made of Captain Ruttkay," she said.

"You're taking a grave responsibility," the official told her, "to cast suspicion upon a man of his record."

"I'll risk it."

"But you're involving us, too. If our agent makes a fool of herself, you make fools of us."

Nevertheless she got her "communication test." Secret orders were sent by the Hungarian War Office, so routed that the only individuals who could have knowledge of it were the chief who sent it, Captain Ruttkay, and an engineer in the Dnieperstroy Hydroelectric Works in Soviet Russia.

Meanwhile Mme. de Littke went back to Budapest and resumed relations with Captain Ruttkay. It interested her to find that her short absence had the effect of making him seem fonder. She interpreted the change as a tribute to her; but he had already so stung her ego that instead of softening her it only made her feel triumph.

Then the report of the test on Captain Ruttkay came. It told her that the engineer at Dnieperstroy had been arrested on charges of damaging one of the great turbines at the famous dam. The man was tried and shot by the Soviet's G P U. Much as the report seemed to vindicate Mme. de Littke's suspicion, it bore the comment, "The test is inconclusive. Our agent may have been himself responsible for his misfortune."

The comment made Mme. de Littke bitter. Not only was mere justice to her being withheld, she felt, but superiors were hampering her progress. She decided to make another test of Captain Ruttkay that would be conclusive indeed to her superiors. This time, however, she did

not consult them. One reason was that they would be sure to stop her.

Captain Ruttkay's greater tenderness toward her—did he mean it or was it only a device? If he had something to hide, anyone who tried to uncover it would have a formidable man to deal with. If he had any suspicion about her, the outcome would be no mere lovers' parting. If he should feel himself cornered when they were in the same room, she had best be prepared to meet a fighting man on his own terms.

She laid precise plans and set a date for their execution. What followed thereafter is partly a matter of official record. But these are so obviously full of omissions and distortions of fact that I shall present only verifiable facts and leave the reader to his own conclusions.

Mme. de Littke moved from the Ritz Hotel to a three-room apartment in 2 Szent-Janoster (St. John's Place). On Tuesday, May 10, 1932, Captain Ruttkay came to see her there between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. At seven o'clock that evening Mme. de Littke knocked at the door of the Butyans who had an apartment in the same house, and begged Mrs. Butyan to take the addressed envelope she gave her to a Lieutenant Ferencz in the Bristol Hotel. She looked so agitated that Mrs. Butyan hurried to deliver the letter.

Several hours later, subsequently established as two in the morning, an automobile sped up to the apartment house in St. John's Place. Four officers in Hussar uniform left the car and entered Mme. de Littke's apartment. They found Captain Gabriel Ruttkay lying on the floor of the living room, dead, with blood on the dove-colored rug where he lay. Two hours later the officers left, taking the

body of Captain Ruttkay with them. Mme. de Littke remained in her apartment.

Twenty minutes later there came to the apartment the coroner, Dr. Karoly Minich, Isvan Boronkay of the District Attorney's staff, and four members of the Budapest Police Homicide Bureau.

Mme. de Littke told them her story of Captain Ruttkay's death. She said he had arrived in the afternoon in a depressed mood, complaining of quarrels with his wife and of financial difficulties. Mme. de Littke left the room to prepare a drink for him. Then she heard a revolver shot. She hurried back into the living room and found him on the floor in the throes of death. Her revolver was in his hand. In her agitation she decided to notify first Captain Ruttkay's regimental comrade, Lieutenant Ferencz, and did so by the letter Mrs. Butyan took to him.

Dr. Boronkay asked why she kept a revolver. She said she was afraid of burglars. Did she know how to use it? he asked. Not until Captain Ruttkay taught her, she replied. The Coroner asked where and when did the instruction take place? In that very room several days prior, she told him. He showed her how to fire it and himself pulled the trigger twice. One bullet hit the top of an easy chair, the other made a hole in the woodwork on the opposite wall. She pointed them out.

Mme. de Littke was taken into police custody for further questioning. The following day the District Attorney's office ordered her passport taken from her.

Captain Ruttkay was given an impressive burial in the cemetery at Farkasret. Members of the King's Guard regiment officiated at the ceremony. Captain Ruttkay's widow, in deep mourning, was present, surrounded by friends and

officers. An imposing array of floral tributes testified to the high standing the dead man had in the world.

Mme. de Littke was charged with the murder of Captain Ruttkay and held for trial.

Up to the new turn in modern espionage a spy who got into trouble knew enough not to expect help from those who employed him. No government acknowledged employing a spy. Mme. de Littke found she was no exception. Neither Poland nor Hungary came to her defense. Mme. de Littke, as it developed later, sent word discreetly to her employers that she had no intention of letting them throw her to the wolves. Unless they got her free she would talk, much too much.

In the highly disguised communications between her and two war offices she must have had the better of the argument. A compromise she suggested was accepted. She proposed a second "communication test." Let the Hungarian Office again send a secret order to some agent in Soviet Russia, instructions to be routed exactly as in the first test of Captain Ruttkay, only this time, of course, he would be out of it. Then if the project was carried out successfully the presumption of Captain Ruttkay's guilt was to be considered irrefutable.

The speed of negotiations between her and the War Office may be gaged by the fact that although she was arrested on the eleventh of May, far away in the Urals, only three days later, forty miles outside of the great steel manufacturing city of Magnitogorsk, a freight train was wrecked, a work of sabotage later established as the outcome of Mme. de Littke's "communication test."

On the morning of the fifteenth the Hungarian War Office issued a public statement that at a recent court martial Captain Gabriel Ruttkay had been found to be a traitor

to his country. In view of his many services to Hungary he was allowed to carry out the death sentence on himself. His death was adjudged to be suicide, and Mme. de Littke was cleared of the charge against her.

She was released from custody on the morning of May 15. That afternoon she took the plane for Warsaw. The following morning she was on the witness stand of the court martial of Major Wladislaw Berakowski, Captain Jan Bakowski, Peter Majewski, and his sister Tiodosza. The trial lasted barely an hour and sentences were immediately imposed. The two officers fell before firing squads that very night. Tiodosza was sentenced to life imprisonment. For some unknown reason—and I have no factual basis for speculation—Peter Majewski was declared innocent, and promptly disappeared.

So did Mme. de Littke.

I must add a personal postscript. I have included in this account details and nuances which call for a statement of their sources. I have consulted, of course, available records in the case. I interviewed scores of people who were in position to shed light on Mme. de Littke and her exploit. But most of all I owe to a meeting with a young psychiatrist who lived with her for two hectic months at a period after she had disappeared from public view. For the brief time she was his she had no double role to play and gave herself to him fully and told him much, a rare thing with her.

My first efforts to get him to talk met with rebuff. But just as two strangers—each, however, a devotee of chess—may unbend once they discover their interest in common, so the psychiatrist and I found ourselves one in admiration of that great American psychologist William James and the theory of emotion which he and Professor Lange hit upon



simultaneously. Then the young psychiatrist talked. With Mme. de Littke's strong concern about herself once she decided to break off her affair with him she did it without the slightest consideration as to how it would affect him. He felt, therefore, that he owed her nothing. On the other hand, he no longer felt rancor. He discussed her with the objectivity of the scientist, the minuteness of a clinician. What delighted me was that he told me not only many facts about her, but also many of those inconsidered trifles of mannerisms that are sometimes such exciting clues to inner constitution.

I was reminded of one of them late in the summer of 1938. I was tramping alone on the *Grande Corniche*, that incomparably scenic highway between Nice and Monte Carlo, when the forerunner of the rainy season almost drowned me on an uninhabited stretch of the road. Soaked to the bone, I finally found a tiny café on the very brink of the cliffs that overlooked the Mediterranean some eight kilometers from La Turbie. It had just closed for the season, but by chance the proprietor and his wife were there for the day attending to repairs.

Another rainbound wayfarer was there, a woman, as soaked as I. She was plump, commonplace in appearance, and wore clothes that indicated indifference to her looks. She spoke French with the accent of a foreigner.

The couple who owned the *bistro* brewed us some coffee and tried to find something for us to eat. All that was left, however, was a week-old fruitcake, rich with calories. Dry as it was, I looked hungrily at it, trying to refuse it; for my objective along that mountainous road was partly to take off poundage I had picked up in a month of indoors and French cuisine.

The proprietress looked so surprised and hurt at my

refusal of the only food she could offer that I explained I was trying to reduce. The other guest, the woman, had also refused the cake, saying she was not hungry. Now I was surprised to hear her break out into laughter. Then she confessed that she too was engaged in dieting. Whereupon in our common weakness we dispatched enough fruitcake to undo days of self-denial.

When the coffee came the woman and I chatted across a small table. As she talked I found myself watching her hands, particularly the little finger of her right hand. For with irrelevant suddenness there came back to me something that Mme. de Littke's former lover, the psychiatrist, had told me about her.

"She had gloves for every possible occasion. When I first met her I thought they met some psychological need in her, and to an extent they did. Then I realized that she wore them primarily to hide her hands. Not that they were ugly, far from it. They were shapely, feminine. But they were extraordinarily expressive, too much so for her comfort. They looked stealthy when she was pretending to be candid, they seemed grasping when she was trying to be generous. In a score of ways they betrayed her, and she knew it. Even when she was alone with me and relaxed, her favorite postures were to sit with hands clasped behind her, or with her arms folded. In her case it meant concealment, as I had occasion to learn. At table she kept her hands in her lap, except of course at meals. Then if she was deep in talk she had a habit of unconsciously brushing away crumbs with the side of her little finger."

He had a psychoanalytical explanation of this fairly common mannerism. It was an unconscious mechanism at work, he said, a habitual need to remove telltale leftovers. At the time I thought his interpretation more clever than con-

vincing. Now however, in the little Midi *bistro*, I became fascinated with the recollection.

Drying near the hot metal coffee urn was a pair of gloves, a woman's. The woman opposite me at table was about what I had pictured Mme. de Littke to be in height. She was plumper, but that meant nothing. Her eyes were darker than sea-green, but I remembered how Mme. de Littke's were reported to look different in shade according to what clothes she wore. Until she came to table she had kept her hands in the pockets of her sports sweater. Then at table I saw them, shapely, feminine, expressive.

And there was that absent-minded activity of her little finger brushing away crumbs, yet neither of us wasted so much as a crumb of the fruitcake we had eaten. I was pouring the coffee. Out of curiosity I filled her cup so that she would have to raise it with a steady hand indeed not to spill some of it. Her nerves seemed adequate however, until the cup was halfway to her lips. Then with seeming innocence I brought the name of the psychiatrist into the talk. The woman did not spill a drop. But decidedly there was a second's pause in her movement, and the rest of it was certainly at a slower tempo than when she raised the cup.

I did not pursue the experiment, and her manner toward me did not change. After the rain we tramped down to Monte Carlo together. Previously she had told me she was returning to Nice by bus. So was I. We had planned to take it together in front of the Casino. The Nice bus came along and I stepped aside to let her enter first. Suddenly she said,

"I think I'll have another coffee here and take a later bus. Bon jour, monsieur!"

I entered the luxurious autobus, it started, but in the chauffeur's mirror I could still see the woman. She had not

moved and her look was following my bus. Just then from the opposite direction the bus for Mentone came along and stopped. She boarded it with haste that was unmistakable. It was the last I saw of her.

None of this proves of course that I had seen Mme. de Littke. But I offer the incident for whatever it may seem worth.

## ✿ THE PATTERN OF A PLOT

ON OCTOBER 14, 1918, Adolf Hitler, then a lance corporal in action on the crumbling German front in France, was gassed and taken to a hospital in Pomerania. There even a hasty examination showed that the gas had not touched him much, but the man looked so completely prostrated that the hospital staff wondered.

What passed through Hitler's mind as he lay on his cot could not have made a pleasant prospect. If he looked at his personal life, failure stared back at him—failure as a painter and architect, failure even to make a living as a paper hanger, so that at one time he was reduced literally to begging. Never the man to make friends, he was so alone that even his sister in Vienna had lost touch with him. Then came the outbreak of world war. For most people it spelled horror. Hitler hailed it as “. . . redemption. I sank down on my knees and thanked Heaven from an overflowing heart.” Though an Austrian, he abhorred the Austria of his day and craved so to see Germany rule the world that he volunteered in its army. He saw hard service, but after four years of war he was still only a corporal. Now in the hospital every day he heard news of fresh disaster. The German army was breaking on every front. Its high command signed surrender. The Kaiser fled to Holland. Then on November 9, revolt spread throughout all

## ✿ THE PATTERN OF A PLOT

Germany and the masses declared for democracy. A delegation in Hitler's hospital was going from cot to cot enlisting the patients for the new order.

In years of brooding on himself and the world Hitler had grown to detest government by the masses. “A thousand cowards do not make one hero,” was his summary of it. Now the “thousand cowards” had overthrown his king and his generals, even his own modicum of authority, a corporal's, “my heavy investment.” And here were men standing by his bedside asking him to rejoice that “Germany was free at last.”

Today the world knows what a power of corrosive emotion there has always been in the man. Hitler cursed the delegates to their faces and turned his own to the wall. An hour later he sent for a doctor. Everything had turned black before his eyes, he said; he couldn't see. He was examined, but while there was no doubting the patient's word there was certainly nothing wrong with his eyes.

“Your blindness,” said the doctor, “is hysteria.”

Hitler was furious. He was no weakling, he shouted, no hysteric.

“That depends on how you look at weakness and hysteria,” the doctor replied. “If you should become violent enough it might take seven men to hold you down, but it would still be hysteria. And tears and screams are not its only forms. You, for instance, are full of rage, despair, and hatred, hysterically. These things don't always break out and hurt the other fellow. At present you are your own victim. You don't want to see what's ahead of you, so you've become conveniently blind. When you want to see, you'll see.”

For three days Hitler did not believe the doctor. But the wish to see again changed the current of his brooding.

He determined to convert black despair and blind hatred into a vision of his own. France, England, and their allies, for their share in the outcome of the war, would be attended to in good time. There was a nearer enemy to be seen to first. It was not the armies on the other side of the trenches that had downed Germany so much as a stab in the back—democrats, republicans, Marxists, Jews. Now they ruled all Germany. Well, there must be others who felt as he did. He must seek them out. They would be few at first, and the enemy was everywhere and entrenched. For a time the chosen few could do little more than steal about and just use their eyes.

Every now and then some leader in Germany's betrayal could be picked off and sent to his forefathers, a sign to the world as to how some Germans felt about it all. The deed would be a spark soaring up into the night, guidance and hope to bring together kindred men who otherwise were wandering alone and lost. But for some time the main thing to do would be just to spy.

Hitler remembered how his hero, Frederick the Great, boasted that for every cook in his armies he had a hundred spies. Bismarck, another of Hitler's heroes, prepared Prussia's invasion of France by sending ahead of his armies not a hundred spies but literally an army of them, thirty thousand pairs of eyes and ears, men and women playing roles as peddlers and chambermaids, salesmen and prostitutes, shop clerks and secretaries, lawyers and clergy, frock-coated gentlemen and smartly gowned women to ply their charms—men to woo women in all walks of life, women to seduce men. Thirty thousand spies overran France in advance of the military and so undermined it that when the troops of Prussia marched into the country it collapsed like a termite-ridden structure.

On his hospital cot Hitler pondered it all. *There* was the pattern to follow, he exulted. Recruit an army of spies, an army not only in numbers but in organization and discipline. At the same time recruit another army in uniform. This one would have to live at first under some "legal" guise, so that it would have a chance to grow to striking strength before the government became too alarmed.

But until the army in the open had attained full stature the secret-service army must add to its function combatant service. It must sap and mine and undermine. Men drink in words as they drink water, a daily need, from press and pulpit and personal hearsay. Then the reservoir from which the enemy drinks must be seen to. The foolish must be fooled, the discontented inflamed. By persuasion and by bribery; by threat, intrigue, blackmail, and lie much can be done to the minds of a people. Meanwhile good men must infiltrate every trench of the enemy, win posts high and low, so long as they are important posts. All this time arms and ammunition must be begged, borrowed, or stolen, and cached in secret places until the proper moment. And every now and then the two growing armies in concert must try a push at the edifice of the enemy—a *putsch*, was Hitler's word for it—to see how ripe the moment may be.

These reflections may be safely dated as between November 7, when Hitler complained of sudden blindness, and late in the afternoon of November 12. Of that day he has said, "I suddenly resolved to become a politician." And in the deepening twilight he found that he could see the hospital lamps being lighted. He had recovered eyesight. The next day—two days after armistice had been signed and the whole world danced with delirium of joy that the war to end all wars had ended—Hitler was discharged from Pasewak Hospital as cured.

He went back to the city he called home, Munich. Not a soul met him at the station. He had no bed to sleep on, no money in his pocket, no livelihood on which he could count. He had lost his Austrian citizenship by enlisting in the German army. Now Germany denied him citizenship in the republic he so despised. He was a *Staatenlos*, a man without a country. He was glad, therefore, to rejoin his reserve battalion at Traunstein, in return for a bed, food, clothing, and a bit of pay. In March, 1919, he again returned to Munich, still a paid reservist. It was at his own suggestion that he was ordered into mufti on a special assignment. He would go about wherever working men assembled. Hitler touches on this phase of his life briefly and with circumspection. "I received orders from my Headquarters to go and find out what was going on."

His biographer, Karl Heiden, describes it more fully. "He belonged to the so-called Intelligence Service, which is a discreet expression for espionage. At that time it was primarily a matter of political intelligence, by which must be understood not politics in the wide sense of the word, but of ferreting out former partisans who were to be shot."

In the course of his assignment Hitler covered a meeting of a small group who called themselves the German Workers Party. Here he heard Gottfried Feder expound a program to which Hitler instantly, wholeheartedly subscribed. He became Number Seven on the membership roll of the party. Small as the group was, it became the nucleus of the first cell to embody Hitler's vast project.

The world has had only too excellent a view of Hitler's speed of late. Here, however, is a little study of the tempo at which he turned thought into action as far back as fifteen and twenty years ago. As we have seen, he left Paserwak Hospital in November, 1918. He began his career as spy

the following March. By April he was planning *putsches*. One March morning less than a year later, like every other newspaperman then in Berlin, I tumbled out of bed and sprinted for the Chancellory in Wilhelmstrasse. For in the night two regiments of Reichswehr had driven out the government of the German Republic in a *putsch* engineered by—whom? That was what we reporters ran to see. In the entrance hall of the Chancellory stood a group, at the head of it a tall, stalwart, bespectacled man who said he was running the show, Wolfgang Kapp. He meant nothing to us, obviously a figurehead. We looked behind him and in the background of the group stood General Ludendorff, Hitler's wartime hero. That was a little more like it. But the workers of Germany with one surging accord, from Catholics to Communists, swung into a general strike against the *putschists*, and in just a week Herr Kapp and General Ludendorff and his colleagues had fled and the legal government returned from its runaway refuge in Weimar.

But the following year, August 26, 1921, Matthias Erzberger, leader of the powerful Catholic Center Party of Germany and chief of the delegation that signed armistice with the victorious Allies, was strolling in the Black Forest when, from the bushes, a high-calibered hunting gun sounded and Erzberger went to his forefathers. Investigation revealed only too plainly that it was no hunter who had fired the shot but a competent assassin.

Less than a year after that, on July 24, 1922, Walther Rathenau, a Jew, one of the great figures in German democracy and signer of Germany's peace treaty with the United States, was in Berlin driving in his car on his way to his office. Alongside drew another car, and a machine gun began pumping. Rathenau, too, went to his forefathers, while the two youths who killed him escaped to Austria

and later became high in the councils of the *National Sozialistische Deutsche Arbeiter Partei*—or “Nazi” party, as it is called in everyday use. One of the two youths who killed him remained in hiding. The other, Johann Klintsch, was captured. Commenting on the arrest, Adolf Hitler exclaimed in a public speech in Munich at that time, “I, as the leader of the National Socialist Labor Party of Germany, after this accusation, am particularly proud to welcome Johann Klintsch in my ranks!”

Then a little over a year later, and five years after Hitler opened his eyes in Pasewak Hospital and saw the evening lamps being lighted—five years almost to the day, on November 8, 1923—I was racing across Bavaria, as well as one can race across a country paralyzed by a general railroad strike, to get into Munich on time. My paper had a tip from the secret service of a great power, not Germany, that Hitler and General Ludendorff would attempt another *putsch* that day to overthrow the German Republic. I got there barely in time to see the march of men on the way to seize power. But half an hour later the *putsch*, now famous, but at that time ridiculed as Hitler’s “beer hall revolution,” was over, crushed. Hitler and his fellows fled into hiding.

Today, however, almost all school children know with what deadly precision Hitler can rear into four-square reality even the minor details of any blueprint he has conceived many years prior. Fifteen years after the “beer hall revolution” the man with the “funny mustache” no longer struck the world as funny. The one-time beggar no longer begged. The architect who could not make a living planning houses was now building empire. The lance corporal has become Führer of a people which numbered sixty million at the outset of 1938, seventy million by the spring of that year, seventy-four million in October, eighty-eight

million by the following spring as this is being written—and news of Hitler one day is likely to be far behind events the next day.

Few of us have to be reminded how breathlessly we hung over the radio late in September, 1938, when Hitler’s rasping, passionate voice came to us from the Sportpalast in Berlin and we waited to hear what we had in store for us, universal holocaust at once or later. Premiers of Great Britain and of France voyaged to Hitler to buy appeasement. Smaller governments could do no less. For where the Kaiser was stopped on his march of world conquest, Hitler marches with multiplying mass and momentum.

And everywhere he plans to go, there his spies precede him—armies of spies, working precisely on the lines he had laid out for them while lying blinded in the hospital at Pasewak twenty years before.

Some forty years ago Rudyard Kipling, who in “The Night Mail” wrote with uncanny prophecy of aviation in the future, thus pictured what he thought would be the eternal lot of the spy:

There are no leaders to lead us to battle,  
and yet without leaders we sally,  
Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight,  
out of reach of his fellow.

Today this picture is obsolete. Where once there was a spy, now there are a thousand. No longer “out of sight, out of reach of his fellow,” the spy today is part of a highly articulated army, with generals in command of whole regiments of espionage.

Before Hitler, too, a spy was usually, in the parlance of espionage, a mere “letter box,” a thief of papers, a seducer of information, to be passed on to a superior—and the job

was done. In time of war, of course, some spies were assigned to work destruction, rarely in time of peace. Today the function of the spy is vastly enlarged. He works for destruction in time of peace, even though there is no declaration of war between his country and his victim. So much has his function changed that the term for modern espionage has also changed. It is now "combatant secret service."

How much has Hitler had to do with this change? Consider some figures. In 1932, the year before he took over Germany officially, there were seven espionage trials in France. In 1937, four years after he took power, the number of espionage trials in France multiplied more than twentyfold, to one hundred and forty-eight. In the forty years between the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War and 1920 fewer than nineteen hundred spies were caught in all the major countries of the world put together, and this includes the World War. In the ensuing eighteen years the number of spies caught in the same countries was twenty-two times as many as in the forty years preceding.

Not all spies are paid in cash, but a brief examination of Germany's budgets for secret service is illuminating. In 1909, according to a report made in the House of Commons, Germany spent the equivalent of \$375,000 a month for secret service all over the world, counterespionage in its own country included. By 1917-18 the budget for German espionage had risen to \$6,000,000 a month, but that was in a time of war. What Germany is spending today can be gathered only from indications, but figures, laboriously garnered by those who cannot afford to be careless with them, point to an expenditure by Germany of \$8,640,000 a month for "combatant secret service" in seven countries only; and this at a time when Germany is officially "at

peace." Contrary to the picture we get from fiction, the average spy is poorly paid. Allowing generously for expenses other than pay, one gets approximately 45,000 full-time and part-time workers in German secret service. For every paid spy it is safe to count two to five volunteer assistants.

Not all increases in espionage throughout the world can be laid, of course, to Hitler. It cannot be too often emphasized that every country interested in some secret guarded by another country engages in espionage. Precise figures on secret service are naturally scarce. But several obvious factors furnish clues. Spies infest a land to the extent to which it is, again in the vernacular of espionage, "a fever spot"; that is, any place where military or other equally drastic developments are likely to take place within twenty-four months. It follows that any country expecting invasion by another will keep most of its spies working at home, at counterespionage. If, on the other hand, a government is planning aggression elsewhere, it will send its spies ahead.

But who are the aggressor nations, as President Roosevelt has spoken of them? There is little room for argument as to the answer. Since 1920, when Mussolini's Black Shirts marched triumphantly into Rome, the three nations that have acquired new territory by conquest have been Japan, Italy, and Germany, Italy's major efforts during this period—always remembering that such statements are made as "at the time of writing"—have been in Ethiopia and in Spain. In Ethiopia the march of modern, mechanized armies against a people armed with spears had little use for espionage. In Spain, as we shall see, it is Germany that has taken over the job of "combatant secret service." In Asia Japan has used vast numbers of spies and, as will be shown

later, their methods and the role they have played in the conquest of the Chinese has made appalling, almost incredible, history. Japan's other important objective has been its neighbor and historic foe, Russia. There, too, the story of Japanese espionage, working in concert with the espionage of other governments, has made sinister history on a mass scale.

But neither Italy nor Japan, and no other country in recorded history, has devoted to espionage so vast a portion of its national budgets as modern Germany has, nor developed it on so complicated a pattern and on so overwhelming a scale as Hitler has.

And its achievements have been correspondingly impressive. It is history, for instance, that the war in Spain did not just happen to break out, nor has it been primarily a Spanish affair. For years it had been prepared by German sapper-spies or, as the French call them, *saboteurs*. Then there were Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Corresponding to the company unit, say in infantry, saboteur-spies work in groupings which the French have named after the word for nest, *nid*. The average *nid* consists—again to use other terms the French have developed—of about one hundred *moutons*, eighty *dupeurs*, and twenty *baladeurs*, all working under an *agent fixe*. *Moutons* specialize in industrial sabotage. *Dupeurs* confine themselves to military and semimilitary information and work. *Baladeurs*, or “strollers,” are free lances, who go wherever their superior equipment prompts them to go. Unknown to any of the *nid* are *trafiquants*, spies sent from Berlin to watch their own spies, to see that there is efficiency and no graft or *double agent* trafficking with the enemy.

Saboteur-spies are of two categories, “termites” and “tor-

pedoes,” with a third category exclusively German, known officially as “Harbor Service.” “Termites” confine themselves to “psychological work.” They encourage disaffected individuals and groups, organizations and inflammable minorities. They spread rumors that gnaw at a nation's credit structure, whispering campaigns against banks and on stock exchanges. They circulate stories and analyses that breed worry. They distribute printed matter of all kinds and photographs that have been either specially staged or bear captions that do the work of disseminating despair. They subsidize newspapers with advertisements, copy, or outright cash. They try to do the same with radio and newsreels. Here, for example, is a typical “termite” circular that has had wide circulation among the Arabs in French Morocco:

“The Jew is devouring you, as vermin devour sheep. France protects him. He is the agent and tool of France. Germany locks him up or drives him out or otherwise disposes of him. Germany confiscates the property of the Jews and thus adds to its national wealth. You could do the same, Moroccans, if you were not the slaves of France.”

From two to eighteen months after “termites” begin their work the “torpedoes” move in. As their name would indicate, the character of their work is not “psychological” but physical. They concentrate on key industries, lines of communication and transport, hydroelectric systems, power-distribution lines, railroad terminals and centers, bridges, canals, aviation fields, airplane factories, ammunition works and arsenals, mines, and stored supplies of raw material and manufactured goods.

Numerically small but a disproportionately effective section of the torpedo army is the bacteriological corps. This devotes its attention to grain-growing belts, stock-raising



centers, water-supply systems, and concentrations of infantry. An unimpressive-looking group of men, less than a dozen in number, carrying valises and pretending to be this or that, may be carrying enough test tubes filled with cultures to spread plant blights, animal plagues, and material to pollute drinking water to an extent that would affect great areas. They also distribute disease-bearing vermin in barracks.

An Associated Press dispatch suggests work by this branch of the torpedo army:

“Perpignan, France, October 10, 1938. At the request of Spanish Loyalist authorities the French police are investigating today what is said to be an attempt to spread epidemic through the Spanish town of Puigcerda, just over the border. Springs rising on the French side of the frontier furnish the drinking water for Puigcerda and the region. Water inspectors have found two weighted sacks containing putrefied meat at the bottom of a small stream on the French side of the frontier. A filtering plant on the French side was also found wrecked at about the same time.”

Another numerically small but highly important division of the torpedo army has charge of engineering those “incidents” that launch wars, declared or undeclared. The same dynamic section also attends to assassinations of key figures as important as former Chancellor of Austria, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, and Premier Ion Duca of Rumania.

“Harbor Service,” to which I referred as the third category of spies used by Germany in addition to “termites” and “torpedoes,” was at first confined really to harbors like New York, London, Petrograd, Marseilles, and Rio de Janeiro. Then with thorough German consistency the name was retained for the same kind of work in such landlocked cities as Madrid, Paris, Vienna, Prague, and other

capitals of the world. “Harbor Service” confined itself to work on individuals who came and went on German ships, then later by air and other modes of transport. A concrete instance of its work will give a picture of its function. I have culled it from among some 35,000 documents seized by the Loyalist Government in Spain at the outbreak of the Franco revolt.

Kurt Rheinfeld, a worker in the history of art, left Germany in 1928 to study the giants of painting in the Spain of the great golden periods of the past. Politically he was devoted to the German Republic. When Hitler destroyed it Rheinfeld remained in Spain, a bitter opponent of Nazism. In 1934 he attracted the attention of the leader of “Harbor Service” in Granada. The following is a verbatim copy of the first report the leader sent to his chief in the Foreign Organization in Berlin, to which the “Harbor Service” throughout the world reports directly, although it is part and parcel of Germany’s espionage army:

“For some days a German student of the name of Kurt Rheinfeld has been going about here, agitating against Germany in a most blackguardly way, and dragging our Führer Adolf Hitler in the mud on every opportunity. I myself have heard it and also been told of it by others. He has been entered three times already on the Black List of the German consulate here; hence we can infer that we are dealing with a really bad person.

“A German living here sent this man to my office by arrangement, and without calling him a swine I spoke to him in such a way that he did not notice that he was in a cleft stick.

“His father was born in Oberdorf a.N. and is now with Siemens in Vienna. His brother is said to have been employed in the Reich printing works in Berlin. He tells peo-

ple that Hitler is a beast, that people are shot for nothing, that everyone gets put into concentration camps, that children denounce their parents, that there are more unemployed to-day in Germany than there were before, and other things of this sort."

Rheinfeld went to Málaga, whereupon a secret report followed him to the leader of "Harbor Service" in that city. Only four days after the Granada report the leader of the Málaga service forwarded the following to his chiefs in Madrid and in Germany:

"In view of the serious charges made against K. R., I came to an agreement with the consulate here to arrange for the arrest of the man by the Spanish police, in order to get him sent back to Germany by the Sloman Line steamer *Spezia*, which is leaving here for Hamburg on the 10th of this month.

"Following on this, the German Consul called on the police authorities here, who at once expressed their willingness to carry out our wishes. Next day when K. R. again came to see Party member Fiessler in the Travel Bureau of the firm 'Bakumar,' to pick up his ticket for Oran, Fiessler held him in conversation until the arrival of the police, who had in the meantime been warned."

The German Consul in Málaga had, so to speak, shaken out of a hat some criminal charge against Rheinfeld, and the Spanish police at his behest arrested Rheinfeld and aided in his extradition.

On October 18, 1934, Málaga was able to report to Madrid progress in the case of the "Harbor Service" against Kurt Rheinfeld.

"For your information I have to advise you that the above-named was taken on board the steamer *Spezia* by

the Spanish police in the regular way on the 15th of this month. There he was received by the group leader of the ship and various Party members of this town and handed over to the Captain for transfer to Germany."

This is all I have been able to find of the subsequent fate of Kurt Rheinfeld, either among the documents in Barcelona or through any of half a dozen other channels I have tried. There is every indication that of the young student of Spanish art it must be written, "the rest is silence."

The lone spy, the character one meets in fiction, still functions occasionally. A comprehensive record of modern espionage must include the stories of Mme. de Littke, the Pole; Colonel Kenji Doihara, the "Lawrence of Japan"; and Magda Lupescu, the red-haired Jewess, mistress of King Carol of Rumania. But mass organization in espionage has done to the freebooter spy of former days—and this means prior to 1933—what the introduction of machinery has done to the handworker.

Nevertheless, the new espionage has drama, even melodrama, of its own, often as complicated as detective fiction, and as much more vast in scope as the objectives of an army are more vast than those of any private in it. In the new story of spying we will see panic fly on wings that multiply until whole peoples become hysteric. Banks collapse. Bombs blow up buildings in the Étoile, that fashionable heart of Paris. Secret arsenals are discovered in antiquary shops and under beauty parlors, in "love nests" and underground in châteaux, with ambulances, medical services, and hospital cots enough to take care of small armies of wounded. Specially built galleries of steel and reinforced concrete are hidden behind heavy metal doors. High-powered cars,

crowded with machine gunners, tear through European capitals at night and without lights, bent on drastic business. Premiers and kings are shot down in broad daylight, with great awed crowds looking helplessly on.

