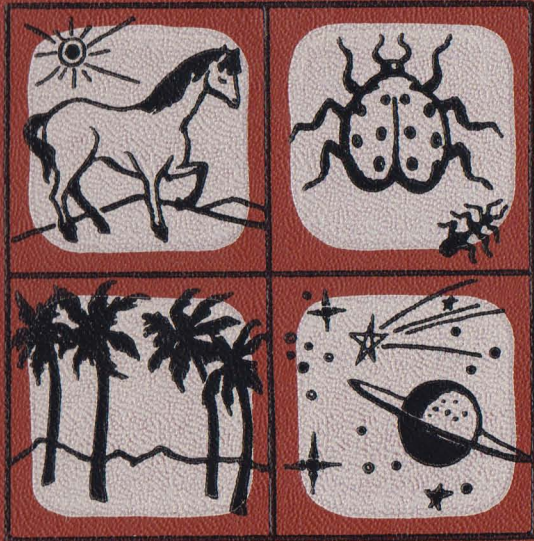
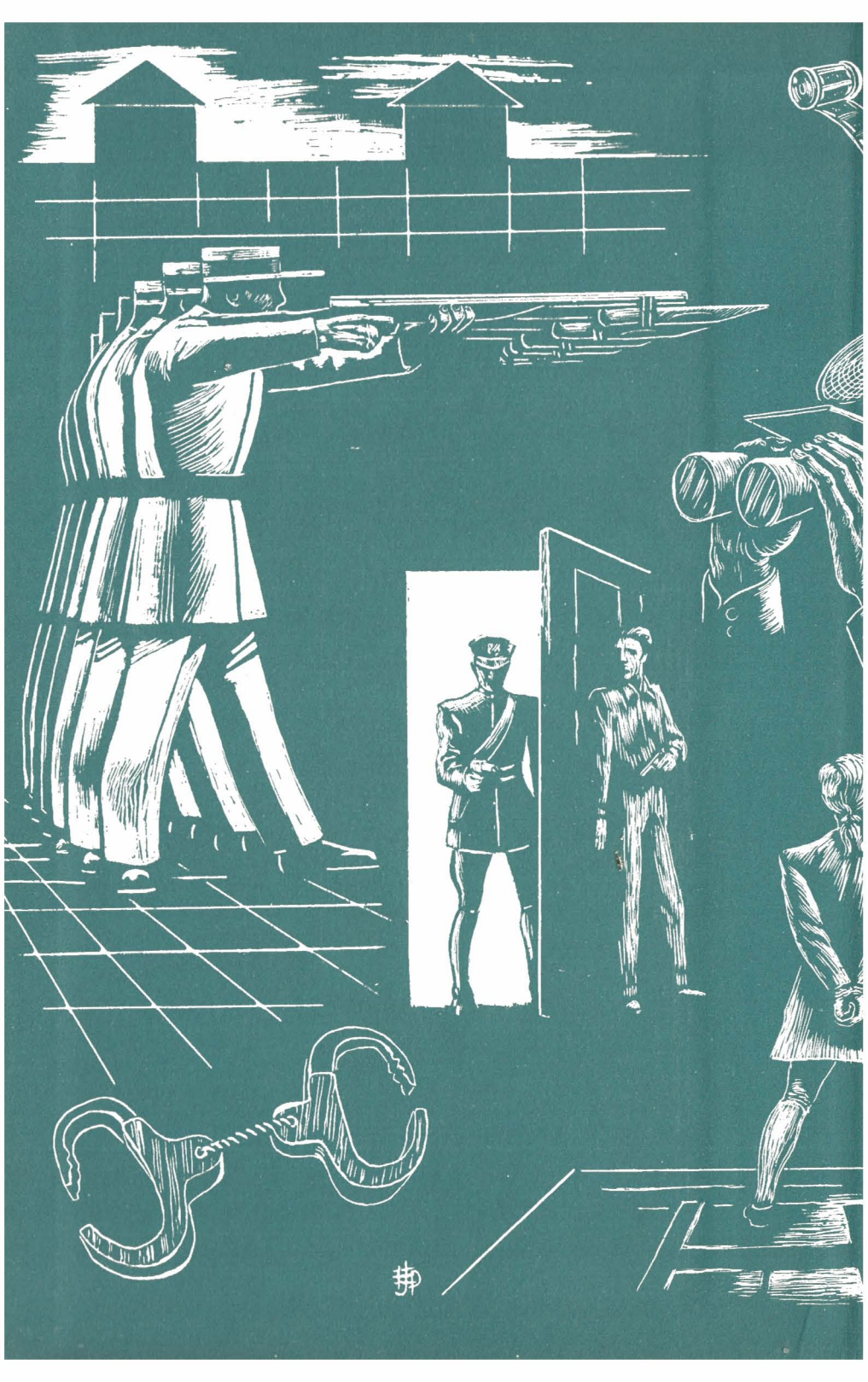
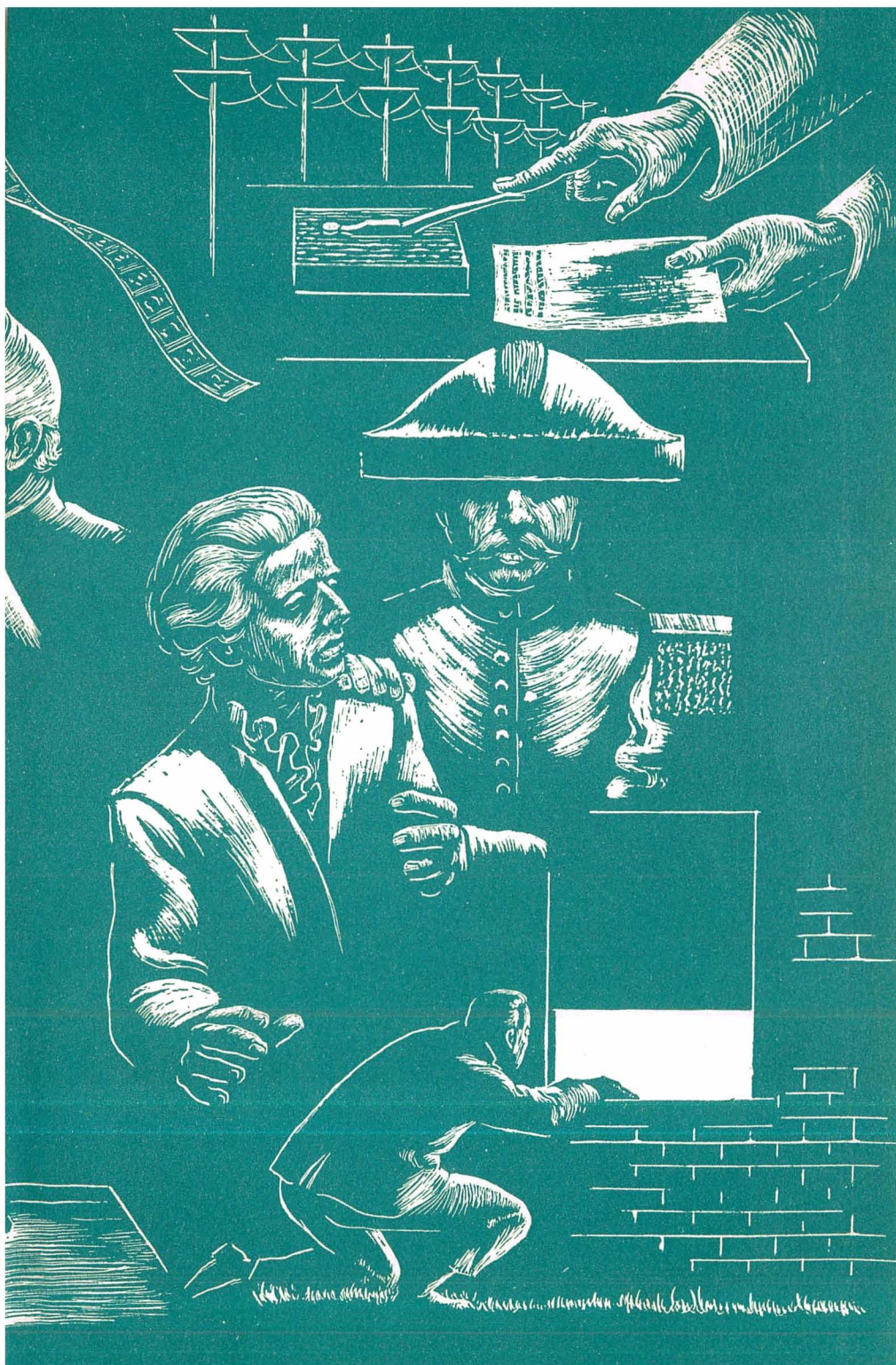