Even revolutions are hatched and wars launched that keep the whole world terribly on edge, all prepared by espionage. Republican Spain, once-democratic Austria and Czechoslovakia fall, after preliminary work by cohorts of spies. At the time this is written, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and the Ukraine are among the "fever spots." How these fevers will go by the time these words see print, it is futile to prophesy.

Rigidity is as likely to be a source of strength as a cause of breaking. German espionage, as I have pointed out in the case of "Harbor Service," works rigidly along the same pattern in every country, no matter how different the psychology there. Whether this consistency will make or break German espionage is for the future to reveal. But it is certain that the pattern of its plot is set, by Germany at least, in every important land, America not exempted. And wherever that pattern works, there democracy is in danger.

I submit, therefore, that the story of modern espionage, much as it may read like fiction, is no longer, alas, merely escape reading, even for us in America. A happy youngster playing in the garden of his home somewhere, say in our Middle West, may be blissfully unconscious that anything in these pages touches his life. Even his father, an average citizen, may dismiss these stories with a fleeting thought of thanks that America has an ocean on each side of it, hence is immune to the nightmares brought on by international spying.

But those whose concern it is to keep democracy alive

on this continent—and they are best in position to know the dangers to it—are less carefree about the matter. So—at the time of writing—President Roosevelt and Congress are seriously studying the fevers that foreign spies are spreading on our continent, ocean or no ocean.

## ☛ GESTAPO AT HOME

"I do not believe there can be peace among the nations," Adolf Hitler wrote, "until they have the same law and the same system of law. That is why I hope that National Socialism will one day extend over the whole world. This is no fantastic dream, but an achievable object. . . . Almighty God, bless our weapons, bless our combat!"

The weapons which Hitler calls upon the Almighty to bless are being forged by him at a rate that has set the whole world off on an armament race which promises to submerge winners as much as losers. In the matter of armament, however, some of the democracies are giving Hitler stiff competition; but not in espionage, which, as I have pointed out, is today no longer limited to the gathering of information.

Since Stieber, who led his thirty thousand spies into Prussia in the service of Bismarck, the greatest spy master in the world has been Colonel Walther Nicolai. He headed the German Secret Service in the World War, and today he heads all German espionage objectives outside of the Reich. A short, trim figure, with arching tophead and the face of a small bird of prey, even to the sharply pointed nose, he has had more than a quarter of a century of experience in handling regiments of spies.

## ☛ GESTAPO AT HOME

In the early days of Hitler's accession to power there was grim rivalry between the army, or Reichswehr, and the Brown Shirts, with whose aid Hitler had conquered Germany. Hitler won. He made many changes in the leadership of the Reichswehr, but Colonel Nicolai stayed.

General Goering, engaged in crushing anti-Nazi elements left over from Republic days, had built up a secret police in Prussia. It did so well that Hitler let him organize secret police over all Germany—*Geheime Staats-Polizei*, or "Gestapo," as the world knows it.

In the struggle that followed for control of Gestapo, however, Goering had to contend against Heinrich Himmler. When Hitler staged the famous purge in which Captain Roehm, head of the Brown Shirt army, and other leaders were wiped out in no merely figurative sense of the word, it was Himmler who led the murder squads. He looks like a pedagogue, even to his pince-nez. He was one of the earliest of Hitler's specialists in guerrilla fighting in the days of the German Republic; he was with him in the "beer hall revolution"; and he became commander of the "S. S." or *Schutz-Staffel*, that elite of Brown Shirts which has been uniformed in black, and whose special function it is to guard Hitler's person. Himmler is so potent that in the rivalry between him and Goering for control of the Gestapo Hitler had to compromise. Nominally Goering is at the head. In reality Himmler is Gestapo's chief.

Hard though Himmler is under his schoolmaster exterior, he appointed as his right-hand man Reinhard Heydrich, considerably younger and harder than Himmler. Heydrich was an adolescent when the World War ended. In 1922 he joined the German navy; four years later he was a first lieutenant; three years after that he was cashiered from the navy for conspiracy against the Republic. He

made the grade as a member of Hitler's *Schutz-Staffel* and rose rapidly until he became Himmler's deputy in the Gestapo. Many things that would not be becoming for Himmler to do, Heydrich does. One of his specialties is an extensive knowledge of the secret vices and perversions of the Nazi leaders themselves. At the first show of restiveness on the part of any of them, it is Heydrich who deals with it.

He deals with them through the little-known but widely feared agency, *Uuschla*, a name made up of the first letters for the German of "Investigation and Adjustment Committee of the N. S. D. A. P." *Uuschla* deals exclusively with charges against Nazi leaders and party members. It combines an espionage system with police power, is judge and jury, and when a defendant is found guilty acts as executioner.

Nominally Gestapo attends to spies and conspirators inside the Third Reich, while Colonel Nicolai has charge of espionage abroad. In reality the two services are so welded that for practical purposes they are a single body under the name of Gestapo.

In March, 1935, minutes taken at a meeting in Himmler's office and subsequently stolen reveal that at that time there were 2,450 Gestapo agents abroad, each one the leader of a *nid* that averaged thirty-two agents. Since then the growth of Gestapo at home and abroad has tremendously accelerated.

The elite of this army of spies is trained in a system of schools inaugurated in 1934 and headed by Heydrich. Admission to the school involves considerable selection. Some of the candidates come from Colonel Nicolai's service, more from the *Schutz-Staffel*. No pupil may be over thirty years old. Heydrich demands plasticity in his pupils, and

at the same time feels that a hard young Nazi is harder than his elders.

Classes are limited to five pupils. They are conducted in an atmosphere of rigid discipline. But there is nothing rigid about the curriculum. It is broad in scope and adapts itself according to the flux of the day's news. In foreign language courses it includes slang and idioms. It dwells on the psychology of other races, their weaknesses and vices. It deals with the police and other law-enforcement agencies of foreign lands and tells how to circumvent them. There are courses on how to use wiles, disguises, and high explosives; how to use codes and ciphers and how to read others' codes and ciphers. There are courses in foreign trade and industry, in the manipulation of locks on doors and vaults, in the use of specially constructed cameras; and there are courses in contemporary events little known to the public.

From the first day the pupils get down to cases, in the literal sense of the word. One course deals with current man hunts by the Third Reich. For data and textbooks there are exhaustive dossiers, a vast collection of photographs—many made unbeknown to the sitter—fingerprints and Bertillon measurements.

There is also a card index. It is hard to make the size of the card index credible. In 1925 I had occasion to consult the *Meldwesen*, a card index kept by the Berlin police, which is now only the basis of the card index amassed by the Gestapo. When I saw the *Meldwesen* it required one hundred and eighty rooms to house it. The letter H alone took up twelve rooms. Most of the Gestapo's card index is still about individuals within the Reich. But millions of cards for Germans and non-Germans living abroad have been added.

Most of the latter have been listed through the League of Germans in Foreign Countries. The League comprises from 199 to 225 organizations of all kinds throughout the world. Ostensibly they concern themselves with German culture and Nazi ideology. Many have memberships well in the scores of thousands. The relation of these groupings to espionage can only be deduced, but there are grounds for deduction. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, head of the League, wrote for instance, to subordinates throughout the world:

"I am not interested in having foreign groups which are strong only in numbers. It is especially important that new applicants for membership have a clear-cut desire to work actively in the spirit of National Socialist self-sacrifice. I therefore request you to demand of each applicant a statement of how many hours a week he will devote to the group's work."

"The group's work," as I have said, is ostensibly only cultural. It is a reasonable assumption, however, that if such an important part of the Reich as the Gestapo wants service by members of another part of the Reich's organization its desire will be at least respected. Espionage trials in America and in other countries have shown that members of German organizations abroad have actively cooperated in spying. Accounts of such cooperation belong under chapters on different lands.

Thorns for the Third Reich are Germans who have fled from its clutches and are striking back by telling tales. Gestapo tries to silence them and some of its methods are best indicated by actual cases. An orphan asylum outside of Paris, for instance, was burglarized one night. To the surprise of the authorities who investigated the burglary, only the book containing the children's names was stolen. A little reflection made it clear why. The asylum houses

only children of Nazi victims. Someone had hoped to get many names of friends and relatives of these children, therefore presumably anti-Nazi in sentiment. The burglar got little for his pains. The stolen register bore only the first names of the children.

Hans Hugo Brandt had escaped from a Nazi concentration camp and was effectively publicizing in Paris what he had seen inside the Third Reich. One day his doorbell rang. A man entered who said he was from the telephone company, come to check over the installation in Brandt's home. Would M. Brandt be good enough to inspect his credentials? M. Brandt did, and found them excellent, but as he was going out the gentleman would have to come some other time. The gentleman asked if M. Brandt would permit him to remain in the apartment long enough to make the necessary inspection. There was a spring lock on the door and he assured M. Brandt that he would make certain the door was locked when he left after the inspection.

M. Brandt agreed. He left the man in the apartment, walked around the block, tiptoed up to his apartment, and entered. He found the "inspector" busy with a mass of his private papers, to get at which he had used a burglar's jimmy. Brandt, who was formerly an excellent wrestler, grappled with the inspector; but a revolver butt knocked Brandt unconscious. When he recovered, the man was gone. So were the papers that had interested him.

An instrument favored by Gestapo abroad more commonly than even a burglar's jimmy was employed by a Gestapo agent in Switzerland on a young woman whose husband managed to get her out of Germany but at a cost that harrowed her. He was sent to the concentration camp at Dachau, which haunts the sleep of anyone who has

friend or relative there. In Switzerland a stranger came to her, a German, the bearer of a message from her husband. It was an appeal for help.

The bringer of the message said, "I know what he is going through, for I spent seven months there myself. You need only to look at me to see. If it were not for relatives in America who bought me out, I would still be in Dachau."

Several days later another stranger, also a German, came to see the young woman. In type and well-being this man was a contrast to the other. He told her frankly that he was of the Gestapo. "I know about your husband," he said. "He is not happy where he is. Would you like to have him join you here in sixty days, alive and well?"

She stared. "Of course," she said.

"In addition, if you cooperate he will be given preferential treatment at once."

"What must I do?"

"There are in this city two traitors to our race and to the Reich. Every German should want to see them punished. I will tell you how to meet them. Help in their activities. Keep in touch with me. If you give a satisfactory account of yourself, your husband will join you here at the conclusion of your assignment."

He could not have pried at her more cruelly had he used steel. For a week the young woman was deep in the anguish of indecision. Finally she refused to buy happiness at the expense of others, and she told the Gestapo man so.

He looked at her reflectively. "Your husband seemed so sure of your love when I last talked to him," he said. "You'll have some explaining to do when you meet him in heaven."

The woman has had no word of her husband since.

Such incidents are minor Gestapo exploits, perhaps be-

cause their victims were minor figures. George Bell, a Scotch engineer, was also a minor figure, but he was the agent of Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil king. Sir Henri and Adolf Hitler have had in common a plan to help themselves to Soviet Russia's vast oil fields. Their alliance went back to the time when Hitler had not yet become Chancellor but was fast getting there. Sir Henri, sensing an ally, contributed 4,000,000 Dutch gulden to Hitler's growing party. The alliance was so unsavory to a large public and the contribution so heavy that Sir Henri used as an intermediary the little-known George Bell.

Bell was warmly entertained by the Nazis, so much so that he learned a great deal about the very private lives of some of the most decadent of the Nazi hierarchy. When he drank much, as he often did, he talked much, too, and was likely to name names. Soon after the Reichstag fire in February, 1933, Bell added another secret to his collection. The next time he got drunk, he held forth on the theme that it was not the Communists who had set fire to the Reichstag. When he got home, a recollection of what he had been saying sobered him. He did not stop to pack. He managed to reach the border of Austria and crossed it. Austria was, of course, not yet part of the Reich.

But it was a "fever spot" of Gestapo activities. Bell was celebrating his escape in Buchholzen, in the Austrian Tyrol. One evening he had just had time to go to his room when two Benz cars filled with Storm Troopers in uniform dashed over the Austrian border and drew up at the inn where he was staying. Some troopers piled out of the cars and stormed into the inn. They broke into Bell's room and dragged him downstairs into the open, where the rest, too, could get at him. Bell tried to break through the ring about him, but he went down with bullets in his head,

chest, and stomach. The Storm Troopers got into their cars and escaped back to Germany.

Another man the Gestapo was anxious to silence was Berthold Jacob, a Jewish journalist who had been an affliction to Hitler even in the days of the German Republic. Hitler and his party were still arming secretly, and Jacob, as journalist, found out about it and insisted on printing the news. When Hitler became Chancellor, Jacob escaped from Germany. But he kept up his work against the Nazis.

He was a short man with bright black eyes, dark mustaches and a pointed little beard. Everything about him irritated Gestapo; even his nearness to the German border, for in the course of his work as editor of a little news syndicate he spent much time in Strasbourg and in Basle.

In Strasbourg Hans Wesseman came to see him. In the old days of the Republic Wesseman belonged to the German Social Democratic party. Jacob heard of him as a fighter against German militarism, also as a journalist. Now Wesseman proposed a working partnership with Jacob. He had traveled widely and had editorial connections, especially in London. Wesseman was so optimistic about their future together that he made several cash loans to Jacob, whose income was smaller than his influence as an anti-Nazi.

On March 8, 1935, Wesseman telephoned from Basle, Switzerland, to Jacob in Paris, telling him he had consummated an important connection for the syndicate and it needed only Jacob's signature in Basle. Jacob made ready to go there and told his wife he would be back in a day or two. He reached Basle the following afternoon and went to their rendezvous at the Restaurant of the Crooked Corner in *Greifengasse* in Little Basle. There he was joined by Wesseman and another man, and the three

went into conference to the accompaniment of beer and wine.

Suddenly Jacob's head reeled. His companions said they would take him back to his hotel, and with Jacob's arms linked between theirs they emerged on the sidewalk. Wesseman hailed what Jacob assumed was a public taxi. He could not understand what had happened to him. He knew his capacity for liquor and had not drunk unwisely, as he thought. Yet he could not keep his eyes open.

When the "taxi" reached the part of the city which borders on Germany it stopped, and its headlights flashed on and off. Swiss custom officers stepped out into the road to go through the formalities of examining a car bound for Germany. Suddenly the machine rushed at them. They had to jump out of the way. On the other side of the border the car turned into Adolf Hitlerstrasse, where a policeman in uniform and a Gestapo man in civilian clothes halted the car.

The following morning Wesseman, in Basle, telegraphed Jacob's wife in Paris. "Everything in order. Return Monday. Berthold." Two days later Frau Jacob received another telegram, this time from Zurich. "Going to Geneva. Back Thursday. Berthold."

Berthold did not return on Thursday. Instead, a money order for two hundred francs reached Frau Jacob, sent by Wesseman. This kept her from worry, since it seemed an indication that the business deal on which her husband had gone to Basle was progressing. But when more days passed without word from her husband, Frau Jacob became alarmed. As the wife of a journalist she knew how to make her alarm effective. On March 18 French and Swiss newspapers told that Berthold Jacob was missing and was probably in the hands of the Gestapo well inside the Reich.



## ARMIES OF SPIES

Swiss police, who had experienced other instances of Gestapo disregard of the little mountain republic, swiftly investigated and caught up with Wesseman as he was about to leave Switzerland. They took him into custody and questioned him. In Paris Police Commissioner Guillaume and the noted French attorney Vincent de Moro Giafferi, no friend of the Hitler regime, also helped to investigate Jacob's disappearance. Now the story became world talk.

Wesseman broke down and confessed. Germany announced that "Berthold Salomon, alias Jacob, had illegally crossed the Swiss border into Germany" and was therefore arrested. A search of his record, said the announcement, revealed that he had been guilty of treason against the Reich in the past; hence, "in the interests of the investigation of them and in order to ascertain who are Jacob's accomplices, no further reports about his case can be made for the time being."

The Swiss made an international issue of it and demanded the return of Jacob to Swiss soil. The Reich did not reply for several months. By then, however, the case had attracted such world-wide interest that Germany was forced to take cognizance of it. "In the interests of world harmony," Berthold Jacob was returned to Switzerland on September 17.

The Jacob case is interesting today only because it illuminates the new face of the Reich in the few years since 1935. It is difficult to imagine its government today releasing a Berthold Jacob at the demand of any country or group of countries. Indeed, the Gestapo today is no longer interested in such retail exploits as kidnaping a hostile journalist. Its work in foreign countries is vastly enlarged, and its chief agency and façade is the Foreign Organization

## GESTAPO AT HOME

of the *N. S. D. A. P.*, a name interchangeable with that of the League of Germans Living Abroad, which meets annually in Germany. At its congress in August, 1938, in Stuttgart, Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, chief of the Foreign Organization, declared that its total membership throughout the world is now more than 50,000. If that number is to be taken seriously, the League was almost a membership meeting, for 15,000 delegates attended. As a matter of fact, the tastefully embossed parchment which was given out at a previous congress to its members showed 141 organizations abroad under the embracing title of *Bund der Auslandsdeutschen*. Their combined membership numbered millions. At the opening of the 1938 congress of the Foreign Organization the first words of Dr. Bohle were, "No one has a right to call himself a German unless he is a Nazi. . . . To be German means to be true to the Führer."

The reputation of *The London Times* for sober statement makes its comment on the Nazi Foreign Organization pertinent. Commenting on the proceedings of the Stuttgart Congress, the *Times* repeats accusations of espionage which have been leveled against the Foreign Organization.

"There is no doubt that every sort of pressure is brought to bear on fellow Germans abroad to join local Nazi organizations. Herr Bohle, as well as being the directing chief of the organization, occupies an important position in the German Foreign Ministry; and it is reported that local leaders sometimes threaten recalcitrants with loss of their passports and of their German citizenship. These activities involve a certain amount of spying and a readiness to serve the [German] State in any circumstance that

may arise and in an international emergency. The implications of some of these activities are, in fact, thoroughly unpleasant."

The *Manchester Guardian* added: "There has been a great deal of spying and eavesdropping and gathering of private information by Nazis in England that might be useful to Berlin. Even German servant girls in England are forced to join the Nazi party and to provide it with information about their employers."

Dr. Joseph Goebbels, chief of Nazi propaganda throughout the world, has admitted that 25,000,000 marks a year are devoted to a specific department of termite work abroad. This appropriation has been called the "reptile fund" and is devoted only to buying up foreign politicians and press. The fund is handled largely through Press and Propaganda attachés who are part of German embassy personnel. An order by Goebbels in 1935 made that clear.

"The Press Attaché must use the codes and other arrangements of the Diplomatic Service for his reports. He must not only report the activities of the press of the country to which he is attached, but must take into consideration every opportunity which may be of interest to the German government, particularly in connection with the German nationalist movement."

There are sincere pacifists, though their numbers have diminished since the advent of fascism. For the many peace-at-any-price advocates who still maintain that attitude, a statement by Colonel Konstantin Hierl, Secretary of State for the Labor Service of the Reich, should be of interest. His pamphlet, *Foundations of a German Military Policy*, advocates that Germans abroad support such pacifist movements.

"This pacifism may be used by us Germans as a political

weapon and is actually useful in preparing for war. By lulling the enemy to sleep with pacific phrases, we succeed in making him neglect his armaments. The atmosphere thus created may also serve to conceal our own plans and achievements in armament."

Many thousand German tourists travel abroad, and it would be unfair to include them in discussing espionage. But every German leaving for a trip in a foreign country is forced by the Gestapo to act as a spy to some extent, as can be seen from the following questionnaire he is compelled to fill out on leaving:

"Where do you want to go? At what stations will you stop? What frontiers will you pass? When do you return?" Along with the questionnaire the applicant for permission to travel is given instructions: "1. Abroad you are not to wear any uniform or insignia. 2. As soon as you arrive you are to find out if there is a local foreign bureau of the Nazi party. If there is, you are to report to it immediately. If not, you are to report to the local German Consulate. 3. When you return you must write out a complete report of (a) your impressions; (b) what you saw and heard."

Returned voyagers whose reports show acute observation are questioned by Gestapo at greater length.

When the Reich's furious armament activity created a labor shortage in Germany the government campaigned for a return of Germans to their country. Then in the first days of 1938 the press of Germany suddenly urged that "all racial Germans living abroad as citizens in foreign lands stick to their posts, and those who have already returned to the Fatherland are urged to limit their stay and go back to their places abroad."

To do what?

## GESTAPO IN SPAIN

A GLANCE at the map shows that France is in the jaws of a nutcracker, Germany to the east, Spain south. Theoretically, at the time of writing, the two jaws are two different nations. But, of course, should Germany influence Spain, the jaws are likely to close at some such time as Hitler decides to carry out his intentions toward France, as outlined in *My Battle*; and be it remembered that while there is a Maginot Line along France's eastern border there is none against Spain.

From as far back as Bismarck, who said, "It is to Germany's interest to put the Spanish fly on France's neck," up to Hitler's and Mussolini's current designs, France has had reason to worry about what happens on the other side of the Pyrenees. England, too, as needs hardly be told, is interested in who is her neighbor in the peninsula that ends at the Strait of Gibraltar, that bottleneck of the Mediterranean. For whoever controls the Mediterranean even as little as from Gibraltar to the Balearic Islands holds a sword over the life lines connecting Great Britain with her colonies in the Orient, and over France, who has to ferry over the Mediterranean to her colonies on the south shores, shuttling cargoes and troops.

In 1934 there came to Spain a peculiar kind of spy, inasmuch as he was exactly what he said he was, announced

## GESTAPO IN SPAIN

practically all that he wanted to see and learn, and got the full cooperation of the Spanish government; and what he was after was not above ground, in the literal sense of the word, but below. He was a mining engineer, interested in deposits of tungsten and lignite. He told the Spanish government he was making surveys with the hope of interesting foreign capital. The only thing he did not tell the Spaniards—it might not have alarmed them if he had—was that he was an agent of a consortium of German and Italian industrialists.

Another thing he did not emphasize was that his special interest in lignite was in making liquid fuel out of it for airplanes and submarines. As history rapidly made clear, the mineral expert's report did turn out interesting to his employers. Germany proceeded to organize that interest and others in Spain.

The organization which it incubated there, like its parent body in Germany, grew fast. Considering that these interests were supposedly commercial, it is surprising how military were many of its aspects. The very memorandums that went back and forth down the lines of German organizations in Spain were headed, "Orders of the Day," "Service Regulations," and "Service Routine."

The organization, as we shall see, had its own "staffs" and "adjutants"; its own courts, courts-martial, and penalties; its own elaborate espionage corps. The leaders of the organization were required periodically to return to Berlin not only to report but to take courses on certain aspects of Spain, not excluding what to do "when the revolution breaks out." An extract from a letter from one of these leaders in regard to such a visit to Berlin gives a concrete picture. "There were many delicate matters which I brought back from Spain, and the material, too, had to be

scrutinized by my superiors and worked over by them in detail." . . .

The Nazi army in Spain, for in effect and effectiveness it was an army of espionage, had so many façades that to present a schematic chart of them would be less suggestive than to select some parts of it, describe some of the officers, and through documentary evidence show their activities.

Every German commercial establishment in Spain, especially the German tourist agency; every cultural organization, such as branches of the world-wide Fichte League; even such humble groupings as the "German Clerks Association of Madrid"—all were part of the "Brown Network" in that country. They were doing "termite" work, until eighteen months before the outbreak of the Franco revolt, when the "torpedoes" too moved in.

The leader of the combined army of termites and torpedoes in Spain was Hans Hellermann, aged twenty-eight, but already "an old Nazi." His title was, within his own organization, *Hoheitsträger*, bearer of greatness. Young as he was, he had more than twelve years of conspiratorial experience in Germany and no mean contact with life-and-death responsibility. He was lean and athletic, with sly blue eyes and a thin-lipped smile that made beholders uneasy with a sense of cruelty lurking behind it.

He was the senior partner of "Importing House, Hellermann & Phillippi" in Calle Avino in Barcelona. His partner, Otto Phillippi, also a National Socialist, born in South America, was plausible as one whose whole interest was commercial dealings with Latin-American countries.

When subsequently the books of "Importing House, Hellermann & Phillippi" were scrutinized, it was found that its business amounted to less than enough to pay for its lavish offices. There was a display room done in the

modern mode, exhibiting an impressive array of articles the firm was supposed to be selling. The walls of the adjoining room were hidden from ceiling to floor with filing cabinets marked "Cutlery," "Crockery," "Cotton Prints," "Motor Spare Parts," and the like. When the critical eyes that audited the books of "Importing House, Hellermann & Phillippi" looked into the file marked "Crockery," they found only correspondence on espionage at the Alicante freight docks. A file on "Wool Socks" was filled with reports on negotiations with elements who later led the revolt against the Spanish government. "Dress Trimmings" showed that the army of Nazis was weaving a shroud for its republic.

The communications between Berlin and its agents in Spain were sometimes in code, sometimes only partly disguised, frequently without any attempt to hide meaning. A typical semicode is described in the following letter:

Foreign Trade Office, — Berlin, 152-35.

*Cover names in circulars*

In the future, when answering circulars from the Foreign Trade Office, use the following cover names:

Aryans to be referred to as Group I.

Party Members: Group 50.

Freemasons: Group M.

Jews: Group U.

For normal correspondence, however, the terms Aryan, Party Member, Freemason, and Jew are to be used as previously.

W. BISSE.

Berlin, May 17, 1935.

It is usually a treaty obligation between countries at peace that no consulate or embassy shall engage in activities subversive of the country to which it is accredited. On April 24, 1935, the German Ambassador to Spain issued a

pass as courier to Hans Hellermann, head of the Nazi organization in that country. As courier, Hellermann had extraterritorial privileges, which he used in "termite" and "torpedo" work against democratic Spain. Among the messages Hellermann brought was a circular that went to consulates at ports and borders.

*Strictly Confidential*

Re Courier Service - 20-11-35

Office chiefs are requested to inform me whether in their area the possibility exists of sending parcels of propaganda past the Customs without any difficulties. Please advise me at the same time how many parcels at a time can be got through safely.

Heil Hitler!  
[signed] CORDS

Carl Cords was head of the Harbor Service in Spain.

A typical reply to the circular came from Consul Fricke in Cartagena.

*Strictly Confidential* - 28-12-35

Parcels, if not too large, can be received here without difficulty, if they are handed over to Inspector Scholtz of the Neptune Steamship Co. in Hamburg, Freihafen I, Neptunschuppen, all charges paid, for sending on to me here through one of the Neptune Steamship Company's captains. A steamer leaves Bremen for here every fortnight; length of voyage 14 to 21 days, according to the number of ports called at on the way.

Heil Hitler!  
[signed] FRICKE.

A more cautious note is sounded in the reply by Kindler von Knobloch, Nazi candidate for the post of Consul in Alicante.

"We feel that we must call attention to the danger that

might arise if on some occasion a consignment of propaganda material were seized, especially as it is propaganda in Spanish. Is it not possible to address such material to the German Embassy? In this event the risk would be less if on some occasion we were caught. For then the parcels would not be liable to official declarations and we could smuggle them through."

As a matter of fact, his idea had been long anticipated. On October 15, 1933, Friedhelm Burbach sent a telegram to the Foreign Organization in Berlin.

"Six thousand pamphlets in Spanish, packed in handy parcels, are to be sent addressed: The German Embassy, Madrid. Dispatch to be sent by Courier Department of the Foreign Office in Berlin."

Not long after Knobloch had made his recommendation the German Embassy no longer confined itself to being, so to say, a mere address. For in a letter from Hellermann dated June 24, 1936, and addressed to the leader of the Madrid *nid*, August Schmidt, a paragraph reads:

"Please first have a look through the documents of the Madrid local section which are lying under seal in the cellar of the Embassy. Aren't there some locked cabinets there? I am almost sure you will find something usable there."

One would imagine that a German ambassador would be considered by the Foreign Office in Berlin at least equal in prestige to Nazi spies. Yet we find the latter were spying on the German Ambassador in Spain and on his personnel. The situation gave rise to a dilemma in prestige for Ambassador Count von Welczeck. A man of all work, Zwick, was employed in the embassy. He had been recommended by the leader of the Madrid Nazi section and was accepted by the Ambassador's major-domo for menial tasks. One day

when Count von Welczeck was to give a large and important dinner party the major-domo found there were not enough servants to wait on the table. He called Zwick.

"You will help remove used dishes at the dinner party tonight. Rent appropriate clothes."

"I don't like waiting on table," said Zwick.

"That's not important," the major-domo said. "What is important is that I'm in a hurry."

"Then you'll have to wait on the table yourself," Zwick retorted.

"For this impertinence, you're not only dismissed but I shall report you to our Party chiefs."

"Do," Zwick said, and walked out of the embassy.

The major-domo telephoned the proper quarters, expecting that German military discipline would bring Zwick back to the embassy on the double-quick. To his consternation the major-domo was curtly told that Zwick would return to the embassy but would *not* serve as waiter.

The major-domo reported to the Ambassador. Count von Welczeck, indignant, telephoned those who had so impressed his major-domo and proceeded to read a lecture. An order by a superior to a subordinate in the Ambassador's entourage, he said, was to be considered as coming from the Ambassador himself.

"Zwick does not have to obey you," was the answer.

It was eight hours before the dinner. There followed a furious interchange of telephone and telegraph messages, which finally extended as far as Berlin. In the battle for prestige the Ambassador and the supporters of Zwick seemed evenly matched. The fight was going so against the Ambassador that he sent a telegraphic plea to the Foreign Office in Berlin.

"Only those who are in position to know can judge what

endless trouble and expenditure of time, money, and energy are needed by an ambassador to make his embassy a social center. Zwick is sabotaging my social activities." His plea gained for him only partial victory. Zwick did not serve at table, but he was instructed to obey the Ambassador in "minor matters."

Previously I touched on the work of "Harbor Service" in Spain. The head of Harbor Service, Carl Cords, was a long-boned man of thirty-two with a lean, rectangular head, a tight, hard mouth, and gray eyes that had the look of a man sighting down the barrel of a rifle. Like all Gestapo heads in Spain, he was given important commercial berths, in his case the Siemen's agency in Madrid. As chief of Harbor Service he had fifty leaders stationed at strategic points in Spain.

Even harmless individuals received the scrutiny of Harbor Service. In Granada, for instance, its leader, who was also German Consul there, reported that two German Jewesses had started a boardinghouse. His report to Berlin admitted that "both women had been closely watched, but are said to have conducted themselves irreproachably and not to be carrying on any propaganda hostile to Germany. This has also been confirmed by Spanish colleagues who have been employed by me in this and other investigations."

Another harmless individual was less fortunate. Fritz Hanke, loyal to the old German Republic, had suffered so much in a Nazi concentration camp that his once fine mind cracked. He managed to escape from Germany, then devoted himself to what he considered was effective fighting of the Nazi regime. He had phonograph records made that were intended to prove Goering's participation in the burning of the Reichstag. He offered these records to anti-

Fascist organizations. None of them was interested. Then Hanke went to Madrid on his futile quest. For the first time he was accorded serious consideration, but not from anti-Nazis. A correspondence between the German embassy in Madrid and Harbor Service took Hanke seriously indeed. The embassy was inclined to think that it would be "cheapest to ship him back to Germany." Harbor Service thought otherwise. As usual, its opinion prevailed. On January 10, 1936, the leader of Harbor Service in Barcelona reported in a letter to his chief: "*Ref. Fritz Hanke*. As you know, the German Ambassador has granted 2,500 pesetas for the 'appropriate' handling of this case. We are proceeding."

Like many who feel in heart and soul that they are bearers of world salvation, poor Hanke was conspicuous everywhere, every day. Two days after the above letter he disappeared. He has not been heard from since.

Complicated technique used in espionage in general, and by Harbor Service in Spain in particular, was revealed in the case of Gerhard Thofern. In internecine struggles between Nazi leaders in Germany, Otto Strasser had formed a secret organization to make Hitler mean his promises of socialism as implied in the name of his party. Hitler "liquidated" Strasser with a revolver. Strasser's organization was the Black Front. Gerhard Thofern, a member, had fled to Spain. Harbor Service got on his trail. Its Barcelona agent secretly photographed him and copies of the photograph were sent to every official on German frontiers.

Thofern attended a school of languages in Barcelona. Soon after he had begun his course another student joined, Paul Fetzter. Fetzter had previously written to the Black Front in Prague asking for a supply of propaganda mate-

rial. He was not known to the Black Front, he wrote, but he had heard of its object and wanted to help. Prague instructed him to get in touch with a fellow sympathizer in Barcelona, Gerhard Thofern.

Fetzter sought out Thofern and showed the letter and the material he had received from Prague. Thofern was a veteran intriguer and studied Fetzter. He saw him distributing Black Front pamphlets to German seamen landing at Barcelona, a risky activity. Furthermore, Fetzter secured the names and addresses of all the students at the language school who came from Germany, and furnished them with Black Front pamphlets.