A REAL BOOK







THE *REAL BOOK* ABOUT
SPIES






The *REAL* BOOK About



SPIES

*By Samuel Epstein
and Beryl Williams*

Illustrated by John Pfiffner



EDITED BY HELEN HOKE



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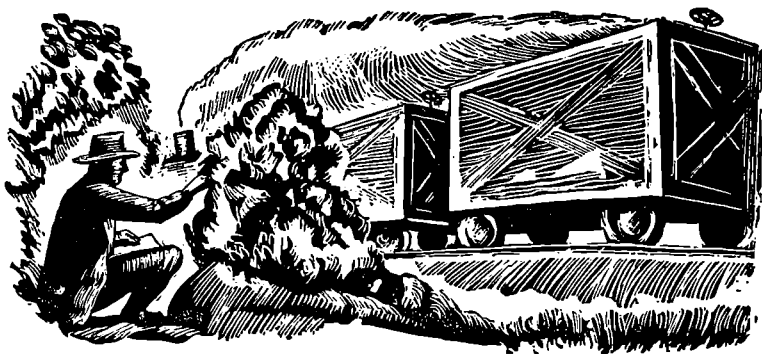
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Chapter 1: THE REAL STORY OF SPIES AND SPYING

SPYING—or espionage, as it is sometimes called—is as old as history.

Ever since men first banded together to war against each other, they have used spies in order to learn an enemy's weaknesses and strength. Ancient wars and modern wars—except for a single period—all have had their spies. And usually spies are kept at work in peacetime too, gathering whatever information might be useful if, or when, a war occurs.

The one time when spies were not used was in France and England during the Age of Chivalry (about 600 to 1200). The medieval knights of those days valued their honor more than they valued victory. They scorned to win a triumph by anything except courage and strength—and therefore they refused to use spies. They thought

spying was a form of trickery unworthy of their knightly code.

But by 1300 the Age of Chivalry was dying. Once more military leaders began to employ spies. Frederick the Great of Prussia, a few centuries later, thought it was even more important to have a good secret service than to feed his army well.

“When I am in the field,” he said, “I have one cook and a hundred spies.”

Today, as in the past, there are several different kinds of spies. There are the patriotic spies, who courageously serve their country—and risk their lives—without thought of gain or reward. Sometimes they become national heroes, as Nathan Hale did in the United States.

There are also spies who have no loyalty to any one nation or any one cause, but who are seeking only adventure or gold. They steal secrets as other men steal jewels, for money or for the excitement of outwitting the law. Sometimes they even serve two enemy nations at one time, betraying each to the other and collecting payment from both. Such spies are known as “double agents.”

Some of the stories in this book are about spies who made a great deal of money and who lived very adventurous lives. But they are, in fact, exceptions to the rule.

Spying is seldom the adventurous business that it usually appears to be in books or in the movies. During the First World War, for example, when Germany had conquered much of Europe, her enemies—the Allied Nations—established a vast spy network in German-occupied territory. The members of the network had only one important duty: they watched trains.

Hour after hour, seated at a window near a railroad

crossing or hidden in the brush alongside a stretch of track, they counted German troop cars, ambulance cars, ammunition cars, cavalry cars, and supply cars as each one rumbled past, and reported the number of each kind to their superior. When the spies' reports were all fitted together and carefully studied, the Allies had valuable information about German movements toward the front or away from it.

Those spies were performing a vital service, but certainly the work they did could not be considered exciting. And yet this kind of quiet, monotonous "watching," week after week and month after month, is typical of the duties assigned to most secret agents.

Spies who make large amounts of money are also exceptions to the rule. Most people who take up spying in the hope of becoming rich, quickly learn that they have chosen the wrong profession. Spy masters don't have to pay well, because it is too easy to recruit spies. Everywhere there are unhappy people, lonely people, people who have failed in business or in life, who are eager to become spies—no matter how poorly it pays—because they believe it will give them a secret feeling of importance.

Of course, that feeling of importance must always remain secret. A spy who tells the world his business is no longer useful as a spy and may be exposing himself to imprisonment or death. When a spy's name becomes known, it almost always means that he has failed—that he has been caught.

After the Second World War the United States government did honor some of the men who served in its O.S.S.—the Office of Strategic Services, sometimes called "the

cloak and dagger outfit." Some of those men had been parachuted behind enemy lines to gather the information necessary for Allied invasions of North Africa, Italy, and France.

But such recognition hasn't happened very often in the world's history. Usually a successful military commander wants the public to think he won his victories because he was a good general—not because he depended on the aid of clever spies. Usually he conceals the work his spies did for him. And, although almost all countries employ spies, they seldom make heroes of them. The names of spies don't often appear in history books, and not very many of the world's thousands of spies have become famous.

Some of the earliest spies we know by name are the twelve men Moses sent into Canaan before he led the Hebrews into that land. They were, the Bible tells us, Shammua, Shaphat, Caleb, Igal, Oshea, Palti, Gaddiel, Gaddi, Ammiel, Sethur, Nahbi, and Geuel.

The orders Moses gave those men—the orders too are reported in the Old Testament of the Bible—sound very much like instructions still being given to spies today.

"See the land, what it is," Moses told them; "and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many." He told them to learn whether the land was poor or prosperous, whether it had a good supply of firewood, and whether its people lived in tents or in well-defended strongholds.

There are other spies named in the Bible too. Delilah was one of them. She spied on Samson for the Philistines and received payment from them when she delivered Samson into their hands.

Delilah worked alone. She depended on her beauty,



Moses sent spies into Canaan in Bible days

and on the fact that Samson loved her, to get the information she needed to betray him. Apparently the twelve spies of Moses worked alone too, each one going into a different part of Canaan and bringing his information back direct to Moses himself.

This is an important thing to remember, because it shows us that long ago spies almost always worked alone. A network, or organization, of spies—including collectors of information inside the enemy's territory, couriers to take the information across the enemy's lines, experts to interpret it and fit it together, and sometimes saboteurs too, to destroy enemy supplies and equipment—that kind of organization is a more recent development.

When Alfred the Great wanted to learn the plans of his enemies, the Danes, in about the year 875, he dressed as a wandering minstrel and strolled through the Danish camps until he had picked up all he wanted to know. No ruler today would even think of doing such a thing. Instead, he would assign the job of collecting information to his secret service organization.

So the history of spying is not just a collection of stories about "great" spies—men who pitted their wits and skill against powerful opposition and helped one nation to defeat another. It is also the story of how single spies were organized into today's elaborate network of spies.

For example, there were few famous individual spies in the Second World War. The man known as "Cicero," whose story is told in this book, was one of them. But most of the spies of that war—like the members of the so-called "Sorge ring," which spied for the Soviet Union in Japan—were highly organized groups, in which each man had a special job to do.

About fifteen hundred years ago the Byzantine Empire began to use a terrifying new weapon—a kind of liquid fire which the Byzantines poured down on their attackers from the walls of Constantinople. For four hundred years their enemies tried unsuccessfully to learn how to make that “secret weapon.” Today a nation’s spy network may learn the secret of an enemy’s new weapon within a few months—sometimes even within a few days.

And so today each nation’s secrets are protected by an elaborate network of counterspies. These are spies whose duty it is to spy upon enemy agents and expose them before they have accomplished their purpose.

Methods change. Today’s spies are as up to date as today’s newspapers. They travel by airplane and use microfilm to copy plans and documents. Portable short-wave radio transmitters have become a regular tool of the spying trade. Invisible ink is losing its popularity because modern chemical methods can detect it so easily.

Once spies sought the secret of liquid fire. Today they seek the secrets of atomic weapons.

But spies themselves—the kind of people they are and the purpose behind their work—remain the same. And spies and counterspies, secret agents and double agents, will all probably exist for as long as men go on making war.

Nations are not the only employers of spies. Sometimes an industrial firm employs spies to find out whether its workers are discontented, and to learn what goes on at meetings of the workers’ unions and other organizations. These spies are called “labor spies.”

There are commercial spies too, hired to ferret out the secrets of a rival company’s process or methods of manu-

facture. In the seventeenth century an English nobleman, who owned an ironworks, wanted to learn the method by which certain European craftsmen were making a new metal they called steel. And so, dressed as a shabby musician, the nobleman set out to discover their secret. For months he wandered over Europe. People called him "Fiddler" Foley and never guessed that the gay violinist was really gathering information that would soon make England one of the great steel centers of the world.

But commercial spies and labor spies do not face death as the penalty for failure. Military spies do. Whether they cross into an enemy's country or whether, as traitors to their own country, they stay at home and collect information which they sell to another nation, they are all subject to the harshest punishment a court can impose. Their work may be dull. It may be poorly paid. It may be done for no other reward than the knowledge that a man is serving his own country. But always it is done under the shadow of death or, in peacetime, under the threat of a long term of imprisonment and lifelong disgrace. And therefore all spy stories have a special excitement.