This was doubly useful to Harbor Service. It helped Fetzter with Thofern; and it was a check on the students in the language school. Any German there who did not at once hand over such material to some Nazi organization would bear watching. But in Thofern Harbor Service met a protagonist as clever as they, for he became suspicious and abruptly broke off relations with Fetzter.

By 1935 Germany's torpedoes in Spain were getting momentum. In addition a special corps was sent there and distributed throughout the country. They were designated as "technical aids," and technicians of a sort they were. Eighty-five per cent had criminal records under the German Republic, and the crimes were not political. These men had served in prison for burglary, arson, and murder.

By 1936 the torpedoes in Spain were operating large-sized *nids*, or nests. In the Calle Carmen, in Madrid, for instance, a restaurant was established at this time by a jovial gentleman who called himself D. Miguel. The few customers who dropped in by chance thought they detected a foreign trace in his speech. D. Miguel had his ideas as to what made good food, and potatoes seemed to be the

base of most of his cuisine. He ordered quantities that could be fairly described as enormous, considering how few came there to eat.

He ordered his potatoes from Juan Gunz, in Barcelona, who lived in 71 Avenida de Gaudi. Gunz was known not as a provision merchant but as the agent of the firm of Wilhelm Teubert, windmill engineers of Berlin. His dealing in provisions, therefore, would have seemed striking were it known to outsiders. Señor Gunz in turn imported the potatoes from Germany, yet Spain normally grows potatoes of its own. As Barcelona representative of a windmill concern, he received many cases marked "machine parts." Understandably enough, they came from Germany. Presumably they were replacements in the windmills Señor Gunz was erecting in Spain. But a check on his business later showed that if the machine parts were intended for these windmills Señor Gunz was enormously overstocked.

His traffic in potatoes, which would puzzle anyone who knew the market, became less puzzling later when they sprouted out as hand grenades and German automatic revolvers. Also the "machine parts" imported by him in Spain turned out to be machine parts indeed, but they had nothing to do with windmills.

Although termites begin in any country before the torpedoes, I have described the work of the torpedoes first. My object is to emphasize the fact that while the drama and melodrama of torpedo work might seem the more fitting climax to a spy story, termite work is the more deadly. It strikes at more vital parts of a people's resistance to aggression inside and out. An exploit by Harbor Service may make better theater than one by an "economic reporter"; but where Harbor Service, so to say, does a retail business, the effects of termites is wholesale.

The work of the mineral expert who was surveying deposits of tungsten and lignite in Spain was later taken up by "economic reporters," who added surveys of their own, chiefly confined to copper. To these came a significant query from Berlin, in the form of a telegram: "How near is the copper to the French frontier?"

Another communication from the Nazi Foreign Trade Office went to agents in Madrid.

Bnk; tr; 15 187 23

Re. Trade Agreement between Uruguay and Spain.

We have been informed by the local section in Montevideo that a Trade Agreement has been concluded between Uruguay and Spain, affecting articles which make up to 80 per cent of the present purchases of Uruguay in Spain. This list is being kept secret in Uruguay until it has been approved and authorized by the Spanish government. Therefore it is not possible for us to find out the articles included for preferential treatment. As it is not only of great importance for the existing trade between Germany and Uruguay, but also of highly urgent significance to our work in Spain, we urge you to see if you cannot get a look at these lists, which must be present somewhere in duplicate in Madrid. Please begin to make the necessary inquiries immediately, and inform us as quickly as possible when you have managed to get hold of these lists.

Heil Hitler!

[signed] BURBACH  
Foreign Organization.

The press of a country is a fountainhead from which people imbibe information and misinformation, much of their emotion, and nourishment to their morale. The work of termites on the Spanish press prior to the outbreak of revolution in 1936 was at first not satisfactory to their chiefs in Berlin. A confidential memorandum drawn up by the Nazi *Landesleitung* (the name of the head organiza-



tion of the Nazis in every country), and addressed to the heads of the termite army in Spain, begins its complaint with a familiar enough *leitmotiv*.

"A glance at the map will show the strategic significance of Spain in a war between Germany and France. It will not be the Spanish army that matters so much as the raw materials, the cattle, the food stuffs, and the labor with which Spain could supply the French front. Beyond this there is the possibility which France would have of transporting African troops to France by land and of securing cover on Spanish soil. . . . So that we must help eliminate these possibilities by securing a proper attitude toward Germany on the part of the Spanish press. Up to now we have had little evidence of your influence in that direction."

The excuse their agents in Spain gave was that their "press technicians" in that country were "not free from a lack of education, hence our agents find themselves somewhat handicapped. This handicap however we are making our utmost efforts to overcome and we hope to report more satisfactorily in the near future."

The promise was made good. The termites in Spain were soon able to reply with concrete achievement. "Up to recently," read a communication to the *Landesleitung*, "the Havas Agency, which is subsidized by the French government, had practically a news monopoly in Spain. Now, this monopoly is broken by our success in establishing the D. N. B.-Fabra." D. N. B. is the *Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau*, the official news agency of Nazi Germany.

A revealing secret memorandum dealt with certain technique of termite work on the Spanish press. "The bigger agencies and journals demand more money than the smaller, at the same time show greater independence. Besides they publish articles by persons critical of the Third

Reich. We cannot, for example, collaborate with a journal that gives space to articles by Georg Bernhard and Emil Ludwig. But a smaller paper can be made entirely dependent on us and therefore altogether amenable in our hands."

That rival of the press in Spain, the radio, was managed from Berlin, where a powerful station addressed itself to the Spanish people. It gave entertainment in good measure in addition to propaganda, and each program wound up with a plea that its Spanish hearers write to the station suggestions on "how to improve the program." A considerable number of Spaniards, who were less interested in the propaganda than the excellent music that came with it, did send suggestions. What came of these letters was not a change in the program, but the name and address of every writer was sent to German termites in Spain. Thereafter the writer was besieged not only with propaganda over the ether but by strangers who called at his home.

German spies assigned to Spanish aviation began by organizing Spaniards and Germans interested in air gliding as a sport. These amateurs felt flattered when German aviation aces, on visits to Spain, graciously became interested and "induced" other German residents in Spain to join these groups. Gliding is excellent training for aviation pilots, so that even the Air Ministry of republican Spain became interested in these gliding clubs. The German newcomers in these clubs became in turn interested in the Air Ministry. The result was a genial relation all around. Berlin's cooperation glided smoothly on to an interest in Spanish military aviation. It took the form of questions sent secretly by Berlin and answers as secretly furnished by a German subject in Spain, Bernhard Funk.

Funk was one of those talented gentlemen who not only

can carry on the complicated business of a spy but combines it with the equally complicated problem of handling several love affairs at the same time. In his room in Barcelona were found, for instance, two packets of information on Spanish aerodromes, and in each was a covering letter addressed to a woman in Berlin. One letter read: "Dear Gretchel, to show you that you, and only you, enjoy my confidence unalterably, now as before, I'm sending you herewith the enclosed envelope which contains notes on the state of our business." The other letter was addressed to "Dear Dorle," and expressed Herr Funk's devotion exclusively to her. "I can offer no greater proof than by sending you the enclosed packet of highly confidential matter. Surely that should convince you that it is you and only you I love." One of the proofs of Herr Funk's devotion to "Dear Dorle" was a sketch of a Spanish aerodrome and tabulated twenty-nine concrete answers to the twenty-nine questions on the circular sent to him by Berlin to fill out.

"Precise details about the aerial armament of the Getafe Aerodrome are desired," Berlin said. "These details should relate specially to the type, weight, and actual load of the bombs and to the depots where they are stored. It is also necessary to know the number of aerial machine-guns and the calibre and number of the cartridges allotted to them, as well as all kinds of information about the material used in recent construction. Among other things let us know:

"The number of officers and men on duty at the aerodrome, specifying the number of pilots, observers, wireless operators, and others;

"Anti-aircraft defenses, giving details of the artillery, machine-guns, etc., as well as the personnel employed in defense. Also indicate possible existence of defense in case of attack.

"Number of aeroplanes, speed, radius, armament position of each aeroplane, conditions, age, bomb-carrying capacity.

"Illumination in Spain, available as aid in night flights."

The easiest work in Spain was with those Spaniards whom German termites described as "having a real understanding of German interests." They were the big industrialists, big landowners, generals, and financiers. At the head of these understanding elements was Juan March, the richest man in Spain and the backbone of Franco's financial support.

More difficult was termite work on the elements of the Left, leaders of the breadearners of Spain. Nevertheless here, too, termites managed to worm themselves into high places. The damage they did was to show up after the war in Spain was well under way, as we shall see, at a time when Loyalist Spain had its back to the wall and its face turned to the enemy.

By April, 1936, communications from Spain to Berlin took on staccato brevity combined with cheerfulness. "Everywhere we are well placed inside." "Increasingly large and pleasant are the gatherings of our customers." "The strong and growing tendencies of the Right will put an end in the next few months to the present intolerable conditions." "The People's Front is not in position to hold its ground in the coming storm."

Finally word went out, "Make the sections in Spain ready to strike." Immediately there came over the air the strains of the Nazi anthem, the Horst Wessel song, and it came not from Germany but from the radio station at Seville.

Even as its strains sounded in many a Spanish home, a funeral procession at Tarragona wound its way to the ceme-

tery on top of a hill outside of the city. What interested the police there was a remarkable number of similar funerals of late to that particular cemetery, with large-sized hearses draped in black, each accompanied by few or no mourners. A detective wandered up to the cemetery toward sundown. He noted a striking number of freshly dug graves. The only other person there was a slim young woman, dressed in dramatic Latin mourning. Either she had many recent losses among kin and friends it would seem, or her heart was touched by the dead, whether related to her or not. For she was blending sadness with beauty by decorating every fresh grave with flowers.

The detective had not made himself conspicuous, and the young woman left the cemetery just as daylight, too, departed. The detective waited, then took out a pocket torch, and let the light go on and off several times. Soon half a dozen men, carrying shovels and pickaxes, joined him. They dug up the fresh graves. When the coffins were unearthed they pried the lids open. Instead of corpses they found what would have made several hundred times the number of corpses, hand grenades of German make. Squads of the government's counterespionage all over Spain found similarly that in a variety of guises and hiding places, "potatoes" and "corpses," merchandise, altars, pigpens, and palatial residences turned out to be ammunition and hidden fortresses.

Then in July, 1936, the storm broke. Generals, headed by Franco, financed by Juan March, and armed and ammunitioned by Germany and Italy, turned guns on the people. The latter, literally with bare hands, stepped forward to wrest spouting machine guns from the enemy. With travail, at an appalling cost of lives, an army in over-

alls gradually grew and faced the professional army of Spaniards, militarists, Moors, Germans, and Italians.

But one of the first sorties by the Loyalist government was not against troops. Lorries crammed with armed workers roared in and out of Barcelona, in and out of Madrid, and stopped in front of German consulates, headquarters of Nazi organizations, and a number of private residences. Armed men stormed in. As in the importing house "Hellermann & Phillippi," they found a vast correspondence that has furnished the world with the most complete blueprint yet of Nazi espionage at work. For with that thoroughness which is such a Germanic virtue the Nazis in Spain, with incredible stupidity, had retained even minute memoranda in connection with their termite and torpedo activities in that country.

Together with other newspapermen I was allowed to examine more than 45,000 memorandums, letters, reports, replies, instructions, code messages, prospectuses, and details of their realization. They constitute a picture of German spy work which, while here confined to Spain, carries out minutely the pattern of the plot that Adolf Hitler has projected for the whole world.

The *nid* in Madrid was the pattern for others in Seville, San Sebastian, Saragossa, Alicante, Málaga and Cartagena, Barcelona and Santander. Ten thousand paid Nazi spies were shown to have been at work in Spain. Six hundred locals and groups, many of them with whole buildings as their homes, helped breed the Franco revolt, and in turn furthered Germany's own ultimate designs against Franco.

In England *The News Chronicle* of August 18, 1936, featured the report of its Barcelona correspondent. "I have been allowed today to pay a visit to a closely guarded house

in a quiet suburb of Barcelona, where now repose thousands of documents bearing on German Nazi activities in Spain which recently came into the possession of local Socialists. For some hours I inspected these documents, the authenticity of which is beyond all challenge, and long before I had completed this task feelings of dismay, indignation and even of horror overcame me."

The *Manchester Guardian* of August 20, 1936, thus analyzed the documents found in Barcelona. "They show that the secret, conspiratorial and smuggling activities of the Nazis in Spain were supported by German official authorities, especially by the German Foreign Office. They are of universal interest insofar as all Nazi organizations the world over are of the same type, and what is true of their activities in Spain is true of their activities in all countries."

I read those documents also in characters more vivid than words on paper. For I have seen some of the instructions in these papers carried out in a rain from the skies over Barcelona that grew a grisly harvest in the bodies of men, women, and children.

## 5

 FRANCO'S FIFTH COLUMN

IN 1936 General Franco's motorized columns, manned by Moors and Italians, German tanks and artillery and aviation, and professional Spanish militarists, pounded their way swiftly to the gates of Madrid. Defending the capital were men and women from factories, farms, retail shops, freight yards, schoolrooms, offices, and tenements. They were of every shade of belief and party, ninety-eight per cent of them Catholics, and all opposed to fascism. In battle they wore the clothes they wore at their work. For arms they had a ragged assortment, one gun to so many fighters.

From the Insurgent Staff Headquarters, General Mola announced to the world, "We have four columns at the gates of Madrid. A fifth column lives within the city itself. It is about to open the gates from the inside. Madrid is ours."

But the unexpected happened. Amateurs held out against professional troops. Men and women with empty hands captured enemy machine guns, though over the bodies of their comrades. The Fifth Column did not open Madrid's gates.

But a Fifth Column there was, thousands in every Loyalist capital and in every walk of life, hiding their identities,

sniping at night from windows and rooftops and from behind street corners, praying and plotting for Franco to win. It goes without saying that every one of these thousands in Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and other Loyalist cities was a spy for the fascists, active or passive, to the extent of his or her courage, ability, and opportunity.

At the outbreak of the Franco revolt there were more than 10,000 Nazis in Spain. Three thousand had to flee the country. Of the remainder about 4,000 stayed with the Insurgents. The rest dug into hiding in Loyalist territory. These had the Fifth Column to work with. Officially espionage was now the concern exclusively of General Franco. But just as German technicians were behind Franco's operations with tanks, artillery, and aviation, so German technicians were helping Franco in espionage.

The Fifth Column was not doing so well, however. But, as it proved, a powerful ally was developing in the camps of Loyalist troops, high in the councils of the government, and on the very firing lines that faced Franco's troops. This ally was the *Partido Obrero Unificación Marxista* or P O U M, as it is called for short. There were workers and peasants in it, artisans, and men and women from the arts and the learned professions. The rank and file of any mass party is bound to be sincere, and those of P O U M were no exceptions. They believed what they were told, responded to slogans set for them, followed a program promulgated by their leaders; and what their leaders told them was that, even while Franco's columns were advancing, the enemy to be settled with first was the Loyalist government.

*La Batalla*, principal organ of P O U M, declared on April 1, 1937: "The people of Spain are not fighting against Germany and Italy but against their eternal oppressors, the

bourgeoisie." A manifesto published by P O U M read: "We call on all workers, on this 1st of May, to fight against the common enemy, which is Capitalism, to destroy bourgeois institutions. Rifles in hand, the workers are aroused. We are coming out into the streets."

Overnight, on May 2, barricades rose in Barcelona streets. Then came the explosion. The Central Telephone Building was captured. Police rushed to save it. From rooftops men fired at them. Other police were brought up from Valencia. Loyalist troops were withdrawn from active fronts to help put down the fighting in Barcelona. Troops and police finally ironed out the surface trouble. The shooting stopped. Civilians in Barcelona again walked its streets in comparative safety. Most of them tried to understand what had happened. The only concrete facts available however were figures—900 killed and 2,000 wounded in Barcelona alone.

Other facts began to emerge. All through the fighting, voices came over insurgent radio stations in Franco cities, addressing the followers of P O U M. "Don't give up the struggle! Unite with your brothers at the front, your brothers led by General Franco!" And on May 7 *La Batalla* printed an appeal to Loyalist soldiers in the trenches. "Leave the front and come fight the government in Catalonia!"

Such things gave the government little alternative as to what to do. On June 16 police arrested the Central Committee of P O U M, among them its chairman, Andres Nin. *La Batalla* was suppressed.

In Madrid counterespionage police descended on scores of hiding places and found munitions, files of correspondence full of evidence of anti-Loyalist conspiracy. The Chief of Madrid police sent a report to the Director General of

the Secret Service of the Loyalist government, part of which I quote.

"During the months of April and May of this year we have succeeded in getting on the trail of the most important organization of fascist espionage in our midst. This organization, consisting of a large rank-and-file membership, is led by a number of individuals who are able, thanks to the posts they occupy, to communicate with the enemy on the situations, movements, armaments, and plans of operation of the Republic army.

"Among the military men we have arrested, for example, are Captain Lujan, a member of the general staff on the Madrid front, Captain Carlos Fauri of the Tank Service, Captain Eduardo Isla Carande of the Medical Service, Lieutenant Maximo Brieto Arozarema, Chief of the artillery post at Vallecas, and others equally prominent. The organization functions in complete secrecy and several of its members have been under the protection of the Embassies of Chile and of Peru. Documents in cipher found in the possession of those arrested contained military secrets intended for transmission to the enemy. Among them were precise indications as to the placements of our batteries at Casa de Campo on the shores of the Manzanares; a complete list of anti-aircraft batteries of Madrid; several sketches showing their locations; the distribution of our forces; plans of our operations, and the like. In addition there were documents, the importantly secret character of which indicates that they were stolen from the archives of the General Staff at the front.

"Allied closely to this network of espionage on the part of the fascists we have found many officials of P O U M. Documents in our possession show that these leaders of P O U M were working, together with the fascist espionage

organization, for an armed revolt against the Government at an agreed time.

"One may judge the character of their activities by at least one item, a detailed map of the city of Madrid, marked off in squares and millimetred with indications on it of value to the enemy. On the back of the map were the following words written in cipher and invisible ink:

"To the Generalissimo:—I am glad to report hereby that there has been an enormous improvement in the operation of our transmitting [radio] station. Also we have 400 men at our disposal. They are well-armed and well-placed on the Madrid fronts so that they can form the spearhead of important action. Your orders to get men into the ranks of the extremists have been carried out with a large measure of success. Also in execution of your order I went to Barcelona to interview the leaders of P O U M. I communicated to them your suggestions. . . . The interruption in communication between them and you is due to a breakdown in our radio station, which however has been repaired. By this time you have probably received the answers to the most important of your questions. N. asks that you appoint me as sole person to communicate with them apart from their foreign friends. They promise to send people to Madrid to stimulate the work of P O U M. When this is done the P O U M will become, as in Barcelona, a firm and effective support of our movement.'"

Perpignan, France, because of its nearness to the Spanish border, had a busy time of it after the outbreak of the revolt. One of its new industries has been espionage. A busy member of the Perpignan *nid* was José Roca of the town of Gerona, Spain. On September 10, 1937, Loyalist counterespionage agents descended on his home, took him

into custody, then went on to a bookshop owned by him on the same street. There a search revealed a chestnut-colored fiber suitcase and an iron box. The least deadly object among the contents was a loaded revolver, adequate enough. But the rest were papers. Twenty-five were blueprints on how to make bombs and hand grenades. Each paper bore a stamp reading, "War Department, P. O. U. M., Central Military Committee."

Among the letters found were several addressed to "Mme. Berolet, for M. Ferrer, 40 Rue des Augustins, Perpignan, France." One letter read:

"We take notice of your instructions that liaison agents should not know all the secret groups of informers. Provisionally, we have put the agent of group C.4 in touch with group C.12 as the agent C.19 has not shown up for a fortnight. In accordance with your wireless message we will send you all the information we get from P. O. U. M. agents who have not yet been arrested. We will send this only by means of 'Litus.'

"Our people on the Aragon Front succeeded in putting out of action on the 25th August three of the guns of the 25th Division at a most critical moment. As you know, they had already put out of action four guns of the 45th Division. This job was done by group C.16 whose leader seems to be distinctly promising.

"In answer to your question C.16 has noted that there are not ninety 75-mm. on the Aragon Front but nine. It seems that a typing error had got into our first report. There are only seven 76-mm. guns. We should like to draw your attention to the fact that even if there is enough ammunition for the other guns there is not enough for the 76-mm. guns. We are concentrating our attention on putting artillery out of action.

"Our people are getting ready to blow up the bridges over the Ebro. We have enough explosive and some of our men are experienced with it. We are studying the watch over the bridges and trying to find out how they are guarded.

"We have not yet had reports from our agents on the subject of aviation. 'Imperial' comes back from Cancasnos next week and will also touch at Caspe.

"I have been promised that our other squad will get ready for the disposal of Walter and Modesto as soon as the fighting begins again. I myself gave C.18 and C.23 your instructions about Prieto. I sent them to Valencia to stimulate the work of the P. O. U. M. group.

"I am waiting for spare parts for the radio. I must have them, or the first time anything goes wrong we shall be cut off.

"P.S. (1) I have just been told that the commander of the 45th Division, Kleber, has been dismissed and Hans has been put in his place. (2) I have just seen Flor. Vigorous preparations are being made for an insurrection in which the majority of the active members of the P. O. U. M. will take part. We have taken full advantage of the food shortage to organize a demonstration amongst the women. This should come within two days."

A shorter letter dealt with an assignment in connection with Indalecio Prieto, Loyalist Minister of Defense, and General Walter, one of the most popular commanders of the Spanish People's Army.

"With regard to P., after keeping a careful watch we have come to the following conclusion. We must give up the idea of arranging for an interview with P. in his office, as he is too well guarded. We have also to reckon with the fact that there are always a great many people walking

about in this region. We have kept a very careful watch on the cars and we think that the road to Betera will be the best; traffic on this road is very irregular. We have already got two cars for the job. We have decided that hand grenades will be best. I am now busy teaching our people the proper way to use them.

"We anticipate less difficulty in the matter of W."

For all their plans the attempt on the life of Defense Minister Prieto came to nothing. The agents assigned to General Walter had not much better luck. They were able to rush their car past the General's, on one of the principal streets of Madrid, and fired a score of bullets. Their aim was poor. A store window and a stray dog not seriously wounded were the extent of the damage they did. The only luck they had was in escaping. They did not escape a caustic comment on their failure in this, and a warning from their chiefs to do better on the next assignment. They did do better, as we shall see.

To those who wonder what precedes the flight and the fiery climax of a bombing raid over a city, a report by José Roca to his superiors may give some indication. In giving out the text of this letter the Loyalist counterespionage found themselves confronted with a dilemma. In the interest of making public the work of the spies it behooved them to let the world know its contents. But it conveyed military information which if publicized would aid the enemy. They solved the dilemma by blacking out the numerals and occasional names which gave precision to Señor Roca's communication. Roca's letter was dated, Gerona, September 18, 1937, and began amiably, "My dear friend."

"I have received your letter," it continued, "and am sending you some of the things you have asked me to ascertain:

BAGUR

"If one takes as a point of departure the Cape of Bagur and follows the . . . meridian along the . . . parallel a battery of . . . will be visible from an altitude of . . . Between this point and the mouth of the . . . River one can easily discern an ammunition dump.

VILLAGE OF ROSAS

"In this village there are two pieces of . . . artillery and a battery of . . . consisting of four pieces, as well as an anti-aircraft battery of four pieces. In the Port of Selva there is also a battery of anti-aircraft cannon and another one of . . . calibre. In these two ports a good deal of war material has been unloaded. They are even repairing the docks to facilitate its reception.

BARCELONA COAST

"According to what an artillery man from Mongat told me, between Barcelona and Blanes there are . . . units of artillery of . . . calibre in groups of four.

LERIDA

"One can almost speak of the city of Lerida as being Rebel territory, there are so many Fascist officers who are of course unknown as such to the authorities. As fast as the latter discover them however our organization finds them another hiding place. Although the General Staff has headquarters here, there is practically no garrison.

SARINENA

"I think that you already know that in this town there is assembled a large number of . . . tanks, of a small model, each provided with a machine-gun.

VIDRERAS (GERONA)

"Between this village and . . . an aviation field is being built which will be much more important than that of . . .



## ARMIES OF SPIES ❖

### THE ARAGON FRONT (IMPORTANT)

"According to information we have been able to get from soldiers the Loyalists intend, in case the Nationalists should attack successfully, to blow up the railroad bridge and the causeways.

### GERONA

"It would be exceedingly useful to destroy the gasoline stores to be found only a few meters from the railroad station at . . . They are camouflaged by a covering of canvas painted to look like pine branches. The three gasoline stores are close to each other. One contains fuel for the airplanes of . . . the other two are for military trucks."

Andres Nin, who at one time was secretary to Leon Trotsky, was meanwhile in a Madrid jail along with the other leaders of the P O U M awaiting trial on charges of treason. From there he was transferred to a jail in Alcala de Henares, a town not far from the capital. On the night of June 28, 1937, an automobile drove up to the prison and six officers in the uniform of the Loyalist army entered the building. They told the warden they wished to inspect its facilities. He turned to precede them, when suddenly a powerful arm caught him about the throat. He was bound and gagged. Then the officers went into the cell of Andres Nin and left with him in their automobile.

Nin has not been heard from since. The Poumists charged that he was kidnaped and murdered by Loyalists. Loyalists countered, saying that Poumists, disguised as army officers, had rescued Nin. The controversy raged in and out of Spain. One morning on many a wall in Barcelona streets appeared a rhyme crudely painted during the night.

"Government of Negrin, where is Nin?"

## ❖ FRANCO'S FIFTH COLUMN

Before the day was over those of the opposite persuasion added the rhyming answer:

"In Salamanca or Berlin."

The charge against P O U M has been succinctly put by the journal, *Claridad*: "Is it a case of Fascist and Nazi spies in the service of a Party? Or a Party in the service of these spies?" Whatever else may be in doubt, two things are beyond doubt. There were many sincere patriots in the rank and file of the P O U M. And there were others within the party who worked for Franco.

On December 15, 1938, the Spanish government announced that another insurgent spy ring of four hundred agents had been discovered in Loyalists' territory and some had been tried and sentenced to death. Two hundred were given prison terms from twenty to thirty years. The ring was charged with having tried to foment another uprising in government Spain, among civil workers as well as troops at the front. The leader of this latest effort was a major on the governmental general staff, Major Antonio Aimat Mero, later identified as a friend of Generalissimo Franco.

Espionage is a game at which both sides in a war not only can play, but invariably do. On December 26 a Spanish Insurgent *communiqué* announced that fifty persons were arrested in Franco territory, on the charge of espionage for the Loyalist government. Among those arrested were W. H. Goodman, British Vice Consul at San Sebastian. According to the charges Vice-Consul Goodman crossed the border into France on December 19, 1938, and among his luggage was a straw valise. Mr. Goodman, whose home is in St.-Jean-de-Luz, had often crossed the border with the same valise, but up to then it had not been searched. This time his valise was opened. The statement given out by Insurgent officials charged that in the valise

there was a bundle of soiled linen, wrapped around documents proving an intrigue for an uprising on Insurgent territory.

What, if anything, was the Gestapo doing about the Spanish war outside of Spain?

The full facts may never come to light. But in the first days of November, 1938, the sound of Spanish cannon literally reached the coast of England. The Spanish Loyalist freighter *Cantabria* was butting through stormy seas in the English Channel some ten miles off the coast of Dover when, out of the murk behind her, an Insurgent cruiser, *Nadir*, caught up with her. Without giving the *Cantabria* a chance to surrender, the *Nadir* riddled the *Cantabria* with cannon fire and sent her to the bottom of the Channel.

Throughout her voyage the *Cantabria's* movements had been kept as secret as extraordinary precautions could make them, yet there she was, trapped and finished with dispatch. Nor was the exact spot where she was sunk a vagary of fate. Time and place had been precisely chosen. It was not only a blow to Republican Spain, but a slap in the face to England. Franco, backed by his allies, was serving notice on Britannia that, unless she proved reasonable in the current flux of events, here was warning of cannon to come.

That the warning was planned by a power more in position to do it than General Francisco Franco came out two weeks later. The police of Denmark, that strategic peninsula jutting out into the North Sea, furnished the data. For some time they had been quietly interested in the Copenhagen correspondents for German newspapers. England had one correspondent, France one, America none. Germany had ten. The correspondent to the *Berliner Boersen Zeitung*, an organ of the Reich War Ministry, was

Horst von Pflug-Hartung, who had a rather striking past. In 1919 he and his brother were arraigned in Berlin for slaying the Socialist leaders, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. They were acquitted; but evidently many thought them guilty, for the brother was assassinated. Captain Pflug-Hartung was later expelled from Sweden for gunrunning for the Nazis. Not long after that it was Norway that expelled him for similar activities. Nevertheless, Germany appointed him correspondent in Copenhagen to one of its important papers.

Now the Danish police arrested him, eight other Germans living in Denmark, and three Danes, on the charge of operating as spies in Copenhagen, Aarhus, Esbjerg, The Skaw, Nyborg, Korsör, Elsinore, and Rönne on the Island of Bornholm. Swedish authorities, too, came forward with the charge that the same ring had agents in Stockholm, Malmö, Göteborg, and Hälsingborg.

Danish police proved that the accused were all post-graduates of Gestapo spy schools. They had secret broadcasting stations. They did nautical and hydrographical research. They drew up maps and charts, graphs and complicated mathematical tables of data which required technicians even to understand. They communicated by complex code systems, which they changed frequently.

The outlay for so extensive an apparatus as theirs could be justified only as part of Third Reich preparation for war against major countries. It just so happened that the Loyalist freighter *Cantabria* gave this complicated mechanism a chance to practice, much as Guernica, Barcelona, and other cities in Spain served as target practice for German aviation.

## THE HOODED ONES IN FRANCE

"We must hope gradually to weaken the French . . . and on the occasion of some particularly crass incident to steer the ship of state against the enemy."

Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

A LITTLE over a year after Hitler became Chancellor the Paris correspondent for *The German Abroad*, organ of the Labor Front, reported in its issue for October, 1934: "In Paris we Nazis are illegal. Nevertheless our local group has become so large that it is no longer possible to get its members into any of the rooms at its disposal."

Five months later Eugene von Toggenburg, a prominent Nazi journalist, boasted in an interview in the *Paris Journal*: "Yes, we Nazis have our organization, our secret cells, our local groups in France. I myself have been a cell leader. We have regular mass meetings once a month. In the near future we will have two mass meetings a month."

His interview reminds one somewhat of that unctuous report by the Nazi leader in Spain just before the outbreak of the Franco revolt. "Everywhere we are well placed inside." It is true that up to the time of writing nothing like the Spanish explosion has taken place in France. But explosions of violence against individuals, and explosions in the quite strict sense of the word, began taking place soon after Von Toggenburg's vaunt.

At first France did not connect them with anything Ger-

## THE HOODED ONES IN FRANCE

man, until after months of quiet investigation by the Scotland Yard of France, the *Sûreté Nationale*. In fact, one of the first affairs, the case of the Rosselli brothers, seemed purely an Italian affair; and largely it was. But even on that basis one was reminded that there is such a thing as the Rome-Berlin Axis.

In recounting the Rosselli affair it is material to present with some detail the story and the character of Carlo Rosselli. Born in 1899, son of one of the richest families in Tuscany, he became Professor of Political Economy at the University of Genoa. Although in 1924 Mussolini had been in power almost two years, there was still a legal opposition in Parliament, led by the Socialist Deputy, Giacomo Matteotti, secretary of the *Unitario* group. He was giving Mussolini considerable trouble until, on June 10, he vanished. Quickly it developed that officials of the Fascist government had kidnaped him; and on June 13 his body, brutally broken, was discovered half buried in a lonely spot twenty kilometers from Rome. The murder was so outrageous, and the complicity of Mussolini's party in it roused such indignation throughout the world, that characteristically Il Duce roared, "I assume full social responsibility for the death of Matteotti!" In effect, he asked, "What are you going to do about it?"

What Carlo Rosselli did about it was at once to join the political party of the murdered Matteotti; and it was no merely academic role that he played in it. One of the party leaders, Augusto Turati, had been in hiding in Italy ever since Mussolini came to power. From his hiding place he was exercising such vigorous leadership that both the C E C A, Fascist Italy's counterespionage police, as well as the dreaded O V R A (*Opera Volontaria Repressiones Antifascismo*), analogous to the Gestapo, were avid to lay

their hands on him. The hunt became so hot that Turati's friends decided he would fare better outside of Italy. Carlo Rosselli, in an exploit reminiscent of crude movies, smuggled Turati out of Italy in a small sailing boat manned by himself; Turati was no sailor. Rosselli returned to Italy hoping his absence had not been noted; but it was, and he spent ten months in a Savona prison for his share in Turati's escape.

When he left prison he was so little chastened that two years later we find him again in the clutches of the C E C A; and again sentenced to prison. This time he was sent to the Lipari Islands, in the Mediterranean, so jealously guarded by the Fascists and so hard to escape from that it is called Italy's Devil's Island.

Nevertheless in 1930, by some miraculous plotting, Rosselli found himself one stormy night fleeing in a motorboat, under a hail of bullets, through mountainous seas, behind him nothing less than a submarine chaser stabbing the dark with its shaft of searchlight, machine guns and cannon trained. Every time the searchlight was about to pick up the fleeing motor, Rosselli plunged the bow of his boat into some crashing comber to hide in its momentary, if perilous, curtain.

He escaped and got to Paris. He had hardly caught his breath when he launched a paper, *Giustizia e Libertà*, which became a greater thorn in Mussolini's side than ever Rosselli was before. It published minute, authentic news from Italy that made Il Duce rage.

When the Spanish republic was attacked by military under Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler, Carlo Rosselli found he could not sit still in an editor's chair. He joined other antifascist Italians and went to Spain to shoulder a musket. He and his companions filled a troop train, which got to

the City of Tarrasa in Spain, on the way to the fighting front. Nothing shows the temper of Carlo Rosselli so well as the page from his diary which depicts the arrival of his train in that city.

"It is one in the morning. Our train has entered the station. It is stopped by a multitude that pours out to greet us, swarming to the very wheels of the still moving locomotive. Men, women, children, cheer us, cling to the train. Through the windows of our cars they thrust gifts upon us; they who have so little to eat force us to accept bread, hams, sausages, wine, cheeses, and will not take no.

"For more than two weeks this industrial city has not slept, staying up nightly to cheer troop trains on the way to the front. Finally our locomotive sends a shudder through the train as it starts again. It looks as though the shock communicated itself to the crowd, so loath they seem to let us go. We might be their blood kin, the way they behave. My comrades sing at the top of their lungs, lest tears break through. I, too, feel them welling. . . . Ah, Spain, how worth while, how very much worth while, it is to fight on your side! After Tarrasa, to give one's life for it and the many other Tarrasas, big and little, all over Spain, peopled by so many noble poor—really noble to the core—once so oppressed!

"Now that our train is racing through the dark, with not a light on our faces, we feel free to let emotion out. The train resounds with a veritable explosion of life. Cries, even songs, betray tears that rise from all that lies deepest in us, cries, tears, and songs that come between hungry bites at cucumbers and sausage. Yes, it is all so very much worth while. Hereafter the name of my beloved shall be Tarrasal!"

Rosselli did not give his life on a battlefield in Spain,

but was wounded in action and forced to return to southern France, where at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne his wife and his brother, Nello Rosselli, Professor of History at the University of Florence, came to nurse him. Thanks to irrepressible vitality and his two companions Carlo was well enough by the middle of 1937 to roam about the neighborhood in a rusty old Ford.

On the 9th of June the Rossellis drove in their Ford to the shopping district at Bagnoles, and left Carlo's wife there, arranging to meet her for dinner. The two brothers departed in the car to look at the old château at Couterne by the light of the sunset.

They did not meet Mrs. Rosselli as they had planned. Next morning the bodies of the two brothers, savagely knifed, were found in a ditch near the château, one on top of the other, as though they had been thrown there like so much rubbish. Their Ford was found several kilometers away, headlights still on, the interior and the running board bloody.

On the homicide squad that examined the bodies there was a man who had a grisly specialty. He was an expert on killers with the knife. Almost immediately he was struck with the fact that the knives which put an end to the Rosselli brothers had been wielded with professional skill, each thrust going to its mark like a sharpshooter's bullet. Furthermore, just as different schools of military technicians have their favorite fighting tactics so certain professionals have their own preferences in technique of knifing. From the particular job on the Rosselli brothers the French homicide expert recognized the work of a school of Italian killers, revealed in several cases as agents of the O V R A.

There was a plenitude of clues that should have led to

the murderers, but the local police were unequal to their job. What the world knew of Carlo Rosselli, however, made it clear that the man ultimately behind the murders sat in the regal chair in the enormous workroom of Italy's dictator. The Rosselli murder, therefore, excited such world-wide attention that the *Sûreté Nationale* took up the hunt. It did not at once get results, or rather the results it got were kept from the public until the time for full revelation should be ripe.

Meanwhile another occurrence took place that shook part of Paris literally, and in a figurative sense the whole country, and for the time made it forget the Rosselli murder. Fascism was rearing its head in France, under the leadership of Colonel Casimir de la Rocque, who was openly aping Hitler and Mussolini. Rallying against the threat to their democracy, the people of France, from Communists to the solidly middle-class Radical Socialists, formed the *Front Populaire*, went to the polls, and elected a potent majority united under Léon Blum, who became Premier. The victory rendered desperate and ruthless the big industrialists and the "200 Families" of France, who owned the bulk of France's wealth.

With negligible exceptions the battle between them and the *Front Populaire* was waged without bloodshed. Then on Sunday, September 11, 1937, a man in livery brought a package to the business building in the rue de Pressbourg, where the officers of the General Confederation of French Employers is located. He said to the janitor, "This is for M. de la Vergne, Vice-President of the General Confederation of French Employers. Please see that he gets it as soon as possible."

The janitor placed the package on the mantel of his little *concierge* apartment. "This is Sunday, you know. All

the offices are closed. M. de la Vergne will not be here until tomorrow morning. Will that be time enough?"

"Yes," said the man in livery, and left.

A little later a similar package was left at 45 rue de Boissiere, another business building not far away, which houses the Ironmasters Association. The concierge here was told to deliver the package to M. Villey, a director of the association. He promised to do so in the morning. Then he and his wife had their dinner and went to the movies.

At six o'clock two gendarmes, Pierre Truchet, twenty-six, and Antoine Lignier, forty-four, strolling on their beat together, found themselves in front of the building of the General Confederation of French Employers. It was six o'clock to the moment, and at that moment there was a roar of explosion, and a rain of building façade killed the two policemen.

At the same moment the package left in the rue de Boissiere exploded. Here the results were not so tragic. The concierge was—luckily or by design?—at the far end of the building. He was thrown to the floor but not otherwise hurt.

The two explosions, as I have said, shook not only the neighborhood about the Étoile but figuratively all France, when next morning the newspapers flared up with the story in huge headlines. Since in France practically every newspaper is the impassioned spokesman for some special interest, economic or political, the press of the country found itself aligned in warring camps. The papers that spoke for the industrialists featured the industrialists' explanation. In effect the General Confederation of French Employers and the Ironmasters Association charged the bomb outrages to the *Front Populaire*.

The press of the Left hotly retorted that the affair smelled much like the Reichstag fire in Germany, wherein, too, the Left were blamed by Hitler. "We charge the employers with the same crime as the world charged the Nazis when they put the Reichstag on fire. The whole thing is crude theatre—staged by the employers—to discredit the *Front Populaire!*"

The *Sûreté Nationale* marshaled its forces to hunt the men behind the men who delivered the bombs. As in the Rosselli murder, clues began to accumulate; but no important arrests were made immediately. Many not only accused the big industrialists of causing the explosions, but also linked the employers with Hitler and Mussolini.

The witches' caldron of blood and dynamite was still simmering when, on October 16, a new melodrama began on National Highway Number 5 that runs from Geneva to Paris. Two Swiss customs officers were patrolling that road at Curet, when from around the bend came a black coupé converted into a commercial vehicle. The car swerved into the curve so fast that one of the rear doors flew open; then in the straightaway it closed again.

When the customs officers came to the curve they saw a trail of rifle cartridges in the road. By this time the car was well into French territory and the customs officers telephoned ahead. At a filling station the coupé was stopped by French police and searched. It was full of ammunition for small arms. The driver and only occupant was taken to police headquarters for questioning. He gave his name readily, Fernand Jakubiez. It took pressure, however, to make him answer more searching questions. "Where are you taking all that ammunition?"

"To the Villa La Futaie, in Rueil, a suburb of Paris," he finally replied.

Jakubiez was not allowed to send out word of his arrest, and the *Sûreté Nationale* converged on the Villa La Futaie.

The house was owned by a Lucien Lenoir, but the man who lived in it called himself Louis-Joseph Mallicone. The tenant looked profoundly disturbed when plain-clothes men swarmed into La Futaie, but he protested they would find nothing in the house to warrant "outrageous intrusion." Two of the intruders kept him company in the living room. The rest explored the house, from garret to cellar. Down below, at the end of a narrow hallway, they came to a wall of shelves of bottled wine. They probed about and found a hidden door, which they opened. Their flashlights revealed a large square chamber with walls of reinforced concrete, to which were fastened iron rings and strong chains, obviously a prison. In the wall opposite the entrance was another door, with a peephole. This door had to be pried open with steel. It was made of metal but finally gave way. The room into which it opened was much longer than the other and was lined with rows of cots. At first the searchers thought it was a dormitory, then they saw that it was intended as an infirmary. There were glass cabinets full of surgical instruments, medical supplies, and, incongruous in a sick room, racks of loaded revolvers.

The landlord and the caretaker of the villa stubbornly denied they knew anything about these rooms. The police tried another tack. Those interesting rooms, they decided, with their massive, specially constructed walls of reinforced concrete were not built by some inexperienced provincial mason. A swift nation-wide hunt found André Vasselín, of 13 rue Béthencourt at Dieppe, who admitted he had worked on the masonry job at La Futaie. He, too, was questioned and this time to some effect.

"It was my boss, M. Anceaux, who ordered me to do that work."

Anceaux was arrested. His business, that of a building contractor, proved no clue to his interest in the Villa La Futaie, but his political affiliation was more illuminating. He was a former leader of the local chapter of Colonel de la Rocque's fascist organ, *Croix de Feu*. His home and office were searched and bills for reinforced concrete were scrutinized, with addresses where the material was to be delivered.

At 64 rue Ampère, Paris, a M. Robert de la Motte-Saint Pierre had installed what he advertised as a "center of healing" by suggestion, hypnotism and the like. Suddenly a group of men who seemed to be in no mood to be healed of anything invaded the healing center. They broke into the cellar and M. de la Motte-Saint Pierre had to explain what healing had to do with two dozen modern machine guns of German make, which they found there.

There was also what he called his garage in the same block. Here the persistent visitors found walls of reinforced concrete which, together with the openings in them, suggested a machine-gun blockhouse more than a garage.

At 37 rue Ribera, Paris, there was a boardinghouse for unmistakably genteel elderly ladies. The rooms were furnished in the baroque style of the period when the boarders there were young. The one strange note in the decoration was a heavily hooded male figure that was repeated as a sort of *leitmotiv* throughout the house. Obviously it meant something to the present proprietor, for it had been only recently introduced in the decoration. Later it developed that it was the insignia of the Order of the Cagou-lards, or Hooded Ones.

When police tried to explore the cellar of the boarding-house they had to smash through a bricked-up door, and found themselves inside a subterranean fortress. It was full to the roof with crates containing cartridges for all kinds of firearms, from revolvers to machine guns. Important to the use of this place seemed to be a telephone and a radio transmitter, indicating that this was a storehouse subject to calls by telephone or short-wave radio.

The *Sûreté* was accumulating addresses and every visit yielded results. At the home of M. and Mme. Juchereau, whose lives seemed to be impeccable with middle-class respectability, the cellar was found to contain 400 hand grenades, 378 explosive cartridges, and 100,000 cartridges of calibers ranging from 13 mm. There were also revolvers, rifles, and 16 submachine guns, products of Italian and German armament makers, Beretta and Schmesser.

What the police found most interesting here were two bombs of the same models as those which blew up the buildings in rue de Pressbourg and rue de Boissiers.

On November 18 police visited the shop of an antique dealer, M. Mauler, in rue Rotrou, near the Odéon, a quarter mellow with bookshops and little art shops. Mauler's neighbors were accustomed to see wooden cases of all sizes and shapes delivered at the shop. They assumed they contained ancient sculpture, coppers, and brasses of the Far East, Chinese and Japanese antiques, in which M. Mauler seemed specially interested. The neighborhood was shocked, therefore, to see police descend on the antique shop with scant ceremony. There proved to be several cellars, one under the other. The police disturbed the dust-laden treasure house of antiquity and found rooms full of stock more utilitarian than ornamental. Specifically they listed cases of cartridges and Schmesser magazine guns. In

addition there were new uniforms enough to clothe whole companies of infantry.

M. Mauler and his sister were arrested. The lawyer they called, M. Xavier Vallat, was a member of the *Croix de Feu*, and a friend of Duc Pozzo di Borgo. A close associate of his was Jacques Doriot, head of the French Popular Party, which has as its program a frankly fascist rule for France, and collaboration with Hitler.

Other arsenals were uncovered in Paris, Caen, Lyon. The whole map of France became dotted with such finds. Newspapers were read now by the French as though they were bulletins from a hospital where an exploratory operation was going on.

On November 21 Colonel de la Rocque, leader, issued a public statement to his followers of the *Croix de Feu*. "Prepare to be accused of storing arms and to be arrested. It seems to be the mode." Ostensibly the tone was bitter complaint. Many, however, read it as a warning: "Get rid of armament!"

And immediately after his statement a new development rendered France almost hysterical. The papers now began to record stores of arms and ammunition, no longer in hiding places, but hastily thrown out on highways, streets, in fields, in brooks. Cases of cartridges were found in the middle of a street in Lyon, packages of dynamite in a ditch at Valenciennes, Label cartridges on the Montreuil-en-Caux highway, an enormous arsenal in an abandoned quarry at Annet-sur-Marne.

Children came home showing off neat, heavy boxes they had found somewhere. Parents became frantic, for the packages were crammed with explosives. Newspapers warned everybody not to touch strange finds. On January 26, 1937, the warning received grim confirmation. At Villejuif police



were carting away 6,000 grenades and 200 kilograms of explosives they had found in a Cagoulard arsenal. A policeman let slip his end of a wooden case. The ammunition blew up and took a toll of fourteen lives.

All France was asking, "Who is behind all this?"

A partial answer came on November 23. For the first time the government made public the name of an organization with which the hidden arsenals were linked. It was the *Comité Secret d'Action Révolutionnaire*. At once its first letters C S A R made a word on everybody's lips. Interchangeable with it was "Cagoulards," after a report that at the meetings of this organization members wore monks' cowls to hide their faces.

Up to then it was obvious that those arrested were only small fry in a big conspiracy. Then on the same day that C S A R became a byword the police announced the arrest of M. Eugène Deloncle. *That* said something. He was a big industrialist, member of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris, formerly an engineer at the Penhoët Works, and head of the Maritime and River Transport Mortgage Company. The police charged that under the alias of "Grosset" he was also one of the leaders of the Cagoulards.

The accusation was so serious that it was made public by M. Max Dormoy, head of the Ministry of the Interior. "Investigations on the part of the *Sûreté Nationale* and the Prefecture of Police in the course of the last few weeks have uncovered a widespread plot against the republican institutions of our country. Stores of military material have been seized, most of it manufactured in other countries. Magazines, rifles, and machine guns, revolvers, hand grenades, cartridges, explosives in bulk, uniforms in quantity, war medical equipment, and the like have been found in hiding places all over France.

"A search of the main office of the Maritime and River Transport Mortgage Company, 78 rue de Provence, the head of which, Eugène Deloncle, consulting engineer of the Penhoët Works, established the fact that there is in existence a secret, semimilitary organization basing itself on force; that it consists of a General Staff, espionage bureaus and a medical corps.

"The formation of its members into divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, etc., shows indubitably the military character of this organization. Documents seized on the premises reveal that the objective of this organization is to substitute a regime of dictatorship in place of the republican form of our government.

"In addition to the above material found there are also blank papers obviously intended for the manufacture of false passports; plans for the transport of armed troops, detailed information on the personnel and organization of the police departments of our principal cities; note paper and other stationery stolen from military establishments in our government; lists of buildings that have several exits and entrances; a detailed map of the sewers of Paris with indications how the Chamber of Deputies can be reached through them; plans of the interior of newspaper offices; facsimiles of the signatures of important ministers of our government; a list of high functionaries and parliamentarians to be arrested at a given signal; plans for the seizure of municipal buses and other means of city transport; plans for stealing arms and munition from the arsenal at Mont Valerian."

Simultaneously with the investigation of the C S A R and the Étoile bomb affairs, the police that had been hunting the assassins of the Rosselli brothers struck a promising trail. It led to Africa, but it also crossed the trail leading

to the C S A R. An inspector of the *Sûreté Nationale* returned from Morocco with a young soldier, Jean-Marie Bouvier, son of a Paris industrialist, who was serving in the Third African Light Infantry. Bouvier, and a former prize fighter, André Huguét, thirty-five years old, were named by the police among those involved with the murder of the Rosselli brothers. Both Bouvier and Huguét were also on the membership rolls of the C S A R.

Bouvier, back in Paris in uniform, broke down and told his story. "As a member of the C S A R I was assigned to follow the movements of the Rosselli brothers. It was my superior, André Tenaille, who supervised me in this. Shortly after I had begun my assignment, I was ordered to return to Bagnoles on June 9. Arriving at the station I was surprised to see a former schoolmate, Jacque Fauran. I understood at once that he belonged to the same organization as I. He had his car with him and we consulted. We then went to Hotel Cordier where the Rosselli brothers lived. I pointed them out to Fauran.

"We then met four other men, who were in a closed Peugeot car. Meanwhile the Rosselli brothers had started out with Mme. Rosselli in their old black Ford. They left Mme. Rosselli to do some shopping and went on to Alençon. It was on their way back to Bagnoles that the brothers were murdered. But neither Fauran nor I took part in the actual murder. We stopped at some distance away from it. One of the four men in the murder group was unknown to me. I took him to be an Italian. The names of the other three are, Jakubiez, Filliol, and Robert Puiieux."

Jakubiez, it will be remembered, was the sole occupant of the car which left a trail of bullets on the Geneva-Paris road and eventually led to the uncovering of the C S A R conspiracy.

Bouvier's confession was borne out by that of his schoolmate, Fauran. "I belong to the C S A R," Fauran stated, "but I hadn't joined it until June 7, 1937, two days before the killing of the Rosselli brothers. A friend, whose name I shall not mention, induced me to join this organization. On the evening of June 7, I was taken by members of the C S A R to the place where I was to be initiated. My eyes were bandaged. I was made to swear an oath on my life to obey my superiors in the C S A R blindly and no matter how dangerous the assignment given me.

"On June 9, at 4 in the morning, the telephone in my room rang and the voice of someone I did not know reminded me of my oath to obey C S A R orders. I was told to leave for Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, where I was to wait before the station in my car. I went there and was surprised to find my former schoolmate Bouvier. We had been told we were acting against a conspiracy on the part of revolutionaries to overthrow my country. It was only when I read in the papers of the 12th of June that I learned that I had taken part, without my knowing it, in the murder of the Rosselli brothers."

Seven of the eight men involved in the murder of the Rosselli brothers, therefore, were members of the C S A R. The eighth, though not named, was clearly a "technician" employed by the O V R A.

While some of the *Sûreté Nationale* were closing in on the assassins of the Rossellis, others were coming closer to the perpetrators of the bomb explosions in rue de Pressbourg and rue de Boissiere. From the first the two were considered a single exploit. On December 11, 1937, two men were arrested for complicity in both explosions. One of the men was Charles Tenaille, brother of the André Tenaille mentioned in Bouvier's confession as the man

who had sent him to join the murderers of the Rossellis. Tenaille was also first cousin to the wife of Eugène Deloncle, the industrialist already implicated in the C S A R conspiracy. The other man arrested was François Metenier, a well-known French engineer and industrialist, connected with the Michelin Tire Works at Clermont-Ferrand, which seemed to be a hotbed of C S A R activity. One of its largest chapters was located there.

The police also took into custody René Locuty, a stocky young fellow with remarkably square jaws, smooth-shaven face, a narrow slit of a mouth, sly brown eyes behind tortoise-shell glasses, and carefully tended brown hair. He was a chemical engineer at the Michelin Works at Clermont-Ferrand. Grimly though he set his jaws at first, Locuty finally made full confession.

"I was introduced to M. Metenier, the industrialist," he said, "and I knew him for about a year when he induced me to join the C S A R. It was M. Metenier who administered the sacred oath I took to obey C S A R orders in all circumstances. On September 10 last I was ordered by M. Metenier, through my colleague, M. Vogel, who although a German was also a member of the C S A R, to proceed to Paris on the following morning and at 10 o'clock sharp to be at the Café de Pressbourg, near the Étoile. M. Metenier was there. He was accompanied by a man I didn't know. We three went to lunch at the Restaurant Drouant in Place Gaillon. In the course of the talk M. Metenier told me that I was to manufacture two bombs, which were to set off by clock mechanism precisely at 6 P.M. next day.

"From the restaurant we went to M. Metenier's home. He explained that his own role was to finance the makings of bombs. He introduced me to M. Eugène Deloncle and the unknown man who had been with us all this time, but

whose name was not revealed to me until then. He was Alfred Macon, leader of a Cagoulaards' squad. From M. Metenier's house we went to the residence of M. Moreau de la Meuse. From there in turn we drove to rue Ampère [the "healing center" in the cellars of which the police had found one of the C S A R arsenals]. There we dined. Later I went into the cellar and put together the two time bombs."

Locuty confessed that he, together with M. Metenier and Macon, left the bombs in rue de Boissiere and rue de Pressbourg. "I then took the 10 P.M. train back to Clermont-Ferrand, and next morning was at work in the factory as usual."

If one looked for an individual to personify the spirit of the C S A R, there could be no better choice than Jean Adolph Moreau de la Leuse, charged by the police with being paymaster and leader in dangerous assignments by the C S A R, such as the Étoile explosions. Aristocrat and industrialist, he is lean, tall, rigidly military in bearing, faultlessly tailored, a monocle in one icy gray eye, bluish pouches underneath, his face deeply lined, mouth tight and cruel, a short clipped military mustache under a straight nose with angry nostrils.

Finally the police arrested General Felix Duseigneur, formerly Chief of the French Air Service, and at the time of his arrest still Military Adviser to the French Air Ministry. He was charged with being also the strategist for C S A R. General Duseigneur issued a public statement. "With my friend Duc Pozzo di Borgo I helped organize The Union of Committees for Defensive Action. I am its president. Our only object is propaganda. We organize on the basis of street and house units. Thus we would be in a position to defend ourselves should a revolution be at-

tempted. Never did I advocate that our Committees be armed. I know nothing of any actual conspiracy on the part of my organization. I know no one connected with the C S A R, or plots of violence of any kind. No suspicion of me is justified."

How many C S A Rists or Cagouards there were remained a matter of speculation. The *Sûreté Nationale* listed 18,000 members. Other estimates went as high as 100,000.

The locations of their fortresses showed strategy. They were so placed that they would command areas of military importance. All that was necessary would be to blow down a wall that hid the fortresses, and some public square or much-used crossroad, a government building or barracks would be exposed to batteries of guns.

Cagouards' "cells" or units were designated as "heavy" and "light." A "light" cell consisted of eight men equipped with rifles, automatic revolvers, hand grenades and a sub-machine gun. A "heavy" cell had twelve men, and in addition to the armament of a "light" cell had also a machine gun. Three to five cells formed a unit; three units made a battalion, three battalions a regiment, two regiments a brigade; and two brigades formed a division of 2,000 men. A battalion consisted of 150 men, subdivided into squads of fifty to sixty men, and had ten to twelve armored cars.

A handbook was printed for use by group leaders. To avoid disaster, should a copy fall into wrong hands, the book was entitled, *Secret Instructions, Communist Party*. A characteristic excerpt taught technique in street fighting. "The special force for street combat is our infantry, armed with automatic revolvers and hand grenades. Street squads should be supplied with sub-machine guns, hand grenades, revolvers, and *petards*, for blowing in doors. If a door is

barricaded, crowbars or explosives are to be used. Should the door be too heavy for either, a motor lorry should be driven against it. When mopping up basements and cellars, effective use can be made of bombs thrown down manholes and other openings, after your men have gained near enough access.

"In mopping upper stories, our men ascending the stairs should keep close to the walls, while others of the detachments should keep firing straight up the stair well. In this manner the building can be mopped up floor by floor. Sometimes it is effective to skip a floor, then break a hole in the ceiling and mop up by throwing hand grenades down on those resisting below."

To make the war organization complete, there was a spy system, whose chief, Dr. Jean-Marie Martin, was a versatile torpedo in addition to supervising collection of information. Dr. Martin's specialty was derived from his medical training.

A sample of his work was revealed in a documented confession by a man whom the *Sûreté* has granted anonymity in return for services. "I had belonged to the C S A R several weeks," went his statement, "when one of my colleagues, known to me only as 'The Engineer,' told me one day he had an important assignment for me. At the same time he reminded me of the sacred oath I had taken to obey any order given me by C S A R. In this case my job was to deal with a traitor to the organization, an insurance man by the name of Salle. When I heard details of what I was to do, I recoiled at first, but having taken my oath I knew that if I did not obey I too would be treated like Salle.

"'The Engineer' said, 'Your job is really simple. All you have to do is to invite Salle to a café and when his head

is turned empty this into his drink.' He then handed me a test tube tightly corked. He also gave me a small bottle of ether, which he said I had better use in washing my hands immediately after emptying the test tube.

"I was told to take along a revolver for use should Salle become suspicious and threaten to go to the police. All this so alarmed me that although I did entice Salle to a café, I did not empty the test tube in his drink. Instead I surrendered it to police. But I told 'The Engineer' that I had carried out his instructions. A week later Salle was in as good health as ever, and 'The Engineer' sternly asked me, 'Are you sure you did as you were told?' Yes, I said. 'What was the drink into which you poured what I gave you?' 'Hot coffee,' I said. 'Ah, then I understand. The heat of the coffee spoiled what you put into it.'"

The test tube was taken to the famous laboratory of the Paris police and its contents microscopically determined. Dr. Kling, the director, reported that it consisted of bouillon teeming with cultures of staphylococcus related to typhus and paratyphus, types A and B.

The identity of "The Engineer," André Roydot, was quickly established. His apartment was raided, but the man had fled the country. The police found a typewriter and a fully equipped chemical and bacteriological laboratory. Roydot was, however, only a lieutenant, acting under orders of Dr. Martin, who as we have seen was chief of C S A R espionage.

A sidelight on Dr. Martin's lieutenant was seen in an incident that took place in March, 1937. On that day a man came to the famous Pasteur Institute with a request typewritten on the stationery of the Hôpital de la Pitié. It asked the Institute to furnish the bearer a stock of two types of specifically named and deadly bacilli. Surprised at

what they considered a strange request the officials at the Institute said it would take two hours to prepare the specimen. Would the gentleman return? He said he would and left. The Institute telephoned the Hôpital de la Pitié and asked confirmation of the typewritten request. The hospital knew nothing about it. The messenger did not return.

When the apartment of Roydot, "The Engineer," was raided by the police it occurred to the *Sûreté* to take another look at the typed request for the bacilli from Pasteur Institute. Typewriters, especially when long used, acquire characteristics as individual as handwriting; one letter is slightly askew, another is minutely chipped, a third prints the upper half of a letter darker than the lower. Typewriting done on Roydot's machine was compared with that of the request on the Hôpital de la Pitié stationery, and the two were found to be indubitably written on the same keys.

A workmanlike torpedo job was done in the case of Adolphe-Augustin Juif. Ostensibly he ran a shoestore at 22 rue de France, Nice. He spent little time in his store, however, or in Nice for that matter. He was constantly on the move between France, Belgium, and Italy, with many a trip to Berlin. This owner of a small shoestore had a villa on the Italian Riviera at San Remo, another in Belgium at Ostend. Later it developed that his Italian villa was a port of transit for Italian ammunition, and his Ostend villa a transshipment depot for guns of every kind coming from Germany, both destined for storage in Cagoulards' arsenals.

Juif thrived so well in gunrunning that it gave him an appetite for even greater profits. He felt he could do it with a pen, by a few changes in bills of lading. If successful, he would be collecting from Italians and Germans more than the already ample sums he got from them.

Mme. Juif was accustomed to his absences. But knowing the character of his business she became uneasy when by the end of January, 1937, she had not heard from him for two months. She wrote to the *Sûreté Nationale*:

"I have been without news of my husband since December 4. I wrote to the two addresses he left me, both in care of Commandatore Boccalaro, Grand Hotel, Turin, and to the same man at Genoa. This man had promised to forward the letters to my husband, but I have had no reply either from him or my husband. Please find my Adolphe."

The *Sûreté Nationale* became even more interested in Mme. Juif's request than she expected, but seemed unable to help her.

On March 3 she received a letter from Commandatore Boccalaro. "My dear Mme. Juif, I just came back yesterday, after an absence of a month and a half in Austria and found your letter asking about your husband. I assure you that I immediately set about trying to get news of him but up to now have been unsuccessful. I am convinced however that he is engaged on some particularly delicate mission in Spain, and probably in Germany, a mission which he is reluctant to reveal even to his family."

Commandatore Boccalaro was thus assuring Mme. Juif of the safety of her husband on March 3, when he well knew that the man had been deep in a grave in northern Italy since February 8. Juif had been sentenced to death by Commandatore Boccalaro himself for trying to cheat the coffers of Mussolini and Hitler.

When finally Mme. Juif became convinced that the Commandatore's assurances were not worth much, she went to the police and confessed that her husband had been having three-cornered dealings with the C S A R, the Italian, and the German secret services.

It was not news to the *Sûreté*. They knew much about Commandatore Boccalaro. As far back as 1928 he was the guiding genius of an enterprise in which freight trains of "oranges" went from Genoa to Hungary and Yugoslavia. When customs officers became inquisitive they found the "oranges" were arms and ammunition destined for use by Hungarian and Yugoslavian terrorists, in violation of the Treaty of Versailles. It was Mussolini's method of getting those countries into his "orbit of influence." Boccalaro's nominal position in Italy was head of the government's arsenal in Genoa. He is also chief of Italy's spies abroad. At about the time he was telling Mme. Juif that her husband was alive, Boccalaro was involved, among other things, in a gunrunning affair in which the S. S. *Leme*, laden with armored cars, artillery, and ammunitions, was bound for Nicaragua, where Italy and Germany are establishing bases for their campaign in the Americas.

Meanwhile German names began to crop up in C S A R investigations. A Teutonic blonde, Elsa Schwartz, was mistress to Jacques Percheron, member of the C S A R and head of several of its arsenals. Franz Hasenfus was *concierge* of a building where the police found a store of Schmesser machine guns, Beretta magazine rifles, and scores of thousands of hand grenades and cartridges. Jean Georges Wiart, of German origin, instructed C S A R classes in the use of Schmesser guns.

The ramifications of the Cagoullards' conspiracy, therefore, went far outside of France, and its story is not yet ended. Nevertheless, in spite of evidence, circumstantial and direct, against rank and file of the C S A R and their leaders, only 100 of the former are kept in prison—at the time of writing—awaiting trial. Of the leaders practically all were released from custody. This meant either that the

evidence against them was not important, or that there was another and highly important reason. That the latter was the case was indicated by the chief of the *Sûreté Nationale* to reporters who asked searching questions about the release of C S A R suspects.

"Gentlemen," said the official gravely, "this affair is too serious for us to discuss any further at this time."

The gentlemen of the press understood. With tension between France on the one hand and Germany and Italy on the other, a revelation that Germany and Italy were storing arms and ammunition all over France might set off bigger arsenals than those of the C S A R.

Nevertheless, it was clear that Germany and Italy contributed heavily to C S A R arsenals. Most of the guns were of German make, the ammunition Italian. Dr. Kling, head of the Paris Police Laboratory, found, for instance, that the explosives C S A R used in bombs were tolite and hexogene. Both were developed by an Italian chemist, are protected by Italian patent, and are leased outside of Italy only to Germany under special and exclusive contracts. There is the further fact that both in Germany and Italy the manufacture and distribution of arms and ammunition are strictly under government control.

It would be too much to say that C S A R activities and the Étoile bomb explosions were as much the work of foreigners' torpedoes as the murder of the Rosselli brothers. The majority of C S A R members are French citizens. Two of the best-known journalists in France, Léon Bailby and Deputy de Kerillis, even defended the C S A Rists. Bailby wrote: "If we must charge the Deloncles and the Duseigneurs with C S A R conspiracy—for conspiracy there is—they can be accused only of wishing to defend their country in their own fashion." M. de Kerillis' defense was:

"There is evidence of course of foreign conspiracy in the C S A R affair. But it is a case of good Frenchmen, wishing to defend their country against revolution, falling into the hands of German and Italian agents, who for their own ends, at a given signal plan to launch in our country a bloody civil war."

Good Frenchmen or bad, foreign torpedoes and termites work on them.

In that Celtic region of France, for example, Brittany, there is a minority movement calling itself the Breton National Party. The seat of its organization is the city of Rennes. "Let us so fight in the next war," runs a declaration of the Breton National Party, "that Brittany will emerge free and independent. Let us break the chain which binds us to France." It may be accident that in the Rennes organization there is a large number of Germans, that the Breton autonomists use the swastika as their emblem, and that the propaganda machine of Dr. Goebbels has shown lively sympathy for the oppressed of *Die Bretonische Nazion*. Goebbels has even performed a labor of love, paying for hundreds of thousands of leaflets, pamphlets, and postcards which show the map of France as shorn of Brittany.