The spy stories in this book—and they are only a few out of the many to be found in the records of espionage—are taken from many different times in history. Some of them end with fame and riches, some with dishonor, some with execution on the gallows or before a firing squad. Some are tales of heroism and patriotic sacrifice. Some are tales of greed and treachery.

They have only one thing in common: all of them really happened. They are all real stories about real spies.



Chapter 2: NATHAN HALE,
AMERICAN PATRIOT

IT was early in September of the year 1776. The American Colonies were at war with England. At one of the patriots' encampments a handful of officers stood silent around a map-littered table and waited for their commander to speak.

They were the officers of Knowlton's Rangers—a fighting force which had already won a reputation for bravery and daring against the British. Their commander was Colonel Thomas Knowlton himself.

Finally Colonel Knowlton pushed aside the map he had been studying and straightened to his full height of six feet. His eyes were dark with worry.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have just come from General Washington."

No man in the room needed to be told what Colonel

Knowlton and General George Washington had talked about. They all knew the situation of the American forces and how serious it was.

A few weeks earlier the British had driven Washington's forces from Long Island, back to Manhattan Island and the mainland behind it. Had it not been for a fortunate rainstorm, Sir William Howe's redcoats might very well have captured Washington's entire army and defeated the young American Revolution at a single blow.

"Gentlemen," Knowlton went on, "there is little need for me to explain our difficulties to you. The British now control Brooklyn and as much more of Long Island as they care to occupy. Their batteries on Brooklyn Heights are aimed straight across the water at our defenses on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. They can shatter those defenses whenever it suits their purpose. Their fleet can land men along the New York or the Connecticut coast, behind our lines, and cut us off from the Colonies to the north. General Washington must decide without delay whether we are to entrench ourselves and fight to defend New York, or whether we should abandon the town while there is still time and retreat northward to White Plains."

There was a silence when he finished speaking, and then a murmur of whispers among the men.

"Fight!" a subdued voice said. And another picked it up, "Yes, fight! We must fight."

"We are badly outnumbered, gentlemen," Colonel Knowlton reminded them. "Our troops are green and poorly armed. The enemy has the initiative. Right now he can advance whenever and wherever he chooses. It is

possible that we could block his next move—but only if we were able to concentrate all our forces at the point of attack. And in order to do that we would have to know the enemy's plans."

He stopped and looked directly at his men, his eyes resting first on one face and then on another.

At last he said, "Gentlemen, General Washington has asked the Rangers to undertake a most unpleasant and dangerous assignment. It is a job for one man—but I will not order any man to accept it. I am asking for a volunteer. His job will be to go to Long Island, observe the British forces there, and obtain all available information about their strength and their plans."

That time the silence that followed his words was broken by a single startled exclamation. "You want one of us to go to Long Island as a *spy*?"

Colonel Knowlton didn't answer the question with words. The grim look on his face was answer enough.

The men stirred.

"Not I," one of them muttered. "I have no fear of dying like a soldier, but I don't intend to be hanged like a dog."

"Spying is dirty work," another said. "It's no job for officers and gentlemen."

After that no one spoke for a long moment. The silence grew heavy.

"General Washington needs information," Colonel Knowlton said. "He has asked the Rangers to supply it."

The men looked at the maps—looked down at their feet—looked anywhere but at their commander's face.

"I will undertake the mission, sir."

Knowlton glanced swiftly around the room, in search of the man who had spoken those words. The voice had

been young and very low and gentle. The sudden concentrated gaze of the other men directed his eyes to a slender figure standing slightly apart.

Knowlton studied him a moment. "You understand the danger?" he asked quietly. "You know what the penalty would be if you were discovered by the British?"

"Yes, sir. I understand." The voice was still low, but it was steady. "If General Washington needs information, it must be secured. I wish only to be useful, sir, and every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

"Thank you, Captain Hale." Colonel Knowlton looked into the young man's eyes for an instant. "I will arrange a conference for you with General Washington immediately," he said then, "so that he can tell you exactly what he needs to know."

Nathan Hale's adventure began in that moment—the adventure that would cost him his life and make him one of the best known and best loved of all American heroes.