Torpedoes operate in the ranks of the Breton autonomists as a secret organization, *Gwenn ha Du*. They blow up French monuments and occasionally railroad tracks, presumably to show the world how passionately Bretons crave an existence free and independent of any other nation.

Alsace-Lorraine, wrested from France by Prussia and restored to France by the World War, teems with German termites. As in Brittany, there is an autonomous movement agitating for an "independent" Alsace-Lorraine. Its official

organ is the *Elsass Lothringsche Zeitung*. This paper, nicknamed Elz, prints articles that indubitably bear the stamp, "Made in Germany." In it are attacks on those who have fled the Nazi terror and are articulate about it, praise for the Hitler regime, and charges that the French government has military designs on Germany.

Alsace-Lorraine teems with "traveling salesmen" who are more active in singing the praises of the Third Reich than in selling German toys, crockery, and whatever else they are supposed to be selling. These salesmen invariably "happen to have" their pockets full of tracts that paint the Third Reich in heavenly colors.

What they do not mention is that in 1934-35, through some blunder in Berlin—or thanks to French espionage—certain secret instructions to Reichswehr spies leaked out. They were ordered to gather wind data to be used in gas attacks on Alsace-Lorraine cities.

A feverish "fever spot," indeed, is French Morocco. There the restless Mohammedan population is flooded with propaganda on the difference between a paradise and hell, between Germany and France. This propaganda often turns lyric.

"Like Virgin Mary's conception, mystic and luminous with hope for the world, the advent of Der Führer, Adolf Hitler, has impregnated the Mohammedan world, particularly since his open struggle against Jewish aggression. And if the Arab, now slowly emerging from the depths of French oppression, turns first against the Jews, it is only a beginning. Everywhere, from the very desert—the Great Desert itself—hope is rising like the spring of sweet water in some vast oasis, and Arabs shout against Jews and French alike and end with the words, 'Long live the Germans!'"

The luminous advent of Hitler, as revealed in French Morocco, resulted in some dark news, as revealed by headlines. "Bloody conflicts between Jews and Arabs in Casablanca and Rabat, with anti-French mobs participating." "Sanguine outbreaks in Alcazaquivir between Jews and Arabs. Strong anti-French sentiments also evident." "Tangier riots between French and Arabs."

It is not surprising that the French tried to stop the work of German termites. Whereat the Third Reich raised bitter protest against "discrimination aimed to limit German rights of free speech and press."

Consolation came, however, from Germany's partner in the Rome-Berlin Axis. A confidential report from a German spy chief in Tetuan to his superiors in Berlin reported:

"The Fascist Consul, Dr. Bivio Sbrana, who took part in the March on Rome, made known to us on his arrival here that he is a warm friend of our Revolution, our Party and our work here. He assures us of fullest cooperation in anything we undertake and already he has proved his good faith and vigor."

At the time I write this Mussolini is clamoring for French Africa as "a natural aspiration of Greater Italy." Whether the Third Reich will reciprocate the Italian consul's "good faith and vigor" and help Italy in this, remains to be seen. Or it may be already history by the time the reader has finished this chapter.



## TORPEDOES IN VIENNA

HITLER wrote *Mein Kampf* when he could afford to be, had to be, comparatively honest in utterances to his followers. His movement was young and large promises were imperative. Today his defenders gloss over embarrassing passages in the book as so many hot words uttered in impassioned youth, not to be held against the cool afterthought of maturity. It should be enlightening to examine this defense in the case of Austria. The first words in *Mein Kampf* are: "Austria will have to return to the great German Motherland." On May 21, 1935, Chancellor Hitler said in a speech: "Germany neither wishes to interfere in the internal affairs of Austria, to annex Austria, or to conclude an *Anschluss*." Less than two years later the world learned which to believe.

Perhaps never before in history was a whole country so swiftly conquered as Austria was, in a few hours, without the military firing a shot. But never before had espionage played the role that it has since Hitler; and nowhere can its new technique claim so exclusively a triumph of its own.

The World War had left of Austria, to use the now familiar figure, a big head on too small a body, a capital of over two million inhabitants with little more than twice that population for the rest of the country. In Vienna and

## TORPEDOES IN VIENNA

in other cities organized labor long had control, and when Austria was still a democracy, Socialists and their allies were powerful in its parliament. When German democracy was overthrown Austria became a "fever spot." True to the pattern of the plot which worked so well in Germany and later in republican Spain, Austria immediately swarmed with German spies. So swiftly did the termites do their work that the torpedoes moved in almost on top of them.

A Nazi movement was started, presumably Austrian, and there were many Austrians in it, just as there were Germans in the overthrow of the German Republic, many Spaniards in the revolt against the Spanish Republic, and Frenchmen in the Cagouards. But never did German torpedoes fall to work with such a gusto of violence. In 1933-34 almost 500 bombs were set off in Austria, 233 in Vienna and Salzburg alone. The government put a price on the head of Alfred Frauenfeld, leader of Vienna's Nazis. Frauenfeld fled, not far, over the border to Munich, the city now holy to Nazis as the spiritual home of their Führer. Here in the Austrian Brown House, across the street from the German Nazi headquarters, Frauenfeld proudly showed some of us reporters the list of those bombings. "All carried out according to schedule," he said. "Ninety-four per cent successful. It will go on."

It did.

But at that time Mussolini's fascism was as yet stronger than its offspring, Nazism. Mussolini was Austria's "protector." He found its democracy a nuisance; its defenders, a unionized working class, an obstacle. Though Dollfuss had an army, the *Heimwehr*, and the German torpedoes another in the guise of Austrian Nazis, the workers, seeing what was coming, had an army of their own, the *Schutz-*

*bund*. Mussolini decreed the extinction of Austrian democracy and put Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss to work. Dollfuss, it will be remembered, abolished Parliament and declared himself dictator. The Viennese, who took few things seriously, cracked jokes about the diminutive dictator, who was less than five feet tall. The jokes turned out badly.

The municipality of Vienna had built some of the most modern housing for workers in the world. The Karl Marx Hof and the Goethe Hof, with their gardens and *gemüthlichkeit*, were the pride of not only the Viennese but of everybody else throughout the world who wished workers well. On February 12, 1933, Major Emil Fey, acting for Dollfuss, moved infantry and cannon into the streets before the great municipal tenements, and without much ado opened fire. The houses were never meant to function as fortresses, but it was all the *Schutzbund* and their families had. The dwellings were reduced to ruins by artillery fire.

Nevertheless, the battle lasted four days. A thousand men, women, and children were killed. Kindergartens became shambles and streets were strewn with blackboards, children's toys, schoolbooks, kitchen utensils, bright quilts, flower boxes, shattered aquaria, armchairs, and other objects incongruous on a battlefield. Nine of the worker leaders, including one seriously wounded, were dragged to the gallows and hanged.

Similar scenes took place in Linz and other cities where manual and white-collar workers had built themselves home centers. In a week Dollfuss had carried out his Italian master's orders to a nicety. Opposition to dictatorship in Austria was broken, an ironic triumph for Dollfuss and Mussolini.

For, with the power of the workers removed, that of Hitler's torpedoes grew. All over Austria bombs continued to go off, Nazi bombs. From February to midsummer Dollfuss raged against the Nazis, but did little to make that rage effective. The little he did, however, enraged Hitler. On October 3, 1933, a Nazi shot Dollfuss. Luck was with the little dictator and against Hitler this time. Had the bullets missed him, or killed him, Hitler would have fared better. As it was, Dollfuss was only wounded, and became that potent figure, a living martyr, who was able to address his nation from a sickbed over a government radio. The would-be assassin was hanged. Dollfuss was strengthened, Hitler got a setback, and tension between Austria, Germany, and Italy tightened.

Troubled days came on Vienna, that former rival to Paris in cuisine, charm, and the world's affection. Its skies grew dark, literally almost dark with great flocks of carrier pigeons, bearing messages from an army of spies to *their* headquarters in Munich. Easygoing Vienna tried to cope with Hitler's espionage by passing a municipal ordinance forbidding the use of carrier pigeons within city limits. The ordinance did not stop the mass infiltration of Germans into the ranks of the Austrian army, the city police, the civil service, and government bureaus up to the very doors of the Chancellor's private office.

Hitler did not intend to blunder a second time. Assigned to the next effort to eliminate Dollfuss was Colonel Nicolai himself, who wrote the plot, did the casting, rehearsed the play, and set the date for its single performance.

As early as July 21 the official German news agency, the *Deutsches Nachrichten Buro*, prepared press releases and photographs in anticipation of what would happen four

days later in Vienna. Camera men were rushed to that city from Berlin. Hundreds of individuals knew exactly what was being prepared. But as a daring prologue to his *coup de théâtre*, Colonel Nicolai had the Vienna police swamped with warnings that Chancellor Dollfuss would be assassinated. The Colonel was borrowing the fable of the boy who cried "Wolf!" so often that people stopped believing him.

I have referred to irony in the triumph of Dollfuss and Mussolini over Austria's workers. It played a part even in the very choice of date on which Colonel Nicolai's drama was to be performed. Because of increasing tension between Dollfuss and Hitler, the little dictator had decreed death sentence for anyone who lifted a finger against the lowliest agent of his authority. He meant, of course, any Nazi, for the Socialists had been subdued.

But in the early part of July, 1934, a Socialist youth, Josef Gerl, got into a scuffle, not serious in itself, with a Viennese policeman. In the old days—mere months before—the affair would have been a police-court matter with moderate punishment. The youth was court-martialed and hanged on July 24. Austrian workers were shocked and galvanized, not into action, but into protest that had in it the hoarse tone of a gathering mob. The Nazis were delighted and joined in the roar of an agitated people.

Colonel Nicolai's cast of principals consisted of Dr. Anton Rintelen, Austrian Minister to Rome; Captain Eric Holzweber, who looked like a provincial bookkeeper, bespectacled and undersized; Otto Planetta, a former professional wrestler, with the small eyes of a wild boar set in a red and pulpy face; and a rank-and-file soldier, Corporal Willi Krantz.

The supporting cast was divided into two groups, one

of fourteen men, the other of a hundred and forty-four. All had years of training in violence, in the army and out. They were as carefully picked as Al Capone ever picked any squad of his own "torpedoes" to mop up a rival gang in Chicago. The large squad was headed by the bespectacled Holzweber, who was fitted out in the uniform of a captain in the Austrian army. The smaller squad was led by Corporal Krantz.

Best known of the principals was Dr. Rintelen. In the late fifties, gray-haired and benign in looks as a keeper of some hospitable country inn, he was a ruthless careerist. When the Socialists were in power, he was with them. When they were crushed, he emerged a power under Dollfuss, so powerful that the dictator tactfully sent him out of the country, ambassador to Rome.

Hitler cast Rintelen to succeed Dollfuss.

The original date for the *putsch* was determined partly, as I have said, by the hanging of Josef Gerl, and partly because it was known that Dollfuss was about to visit Mussolini with proof that Hitler was poaching in Austria.

In Vienna, on the morning of July 25, the fourteen who made up the squad under Corporal Krantz found post-cards in their letter boxes with a message: "11 A.M., 89, Kolowat Ring." At 11 A.M., to the moment, the fourteen met on Kolowat Ring, but not at eighty-nine. The number was a password. In groups of twos and threes, in civilian garb of manual workers and of boulevardiers, they strolled about until they came to Johannesgasse, where Ravag, the radio station, is located.

At two minutes to one in the afternoon the strollers became a compact body. With magazine revolvers drawn, they rushed the main entrance. A policeman was on guard, loyal and unintelligent as a bulldog confronted by armed

robbers. He took out his own revolver and went down with a volley of bullets in his heart.

Inside the building four of the Krantz squad walked into the broadcasting room, where a phonograph was sending Strauss waltzes over the air. Krantz put a revolver against the announcer's ribs, and issued orders.

The announcer spoke into the microphone. "I interrupt the music for important news," he said. "Chancellor Dollfuss has resigned. Dr. Anton Rintelen is Chancellor!" He was told to repeat this every ten minutes, interspersing "news" dictated to him by Corporal Krantz, who in turn read his piece from a typewritten draft prepared days before.

In an adjoining studio a light-hearted skit was being rehearsed. Rude melodrama broke in when four men with revolvers entered, the leader ordering, "Hands up!" An actor became hysterical, held the center of the stage for a brief scene, and was shot down.

A girl on the telephone switchboard in that home of so many manufactured dramas sensed the real thing, reacted, and tried to telephone the police. The line was busy. She tried an official of the station. At the call he seized shears, snipped a wire, and the radio went dead.

Meanwhile Colonel Nicolai's squad of one hundred and forty-four was assembling in the gymnasium of the German Athletic Club on Siebensterngasse, next door to Austrian army barracks. One of the squad, a policeman named Dabler, got an attack of conscience. He telephoned the police that Chancellor Dollfuss was about to be assassinated. But they were already trying to cope with similar warnings. According to one, Dollfuss was to be assassinated at the Chancellery. No, said another, it was to be on the

other side of the city. A third warning contradicted the first two.

Major Fey, hero of the battle of the Karl Marx and Goethe Hofs, was one of those who were told that a big squad was gathering at the German Athletic Club. He sent Marek, a detective, there. Marek found uniformed police on guard at the door. In the gymnasium itself he saw Austrian army uniforms. Understandably enough, he became confused. Did it mean a false alarm? Or were the police and the army themselves in the plot? Frantically he telephoned everywhere, spreading warning, betraying his doubt, creating confusion.

He went back to the German Athletic Club and saw the men in Austrian uniforms climbing into motor trucks marked "Butter and Eggs." Bespectacled little Holzweber, the leader, took a look at Marek, did not like the expression on his face, did not know what to do with him, and Marek was thrown into one of the trucks. The ponderous vehicles rolled through the main streets of Vienna, in full midday. When they were within a block of the Chancellery, Marek gambled desperately, kicked his guards aside, and leaped to the street. A dozen guns were focused on him but Holzweber, hesitating further to alarm the city, ordered his men to hold fire.

Late that morning Dollfuss was presiding at a cabinet meeting in the huge, ornate Chancellery on Ballhausplatz. Sixty policemen and guards were about the building, presumably on duty. Ninety others of the personnel were busy in various parts of the Chancellery. The Chancellor's valet, Hedvick, hearing the roar of motors in the Chancellery courtyard, looked out of the window and saw truckfuls of soldiers piling out. Frenzied warnings had reached him.

Those soldiers below might be going through some rehearsal in emergency work, or they were themselves the emergency. He hurried to the cabinet meeting.

But Dollfuss had already told his ministers to scatter, and was himself trying to escape. From the meeting room he ran into a huge baroque and gilded chamber with walls of white and three stately doors. He reached one that led to the main stairway. It was locked, but Hedvicek, who was with him, had the key and was trying to open it. On the other side of the room double doors flung open and Otto Planetta, with twenty men in Austrian uniforms, overtook the Chancellor. At less than two feet Planetta fired. One bullet pierced the Chancellor's lungs, he caught at Hedvicek for support, missed, and fell. Planetta leaned over and fired again, this time at the throat.

Dollfuss gasped, "Help!"

"Get up!" Planetta said.

Dollfuss tried but could not. As the men in the uniforms of his army bent over him, vision and mind waned. The Chancellor thought the soldiers who bent over him belonged to his camp, that there was compassion in their eyes. "Children," he murmured, "why aren't the others like you?"

Hedvicek pleaded with Planetta. "He's bleeding to death. Let me call a doctor!" But Hitler's orders had been specific and Planetta refused. Hedvicek then begged that a priest be permitted to administer last rites to the Chancellor, who was a devout Catholic. Planetta, himself a Catholic, said no.

Major Fey, who had taken part in the cabinet meeting, tried to escape but was surrounded by Holzweber and his men. He heard shots in the room where he had reason to suppose Dollfuss was. There was no doubt in his mind

that the shooting meant a change in chancellorship. When Holzweber ordered him to precede him to the scene of the shooting, Fey obeyed.

As they entered the room, the Chancellor recognized him. With his last strength he said, "Settle it without bloodshed. . . . Make peace with Rintelen. . . . Take care of my family." Then he died.

At Ravag, the radio station, police still loyal to the government surrounded the building. A platoon rushed inside and a battle followed. When the shooting was over, one of the police was dead, but so was the leader of the Nazis. The others were dragged off to police headquarters.

In the Chancellery the personnel, guards and all, surrendered meekly. Twenty of them exultantly gave the Hitler salute and guided the invaders. Major Fey seemed no longer the iron man he was when he bombarded Vienna workers' tenements. Deathly pale, he did everything he was told to do and asked Holzweber what was in store for him.

Holzweber himself did not know and said so. According to the scenario prepared, Dr. Anton Rintelen, the announced Chancellor, should have appeared, the country was to be notified over the radio, the *putsch* and the new authority accepted.

But Rintelen did not appear, for the good reason that he was under arrest in another part of the city. Holzweber began telephoning, trying to find some superior to tell him what to do next. Meanwhile the Chancellery was being ringed about by loyal Vienna police and Austrian troops. Holzweber told Fey to step out on a balcony overlooking Ballhausplatz and announce to the gathering forces that there were one hundred and fifty hostages in the Chancellery who would be shot if the building was rushed.

Major Fey appeared on the balcony. Below he saw Neu-

stadter-Stürmer, a member of the cabinet of Dollfuss, now spokesman for the government forces. Fey repeated Holzweber's warning and said, "When Rintelen comes, as Chancellor he will take charge of everything."

"Rintelen is under arrest," Neüstadter-Stürmer said. "I represent the new government. Tell the rebels if they surrender I promise them safe conduct to the German border. If not, we storm the building."

"No," Fey called down. "I am State Secretary of Internal Defense and you will take no such action unless I say so."

"You are wrong," Neüstadter-Stürmer said sharply. "I speak for the cabinet. It is now 5:28. In twenty minutes, we enter."

There were agitated consultations in the Chancellery; outside, negotiations between the two forces. The period of the ultimatum was up, but still the talk went on. The rebels were willing to accept Neüstadter-Stürmer's offer but demanded guarantees of safe conduct. He told them they would have to content themselves with his promise.

A new arrival outside took charge of the situation, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg. He had been elected Chancellor by those members of the cabinet who had the good luck to be out of the Chancellery when it was invaded. With him came lorries loaded with troops. The rebels took a look at them, accepted the promise of safe conduct to Germany, and surrendered.

They were so sure of the might of Adolf Hitler that when they came out of the Chancellery their arrogance was magnificent. Somewhat later it diminished. A powerful military force disarmed them and marched them off to quarters that looked unpromising. There they were told that there would be neither safe conduct for them to the

German frontier, nor safety if they so much as moved a step in disobedience of orders.

Their fate had been decided not in Vienna or in Berlin but in Rome. Mussolini let Hitler know that if he proceeded into Austria, Italian troops would march. Hitler, for all the "mystic" in him, keeps shrewd contact with earthy reality. He thereupon disclaimed all responsibility for the melodrama Colonel Nicolai had staged.

The rebels were tried for high treason. Thirteen were hanged, the first to swing in the halter being Planetta and Holzweber. Later Dr. Rintelen was placed on trial, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Dr. Schuschnigg, the new Chancellor, made a heavy-handed dictator, dependent on Mussolini. Hence his dictatorship grew precarious as Hitler's strength grew. In July, 1936, Hitler sent that amazingly blundering and as amazingly wily personality Dr. Franz von Papen as German Minister to Austria.

Von Papen, who will be remembered, among other roles, as German Military Attaché in Washington just before America entered the World War, has been called "a political Typhoid Mary." Throughout a long career he plotted countless times with fatal consequences to almost everybody and everything he touched, his own side included, but always he escaped harm. He organized torpedo work in America in 1916, when we were still officially at peace with Germany. Our cargo ships blew up in mid-ocean. In America ammunition works exploded. Von Papen's subordinates were caught and imprisoned. But Von Papen got back to Germany. He became Chancellor as Hitler was coming into power, negotiated with him, in-

trigued against him, and involved others in the intrigue. The others were shot by Hitler, among them Von Papen's private secretary. But not Von Papen. He became Ambassador to Austria.

Schuschnigg had reason to fear his close proximity, but he had to listen to Von Papen's charming talk. And while he was beguiling Schuschnigg, Hitler's spies, like germs in a debilitated body, multiplied in Austria.

Meanwhile Mussolini, reaching for empire, sent his armies to far-off Ethiopia. At the same time he and Hitler, "to save Spain from itself," had also sent forces to crush the government there. But Mussolini sent troops while Hitler sent only technicians. The two involvements divided Mussolini's forces, while Hitler kept his intact.

At this point Hitler's excellent sense of timing revived his interest in Austria. The General Staff of his army of espionage drew up plans for another *putsch* there. Unfortunately for that particular plan, on January 26, 1938, two busses loaded with men clothed for winter sports set out apparently for the mountains, but brought up in front of the Nazi headquarters in Teinfaltstrasse. Forty Austrian counterespionage agents stormed into the Nazi offices. Those in charge of headquarters were not too disturbed at sight of the visitors. Through their own informants in high places a tip had already reached them that a raid was preparing. There had been many such raids and little harm done. But this time the raiders stepped aside and gave precedence to a small, specially recruited squad of technicians, three men temporarily on leave from prison. With chisels and drills they went to work on a wall that looked made of wallpaper and plaster. It proved to be reinforced concrete in a steel matrix. Nevertheless, the chisels worked through them and a cubicle was revealed con-

taining a thickset safe of ultramodern construction. When the men on leave from prison finished their work they were tired and their chisels and drills were blunted, but they had cracked the nut.

The kernel was a sheaf of papers, a detailed workman-like plan for a quick overthrow of Austria's government. Several hundred bombs would go off within twenty-four hours. Simultaneously demonstrations were to break out in Vienna, Linz, and other Nazi centers. Agents at vital parts would disrupt government machinery. Austrian police would be forced to use terror against the terror. Whereat the German *Reichswehr*, conveniently near, would cross the frontier "to keep Germans from shedding German blood."

The plans were signed "R. H."—Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy.

The papers and the Nazis at the headquarters were taken into custody. A roar of publicity resulted and Hitler's schedule was upset. But by this time he was too much in a hurry to bother with espionage, carrier pigeons, or municipal ordinances against them. He gave up boring from inside Austria and ordered his army to get ready.

General von Blomberg, Minister of War, and General von Fritsch, Commander-in-Chief of the *Reichswehr*, however, pointed out to Hitler that, frightful as they had made Germany's war machine appear to the rest of the world, its builders and engineers knew that even a short march into Austria would prove a dangerous strain.

Hitler's reaction was to dismiss General von Blomberg and General von Fritsch, along with their advice. He announced on February 4: "From now on, I will personally exercise command over our whole armed forces."

At the same time he got into telephonic touch with Von

Papen in Vienna. Scores of Austrians were listening in on the wire, although the conversation was supposed to be confidential. They heard hoarse rage in Hitler's voice, rage at Schuschnigg. The listeners did not know that Hitler knew they were listening, that he was putting on one of his most repeatedly successful acts, playing on the world's fear that he was a madman, capable of launching war regardless of its outcome.

An hour later Von Papen, with a troubled face, came to see Schuschnigg. The Chancellor was prepared for the worst. Von Papen told Schuschnigg, however, that though Hitler was in a fury the situation was not hopeless. Hitler had been badly informed, he said. To take the fever out of the situation all Schuschnigg need do was to go to Hitler and have a heart-to-heart talk. Hitler was actually a man of peace, Von Papen declared. Schuschnigg's personal assurance that his visit to Mussolini months before meant no threat to Germany would calm Hitler. But if Schuschnigg did not go, Von Papen said, the military part of the Teinfaltstrasse Plan would be carried out. Von Papen's compassionate voice, promising not only to intercede with Hitler, but even to get him to invite Schuschnigg for the visit, was the only note the Austrian Chancellor heard in his distress.

The invitation did come. On February 11 Schuschnigg left for Hitler's home in Berchtesgaden, its windows looking at Austria from the Bavarian Alps. He was conducted to the antechamber of Hitler's living room. At first all the amenities due to a distinguished guest were observed. *Der Führer* would see him shortly and personally welcome him, the Chancellor was told.

Three men entered the room. They were General von Reichenau, who introduced himself as "Commander-in-

Chief of the Army of Intervention in Austria"; General Keitel, the new Commander-in-Chief of the German army; and General Sperrle, Air Force Commander of Munich. The three were polite but frank. With precision they described the forces poised for an invasion of Austria, the three hundred bombers awaiting the command to fly over Vienna, and they invited Schuschnigg to verify any detail that interested him.

Hitler entered. His own account of what happened gives an adequate picture. "I told Herr von Schuschnigg quite frankly," he reported in his Leipzig speech of March 28, 1938, "that I regarded myself as destined by Providence to solve this problem [Austria]. For, what other meaning could my own career possess? If Providence brought me out of my homeland, and after so wonderful a rise in a great *Reich* raised me to be leader of the nation, It could have had only one thought, to make me savior of my own homeland. I told him there were two possibilities. Either the Austrian people should decide its own course and open the path of peaceful evolution, or Schuschnigg could try to prevent it by violence. In the latter event the fate of Spain would repeat itself in Austria and Schuschnigg would bear the responsibility."

The rest is only too familiar history—Schuschnigg's return to Austria, his attempt to call a plebiscite not controlled by Hitler, the arrest of Schuschnigg, the in-march of Hitler's mechanized army, the end of Austria, and the reign of terror that followed.

Less publicized was the fact that General von Blomberg's warning to Hitler, that there were defects in his military machine, was borne out by what happened. With only a short distance to go, over modern highways, with not a hand raised to stop its advance, the German machine



bogged down, and delivered only thirty-five per cent of its scheduled performance. Synthetic lubricating oils did not lubricate. Tires of synthetic rubber blew up. The roads became congested, and were it not that there were no enemy to oppose it, Hitler's first mass march outside the borders of the old *Reich* would not have been the walkover that it proved.

But thanks to the weakness or meekness of other powers, even thirty-five per cent was enough. Austria was now Germany. Traitors were declared patriots. The tomb of Dollfuss was defiled, the graves of his murderers were topped with monuments. The Third Reich announced that Planetta, Holzweber, and the others who took part in the Dollfuss *putsch* were heroes and martyrs.

If so, in the hour of their great deed, these martyrs had fortified their spirits remarkably. Eighteen gold watches, a quantity of jewelry and 44,000 Austrian shillings, all stolen from the Chancellor's staff at the time of the murder, were found in the pockets of Holzweber's men when they were arrested. Martyr Planetta had Dollfuss' wallet.

Even before the three hundred bombers reached Vienna, an assistant foreman in a print shop in that city sent out word that he would be waiting at the Chancellery. Exactly an hour later one thousand men gathered around him, gave the Hitler "Heil!" and stood rigidly at attention. Vienna had known them as policemen, letter carriers, street cleaners, waiters, post-office clerks, private secretaries, domestics, bookkeepers, bank clerks, civil servants, statisticians, telephone repairmen, and what not.

Their chief had before him several thick volumes, loose-leaf folios compiled by his thousand men. They had thumb indexes. The books contained the names of thousands of

Catholics, Socialists, and Jews, some anti-Nazi, others there solely because they were wealthy.

With each name went photographs and questionnaires copiously filled out. Some of the questions were, "What liquid assets in Austrian currency?" "Foreign currency?" "Securities?" "Jewelry?" "Art objects?" "Where kept?" "Nearest of kin, friend, mistress, lover? Name in the order of influence with the accused." The nearest of kin and the others were used for pressure on those who proved obdurate in surrendering possessions or had escaped from Austria.

An interesting item of information demanded was, "Give history of any suicidal tendency in the individual or his family." This may be illuminating in view of the thousands of "suicides" that came with Hitler's march into Austria. Major Emil Fey was reported among the first of these. But, as in the case of many other "suicides," proof developed that Storm Troopers assisted at it.

Then Hitler in person entered Vienna. One of his first acts was thus reported in the United Press dispatch from that city on March 25:

"An official announcement today gave to one thousand men and women the privilege of wearing a special emblem of honor as a reward for secret work on behalf of German Nazis during the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg regimes."

 SPIES MARCH EAST

"THE master of Bohemia is the master of Europe," said Bismarck, meaning that from a military point of view he who held that part of Europe held the heart of it. To Hitler, Bohemia meant not part of Czechoslovakia but the whole. Czechoslovakia would be not only a rich haul in itself. It was also a bastion built by the then victorious Allies of the World War against the resumption of a March to the East by a possibly resurgent Germany. Not only does Czechoslovakia on the map look like a sausage in the maw of a long-jawed wolf, Germany, but, once it is taken, then Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and the rest of the Balkans should make an easy *Drang nach Osten* up to the flank of the great Russian Bear.

We have seen how the pattern of Hitler's plot against what were once German, Spanish, and Austrian democracies required two main implements, an illegal army of termites and torpedoes, and a "legal" army in the guise of a political party. The shadow of Hitler's advance to power in Germany took shape in Czechoslovakia as the Sudeten German Party. Its leader, Konrad Henlein, was physically and otherwise a standardized Führer used by Hitler abroad. A former physical instructor, Henlein is leather-lunged, burly, with a thick neck, powerfully muscled head, and is a brawler, with a bully's complete subservience to the man who uses him.

In the Czechoslovakian Parliament the Sudeten German Party was represented by Karl Hermann Frank, and its official claim was that it was "waging a fundamentally legal struggle for the perfection of democracy in Czechoslovakia." It will be noticed that in Germany, Austria, and elsewhere the "legal" parties set up by Hitler are always concerned, at least at the outset, with democracy and autonomy. But the *leitmotiv* of Deputy Frank's speeches was also the dominant theme composed by Hitler for the world at large.

The illegal or espionage army directed against Czechoslovakia had its main base in Dresden. Other bases were in Munich and Leipzig, whose radio barrages against Czechoslovakia could be picked up and relayed by stations in the Erzgebirge and in the Bohemian forest, so close to the Czechoslovakian border that even the smallest radio sets inside Czechoslovakia got the bombardments from the ether sent over by Germany.

In Dresden a Gestapo spy school specialized in furnishing graduates for work on Czechoslovakia. Money, printed material, and men destined for disintegration work in that country poured in from Germany along canalized routes with the rush of a millrace.

The Sudeten German Party, brash as a gangster with a powerful leader to back him, were careless about hiding their tie-up with the German spy service. In 1934, for instance, Czechoslovakian counterespionage uncovered without effort a huge, crude, but effective conspiracy between German torpedoes and the political party that was devoted to "the perfection of democracy in Czechoslovakia."

There were so many cases of German torpedo work against Czechoslovakia that only a few of the most flagrant instances can be given in a book of readable limits. There is the instance of Professor Theodor Lessing of Marienbad.

He had taught philosophy in German schools, was a militant democrat, and fought the rise of Nazism in Germany. When the fight was lost, he fled to Czechoslovakia. But he had put up such a lusty fight that the sting of it persisted in Germany and his extinction was ordered. On September 11, 1933, someone entered his home at one in the morning and finished him with two bullets in the stomach. The police found the revolver used in the shooting and traced its ownership to Max Eckert, a member of the Nazi branch in Schanz. It was proved that the night before the murder he had changed twelve thousand Czechoslovakian kronen into German marks. On the night of the killing he escaped to Germany. Yet the Third Reich refused to give him up for trial.

A still more flagrant disregard of international amity and law was the case of Rudolf Formis. In Germany, although ostensibly a loyal follower of Hitler, he was a member of the Black Front, that opposition wing among Nazis led by Otto Strasser. Formis had worked up so favorable a reputation with Hitler that he was given charge of the radio station at Stuttgart. Then in the summer of 1933 Hitler addressed the world over that station—and someone cut the wire. Formis was thrown into the concentration camp at Heuberg. A good conspirator, however, and elusive, he managed to escape to Czechoslovakia. Here he opened fire on the Nazis, using an illegal radio station at Zahori.

On January 13, 1935, a Mercedes car, with two men and a woman in it, crossed Germany into Czechoslovakia and put up at the hotel in Zahori where Formis was staying. One of them, Hans Mueller, twenty-three, a Berlin Nazi, spent twelve days getting acquainted with Formis and the neighborhood. The second member of the party, Gert Schubert, of the same age and affiliation as Mueller, kept

to his room, showing his face as little as possible. The third, Edith Karlebach, twenty-eight years old, an instructress in athletics, comely, and, like the others, a member of the Berlin Nazis, sought out Formis and rapidly became his mistress.

On the night of January 23-24 a porter at the Zahori hotel heard revolver shots in the room occupied by Formis. He ran toward it. The door of the room opened and Edith Karlebach, obviously dressed with haste, darted out of the room and down the stairs. A moment later the bulky Gert Schubert backed out of the room, a revolver in one hand, the other dragging the body of Formis. The waiter watched from behind an angle in the hall and saw Schubert open the door of an adjoining room, throw the body in, then Schubert, too, ran downstairs.

The waiter's cries enabled several people in the lobby of the hotel to observe that Mueller, Schubert, and Edith Karlebach piled into the Mercedes car in which they had come from Germany and which was parked just outside the hotel.

The car got away fast, but not before four different people had noted its German license number, "IP 48259." At six that morning Czechoslovakian border guards saw the car flash past them into Germany. They, too, noted the car number. The Czechoslovakian police, investigating the murder, gave the German police the license number and requested that they look into their records for the name of the automobile's owner.

The German police promised to oblige. When days passed and no information was forthcoming, Czechoslovakia asked why the delay. The answer they got was one of the most remarkable in the annals of communication between the police of one country and that of another with

which it is presumably on friendly relations. The file containing the card on which was recorded the name of the owner of "IP 48259," said the German police, was locked and the key unfortunately was lost. That was as near as the Czechoslovakian police ever got to Mueller, Schubert, and Fräulein Karlebach.

In 1934 Czechoslovakian counterespionage, in a series of raids on various headquarters of the Sudeten German Party, seized data showing how closely meshed were the German spy system and the Sudeten German Party. Among the finds were lists of Sudeten German Party members drawn up on the basis of their ability to use various types of firearms.

In 1937, in a single year, five hundred followers of Konrad Henlein were convicted for espionage against the government of Czechoslovakia. It was proved that the working relation between Henlein and Hitler was so close that a membership card in the Sudeten German Party was accepted by German frontier guards as a valid passport for entry into Germany.

So long as the Allies who had built Czechoslovakia into a fortress against Germany stood by their creation, Hitler's demands on it were outrageous but ineffective. But as soon as he managed to frighten the Allies, or for other reasons it became clear that they would abandon Czechoslovakia to his mercy, his demands on it remind one of the fable of the wolf who, drinking at a brook, looked up and saw a lambkin drinking too. "You are muddying my drinking water!" the wolf roared. The lambkin protested this could not be, since it was the wolf that was upstream. "Then you spoke ill of me a year ago," the wolf charged. But the lambkin was unborn then. Whereupon the wolf, impatient with

his own charges, proceeded to do what he meant to do in the first place.

An American magazine of national circulation, in an article that purported to give facts on German espionage in Czechoslovakia, told how, in the days before the Munich Pact, a Gestapo chief, in assigning one of his agents for work in Czechoslovakia, handed him a small carton containing that quickest of deadly poisons, cyanide. "If you find yourself in an utterly hopeless situation, swallow this," the Gestapo chief said. The story is about as credible as the wolf would have been in the Aesop fable, had he, too, provided himself with cyanide lest the lambkin become dangerous.

In the municipal elections of May 23, 1938, the outcome of which was watched by the whole world for the likelihood that its results would cause Hitler to start a military march into Czechoslovakia and with it explode a world war, Sudeten Nazis distributed illegal leaflets intimidating voters with the words, "The hour is at hand! You have only one more chance to join the Henlein party."

And the warning was backed with news that on the other side of the Czech border 200,000 German troops were being mobilized.

What followed from then on to the Munich Pact in October is history too recent to retell.

Now with Austria and Czechoslovakia as the jaws of a German nutcracker, Hungary seems next on the bill of fare. Hungary has long been fertile soil for fascism, with a sadism such as I have seldom found anywhere else. I saw it in Budapest in 1921-22. On the very day the head of its government was telling some of us reporters how well Hungary deserved of the world, the body of a Socialist

editor was recovered from the Danube. The editor had been mild in his socialism, but the White Terror was on, and when his body was examined it was found that every major bone was broken, there were twenty-four deep stab wounds, and piano wire had almost decapitated him. Squads of Hungarian army officers were rounding up men and women suspected of being Socialists or Communists and executing them without even the pretense of a hearing. Posters in shopwindows read: "Kill the Jews!" On the Day of Atonement, when a small synagogue was crammed with worshipers, a band of Hungarians threw hand grenades through the windows and killed twenty-two men and women and children, wounding many others. Several smothered in the panic.

It was no wonder that when Hitler set out to make "the same law and the same system of law" prevail throughout the world he found response in Hungary. Not one but several "legal" Nazi parties sprang up to work for him. This so alarmed the heads of the government that the symbol these parties adopted, Hitler's swastika, was banned as illegal.

How effective the prohibition proved may be judged by what two of the leading Hungarian Nazi formations then did about it. One of the most powerful was the Scythe Cross Party, so called because its emblem was four scythes crossed as a swastika. Another was the Arrow Cross movement, led by Count Alexander Festetics, with an emblem of four half-arrows combined into a swastika.

The Scythe Cross Party emphasized anti-Semitism and land reform. Hitler ordered a push at the structure of Hungary to see how much it would require to topple it over. "Peasant brigades" of the Scythe Cross Party, obeying, staged an armed *putsch* in the lowlands of Hungary.

Their plans were discovered in time. The government struck savagely and whole "peasant brigades" were obliterated.

At the time this is written the Arrow Cross Party is one of the strongest in Hungary. It follows Hitler's blueprint. Contact with Berlin is direct. Orders from Berlin are carried out in Hungary with the precision of military orders.

Another Nazi party is the National Will movement, which also combines land reform with anti-Semitism. It is led by Major Francis Szalasi. He is, like Henlein, a typical foreign Führer, hand-picked by Hitler. Big of frame, showy and brutal, he is a rabble-rouser, crude in argument but generous with promises. It is enough, however, for the land-hungry, starving Hungarian peasants that he points to a map and shows each peasant exactly where his acres will be when the rich lands of Czechoslovakia are seized by Hungary and divided. Szalasi, incidentally, and his chief of staff are graduates from a German school for Nazi torpedoes, and both draw wages from the exchequer of the Third Reich. In March, 1937, Szalasi, too, tried a *putsch*, but it was suppressed by the government.

In the fall of that year Hitler ordered his parties in Hungary to unite in a so-called National Front. Seven did so. Francis Ragniss headed it and declared that Hungary must be on the side of Germany and Italy. By then the Hungarian government was so frightened that even its dictator, Admiral Horthy, who declared that Hungary does not need "a foreign Messiah," nevertheless accepted that Messiah's invitation to visit Germany and line up with it.

The Admiral was wined and dined. At the time this is being written, Hungary has signed up with Germany, Italy, and Japan in the "anti-Communist" alliance. In return, Hungary was given a slice of Czechoslovakia by Hitler.

This makes the march of Hitler's army of spies smooth going across Hungary to that next and highly interesting battleground, Rumania, the land that "swims with oil and is shaggy with timber and grain." It is also the last stretch of a broad highway to the great "breadbasket" of Soviet Russia, the Ukraine.

 HITLER MEETS A TARTAR, FEMALE

NO CHAPTER in current history furnishes such romantic theater as does the story of Rumania. Yet this chapter, to me most interesting for content, is also the hardest to finish, for the excellent reason that last week's newspapers dictated one ending, this morning's news another, and by the time the reader sees this, history will have written a third; but it will not be an ending even then. For nowhere so much as in Rumania are events in such a state of unstable equilibrium, and so fraught with danger for the rest of the world.

Superficially regarded, the recent history of Rumania seems to give the lie to the point of view that economic forces shape history more than do individuals. The fact is that for the time being what happens in Rumania seems to depend to an incredible degree upon the outcome of a murderous struggle between Adolf Hitler and a woman, a Jewess, the red-haired Rumanian, Magda Lupescu.

What makes individuals in this story so important is that Rumania is in the middle not only of one tug of war but of several. At one end is Soviet Russia, at the other Nazi Germany. Again, Nazi Germany is pulling against France and England, with Fascist Italy likely to throw in its weight—on which side? For it will be remembered how in the World War Mussolini was among those who made

Italy switch against Germany. Within Rumania itself there are several tugs of war in addition. In all of them the forces are so evenly pitted that even an individual of average power but situated at the crux of them all could affect the balance. And neither Hitler nor Magda Lupescu is an average individual.

Spies play extraordinarily varied roles in Rumania's story: Hitler's spies and the spies of Magda Lupescu's own private army of secret service, spies in the old tradition and spies in the new mode. But their stories must be told through the characters that employ them, a cast of characters and a series of acts that remind one of the theater, but good theater.

Marie, granddaughter both of Queen Victoria of England and of a Czar of Russia, ruled Rumania with her husband, King Ferdinand, from the outbreak of the World War till 1927, when the King died. The oldest of her six children was Carol. To understand him, since he plays a principal role in this story, one must understand his mother. In her prime she was a woman of breathless beauty and a character that delighted equally readers of romantic fiction and those of scandal sheets. I got a glimpse of that character in the course of a curious assignment; I was her "ghost" in writing—of all things—a scenario to be produced by an American motion-picture corporation. I found her by turns gracious and grasping, imperial and surprisingly self-deprecating, shrewd at times as a market woman, amazingly unrealistic at other times, victim of her own romantic reading of what a queen should feel.

Young Carol, whose round face will never outgrow a childlike softness of features, was not strong enough to have a character wholly his own but was enough like his

mother to be willful. He would not do as she ordered and did do things just because she was opposed to them.

In 1918 as a young man he had an affair with Mademoiselle Zizi Lambrino, a commoner. His mother tried to break up the amour, so Carol married Zizi, and had a son by her. The Rumanian Supreme Court annulled the marriage, whereupon Carol abdicated as Crown Prince. But he tired of Lambrino, and the World War made it easy for official Rumania to forget both marriage and abdication. Carol then married Princess Helene, daughter of the King of Greece. She bore him a son, Michael, who got his extraordinary good looks from his grandmother. Carol seemed about to settle down.

Then in 1923 he went to hunt and gamble in Sinaia, Rumania's capital of pleasure. Here he met a gorgeous red-haired, white-skinned, dark-eyed Jewess, Magda Lupescu, daughter of a druggist. She was married to an army officer, but when Carol showed interest in her a divorce was quietly effected. In Rumania it is almost a convention for a crown prince to have one mistress or more, but the country soon found that Lupescu was no conventional mistress. She was self-effacing but nobody else could efface her. She worked for Carol's good, but she saw to it that it was she who did it. She succeeded because Carol saw that she was brains and backbone to him, sincerely his good mentor.

Jon Bratianu, dictator of Rumania no matter who was on the throne, lectured the Crown Prince about his mistress. Carol told Bratianu that when he became King he would wipe him out, and his clique. Bratianu arranged to have Carol sent to London as Rumania's representative at the funeral of Queen Alexandra. Carol went there, then

met Lupescu in Italy for a pleasure trip. Bratianu prevailed on the King and Queen to order Carol's immediate return to Rumania, without his mistress. Carol refused to return. It was what Bratianu wanted, and he got the Crown Counsel to declare that Carol had thereby forfeited his right to the throne.

The King died and six-year-old Michael, son of Carol and Princess Helene, became king. Carol stayed five years in exile, Lupescu at his side. Then Jon Bratianu died. His place of power was taken by Juliu Maniu, leader of a powerful peasant party. Maniu wanted Carol back as King and arranged a *coup d'état*. Carol flew back to Bucharest in a private plane. His son was unseated, and Carol assumed the throne. Maniu planned to have the legitimate Queen be the King's consort. Lupescu was expected to stay not only out of his life, but out of Rumania.

The result was that Carol divorced and exiled Helene, and Magda Lupescu came back to Bucharest. She lived quietly in a two-story brick villa on the outskirts of the city. Few people saw Lupescu and Carol together, but everybody knew who was the real power in the royal palace.

Meanwhile a young man from Poland was making a career for himself in Rumania as a demagogue. Born Zelinski, he gave himself a Rumanian name, Corneliu Codreanu. He was tall, white-faced, with burning black eyes and a fanatic's hard mouth; vicious and volcanic in temper, with a flair for the theatric gesture. Without any means of making a legitimate livelihood, and greedy for power, he looked about for a platform on which to build a following. He found it in anti-Semitism. He and his band of hoodlums harassed the Jews of Jassy. The mayor of the city summoned Codreanu and ordered him to stop it. Codreanu

took out a revolver and shot him dead. Incredibly enough, Codreanu was not made to pay for his crime, and his stock soared. Then he attracted the attention of Adolf Hitler. One day Codreanu and his gang were empty of pocket and living on the earnings of low-priced prostitutes. Overnight leader and followers became affluent and flamboyant in uniforms, the principal item of which was a green shirt. The Iron Guard or Green Shirt party was thus born, with a Nazi program.

With Magda Lupescu powerful behind the throne it was inevitable that Codreanu should select her as his chief target. He rode about the country on a white horse, a crucifix in one hand, a pistol in the other. He and his followers wore a blue swastika on a yellow field embroidered on their green shirts. Around their necks, suspended by string, hung little bags of "the sacred soil of Rumania." They swore by the crucifix, their revolvers, and "the sacred soil of Rumania" that the Jewess Lupescu must leave the country.

King Carol had remained silent in the face of the clamor against his Magda. There came a limit, however, to his fear of the Iron Guard. He had Premier Jon Duca declare the Green Shirts an illegal organization. Duca so declared it. The Iron Guard replied that he had thereby signed his own death warrant.

Ten days later Premier Duca was at the railroad station in Sinaia. He was awaiting the arrival of a distinguished visitor from abroad and stood in the center of a hollow square of ceremonial guard. Suddenly through one side of the square three young men broke in and, marching abreast and in step, came up to the Premier. The big crowd gasped. The three men—Nicolai Constantinescu, Ion Caranica, and Doru Belimace—all wore the banned Green Shirts,



and all took out revolvers. Before anyone could stop them Constantinescu, leveling his weapon at the chest of Premier Duca, fired again and again. Caranica and Belimace held their weapons ready if Constantinescu should miss. There was no necessity, as it proved, for the precaution. Premier Duca was shot through the head and the heart.

The assassins offered no resistance to arrest. Indeed, they had been so trained in theater by Codreanu that they were obviously enjoying the center of that well-set stage. It isn't everyone who can with impunity shoot down the premier of a country and see a big audience gasp at the spectacle. And the killers showed in their bearing that behind them was Hitler, a man who was making the whole world worry with his increase of power.

Codreanu was arrested with the three assassins, as their instigator. None of them worried, and for a time it looked as though their carefree feeling was justified. Not only was there no death penalty on Rumania's statute books but, even if these men were convicted, what prison sentences they should get would end the moment Adolf Hitler prevailed in Rumania.

Codreanu was sentenced to six months in prison. The others were given longer terms. The Iron Guard following grew enormously, excited by the theater of their leaders and "martyrs" in prison. A song of triumph was composed, "The Ballad of Nicado," a word made up of the first syllables in the names of Duca's killers. It became the anthem for the Iron Guard movement, much as the Horst Wessel song is that of German Nazis. There is the further fact that just as Horst Wessel was a common procurer for street women, so the three assassins of Jon Duca were also known procurers.

Inflamed by triumph and "The Ballad of Nicado," the

Iron Guard issued an ultimatum to King Carol, demanding that his Jewish mistress leave the country within twenty-four hours. The time limit was a concession to the King; her life would be spared that long but not longer, if she remained in Rumania.

Magda had been quietly occupied in building a widespread secret service, the cost of which did not appear as such in the government's bookkeeping. Her spies were everywhere, in hotels, government offices, as domestics for Rumanian notables. Many notables themselves were in her service. Many of her secret service wore green shirts.

In Rumania as elsewhere bribery is a potent kind of diplomacy. Magda Lupescu bribed Mihail Stelescu, Codreanu's chief lieutenant, to take Codreanu's place in the Iron Guard, and furnished him with funds. Stelescu was succeeding, then illness sent him to the hospital. He was operated on and was convalescing, but the hospital staff was watching for a possible relapse.

Into the hospital one morning came a squad of Green Shirts, keeping military step. They were Ion Carpanasa, Joseph Bozantan, Stefan Curca, Ion Pele, Ion State, Ion Atanascu, Gavriilo Bogda, Vlada Radu, Stefan Jorgescu, and Ion Trandafir. Their entrance was so sudden that there were only unarmed hospital orderlies on hand, and they did not try to stop ten Green Shirts, keeping in step, with revolvers out. They marched into the room where Stelescu was recovering from his operation, and operated on him themselves. There was no recovery for Stelescu this time. The assassins were arrested. They marched into prison, always in military step, chanting "The Ballad of Nicado."

Before the time limit set by the Iron Guard for Lupescu to leave Rumania had elapsed, she sent a message to their

headquarters. She had been informed, she said, of plans to kill her if she did not flee. The message advised the recipients that she would appear alone at the headquarters of the Iron Guard at ten-thirty at night, two days after the time limit given her.

She arrived at the time and place she designated. A score of the Iron Guard glowered at her. She went up to their leader, "Curls" Vilescu, a wholesaler in street women, and slapped his face right and left. He was no child, but he must have felt like weeping. For when he got Lupescu's message he asked his superiors for instructions. They telephoned Berlin. Berlin replied, and a picked squad of the Iron Guard did not so much as utter a word to the flaming female who was slapping their leader's face. For once the torpedoes of Adolf Hitler dared not explode.

Hitler was not ready for a showdown with King Carol. Allied as Rumania was by treaty and mutual interest to Soviet Russia, Nazi Germany was not yet in position to strike at the woman who would have struck back, through the King she ruled and through what was still a possibly working alliance of Soviet Russia, England, France, Poland, and several other states.

Lupescu saw the bruises of her slaps color Vilescu's white face. Then she turned and left, her very strides expressing contempt and fury.

Nicolas Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Minister, was the only man who dared fight Lupescu to the extent that he did. That he could dare oppose her at all was due to the fact that he also opposed Hitler's hirelings, the Iron Guard. But he was as anti-Semite and anti-Lupescu as the Iron Guard. Lupescu used this double-edged weapon. She had Carol send Titulescu abroad on important missions.

At this point Berlin saw a chance to eliminate an oppo-

nent of its Rumanian torpedoes. One of Colonel Nicolai's departments consists of a staff of specialists in the invention and manufacture of documents that purport to prove this and that. While Titulescu was in France, negotiating for Rumania, Colonel Nicolai's experts produced fairly convincing "evidence" that the Foreign Minister was really plotting against King Carol. The "proof" went not to King Carol, but seemingly through carelessness fell into the hands of Lupescu's secret service. She examined the documents and decided they were forgeries. But she laid them before King Carol without comment. The result was a telegram to Titulescu in Paris, notifying him that he was no longer a member of the royal cabinet. For once Lupescu cooperated with Hitler.

But seeing that, for the time, Hitler did not mean to return her slap in the face she went further. The charge against Codreanu and his associates was changed to high treason, the sentence lengthened to ten years in prison.

The Iron Guard raged, and bombs blew up big buildings, much as the Cagoulards' exploded their bombs in Paris. Carol ordered raids. One thousand of the Iron Guard were sent to join their leaders in jail. Hitler's torpedoes, German and Rumanian, responded with increased violence. For Germany's Führer was winning victories north, east, south, and west. So confident was Codreanu that he would be released soon and in the saddle that he announced to the world: "The day I am free—any day now—I will conclude treaties of alliance with Germany, Italy, and Japan."

Prison seemed not to have tamed or taught him anything about Magda Lupescu. On November 30, 1938, he, the three assassins of Premier Duca, and the ten who killed Mihail Stelescu on his hospital bed were led out of their

prison in Rimenescul Sarat and crowded into two canvas-topped military trucks with many guards. They were told they were being transferred to the military prison at Jihlava, near Bucharest.

What happened on the way must be told as the government reported it, for to date no other version has been made public. The official account has it that the soldiers guarding the prisoners were ordered to take sternest measure should any attempt be made at escape or rescue of the prisoners.

Twenty-five miles outside of Bucharest, where the road from that city to Polesti is in deep forest, according to the official report, gunfire broke out from the woods. The convoy halted, and the guards returned fire. At that moment, according to the guards, the prisoners leaped from the truck and dashed for the cover of the woods. The guards pivoted their machine guns and fired at the fleeing men.

All fourteen prisoners were killed. Their bodies were thrown into the military trucks, which drove through the heart of the sleeping capital of Rumania and out to Jihlava, nine miles on the other side. Here is a ring of waste ground, occupied by an obsolete fortress. The government had forbidden civilians to set foot there. Somewhere inside this ring fourteen holes in the ground were hastily dug, and Codreanu, Premier Duca's three assassins, and the ten who killed Stelescu were buried and the ground leveled so that not a grave shows.

The country was stunned. For twenty-four hours even the press of Germany was silent. Then it broke out. *Angriff*, the mouthpiece of Herr Goebbels, focused its fire not so much at King Carol as at Magda Lupescu. Its front page featured her photograph, and the attack was a modernized

version of the story of King Ahasuerus, from the Book of Esther. It concluded with:

"History recalls that with the death of Haman and the atrocious strangulation of his regeneration movement the end of the kingdom began. The king was murdered by his bodyguard; rebellion flamed up in the provinces and the subjugated nationalities broke away. Then the rest of the national body, oppressed, infected, and poisoned by Jews, broke asunder under the impact of the young and racially pure people."

The whole German press was so savage that the Rumanian Legation in Berlin filed a protest. It brought forth no apology. The rest of the world held its breath and thought Hitler was sure to strike at Rumania this time.

But King Carol issued an order to the gendarmerie throughout the country.

"From the date of this order, energetic measures shall be taken instantly against persons guilty of any kind of violence. Political terrorists may be attacked without the necessity of complying with the usual regulations for warning and for shooting."

And another series of raids by Rumanian police uncovered stores of armament in flower shops, ancient castles, subcellars of churches, and in garages that turned out to be fortresses of reinforced concrete and steel. Reminiscent of the stores of armament cached by the Cagoulards were German arms and Italian ammunition, especially tolite and hexogene, which will be remembered as figuring in the Cagoulard conspiracy.

Then on January 25, 1939, Rumanian police uncovered a plot to destroy public buildings by a new device, flame-throwers developed specially for use in cities. The program

of destruction included waterworks, electric-light plants, gas tanks, post offices, radio stations, and an American-owned telephone building. In the possession of the twenty-five arrested were twenty-one of these new flame-throwers. One of those arrested was Dimitrescu Nicolai, of the chemical section of the Rumanian army. He was reported by the police as having hanged himself with his belt in the antechamber of the military court where he was being questioned. Leading personalities of the Iron Guard, including Codreanu's successor, Jon Victor Vogen, fled Rumania.

So that when this is written, in April, 1939, the Iron Guard is on the run. And Magda Lupescu is still in Bucharest.

10

 THE BEAR AND THE WOLVES

IN THE savage struggle for survival among nations, Soviet Russia wants nothing better than to be let assimilate what it has, while Germany on one flank and Japan on the other are famished have-nots. It makes for a wolfish situation. What renders the simile the more valid is that both Germany and Japan have strong herd or pack sense. Furthermore, famished for raw materials, they have joined packs with Italy, a third have-not. But whereas Italy hunts chiefly around the Mediterranean and south, Germany and Japan are both ravenous for Soviet Russia. One must be reminded of this for a picture of the spy situation in that land.

It is the one land where Hitler has had to change drastically his pattern of preliminary conquest by secret service. For the first time he cannot use a "legal" army to supplement his army of termites and torpedoes. Such a "legal" army, no matter under what guise, would receive short shrift in Russia. But in its place Hitler's secret service in Soviet Russia has three classes of allies. One is the secret service of Japan. The others are Russian. These are of two categories, and are best described by a specific illustration of the work of each.

Katherine Melikov was born to barbaric luxury in eastern Siberia, where her father owned and operated mines.

Her mother died in childbirth, and the girl was brought up in the temper of her father and three brothers, who devoured wealth but got more of it by working their workers as heedlessly as they rode their horses, without a thought of aftermath. Winters Katherine spent at the court of the Czar, where she was spoiled with much adulation because she was pretty as well as rich.

The men of her family had animal tempers when any possession or prestige of theirs was threatened. Katherine's was no milder; but where the men bared their teeth and struck, she would smile and bide her time. Then in 1919, while she was in eastern Siberia, revolution swept over Russia, and the Melikovs found themselves not only as poor as their workers, but for once the underdogs. The Melikov men died fighting. Katherine, a girl of seventeen, escaped to Harbin, in Manchuria.

She took stock of her reasonably good looks, shapeliness, a passable singing voice, and spirit. In her pleasant past she had been the life of any party. Now she got a job as dancer and entertainer in a Harbin café. She earned barely enough to live on, and the only glamour life left her was a dream of revenge and restoration of the ancient order. In this, of course, she was one with the many hundred thousands of the old regime who, in and out of Soviet Russia, work and pray for its downfall.

Colonel Kenji Doihara, who is to Japan what Colonel Walther Nicolai is to the secret service of Germany, prowling incognito in Harbin, studied Katherine. He made her acquaintance, then enlisted her in his service. He told her what many a Russian White tells himself, that it is patriotism to work with Japan and Germany for the downfall of the Soviet Government. Japan has spy schools almost as good as those of Nazi Germany; indeed, there is a system

of "exchange professorships" between the two countries; but Colonel Doihara trained Katherine himself. Then he cast about for a husband for her.

An ardent young Communist, section superintendent on the Far Eastern Railroad, met her and fell in love. Colonel Doihara, in the background, approved. The young man seemed destined to go far in his career, and Katherine as his wife would go along. What made the marriage easy to arrange was that the young woman was as much infatuated with the young railroad man as he with her. Of course this introduced an element of gamble for Colonel Doihara, but he promoted the marriage.

The husband succeeded only too well for Colonel Doihara's purposes, for he was soon transferred to Moscow, to the Commissariat in charge of railroads, whereas Colonel Doihara, interested chiefly in eastern Siberia, wished the young man would work up in power there. The transfer was all the more a setback for Doihara in that Katherine was not allowed to accompany her husband to Moscow. The department that looks into the antecedents of those entrusted with important affairs in Soviet Russia found too much in Katherine's past to make her eligible for Soviet citizenship. Her husband vowed to work for her vindication and their reunion in Moscow, then left to take his new post.

Colonel Doihara took Katherine to Tokio, where she was taken in hand by practitioners in the art of changing women's looks. The Colonel respected Soviet Russia's G P U too much to disregard the danger that resided in the rejection of Katherine for Soviet citizenship, should she be recognized in Moscow; for it was there, after all, that the Colonel now planned to send her. When those who worked on her appearance got through with her, her blondeness

had turned brunette, her imperious looks were altered, and after coaching by Colonel Doihara she was so changed that even her husband was not likely to recognize her.

Supplied with a convincing passport as a Soviet citizen, and a record of proletarian origin and revolutionary activity, she got to Moscow. She found work in a lamp factory, and her industriousness won her promotion. It was not surprising, for she was animated by a powerful drive. She became a "shock brigader," then a member of the Communist Party, and climbed high in official circles.

One of her principal concerns was to avoid meeting her husband. In this she had assistance, Germans and Japanese whose assignment it was to keep close watch on him for several reasons. But one evening, at a gay *vecherinka* at the home of an engineer, she raised her eyes, and across the room saw her husband enter. She turned back to chat with her friends, made a glib excuse, and left.

Next morning she took advantage of a rest day and went to an agricultural station not far from Moscow. Here she sought out its bookkeeper, Nicolai Petrovich, a colorless, sad-looking individual. They went for a walk in the woods. Katherine told him what had happened the night before, and the two discussed its possibilities. Did her husband see her? If so, did he recognize her? The fact that he had not come over was no indication. For Katherine knew there was the same duality in him as in her, a power of personal attachment and a social passion, and if the two should clash he was as capable as she of sacrificing the one on the altar of the other. Also he was quite as capable of trickery as she. If he recognized her the night before and she did not seek him out, he might conclude that she was in Moscow out of no love for him. If he did not come over to her

at the party, therefore, it might mean either that her disguise was successful, or that he wanted her to think so.

Nicolai Petrovich was trained in the kind of problem Katherine had brought to him. Although his official record showed unbroken residence in Russia, he had spent several years in Colonel Walther Nicolai's schools in Nürnberg, Dessau, and Berlin. Now he was one of the five liaison officers who linked the German secret service in Russia with that of the Japanese. Finally he said to Katherine, "What makes this business of your husband troublesome is that he is uneasy in his mind, suspicious. There have been a great number of railroad wrecks of late and he is trying to trace the cause. Perhaps you had better not be seen in Moscow for the present."

Katherine left Moscow, giving as excuse a need of rest. Not long after that there was still another railroad wreck, and among its victims was Katherine's husband, who was killed. Petrovich told Katherine to return to Moscow. She asked, "Then you think there is no more danger as far as my husband is concerned?"

"There is always need for vigilance."

Katherine knew that the seemingly banal reply was an understatement. The question, did her husband recognize her at the *vecherinka*, was still dangerously unresolved. There remained the possibility that, having seen her and speculated on her appearance, he may not have kept his speculations to himself.

But if she was under suspicion she found no indication of it when she got back to Moscow. Her friends welcomed her and her standing in government circles seemed improved. Always working under instructions she steered her careering into military circles, until she became secretary

of personnel in one of the important army bureaus in Moscow. Her position enabled her to forward the careers of scores of indicated individuals. In three years she succeeded in placing protégés in many a post of importance in the administrative as well as field services of Russia's military establishment.

Life had a deep, hidden excitement for her ego. She, a woman, was inflicting damage on the enemy against which the men of her family had fought without avail and at the cost of their lives. What helped to contrast the more sharply her success as against their failure was that she was winning precisely where the men of her family had fallen, on the military front.

One day a garrulous colleague opened the door of her office and called, "Come on, Natasha, a meeting in the conference room." Katherine followed him. She paid no attention to his ceaseless talk, for meetings in the conference room were no novelty, nor was the man's chatter. But the moment they entered the room she was startled by his sudden lapse into silence, a change in his very character. There were two other men in the room, strangers. One had her hat and coat. She saw there would be no conference for her in that room.

She was taken to G P U headquarters. There she was confronted with Nicolai Petrovich, who looked sadder than ever but no longer colorless. He and Katherine insisted they did not know each other. Then they learned that Katherine had been under the observation of Soviet counterespionage agents since the night she saw her husband at the *vecherinka*. They had been furthering her career, playing out rope, until it made a net which snared her, Nicolai Petrovich, and ninety-four other White Russians.

They were given ample facilities to study the case against them. The evidence was so complete that they saw they had nothing to lose by confessing and perhaps could gain some moderation of their fate, although no promise was made. Katherine confessed, counting on that and on her charms to save her. When she learned that she, Petrovich, and other leaders of the spy ring were sentenced to be shot, she repudiated her confession, a last gesture of feud by one whom a social revolution had disinherited.

Although the German and the Japanese secret services work hand in hand with their Russian allies throughout the whole of the Soviet Union, the Japanese, as we have seen, concentrate on eastern Siberia, while the Germans are more interested in European Russia. In the main the Japanese use those Russians who, like Katherine Melikov, hate the revolution.

The Germans work largely with that other category, Russians who helped make the revolution and have been rewarded with places of power. A typical instance had its setting in that great coal field of the Soviet Union, the Kuzbas Basin. The Coal Mine Construction Trust, a department of the Commissariat of Heavy Industry, was at work there, with Alexei Shestov in charge of the sinking, building, and maintenance of new shafts. He was a graduate of the Moscow Mining Academy, had an impressive record as a Communist, and worked up fast as a mining engineer. In 1933 Vassily Boyarshimov, an engineer subordinate of Shestov, came to his chief with a troubled mind.

"I don't know whose fault it is, Comrade Shestov," he said, "but there is something wrong going on in the Kemerovo Collieries." He reported, among other things, that the installation of the ventilating systems in the mines

was shockingly behind schedule, and that miners in the galleries suffered. He offered to prove either criminal incompetence or deliberate efforts to wreck production.

Shestov listened gravely. "I shall certainly look into this," he said. "If it is incompetence, those responsible will certainly hear from me. If it is sabotage, the guilty will not hear from me but from the G P U. Meanwhile I need not tell you to keep your eyes open without letting too many people know what you are doing."

Three days later Boyarshimov was driving in a small buggy on a road leading to Prokopyevsky. From behind came an automobile at high speed. The road at that point is more than wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other. But the car smashed into the buggy, and sped on furiously. Hours later Boyarshimov was found dead in the ditch where he had been catapulted. The car and its driver were not traced until long afterward.

Boyarshimov's report to Shestov of incompetence or sabotage seemed to be buried with him.

In the following spring some children of Kemerovo miners were playing they were grown up and at work. Some were wielding discarded pickaxes, others carted away the "coal" their playmates had dug. Suddenly an explosion rocked the region. When elders came running to the spot they saw a smoking crater where the youngsters had been playing. Ten were dead, twelve mangled. Those unhurt were too hysterical to give a coherent account of what had happened. But an investigation indicated that the pickax of a child at play had exploded about half a ton of dynamite.

How did it come to be buried there? No one seemed to know.

About this time the workers in the Central Mine of the Kemerovo Colliery were experiencing what appeared to be a run of increasingly bad luck. On December 27, 1935, several miners in one of the galleries turned sick and had to stop work. They complained of seepage of gas in the mine.