Almost everyone in the United States can repeat Nathan Hale's last words—the ringing sentence that became a battle cry for a struggling new nation. But no one knows, and probably no one will ever be able to discover, precisely what happened to Captain Hale after he set forth on his dangerous mission into British-held territory that autumn in the fateful year of 1776.

Historians have studied old letters, old documents, yellowed account books, and the official records of the American Revolution. They have unearthed the story of Nathan Hale's youth, his education, and the way he earned his living before the outbreak of the war. But no amount of study has brought to light the events that oc-

curred after Nathan Hale landed on a Long Island beach early one autumn morning just before dawn.

Only from the few facts that do exist and from the study of other known events that took place at the same time is it possible to guess what *probably* happened on Nathan Hale's last military mission.

Nathan Hale was born on June 6, 1755. He was the son of a farmer whose lands lay in the hills of Connecticut about sixty miles from the town of New Haven.

Nathan and his brother Enoch, as boys, were tutored by the Reverend Joseph Huntington. In 1769, when Nathan was fourteen years old and his brother a few years older, they both mounted horses and set off for New Haven to enroll at Yale College—the proud little colonial school that would one day become Yale University.

Nathan was a good student and popular with his classmates. He took part in plays, he wrestled, he was a fleet runner, and an outstanding broad-jumper. The men who knew him in those days said later that they remembered him as a slender but strong young man, quiet and gentle in his manner.

In 1773 both brothers were graduated, and the eighteen-year-old Nathan found a job as schoolmaster in the little village of East Haddam, Connecticut. His second teaching position was in the Union School of New London, a larger Connecticut town already thriving on commerce and shipbuilding. And within a few months after settling there Nathan proved so expert at teaching that he was asked to take charge of the school, at an increased salary.

It must have seemed to the youthful Nathan Hale that he had found his place in life. He liked teaching and he

liked New London. Probably he would have been content to spend the rest of his years there in peace and quiet.

But the peace of Connecticut—and the peace of all the American Colonies—was shattered by the gunfire that rang out over Lexington common on the day of April 18, 1775. There had been unrest in certain quarters before that. There had even been talk of rebellion. But on that day the American Revolution actually began.

Nathan Hale believed that teaching was one of the most important things a man could do. He knew that fighting tyranny was even more important. Before the school term was over, he asked the directors of his school to permit him to leave his post. The directors agreed. The Connecticut General Assembly commissioned Nathan Hale almost immediately, as a lieutenant. By the autumn of 1775 he was with Washington's Continental Army, which was then besieging the British in Boston.

The next spring, the spring of 1776, Nathan Hale moved south to New York, along with the rest of Washington's forces. The Americans had compelled the British to abandon Boston. Their next venture was not so successful. They suffered disastrous defeat on Long Island, just off the coast of New York. Nathan Hale was among the thousands of Americans who escaped capture by rowing across the choppy stretch of water to New York, under cover of the rainy darkness.

It was just after that retreat that Colonel Knowlton made Hale a captain in the famous Knowlton Rangers. And it was only two weeks after his promotion that Nathan Hale volunteered to become a spy for his hard-pressed general.

Early in September—it was probably on the twelfth—Nathan Hale left Washington's encampment in Harlem. He had had his conference with General Washington. He had received his instructions.

With Hale when he started out was his orderly, Asher Wright, and a sergeant in Hale's company named Stephen Hempstead.

They went first to the coast, in the hope of being rowed across Long Island Sound to Long Island. General Washington had given Hale a paper, directed to any loyal American boatman to whom Hale might show it, ordering that boatman to row Hale across the Sound. But Hale could find no boatman willing to take the chance.

"There are too many British ships just offshore now," they all said. "It'd be too risky, sir—much too risky."

So Hale and his two companions headed their horses up along the coast. They passed through Rye, in Westchester County, New York, and finally reached Stamford in Connecticut. All along the way they continued to search for a boatman willing to row them across the few miles of water that separated the mainland from Long Island, but all their efforts were fruitless.

Hale finally reached Norwalk, Connecticut, about the fifteenth of September. And there, at last, he found a man who wasn't afraid of the British ships.

That man was a Captain Pond—an old friend of Hale's. The captain knew the waters of the Sound as well as he knew the solid ground of his own backyard. He agreed immediately to take Hale across the Sound and to land him at the village of Huntington on Long Island.

"We'll go at night," he said. "Tomorrow night."