The engineer in charge of ventilation, Maxim Lashchenko, took the complaint as a personal affront. "You fellows turn sick as easily as women," he said. "My diagnosis is that your sickness is simply laziness." But the mine doctor told him that the two workers showed symptoms of carbon-monoxide poisoning.

"Is their condition serious?" Lashchenko asked.

"No," the doctor admitted.

"Well," Lashchenko shrugged his shoulders, "if a whiff of gas bobs up now and then, what do you expect? Coal mines are not boudoirs."

"If the ventilating were adequate," the doctor replied, "there wouldn't be enough gas to make miners sick. Someday more than just a whiff of it will bob up!"

"Shoemaker, stick to your trade!" Lashchenko retorted.

The doctor's foreboding came true the next day. Two miners, Ivan Pichugin and Gregor Porshnev, were overcome by gas in one of the galleries of the Central Mine and had to be carried out. By the time the doctor came they were dead.

Their funeral was followed by thousands of miners. After the coffins were lowered and the ceremonies were over, a score of miners remained in the cemetery. A mood more grim than mere mourning held them there. They were conferring in low tones, posing a pointed question. Did their comrades die of an unavoidable occupational haz-



ard? A committee was formed and a course of action decided upon that should resolve the dark doubts in the minds of many of the miners.

Two of the committee went to see Lashchenko. "Our comrades died in that gallery," they said to him. "Do you expect us to return to work there?"

"A predecessor of mine died of heart failure in this room, but you see me here, don't you?" he retorted.

"Then the gallery is safe to work in?"

"As safe as this office," Lashchenko replied.

"Well, the miners down there won't take our word for it. You will have to come down and assure them yourself."

It was an issue Lashchenko could not evade. He went down into the gallery where the two miners had been asphyxiated. He made what appeared to be a thorough investigation. "I find nothing wrong here," he said to the miners who were looking on.

A shot-firer, Boris Byelogolovy, a seemingly simple fellow, asked, "Then it is all right to blast?"

Lashchenko looked at his wrist watch. "Work's over for the day. You can do it tomorrow."

"Oh, no," Byelogolovy said cheerfully, "we've got a reputation for laziness to live down. A little overtime won't hurt us. *There she goes!*" he yelled.

With a sudden movement he went through the motions of firing the charge. The same moment found the engineer taking to his heels. He had run some distance before he realized that there was only silence in the gallery. The shot had not been fired. Not a miner uttered a word.

Lashchenko returned to the group he had left so hastily. The atmosphere was heavy with the unspoken. The engineer began to bluster. "What made you yell as if the top

of the mine would blow off!" he demanded of the shot-firer.

The miner apologized. "I didn't mean to yell. I guess the funeral upset me a little."

"You'd make a fine soldier in time of war!" Lashchenko growled as he strode off.

The situation in and about the colliery took on increasing tension in the next few months until some sort of explosion seemed inevitable. It came on September 23, 1936. On that day the miners were to begin a week of application of the methods developed by Stakhanov, the miner, whereby output was to be greatly increased. Among the foremost exponents of Stakhanovism in the Central Mine were Vladimir Maximenko, Ivan Vdovin, and Sergei Nemychin. Precisely on the first day of Stakhanov Week so much gas had gathered in the Central Mine that when a shot-firer set off his charge a great shudder ran through the mine and whole galleries collapsed. When rescue squads finally got to the core of the catastrophe they found ten miners dead and fourteen severely injured. Among the dead were the three Stakhanov leaders.

Lashchenko, the engineer, heard and saw the gathering of another kind of explosion. He could time its coming by the tramp of miners' boots, as a solid phalanx mounted the stairs and reached the door of his office. It opened, miners hemmed him in and the corridors were even more packed than his office. A glance out of the window showed the building surrounded. There was no spokesman. There was no need of any. The grim and begrimed faces of the miners, the bloodshot eyes of many who had been digging day and night, not for coal but for bodies of their comrades, spoke.

Lashchenko answered without a word. He reached for a

sheaf of correspondence he had already taken out of an office file. Silently he handed it to the miners. Silently they read it. Their brows knit with effort to understand technical terms, but finally they did understand the correspondence. Its meaning was as unmistakable as was the genuineness of the documents of which it consisted.

They learned that even before the complaints of the miners of gas in their galleries, Lashchenko had complained to his superiors, to Moscow itself, of the same danger, and demanded machinery for proper ventilation of the mines. The government made repeated promises to send the needed motors. As the miners took in the meaning of what they read, their comrades watching them saw bewilderment, then despair in their faces. Lashchenko's face expressed not fear but the bitter triumph of a wronged man to whom overdue justice has come.

He burst out, "Now do you understand why I ran when Byelogolovy was about to set off the blast? Do you see now why I had to stand your complaints, your suspicions of me as a coward, a soulless murderer of workers? I had a sweet choice. I could take the blame for it all, or I had to show that it was our leaders, Moscow itself, who were negligent."

The miners, too, had a bitter choice. They must either range themselves on the side of their dead comrades and accuse their government, as they had come there to accuse Lashchenko, or they could take their government's neglect to safeguard their lives in the same way as they had taken war, revolution, famine, and all the other calls on them to endure the coming of a new social order, *their* order.

The miners filed out of Lashchenko's office, and what had been a confidential correspondence became the topic of troubled, then passionate discussion in thousands of

workers' homes. It set up a mounting tide of indecision, worry, and, with many a miner family, fury.

In the mind of one worker, Peter Grabov, the debate that agitated his comrades prompted a searching of his memory. Hidden in it was something that asked to be restored to consciousness that it might shed light on the questions so many of the miners were voicing. Paradoxically enough, Grabov was not himself a miner but a watchman at the colliery warehouse, where all sorts of supplies arrived and were stored, among them machine parts in wooden cases. They were usually unpacked and removed when he was off duty. Now he found himself remembering a shipment of such crates that had come to the warehouse many months before, and so far as he knew they had never been unpacked. He could not be sure, because the keys to that particular part of the warehouse were kept by Engineer Lashchenko.

The vague recollection of these cases kept nagging at Grabov, until he confided to a few cronies. He had a theory which he offered with no great conviction. His comrades thought it was worth looking into. One night when Grabov was on duty and the rest of the mining community was asleep, the watchman and two machinists went to the warehouse and quietly broke the lock to which only Engineer Lashchenko had the key. By the flare of their matches the men saw a dozen large crates unopened, the dust of months encrusting them.

The machinists pried the crates open. They examined the large electric motors they contained. The men looked at the dust layers on the packing cases, then at each other. These ventilation motors had arrived months ago and could have been long installed. Carefully the men restored the lock on the warehouse.

Several days later Engineer Lashchenko was mysteriously missing. Not long after that the highly placed Alexei Shestov, Lashchenko's superior and the man to whom Engineer Boyarshimov complained of negligence or sabotage in the Kuzbas mines, also disappeared.

Then the G P U announced that Lashchenko and Shestov were arrested for "wrecking and diversionist activities." Along with them were arrested such notables as their chief, Yuri Leonidovich Pyatakov, Vice-Commissar of Heavy Industry for the Soviet Union. In this commissariat is concentrated all that pertains to the production of chemicals, coal, iron, steel, oil, automobiles, and railroad-car building.

On January 23, 1937, the trial of these men began before the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U. S. S. R. sitting in Moscow. Among the other defendants were Karl Radek, Soviet Russia's foremost journalist, G. Y. Sokolnikov, formerly Soviet Russia's Ambassador to Great Britain and later Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs, and L. P. Serebrykov, Vice-Commissar of Railroads. The seventeen men on trial were accused of "treason against the country, espionage, acts of diversion, wrecking activities, and the preparation of terrorist acts." It was one of the series of similar trials that have shaken not only Soviet Russia but are having world-wide repercussion on a historic scale.

As in the other trials the defendants confessed their guilt in full. Stenographic reports of these trials make bulky tomes, much of which bear only indirectly on our story. But Shestov's confession related to his work with German "torpedoes" on a vast scale in Soviet Russia. His testimony included a plan "to disrupt mine work and thereby deal a crushing blow not only to collieries and

iron mines but to the iron and steel industries. . . . Finally, to sabotage shock-brigade work and the Stakhanov movement, and in general to arouse widespread popular discontent."

Shestov's confession also cleared up mysteries of catastrophe in the Kemerovo Collieries. Shestov had ordered the murder of Engineer Boyarshimov to silence his reports of sabotage. The dynamite which the miners' children at play set off had been secreted for use in blowing up newly constructed mine heads. It was on Shestov's orders that the motors sent by the government for the ventilation of the Kemerovo Collieries were left to gather dust in the warehouse to which only Lashchenko had the key.

There was aptness of phrase in some of Shestov's instructions to his subordinates. "You are to worry the life out of the miners. . . . Make the mine a powder magazine." And a grisly kind of bookkeeping was revealed in a colloquy between Shestov on the stand and the State Prosecutor Vyshinsky.

Vyshinsky: "What about the robberies you committed?"

Shestov: "The Anzherka Bank was robbed with my participation at my instructions."

Vyshinsky: "How did this happen?"

Shestov: "It was in 1934. I had won over Figurin, the manager of the Anzhero-Sujensk district branch of the State Bank. He enlisted the head cashier into the organization, and they took 164,000 rubles from the bank for the use of our organization and handed over this money to me."

Vyshinsky: "And what did you do?"

Shestov: "Part of the money, about 30,000 rubles, I set aside for the Anzherka organization, for the terrorist group which was there. Another sum, 40,000 rubles, I gave Muri-

lov for the organizations under his personal charge, and he asked me for 30,000 rubles more for Kemerovo. The rest of the money I handed over to the Prokopyevsk organization."

Vyshinsky: "Did anyone keep check of the expenditures?"

Shestov: "I trusted our men."

Vyshinsky: "All the more so since the money belonged to the State."

The trial also brought out what happened in 1931 when Shestov and a group of other Soviet engineers went to Berlin with their chief, Yuri Pyatakov, to buy mining machinery and to engage German technicians. At his trial Shestov confessed that in his conversations with the heads of the German engineering firm of Fröhlich-Klүpfel-Dehlmann the talk was not so much about mining as undermining.

Shestov found that Fröhlich-Klүpfel-Dehlmann, as befitted a huge corporation, took the long view. They were looking forward—and their vision was realized two years later—to the time when Hitler would master Germany and turn his eyes to Soviet Russia. The firm had been approached by Russian opponents of the Stalin regime with offers of collaboration. Shestov, who was part of that opposition, was introduced by the industrialists to Dr. Emil Stickling, a German technician, whom he later appointed chief engineer of the Central Mine in the Kemerovo Collieries. Stickling was not only a product of the best mining schools of Germany but had also studied under Colonel Walther Nicolai. When Shestov appointed Stickling to the Kemerovo Collieries he knew whom he was installing.

So did his chief, Yuri Pyatakov, who was engaged in similar activities but on a still larger scale. According to

his confession in court, by 1935 Pyatakov was carrying out what amounted to a treaty between his group and the National Socialist Party of Germany. Some of its provisions, in his own words, were, "To guarantee a favorable attitude toward the German government and the necessary collaboration with it in the most important questions of an international character. To create in the U. S. S. R. favorable conditions for the activities of German private enterprises. To develop extensive diversive activities in U. S. S. R. key industries, and in time of war to promote chaos at the front. These activities were to be carried out as agreed upon with the German General Staff."

The Military Collegium of the U. S. S. R. found Pyatakov, Shestov, and the other defendants guilty and sentenced all but two to be shot. The sentence was carried out inside of twenty-four hours.

Lashchenko and other minor figures in the Kemerovo plot were tried in lower courts and given prison terms.

In the bewildering story of spying and sabotage in Soviet Russia it is hard to see the forest for the trees. I have chosen the cases of Katherine Melikov and that of the sabotage of the Kemerovo Collieries, therefore, less because of their importance than because they were typical and hence easier to consider. Niagaras of print have rolled from the presses of the world presenting similar stories, interpretations, theories and countertheories on the subject. To see in the thick of all this one must look to the struggle between Leon Trotsky and Joseph Stalin, and see behind the personal conflict also the clash of ideology and program: Stalin, who believes he can build socialism in Soviet Russia; Trotsky, who declares this impossible until revolution throughout the rest of the world has been effected.

In trying to carry out his own program Trotsky is not

afraid to use dangerous tools. Karl Radek, at his own trial, read a letter he said Trotsky had written to his collaborators in Soviet Russia.

“It would be absurd to think that we can come to power in Soviet Russia without securing the favorable attitude of the most important capitalist governments, particularly of the most aggressive ones, such as the present governments of Germany and of Japan. It is absolutely necessary to have contact and an understanding with them right now. . . .”

This has been agreeable, of course, to Nazi Germany and to Japan, and their secret services in the Soviet Union have acted accordingly. Nevertheless, whatever one may think of the confessions at the Soviet trials, it would be absurd to attribute to foreign spies all the sabotage carried out in the Soviet Union. On the other hand it would be equally absurd to underestimate the instrumentality of German and Japanese termites and torpedoes in Soviet Russia.

There is disagreement, of course, as to whether the confessions at the Soviet trials were genuine. Of the story Pyatakov has told, however, there is confirmation. It comes from John D. Littlepage, an American mining engineer. A Republican in politics, and although engaged for years in helping the Soviet Union develop gold mining in Siberia, he was genuinely indifferent to Soviet politics.

“In the spring of 1931, I decided to take a quick vacation in Europe,” he wrote in a printed account. “A large purchasing commission was headed for Berlin under the direction of Yuri Pyatakov, Vice-Commissar of Heavy Industry. The proposed purchases included some heavy mining equipment. It was suggested, but not by Pyatakov, that I might combine business with pleasure and advise the commission.

“Among other things, the commission wanted several

dozen mine hoists. Quotations had been asked for on the basis of pfennigs per kilogram. Several concerns put in bids, but there was a considerable difference between most of them and those made by two concerns which bid lowest. The difference made me examine the specifications closely. I discovered that the firms that had made the lowest bids had substituted cast-iron bases for the light steel in the specifications. This seemed to be nothing less than a trick, and I reported it to the Russian members of the commission. To my astonishment, they were not at all pleased. They even brought pressure upon me to approve the deal, telling me I had misunderstood what was wanted.

“I knew I hadn’t misunderstood, and I finally told them that if they bought these hoists, I would see to it that my contrary advice got on the record. Only then did they drop the proposal. The affair left a bad taste in my mouth, but I decided to say nothing about the matter to anybody.”

Probably no country in the world today is so spy-conscious as Soviet Russia, and with such good reason. Sulphur and coal mines have been wrecked, cement works sabotaged, stock-raising centers decimated, agricultural plans dislocated, harvests blighted, railroads disintegrated, factories reduced to chaos, hydroelectric systems injured, food supplies spoiled, and government bureaus infested with foreign spies. As in Spain, where P O U M activities were shown to be partly the work of foreign espionage, the question has been asked about Soviet Russia, “Is it a case of spies in the service of a party or a party in the service of spies?” But the practical outcome makes the question purely academic. The fact is that here is modern espionage operating on the vastest scale in contemporary history.

## SPYMASTER OVER ASIA

WHEN he wears the uniform of his rank, Kenji Doihara looks mildly funny, like a short, fattish boy in a soldier suit. His brown eyes and plump face seem bewildered and his Charlie Chaplin mustache looks put on and incongruous, as any mustache would over his pudgy, child-like mouth. His military cape all but hides the rest of his squat body. If you did not know Doihara and met him at a cosmopolitan party—he craves parties when he is not working—and if he picked you to talk to, you would become eventually somewhat bored. He talks endlessly, invariably about trivialities, but anxiously rather than entertainingly, as one does to cover up an inner emptiness. At such times it is not a part that he is playing. This man of many roles seems to have no basic character of his own, and for a Japanese of his Samurai ancestry and high military rank it is amazing how completely he can shed pride, tradition, and training when he has to live in disguise, no matter how humble or revolting.

But if he has no discernible fundamental character pattern he has, nevertheless, long ago set for Japan a pattern of conquest by espionage, which he conceived as minutely as Hitler did his own pattern and which has been carried out as precisely, but on a scale geographically more vast. Essentially the two patterns are alike. Each sets out to

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conquer a country and a people. Each then proceeds to infiltrate that country with armies of spies. They sap and disintegrate a people until the situation they want ripens. An "incident" takes place and the military marches in. But as between the Hitler and the Doihara patterns, Western complication and methods seem childish and humane compared to Japanese espionage as conceived and practiced, not by the rank and file, who are often comically inefficient, but by Kenji Doihara and his immediate subordinates.

When Doihara leaves his cape and uniform for some solo prowling not even his few intimates are likely to recognize him. In addition to his native tongue he can talk nine European languages and a large number of Chinese dialects flawlessly. His short body can shed or take on fifteen to twenty pounds at will within a short period. And the only time his clothes are not a perfect costume is, as I have indicated, when he is not playing a role.

His right-hand man, in a curious sense of the word, is Yoshimko Kawashima, tenth daughter of Prince Su, of the Manchu dynasty. She has been called the Mata Hari of the Orient, but there is no glamour of feminine beauty about her. She is of that glandular type that enables her to look interchangeably male or female. Psychologically, too, she can take on the coloration of either sex, and has a range of duplicity that exceeds even Doihara's. Like her chief, her record is remarkable for achievements not only as a solo spy but as an executive. In 1937, for instance, she directed the activities of 370 Japanese, Korean, and Formosan women, who were operating as spies in southern China.

Outside of their own country the Japanese are obviously handicapped at espionage by their strongly racial features. So that Kenji Doihara has had to recruit many nationals of

other lands. Thousands of Russians of the Czarist regime are in his employ. Then there is the Ch'ang Mao Tao, or Long-haired Sect, 80,000 renegade Chinese who work for him, mostly in northern Honan, but are sent to whatever part of China happens to be next on Japan's program of disintegration.

Up to 1931 Doihara had spent many years sojourning in different parts of China, Manchuria, and Mongolia, playing peasant, peddler, merchant, teacher, priest, and what not, studying the topography, psychology, military strength, economic resources, and foreign influences. He was at home among savage mountaineers and with the cloistered scholars of some Chinese university. He knew the prices at which many a provincial lord or bandit chief, governor or general could be bought. He had secured many an option for such a purchase. All this gave him a background of experience not unlike that of Lawrence of Arabia, with whom he has been compared; unfairly to Lawrence, who had strong moral and esthetic scruples.

In 1931 Doihara, as Colonel in the Japanese Kwantung army, and head of its Bureau of Military Information, was in Manchuria charting the pattern of its conquest by Japan. Russians had done much to build up the cities of Manchuria, principally Mukden and Harbin, even before 1919. When the Bolsheviks came to power in the Soviet Union, hundreds of thousands of White Russians fled to Manchuria and took up life there. Doihara went among them in a variety of guises. To White Russian generals and politicians he was Colonel Doihara of Japan, high in the councils of the Emperor, which happened to be the truth. To these Russians he held out an iridescent dream. China was weak, Manchuria weaker, while Japan was strong and knew what it wanted. What it wanted was a buffer state,

more antagonistic to Soviet Russia than were China and Manchuria. What could be more to the purpose than an autonomous White Russian government, brought into being with Japanese help, then handed over to Czarist generals and statesmen?

To Russian merchants and others of the middle class Doihara whispered different enticement. Japan would help create a Russian state in Manchuria, but it would not be as in Czarist Russia, when a feudal military class was supreme. Japan would see to it that in the new Russian state businessmen and those of the learned professions would govern, as they should in a modern society.

Among those driven out of Russia was a large criminal element. In Manchuria they engaged in prostitution, the sale of narcotics, pickpocketing, blackmail, kidnaping, and murder. Colonel Doihara used this class no less assiduously than the others. He enlisted some 4,700 from among this element in his large and growing army of spies in Manchuria. They were spies of the new order, a "combatant secret service." There were also thousands of Chinese renegades and bandits, whom Doihara incorporated into his army that wore no uniform.

In the summer of 1931 Colonel Doihara, in white Western summer garb, called on Commander Kuan Yu-Heng, of the Manchurian infantry, and introducing himself as a salesman of armament invited the Commander to inspect, he said, a newly invented, electrically firing light-artillery gun, of which he had a miniature but perfectly functioning model at his hotel in Mukden. Commander Kuan Yu-Heng, said Doihara, would appreciate the wisdom of conducting the inspection with as small a gallery as possible, since the invention was as yet not fully covered by patents. Would the Commander consent to dispense with his usual

ceremonial guard, and be the salesman's guest for dinner at the hotel that night? Kuan Yu-Heng saw no harm in the invitation and accepted it.

After an excellent dinner at the hotel the Commander went up to the salesman's room with him. There, instead of with the model of a new gun, he was confronted with old-fashioned but obviously still-workable revolvers in the hands of several of Doihara's "assistant salesmen." The Commander was smuggled out through the rear of the hotel and taken to a grim and lonely mansion outside of Mukden. Here he was told to make himself at home, but not to attempt to escape. To his mystification he was treated not only with consideration but even luxuriously. What troubled him was that he did not know why he was being kept there.

Several days later, on one of the principal streets of Mukden, a group of men in Manchurian army uniforms, apparently drunk, jostled a Japanese officer, Captain Nikamura, off the sidewalk. Captain Nikamura angrily protested. Before the eyes of hundreds of spectators the supposedly Manchurian soldiers took out knives and literally hacked Captain Nikamura to pieces. The street was in a panic, but police and several astonishingly courageous Japanese civilians threw themselves on the murderers, who surrendered with equally surprising lack of fight.

On being questioned, they declared that they belonged to Commander Kuan Yu-Heng's division and that it was under his orders that they murdered Captain Nikamura. The Japanese government demanded an explanation from the Commander. He was not to be found. Japan then charged that Manchurian authorities were protecting Commander Kuan Yu-Heng and thereby encouraging further atrocities against the Japanese. Kuan Yu-Heng suddenly

appeared, looking well fed, everything about him belying his story that he had been kidnaped.

Then on September 18 occurred a historic "incident" the Japanese account of which differs sharply from a report on it by the League of Nations. The Japanese version was that of Lieutenant Kawamoto.

"On the night of September 18, 1931, I was patrolling with six soldiers along the railroad track twelve kilometers north of Mukden. Suddenly we heard an explosion not far from us and we realized that the railway lines had been blown up by the explosion. While we were investigating this incident about 100 Chinese soldiers hidden not far away opened fire upon us. I immediately established contact with my superior officer of the Third Company, who was about 1,500 yards away. At that moment we heard the Changchun express train from Mukden approaching. To avoid a catastrophe I ordered my soldiers to fire several shots and to signal to the train-driver, but apparently the latter failed to understand. He continued on his way and having reached the point of the explosion, miraculously crossed the spot without derailing and eventually reached Mukden on time."

Japan must have had psychic prevision of the incident. A League of Nations commission of investigation established that hours before the explosion took place printing presses in Mukden were busy on posters which explained the explosion as the work of Chinese troops, and that the attack on Lieutenant Kawamoto's soldiers was only the prelude to a general massacre of all Japanese in Manchuria. Naturally, said the posters, the Japanese would defend themselves to the death.

The defense got off to an early start. Seven hours before the explosion Japanese troops stationed at different points



were already near Mukden, converging on that city. They arrived in the dead of night and with exceeding quiet, considering how numerous they were. The Chinese garrison at Mukden was also remarkably quiet for troops supposed to be planning massacre. In fact, they were sound asleep in their barracks. Before sentries could cry out, the Japanese had swarmed in, stabbing and shooting.

Colonel Doihara, in civilian garb, was already on the scene at the head of corps of photographers. The picture he saw, but would not let his photographers take, showed the surprise attack only too effective. Chinese soldiers had not fired a shot in self-defense, since their arms were stacked in an adjoining building. Colonel Doihara ordered the cameramen to withdraw until he could arrange a better spectacle of Chinese preparing a butchery of innocent Japanese. For all his genius for realistic theater, however, the best Doihara could do on this occasion was to have the barracks burned to the ground. It was a drastic expedient, and while Doihara's camera corps had little wherewith to bolster up a case for the Japanese, neither was anyone left to testify against them.

Next day Japanese lorries, laden with Chinese and with White Russians, sped throughout Mukden distributing thousands of paper flags bright with the colors of the Rising Sun of Japan. Soon the city resounded with the march of Japanese troops, and Doihara's cameramen photographed Japanese flags in every shopwindow, in the windows of every home, and in the hands of a great part of Mukden's population.

Then Colonel Doihara dropped from view, but the atmosphere in and about Harbin, principal city of North Manchuria, became electric. Its population consisted of about 100,000 Russians and 200,000 Chinese. In addition,

there were more than 100,000 refugees from other areas taken over by the Japanese. They had terror in their hearts and that hysteric hatred such terror breeds.

An excitable, chunky little clerk, peering through the thick lenses of his pince-nez and hugging a well-worn portfolio, scurried about the big Russian colony in Harbin, questioning everybody in perfect Russian. What should Russians like himself do, he asked, if the Japanese came to Harbin as they had come to Mukden? He found the Russians as excited as himself but undecided. Some feared the Japanese; others lived on the unofficial promise made by Japan that Manchuria would become a White Russian state.

The little clerk then visited several editors. Soon after that the Russian press in Harbin indulged in rosy prophecy. The Japanese, it said, were surely coming to Harbin, but with them would come a new day for the Russians in Manchuria. They were victims of all kinds of outrages at the hands of bandits. So were the Japanese in Harbin. Chinese merchants, too, complained—with good cause—of a reign of terror. But only a few Russian and Chinese merchants joined in a plea to Japan to deliver Manchuria from chaos.

They sufficed, however, and on February 5, 1932, Japan answered their prayer. Overhead arrived roaring squadrons of planes. The roads to Harbin resounded with the march of infantry and the rumble of tanks. Motorcycles with sidecars and bearing machine guns darted like hornets through Harbin streets. Chinese policemen were kicked off their posts and Japanese took their places. Machine-gun fire sounded as unappreciative Chinese soldiery tried to resist the deliverers of Harbin.

Then came a roar of jubilation. Thousands of Russians,

waving Japanese flags, welcomed the troops that were to make Harbin a Russian city and Manchuria a Russian state. Young Russian girls presented bouquets of flowers to the officers. Thousands of Russian homes that night feasted Japanese guests. The Russian press overflowed with hosiannas. And the little clerk beamed at it all through his thick-lensed pince-nez.

"In the interest of civilization" Japan declared Manchuria free of its old regime and under Japan's protection. Manchukuo was born.

But for the White Russians in the new state there was a rude awakening. Their cheers soon changed to cries of alarm. Russian girls and women were assaulted by Japanese soldiers. Russian merchants were robbed, kidnaped, and bled of their wealth by the Japanese as ruthlessly as were Chinese and nationals of other lands too weak to protest effectively. Gambling dens and houses of prostitution were operated by Japanese gendarmerie, and multiplied. Traffic in narcotics became a Japanese monopoly and flourished furiously. Adolescent Russian girls were forced to serve in Japanese houses of prostitution. Resistance to Japanese exploitation brought beatings, imprisonment, even torture. Five weeks after the coming of the deliverers 100,000 White Russians fled to China.

Colonel Doihara won promotion and praise from the Emperor of Japan. The Colonel's work in Manchuria was not done, however. He had to find a puppet to put on the throne of Manchukuo. Japan decided on Pu-yi, of the ancient Manchurian dynasty. Pu-yi was staying in China and felt no enthusiasm for the honor Japan offered. It would mean betraying his people by lending his ancient name to the designs of an invader.

Colonel Doihara went to him in Tientsin. The Colonel

was now a perfect picture of a Manchurian nobleman, and Pu-yi was convinced it was a loyal subject that was begging him to mount the throne of the Manchus. Nevertheless, Pu-yi refused.

"The Japanese are powerful," the supposed nobleman argued, "and we are weak. You are running unnecessary risks in going counter to their will."

"I am in a Chinese city surrounded by friends and have nothing to fear," Pu-yi replied.

Doihara bowed and withdrew.

The city resounded with the news of Pu-yi's refusal. A delegation of Manchurian nobles called on him with a gift, a decorative tower of fruits and flowers. When the delegation was gone Pu-yi examined the gift. He took up a pomegranate of marvelous hue and almost dropped it with astonishment. It was metal. Fortunately he did not drop it, for it proved to be a bomb, a reminder of Colonel Doihara's parting words.

Next day Pu-yi heard rioting outside his residence. A shower of stones hurtled in through the windows. Alarmed, servants came running in with the news that the rioters had been told Pu-yi meant to become Japan's puppet. It took strenuous denial by Pu-yi to calm the storm.

Even inside his strongly guarded home Pu-yi experienced daily reminders of Doihara's warning. A deadly snake found its way to Pu-yi's bedroom. One of his cooks, sampling Pu-yi's dinner in the making, died of poison. Then Pu-yi received a verbal message from Colonel Kenji Doihara. Coming from a master of intrigue, it was remarkably frank. Doihara admitted that it was he who, masquerading as a Manchurian noble, had entreated him to mount the Manchu throne. He had also sent the bomb. At his orders death by poison had twice come so near Pu-yi.

His agents were rousing Tientsin mobs against him. Up to now, said the message, these were only "demonstrations." But if Pu-yi persisted in his refusal beyond a given date Japan would have to look for another ruler for Manchukuo.

Pu-yi was shaken. One night Colonel Doihara, dressed as a chauffeur, drove a large car that bore the insignia of a Latin-American embassy to within half a block of Pu-yi's home. Pu-yi, in European dress, was waiting in a doorway. He got into the car and was taken by Japanese steamer to Dairen.

He was kept hidden three months while all kinds of rumors now agitated Pu-yi's wife. Then the Japanese government issued a statement in the familiar vein of Japanese official "explanations."

"Emperor Pu-yi, living in Tientsin," it said, "feared for his personal safety and asked protection of Japanese authorities. Guided solely by humane consideration the Japanese authorities acquiesced in the desire of the Emperor and decided to protect him by taking him to a safe place. Unwilling to have him dragged into political turmoil while under its protection, the Japanese government feels it its duty to spare the Emperor undesirable contact with the outside world."

Not long after that Pu-yi mounted the throne of Manchukuo.

With Manchuria "delivered," Colonel Doihara donned other dress and disappeared in the vastness of Inner Mongolia, Japan's next objective in its encirclement of China. He worked on the well-established lines of the Doihara pattern, until five Mongolian princes were bought up and their provinces infiltrated with spies. Once again a reasonably healthy political organism turned feverish, the fever mounted, broke out into violent crisis, and again the

troops of Japan marched into territory not their own, "to restore order."

Japan was now ready for its greatest adventure, the seizure of all China.

Again Doihara dropped out of public view. Along devious channels he investigated until he found seven governors in North China who were willing to receive him in secret. Increasingly of late, however, he found it harder to impose his pattern on the Chinese. A new spirit seemed to be in the land—unity in a people long divided, a hardening against the Japanese. But Doihara managed to get the seven Chinese governors to a secret conference with him. He set forth the terms of purchase. To his astonishment the governors laughed at him.

"Go see General Chiang Kai-shek," they told him. "Buy him, then we'll talk to you."

Doihara stared, smiled, argued, turned cold and gave warning and became furious. But he left the conference empty-handed.

A few weeks later he turned up in China's capital, Peiping, as Ito Soma, a Japanese financier and esthete, interested in establishing "equitable economic relations between the two peoples and a peace and culture in common." As a patron of art, he made friends with Mei Lang-Fan, China's foremost actor, who, innocent of what he was doing, in turn introduced him to another esthete and financier, Huang-Sen, an official of the Central Bank of China. Doihara had been studying the rise of Huang-Sen in the esteem of China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Ito Soma, Mei Lang-Fan, and Huang-Sen met on nights of full moon on the steps of the Altar of Heaven, a beautiful shrine of white marble. They discussed poetry, philosophy, painting, calligraphy, ceramics, and a hobby of Huang-

Sen—goldfish. Soma knew six hundred varieties, and described them with the affection of a collector. His feeling on the other topics proved equally rich and sensitive. When the talk touched more mundane topics Ito Soma spoke regretfully of the narrow vision of those of his countrymen who thought brute force could conquer so great a people as the Chinese.

One night when the Chinese actor was away on tour, and Soma and Huang-Sen were silent in the moonlight on the Altar of Heaven, the Japanese said softly:

“My friend’s spirit seems shadowed. May a friend pre-empt and ask if he can help in any way?”

Huang-Sen confessed he was troubled. He was weak; he kept more women than he could financially support. Soma sympathized. A few days later Huang-Sen received an anonymous gift of 200,000 Chinese dollars. He protested to Soma. “I know you sent the money. I cannot accept a gift that puts me so greatly in your debt.”

The Japanese reminded him that friendship knows no bookkeeping. Were their roles reversed, would not Huang-Sen do as much for him? Huang-Sen allowed himself to be convinced.

Not long after that there was an affecting parting. Relations between Japan and China were growing strained indeed and Ito Soma had to choose, he said, between friendship and the call of country. He prayed for the day when the two great peoples would meet with as much in common as he and Huang-Sen had in their moonlight communions.

Several months after Ito Soma left his friend so regretfully, Huang-Sen became secretary to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who was rallying all China to prepare for the fateful storm blackening in the sky. It broke at Lukou-

chaio on August 14, 1937. Japanese soldiers, stationed in this Chinese city, had picked midnight in which to carry out what were claimed by their officers as routine maneuvers. Two soldiers were missed. The officer in command marched to the gate of a Chinese garrison and demanded entrance to search for the “missing” Japanese. The Chinese refused. The Japanese turned artillery loose against the Chinese. The Chinese replied with rifle fire.

So began the greatest military invasion since the World War.

In Shanghai a hasty war council was called. Only four were present. They were Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Feng Yu-Hsiang, a Christian and chief of the Nanking-Shanghai area, General Pai Tsung-Chi, China’s foremost military strategist, and Huang-Sen. One of the first decisions was to build a boom across the Yangtse River to trap Japanese warcraft in China’s great river. If the project was to succeed it would have to be carried out in a matter of hours.

Hundreds of miles up the river, at Hankow, the officers of a Japanese river flotilla were attending a ceremonial banquet given by the mayor of the city. A Japanese marine entered and handed the commandant of the flotilla a message. The officer read it, rose, and with a brusque command ordered his staff to follow. The flotilla left Hankow at once and reached the mouth of the Yangtse just in time to escape being trapped by the boom which was building.

It became clear to General Chiang Kai-shek that the Japanese flotilla commander, hundreds of miles away, had been warned at a time when only four men knew of the plan to trap his flotilla. Chiang Kai-shek was shocked. One of the three who had formulated the plan with him was a spy. He trusted the two generals as he trusted his own wife.

He had trusted Huang-Sen no less; but the bitter certainty of a spy at the small council forced the Generalissimo to call in the counterespionage service. Two days later the chief reported. Daily Huang-Sen sent his chauffeur to market. Daily the chauffeur left what was presumably an empty basket at a vegetable stall. Later he returned and took home a loaded market basket. Counterespionage agents seized the basket when it was supposedly empty, and in a false bottom found a message in Chinese code addressed to Colonel Doihara.

That night Huang-Sen was marched off to a barrack yard. By the side of a latrine he was beheaded and his body disposed of with the indignity commensurate with the last acts of his life.

By then the drums and cannon of an undeclared war were rolling, and the rest is still news. One capital in China after another has fallen to the Japanese, until today it is only guerrilla warfare that the Chinese are waging.

But though the Japanese have been winning against Chinese soldiery they are themselves hard-pressed by a problem in policing that may yet turn Japanese triumph into collapse. How to control hundreds of millions of conquered but still hostile Chinese? One method was at hand, and Major General Kenji Doihara was given its gigantic and inhuman enterprise to carry out.

The expression "a fate worse than death" is rarely more than a burlesquing of old-fashioned melodrama. It takes on grim literalness now that Japan has launched its policing project. It is a fairly simple project. A criminal who wants to subdue but not kill his victim may tie him, beat him unconscious, or drug him. Japan cannot tie or club unconscious the vast population it has conquered. But it can drug it. Opium and its derivative, heroin, are

sure to make a man the slave to the only source of supply of more opium and heroin. Doihara's task was nothing less than to organize the forcible subjection of the Chinese people to narcotics and that mounting nightmare from which only death brings dreamless release.

Such a charge against any nation should be credited only when made by responsible agencies. I shall use the testimony given at the Twenty-third Session of the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee in 1938. Dr. Victor Hoo Chi-Tsai, Chinese representative on the Committee, charged that "Japan has invaded China not only with men and guns, but with narcotics. Manchuria, Japan's puppet state, has become a narcotics 'arsenal.' Japanese consulates in China are distributing centers for opium. Japanese military transport ships and army trucks have transported opium for distribution throughout China."

Unsubstantiated, such charges might be regarded merely as an "atrocities" story by an invaded nation against its invaders. But what Dr. Chi-Tsai said was corroborated by such members of the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee as Thomas Wentworth Russell Pasha, representing Egypt; Colonel Charles Henry Ludovic Sharman, of Canada; Major William H. Coles, of Great Britain; and finally, with detail, by Stuart Jamieson Fuller, Assistant Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the United States State Department, for many years a fighter for international drug control. In brief, Mr. Fuller charged that:

- (1) One hundred and nine tons of raw opium were shipped by Japan from Iran on December 29, 1937.
- (2) Two hundred and eleven tons were ordered during January, February, and March, 1938.
- (3) Eighty-two tons were shipped on March 17, 1938, from Bushire, Iran.

(4) Thirty-one tons were shipped aboard the *Singapore Maru*, which flew the Japanese military transport flag. At Tientsin, China, this shipment was distributed by a Japanese military officer. On April 22, 1938, three hundred chests of opium arrived at Shanghai, and were taken over by the Japanese army there.

(5) A Japanese army colonel is in charge of the sale of 460,000 pounds of Iranian opium in the Shanghai region.

"In China between the Yellow River and the Great Wall," Mr. Fuller told the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee, "a region which has been for some time past controlled by the Northern Japanese Army, conditions are far worse than they were a year ago. The Chinese Central Government's anti-opium and anti-narcotics laws and regulations were rescinded. All persons who were being detained under these regulations were promptly released from prison. Illicit traffic of narcotics in this region is flourishing and the manufacture and distribution of heroin have increased and have extended operations beyond the wildest dreams of their promoters."

When these charges were made at the session of the Committee, Japanese Representative Eiji Amau, formerly spokesman for the Foreign Office of Japan, entered a categorical denial that they were true. Those who made the charges thereupon offered to show moving pictures substantiating many of their statements. Representative Amau's answer was to threaten that if the pictures were shown Japan would withdraw from the Committee.

Little deterred by what the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee found, Japan kept Doihara at his campaign until it was so well organized that he was able to hand it over to his subordinates and go on to fresh exploits.

 WHAT THEY WANT OF US

JUST as in fishing the haul depends, aside from skill, largely on what kind of fish are running, so the nets of American counterespionage should show by recent catches which governments spy most on the United States. A study of the spies caught and convicted in the United States since 1933, the Year One in the history of modern espionage, also indicates what it is that foreign governments want of us that they cannot get by open means.

In 1933 there were indications that foreign spies were increasingly active in the United States Navy Department. A considerable number of minor indications could be disregarded as trivial or indefinite. Some could not. The safe of a United States battleship was rifled. A vault in the Navy Department in Washington showed that someone had tampered with its lock. Lieutenant Commander William A. Moffett, son of the late commander of the Naval Air Service, lost secret papers of such importance that although there was no question of his loyalty he was dropped fifty numbers in his grade. He was known to be careful, and though he was punished for bad luck it seemed to be rather a case of good work on the part of some agency of which he was the victim.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation does not take on spy cases unless requested by the Army or the Navy, which have intelligence services of their own; now "F. B. I." was

called in by the Navy Department to help their own agents in a quiet rat hunt.

An amiable "bar fly" in a Washington saloon attached himself in drunken camaraderie to Harry Thomas Thompson, a former yeoman in the United States navy. Thompson was not too cordial toward him, but there seemed no harm in a man who asked so little and treated so often. Then Thompson left Washington and went to the West coast, there to take what looked like a busman's holiday. This man who had left the navy because he "had his fill of it" haunted ships, shipmates, and naval bases up and down the Pacific coast, especially the harbor of San Pedro, one of the navy's principal home ports. On occasion Thompson even donned his old uniform as yeoman to mingle more freely with sailors on shore leave.

One day the "bar fly," whom Thompson thought he had shaken off in Washington, confronted him at his lodging room in San Pedro, startlingly changed. An alarming feature was an "F. B. I." badge he showed. "Come along, Harry," he said. "Want you to meet some of my pals."

Thompson was arrested as a spy. At the trial it was brought out that without visible work he was making three hundred dollars a month plus bonuses, Christmas presents, and free clothes. A letter was read. "I am very glad you are doing very good work," it said in part. "Don't hurry. Go slow and steady. From now on your monthly salary will be sent not later than the first of each month. . . . Will you send me the schedule of force tactics which commences December 5th?"

The letter was signed by Lieutenant Toshio Miyazaki, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, attached to the Japanese Embassy at Washington. During his sojourn in this country Lieutenant Miyazaki took language courses at Stanford

University. His classmates at the West-coast university found it understandable enough in a member of the Japanese legation in the United States. "F. B. I." and naval intelligence men understood it in their own way. Lieutenant Miyazaki was indicted with Thompson for espionage. But before the trial began the lieutenant was "recalled" to Japan. A jury found that Thompson and Miyazaki had stolen reports on United States naval gunnery exercises, a schedule of naval maneuvers, and other documents of varying importance. Thompson is now serving a fifteen-year sentence in the federal penitentiary at McNeil Island.

Almost immediately after the stage was cleared of Lieutenant Miyazaki and Thompson the limelight turned on another spy case. Lieutenant Commander John S. Farnsworth of the United States navy was arrested in Washington, charged with espionage. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to serve from four to twelve years in Atlanta Penitentiary. The Navy and the State Departments were glad not to have the matter go to judge, jury, and publicity. Enough came out to explain the relief of United States agencies at Farnsworth's simple confession. Important naval secrets would have had to be aired, international relations embarrassed. Farnsworth had sold to "a foreign power" a confidential naval manual, *The Service of Information and Security*. He had stolen other confidential documents from a high navy officer's safe. He had forwarded information on the operations of the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* and data on the final trials of the new carrier, *Ranger*. He had communicated to others descriptions of the firing pattern and reports of the marksmanship of gun crews of every major American warship. Vital changes in many phases of navy operations had to be made as the result of Farnsworth's activity.

The men to whom he had forwarded this information were Lieutenant Commanders Yosiuki Itimiya and Okira Yamaki, naval attachés to the Japanese Legation at Washington. But as in the case of Lieutenant Miyazaki, their colleague and predecessor there, the two officers left the United States just before they would have been subjected to questions embarrassing to the "cordial relations" between Japan and the United States.

In 1938 came what seemed to be the greatest spy haul in the history of this country. A Federal Grand Jury in New York indicted eighteen men and women for espionage against the interests of the United States. For the first time this government officially accused another of espionage. Among those indicted were men high in the government of Germany. One was Captain-Lieutenant Udo von Bonin, head of the cipher department of the intelligence service of the German navy. Others were Captain-Lieutenant Hermann Menzel, of the War Ministry, Berlin; Captain Lieutenant Dr. Erich Pfeiffer, of the Naval Intelligence Bureau, Bremen; and Ernst Muller, of the Naval Intelligence Bureau, Hamburg. These and six others operated from Germany, hence were out of reach of United States subpoenas. Wilhelm Landowski had been caught with a suitcase full of aviation blueprints and photographs but escaped to Germany. Another, Werner Gudenberg, also escaped there. One woman, Mrs. Jesse Jordan, is serving a four-year term in an English prison for espionage.

Dr. Ignatz Griebel, surgeon, another of the indicted, fought in the World War as first lieutenant in the German army. After the armistice he came to America, studied at the Long Island Medical College, got a degree, and became an American citizen. He had some difficulty in developing a paying medical practice even in the German community

in New York's Yorkville, until he became active in the circles that make a litany in America of the teachings of Adolf Hitler. He became president of the Friends of New Germany. In the haul of men and women indicted by the Federal Grand Jury as spying in America on behalf of Germany, Dr. Griebel was charged with being chief liaison officer in this country.

Up to Hitler's advent a spy who was caught had to fight his own battle. Governments disowned such embarrassing kin. But on May 10, 1938, Dr. Griebel slipped on board the German liner *Bremen*. A few hours after it sailed the Department of Justice learned of it and radiophoned Captain Adolph Ahrens, commander of the *Bremen*, asking if Griebel was on board. "Yes," came the reply, "he is a stow-away." Assistant United States Attorney Lester C. Dunning and an F. B. I. man replied they were warming up a seaplane to overtake the steamer and take Griebel, who was wanted by a Federal Grand Jury. Would Commander Ahrens surrender him? The reply was long in coming. When it did come, Commander Ahrens showed solicitude for the government officials. The weather at sea was bad, he said, visibility poor, and it was dangerous to attempt the flight. The government men replied they would risk it. Then Commander Ahrens said that to stop his steamer would so frighten his passengers that he was constrained to refuse cooperation. The government men asked the Commander if he would surrender Griebel to French authorities at the *Bremen's* first port of call, Cherbourg, on the presentation of a warrant. Yes, the Commander promised. The State Department telephoned Ambassador Bullitt in Paris to expedite the seizure of Griebel.

But on the high seas Commander Ahrens received an order from Germany that Griebel was to be held a prisoner



on the *Bremen*. In sailing as a stowaway and without a valid passport, the radio said, he had violated German law. "Advise American authorities Griebel will be taken to Bremerhaven where proceedings will be instituted against him. If American Government desires Griebel they should institute extradition with the German Government."

At Bremerhaven Dr. Griebel was arrested by the German government, "proceedings" were taken against him, and he was fined sixty marks. Today he is practicing surgery in Vienna.

The four who were caught and held for trial were the smallest of small fry. Gustave Rumrich, son of a minor Austrian consular official, came to the United States, enlisted in the army here, deserted, dismally tried one job after another, then decided there were money and career in spying. He wrote a letter to Colonel Nicolai in care of a German newspaper, offering to do espionage in America. If the Colonel was interested let him insert a personal in *The New York Times* that would say so in a disguised message Rumrich worded. The personal appeared and Rumrich's career as a spy began. He sent several "secrets" to Germany, copied from old army manuals and magazines, and after haggling he got \$40. But the exploit that would get him "real money and standing" also got him into trouble. He telephoned the Passport Bureau in the Sub-Treasury Building in New York. A clerk answered. "I am Under-Secretary of State, Edward Weston," Rumrich said. "Please send fifty blank passports to me at the Taft Hotel." This subtle device had the result that anyone but Rumrich would have expected. He was arrested.

Otto Herman Voss, thirty-six, another of the indicted, a German-born mechanic, had been employed in the experimental section of the Seversky aircraft plant at Farming-

dale, Long Island. He was caught peddling information on plane parts to Germany, data available to anyone who bought a Seversky plane.

Erich Glaser, also born in Germany, later became a private in the United States army, was at one time stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, then at Mitchel Field. In the eyes of German espionage that made him valuable. But the United States government charged him only with helping Johanna Hofmann, twenty-six, a hairdresser on the liner *Europa*, in forwarding espionage data to Germany. She was also indicted.

The trial of the four defendants was dispiriting to any lover of drama in international espionage. At times the spectators in the courtroom howled with laughter. This spy ring was a burlesque of cheap fiction. It would have been altogether hilarious except that the principals in Germany and the design they had in mind were anything but laughable.

The jury found the four defendants present guilty. Voss was sentenced to six years in a federal penitentiary. Johanna Hofmann was given four years. Glaser and Rumrich got two years each.

The Panama Canal, like the Suez, is, of course, one of the great water gateways in the world. In its problem of defending two great seacoasts the United States navy uses it to shuttle from one ocean to the other. It is understandable, therefore, why its terminals should be heavily armed, its secrets of defense jealously guarded. It is equally understandable why some nations are more interested than others in burrowing into these secrets.

On October 16, 1938, three men and a woman in tropical white strolled up to the entrance of the military zone at Fort Randolph in the Panama Canal Zone. The sentry

at the gate asked their errand. The spokesman said they wanted to dine in the post restaurant, which is sometimes permitted to civilians. The sentry asked if they had cameras, which are not permitted inside the military zone. "No," said the spokesman.

The sentry let them pass in. Three hours later, when they still had not left, the sentry notified his superiors. The four were found taking photographs and were arrested. The men were Hans Schlackow, Robert Kuhrig, and Gisberg Gross, all employees of the German Hapag Steamship Company. The woman, Ingebord Gutman, was secretary to Kurt Linderburg, German Consul in Colon. Their cameras were confiscated and the films developed. They showed excellent studies of Caleta Point, where sixteen-inch coast-defense guns are mounted. On Schlackow a revolver was found. The four were charged with espionage "for a foreign power."

Schlackow and Kuhrig were tried in January, 1938. There was practically no defense. The accused had passed three signs, "No Trespassing. Military Reservation." The photographs showed gun emplacements. In addition, photographs were found in Schlackow's room depicting the march of the Fourteenth United States Infantry through the jungle across the Isthmus of Panama and other photographs of important Canal works, including the locks and gates at Gatun. The two men were found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The other defendants were not yet tried at the time this is written.

In the early part of 1938 an employee of a Los Angeles cleaning and dyeing establishment, as a matter of routine, was going through the pocket of a suit that had been sent there to be pressed. He found money and letters that re-

sulted in the arrest of Michael Gorin, thirty-four, manager of the Soviet Travel Bureau in Los Angeles. Arrested with him were his wife, Natasha, and Hafis Salich, a naturalized American citizen. They were held for trial on the charge of espionage on behalf of Soviet Russia.

On examination it was found that Hafis was a former Russian navy intelligence officer. At the trial it was brought out that he had stolen information from the files of the United States Naval Service, sold it to Gorin, who then passed it on to his superiors in Soviet Russia. What made this spy case different from the others was that the documents in the case related not to things American but Japanese. The papers stolen were all reports by United States spies on Japanese activities in espionage and plans for sabotage in Soviet Russia and in the United States.

Mrs. Gorin was acquitted but the two men were found guilty and sentenced to four to six years in a federal prison. The question that troubled Judge Jenney and the jury, however, was—guilty of what? The conviction was based on the Espionage Act of 1917 that described espionage as "acts against the national defense." It was obvious that the two spies and their employers were not in the least interested in information on the defenses of the United States but in Japanese espionage and plans for offense against both the United States and Soviet Russia.

The total haul of spies caught and convicted in the United States since 1933, therefore, is twelve, representing three countries. Considered by itself it is a haul impressive neither in number nor caliber, and those who, seeing straws in the wind, see only straws will feel complacent about it all. There is, thank Heaven, an ocean on each side of the United States, they will repeat. No nation is seriously plan-

ning invasion of this country. Democracy here is safe. The youngster playing in his Middle West garden need not worry about spies.

But others have been appalled by what seems to be a fundamental change in the political health of the world since 1914. It is as though a hitherto robust organism developed sudden and fearful fevers, swift growths there, swifter declines elsewhere. In 1918 Great Britain and France were victors in a war over a prostrate Germany. Twenty years later a giant Germany dictates to Great Britain and France, now fearful of imminent loss of empire, even homeland. In 1931 China was vast as a continent; Japan, small. Today Japan is vast; China, small and shrinking. In a single year Adolf Hitler struck four times and won Austria, Czechoslovakia, and unpredictable control in Spain and half a dozen other countries in Europe. In terms of espionage, countries that seem somnolently safe one day become "fever spots" the next. The thoughtful reader, therefore, will not stop with a mere count of spies caught here since 1933. Neither will he regard them as mere straws but will look to see what storms they presage.

Deductions from the spies convicted here since 1933 are few, but clear. The two convicted for spying for Soviet Russia were admittedly acting against Japan. The two Americans, Yeoman Thompson and Lieutenant Commander Farnsworth, were spying for Japan, and understandably enough concentrated on the United States navy and coast defenses.

For whom were the German spies in the Panama Canal acting? On the face of it, it would seem for Germany. But a certain scantily publicized international transaction will show that face to be only a mask.

When Germany, Italy, and Japan formed an alliance

aimed presumably only against Communism, Colonel Doihara had an inspiration. Why not get German espionage to pool efforts with Japanese espionage everywhere as in Soviet Russia? He sent a colleague, Colonel Oshama, to Berlin to negotiate. The plan found favor with Germany. Colonel Nicolai sent Eugene Ott, a lieutenant colonel, to Japan. Italian spies also entered the alliance.

One of the first operations of the German-Italian-Japanese spy alliance was in republican Spain, then fighting with Russian help against Franco backed by Hitler and Mussolini. German and Italian officers let Japanese colleagues examine captured Russian planes and tanks. But Soviet Russia's counterspies reported this to Ambassador Potemkin in Paris, who passed the information on to the French General Staff. It worried the French. France and Soviet Russia had an alliance against German aggression and whatever hurt Soviet Russia in a military way hurt France. The French made the spy tripartite alliance public. Germany and Japan thereupon made a virtue of necessity and came out in the open. Germany made Ott a general and appointed him Ambassador to Japan. Japan in turn appointed its spy, Colonel Oshama, Ambassador to Germany. We are allied in espionage, said the gesture, but only against Communism!

Soon thereafter so many Germans began flocking to America for a certain purpose that German steamship lines were nicknamed "The Bridge of Spies." For the work in America Germany and Japan effected a simple business transaction, Germany to furnish spies, Japan to stand the expense.

With Japan and the United States facing each other across the Pacific it is understandable that Japan should be interested in the United States navy, Panama Canal,

and all that enables American warships to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is clear, therefore, why Germans should be trying to photograph the Panama Canal.

With a certain characteristic business "morality," however, Germany sold Japan some shoddy goods in the way of spies. At the same time it used the spies paid for by Japan to work for Germany on at least one American assignment. With emphasis on domination in the air Germany is interested in what is going on in the land that leads the world in the development of aviation.

Nazi Germany, however, has another and more fundamental interest in America. Towering leader of totalitarianism, Hitler finds his strongest opponent in American institutions. Sooner or later—and history moves as much faster today than yesterday as bombing planes travel faster than men on foot—Nazi Germany will have to fight it out with the strongest democracy on earth. The two cannot long coexist. Feeling as he does, it is inevitable that Hitler should resort to the pattern that has worked so well in overthrowing democracy in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain.

For America he has developed an additional and circuitous approach, from the south. And from that direction, in South and Central America, the spies of Germany's two partners, Italy and Japan, find it easy to work with them. The strongly Latin features of the Italians are no handicap to a spy in Latin America. Japanese, too, feel at home on the west coast of South and Central America and Mexico. From Alaska to the southern tip of South America they fish ostensibly for fish. But their boats are equipped with surprisingly costly two-way radios and are powered by engines strong enough to drive auxiliary war craft. Their crews

include a large number of officers of the Japanese navy. The soundings which these fishing boats take in waters along the Pacific coast have been ironically described as a desire "to see how deep fish can swim and if there are any rocks and ledges in their way."

Next in importance to the Panama Canal as a shipping lane between the Atlantic and the Pacific is the route around the south tip of South America. Nazi world strategy began early to work on the southernmost province of Argentina. German sheep raisers prevailed in Patagonia but until the advent of Hitler they were loyal to the country of their adoption. Now charges, amply documented, began to come that the loyalty of the very school children in Patagonia was being undermined. The German language had replaced Spanish in the public schools. Children were being taught to "Heil Hitler!" instead of the flag of their country. The schools were receiving heavy subsidies from the *Liga Cultural Alamana*, which had its headquarters at the German Embassy in Buenos Aires. The complaints took on such volume that the government had to close the public schools in the Territory of the Pampas.

Then on March 30, 1939, the newspapers of Argentina reproduced a letter signed by C. von Schubert, Counsellor of the German Embassy in Buenos Aires, and by Alfred Muller, acting chief of the Nazi organization in Argentina. It was marked "Strictly Confidential" and was addressed to the Colonial Office of the German Reich. It gave in detail a plan of organization of German espionage in Patagonia. Seven key points were given from which the organization was to be conducted—the German Embassy, the German consulate, the German Chamber of Commerce, German banks and commercial firms. Contacts for espio-

nage had also been established, the report said, in the Argentinian Ministries of War, Marine, Agriculture, Coast Defense Headquarters, and other strategic centers.

That long narrow strip along the Pacific from Cape Horn halfway up the continent, Chile, has also had German "school" trouble. Teachers from Germany were found to have studied pedagogics under Colonel Walther Nicolai. German spies have been uncovered in Chilean factories and ports, in dry docks, and on board Chilean warships. Carl Keller, head of the Chilean Nazi Party, led a *putsch* against the government.

North of Chile, in Peru, Italy vies with Nazi Germany in furthering the objectives of the Rome-Berlin axis. Tokio, its Asiatic partner, helps here also. Berlin, with its large commercial fleet operating there, takes care of naval espionage in Peru. The port of Malabrigo, for instance, is more a German naval base than a Peruvian one. German warships and submarines go in and out. Large sections of the water front are guarded by Nazi sentinels.

The police of Peru's capital, Lima, are directed by General Camorita, imported from Italy to teach the Peruvian police. He and his subordinates are known agents of the Italian Secret Service, the O V R A. The aviation industry of Peru is dominated by the Italian Caproni firm; and, as we have seen elsewhere, business firms of totalitarian countries cooperate genially with secret services. Tokio, too, has large financial, commercial, and fishing interests in Peru, and a large number of Japanese in seemingly humble occupations in Peru were found to be working for Colonel Kenji Doihara.

The largest of South American republics, Brazil, has also had the sorriest experience with Nazi termites and torpedoes. In the province of Santa Catharina, especially in

the German city of Blumenau, the activities of Nazi termites have been so threatening that the government built huge military barracks there, garrisoned with Brazilian soldiers from non-Germanic parts of the country.

In the Rio Grande do Sul district of Brazil, Otto von Cossel, a graduate of Colonel Nicolai's academy, carried on activities which were heatedly denounced in the Brazilian House of Representatives. "Von Cossel directs an espionage organization," a commission reported, "spreads anti-Semitic propaganda, hires and fires diplomatic officials. Furthermore with the help of Italian and Japanese secret service men he has made a minute survey of our country's military strategic regions, means of transportation and other elements of vital importance in war. . . . Every activity of theirs is directed from Berlin."

And in 1938 Nazis were in back of an attempted *putsch* against the Brazilian government.

Up the west coast to the narrow Isthmus of Panama run similar complaints by the other South American republics. Along the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, Central American republics complain as bitterly. But it is when we get to Mexico that one gets the closest view of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio partnership.

On the morning of October 5, 1937, for instance, Freiherr Rud von Collenber, German minister to Mexico, Saechiro Koshda, Japanese minister to Mexico, and the Italian ambassador met in the office of the Italian Union on San Cosne Avenue in Mexico City. They arrived at the rendezvous not in embassy cars, which carry conspicuous license plates, but in modest taxis. The meeting lasted the greater part of the day; then the three envoys each left separately and as modestly as they had come.

It has been established that from the day of that meet-

ing new life surged in such Mexican fascist organizations as the Gold Shirts, the Confederation of the Middle Class, the *Unión Nacionalista Mexicana* and the *Partido Antireeleccionista Acción*. All these organizations had in common the three ingredients of the Nazi-fascist formula, anti-Semitism, anti-Communism, and totalitarianism in government.

In the home of Carmen Calero, a woman active in these fascist organizations, government counterespionage agents found twenty-two kilos of dynamite. In scores of other hiding places arms as well as ammunition were found cached. All the paraphernalia needed for a *putsch*, all the termite and torpedo preparation, all the outlines of the familiar Hitler pattern of conquest by espionage and open insurrection were found in Mexico as faithfully translated as the Mexican edition of *Mein Kampf*.

Bloody revolts on the German pattern broke out in Mexico, but were crushed. The government there, like those south of it, is battling to throw off from its bloodstream organisms that are being incubated by Germany, Italy, and Japan. The outcome is far from settled.

Here, then, is the infection raging at the very border of the United States.

In the United States the secret part of the Hitler pattern of espionage seems negligible. Certainly torpedoes are not functioning here at present. In this connection, however, what must be remembered is the swiftness with which German espionage exploded into torpedo action in the United States even before this country entered the World War. Overnight American cargo ships with supplies for the Allies took fire in mid-ocean, one after another. Twenty-four ammunition factories in this country blew up, with

scores of lives lost and \$42,000,000 in machinery and supplies gone up in smoke.

But today the accent of fascist-Nazi espionage in the United States is not on torpedo work. Tomorrow things may change, and for "tomorrow" read the tempo of events in Europe and elsewhere. Termite work in the United States, however, has been taken over by analogues of the "legal" armies of Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other countries.

The Friends of New Germany was organized here immediately on Hitler's accession to power. Heinz Spanknoebel was sent from Germany to be president. He was a burly, grinning young man, in looks an overgrown boy. There was nothing boyish, however, about his activity. Inside a few months he was in difficulties with the United States government. Federal agents sought him on the charge that he was "acting or purporting to act as an agent of the German Government without due notification to the State Department as required by law." One night he stole on board the Hamburg-American liner *Deutschland*. Today he is functioning importantly in the NSDAP in Germany.

But he left behind him a creation of his, the *Bundesnachrichtsstelle*, or *Bunaste*, as it is called, the Bund Intelligence Office. It came under Congressional investigation and was found to be linked organically with the USCHLA of Germany and with related governmental agencies there.

The Friends of New Germany, because of distressing publicity, changed its name to the German-American Bund. Its president, also officially called its Führer, is Dr. Fritz Kuhn, in his forties, fleshy, burly, with eyes habitually half closed when he talks privately but quite open as to his

objectives. After his latest visit to Germany in 1938 Kuhn made a public restatement of the Bund's ideology. It is against the conception, he said, that America should continue as the melting pot of peoples. German-Americans are to stay out of that amalgam and constitute themselves a "racial bloc." In quoting an accepted spokesman for Nazi Germany he reminded the United States of a debt.

"German inventiveness, German industry, German tenacity, German toughness, German fervor, German song, German music and German sport have made this American nation great. Everywhere we were the planters of culture, the pioneers who cleared the way so that the others could follow and reap the fruit of our work." Of the Bund's ties with Germany he says: "We have no contact with Berlin. We have nothing to do with Berlin. It is all for the United States what we do. Someone will make a revolution in this country before people know what is happening, and we will have to step in and save the United States."

In the light of the work of German torpedoes abroad, and in the United States just before we entered the World War, it is interesting to read how the *Weckruf*, official Bund organ of the German-American Bund, jubilated when one of its locals was founded in Bridgeport, Connecticut. "We have now succeeded in establishing ourselves in the armament center of America."

Figures on membership of the Bund are difficult to ascertain. Kuhn has claimed 250,000. The Department of Justice puts the figure lower. But tangible is the *Ordnungsdienst*, the thousands of burly Bund members in Storm Trooper uniform, who police Bund mass meetings. Tangible, too, are twenty-four summer camps operated by the German-American Bund in different parts of the coun-

try. And vociferous are the several weeklies and the millions of pamphlets and leaflets that preach Bund evangelism in this land.

It is only fair to emphasize that the overwhelming proportion of Americans of German birth or stock are violently opposed to the Bund and all it connotes. Many of them are in sore straits, nevertheless, if they have friends or family in Germany. The Bund makes these Americans "behave."

In the domain of pathology, as in the animal kingdom as a whole, some species are natural allies against other species. In the same way the German-American Bund finds in the United States individuals and organizations, not of German stock, that are affinities with Nazi ideology. Although the Communist Party has full legal standing in this country, one can be rabidly anti-Communist yet hate Nazis as violently. Similarly, though the Constitution of the United States and the liberal tradition of this country are against racial discrimination, one can be anti-Semite yet not pro-Nazi. But when in addition to these two Nazi affinities there is open or implied use of the utterances of Hitler and his subordinates the full fascist pattern may be fairly deduced.

A Congressional investigation has listed some 800 anti-Communist, anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, and pro-Nazi organizations in the United States. Individually, most of them are small in membership and influence. But the German-American Bund has a close working alliance with every one of them.

Several of the most prominent of these organizations and their leaders must be mentioned in any description of the Bund's influence. Foremost is The League for Social Justice, creation of Father Coughlin, radio orator. Catholic

superiors have deplored his demagoguery and its influence. Metropolitan newspapers have printed deadly parallels in which his diatribes against Jews and Communists and attacks on President Roosevelt were word for word repetitions of speeches by Nazi leaders. Mass meetings of the German-American Bund ring to the rafters with cheers for Father Coughlin. In the presidential election of 1936 the press of Germany resounded with praise of him and exhorted Americans to vote for his third-party candidate for President.

William Dudley Pelley, creator and leader of the Silver Shirts, has modeled his organization on the Brown Shirts of Germany and the Gold Shirts of Mexico. His utterances are fulsome with praise for the work of Hitler and acrid on the theme of Jews and democracy.

In 1938 Gerald Winrod, whose title "Reverend" is disputed by church authorities, ran for Congress in Kansas on an anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, and anti-Negro ticket. The German-American Bund worked hard for him. He lost the election but polled 50,000 votes. The weekly he publishes expresses lively affinity with Nazi aims and boasts of a circulation of half a million.

These allies of the German-American Bund make a fairly formidable total. More formidable is their demagogic appeal to the tragically many who meet the complexities of life by finding something to hate. The object of those in Germany who direct all this activity is not, of course, an immediate military overturn in the United States. But the expressed aim of the "D. V. A." or Foreign Organization of Germans Abroad, directed by Boehle, is to spread doubt here as elsewhere about the workability of democracy.

An honest appraisal must show that compared to the

dominant body of sentiment in the United States the growth of totalitarian sentiment here is as yet small. But it is a growth and it is malignant. The question, therefore, for the American body politic—as for the human body—must be, Is there such a thing as a *small* malignant growth?