The next day Nathan Hale made his final preparations. He took off his uniform and in its place put on a simple brown suit and a broad-brimmed hat. He removed the silver buckles from his shoes and made sure that he carried no papers that would reveal his true purpose if he were captured.

That evening, when he stepped aboard Captain Pond's sloop, the "Schuyler," Captain Nathan Hale had been transformed into Nathan Hale, schoolmaster. The only paper in his pockets was his diploma from Yale College. It testified that he was indeed what he intended to call himself—a qualified teacher.

There was a last-moment farewell to Hempstead and Wright. There were the subdued creakings of ropes and blocks and the soft whishing of hoisted sails. Then Captain Pond cast off the lines and silently, like a ghost, the sloop nosed its way out into the dark waters of Long Island Sound.

Today a motorboat can make that crossing in very little time. But on that night in 1776 Captain Pond's small vessel needed all the hours of darkness to complete the journey. It was just before daylight when the "Schuyler" dropped anchor and lowered a small boat. A few minutes later the keel of that small boat grated on the pebbles of Huntington beach, and Nathan Hale leaped over the bow to dry land.

He waved a last good-by as the little craft disappeared into the graying darkness and then turned his face landward.

He was in strange territory—enemy territory. He knew no one he could call on for help. But there was no time for hesitation. He saw a path near by. It was a beaten

track leading toward the hills looming up not far away. Nathan Hale followed it. It brought him soon to the village of Huntington.

No British military force had appeared in Huntington yet. The little town lay some distance from the British headquarters at Brooklyn, on the shoreward tip of the island, and the British had not yet had time to send soldiers into every hamlet of the island. But Huntington expected British soldiers very soon.

Residents of the village who were still loyal to King George were preparing to greet them with enthusiasm. The American patriots of Huntington were hastily gathering together what few belongings they could carry, in the hope of being able to escape across the Sound to Connecticut.

Nathan Hale began to ask careful questions of the people he encountered along the roadside and in the village.

"The British have already come as far out as Oyster Bay," a farmer told him. "They are demanding wagons to transport their military stores, and. . . ." He broke off to look at Hale curiously. "Who might you be?"

"Just a poor schoolmaster," Hale replied. "I've come here looking for work."

"Well, you'll not find it in Huntington," the farmer assured him. "We've other things to think about than hiring new teachers."

If there were no redcoats in Huntington, Hale could not expect to gather any information about the British there. He began to walk westward toward Oyster Bay, which was some miles closer to Brooklyn.

The village of Oyster Bay stood directly on the Sound

and had a good small harbor. The land around it was rich farming country. When Hale wandered into the neighborhood, he found most of the local farmers busy harvesting their crops and loading their wagons with vegetables, grain, chickens, and cattle. All the wagons then rumbled off to the little port, where boats crowded against the wharves.

The young spy wandered down to the waterfront looking for the explanation of all this feverish activity. Whenever he saw a man standing idle for a moment, he managed to get into conversation with him.

"Schoolteacher?" a boatman repeated, when Hale had answered the man's question about himself. "Where from?"

"Connecticut," Hale told him. "But now I prefer to be in Long Island. Connecticut is no longer a place where loyal British subjects can live in safety."

"Aye." The boatman nodded. "I reckon you're right as to that. Well, there's no place for schoolmasters here now," he went on, "though there's other work aplenty—if you've a mind to roll up your sleeves."

"Why not?" Hale looked interested. "What's the work?"

"We're all busy hereabouts loading and hauling food to the British encampments," the boatman told him. "Hard work it is, but the pay is good."

It must have been difficult for Hale not to jump too quickly at the excellent chance that the boatman's words presented. To visit the British encampments was exactly what Nathan Hale hoped to do. Only there could he obtain the exact details that General Washington wanted—details about the number and type of British guns and

ships, the status of their general supplies, and the number of troops stationed on Long Island, both British and Hessian.

"Just where do you sail?" he asked.

"Wherever on Long Island there are British mouths to feed and British gold to pay for the feeding," the boatman assured him. "We go to Flushing, to Whitestone Landing, and, if the news I hear is true, we'll now cross over to New York as well."

"New York!" That name must have come as a hard blow to the young patriot. "But I thought New York was in rebel hands!"

Had it fallen already to the British? Had the Americans been defeated by the redcoats, or had they retreated without fighting, in the belief that New York could not be held against the king's forces?

The boatman shrugged, unaware of the questions that were teeming in Hale's mind. "We hear that the British have landed at Kip's Bay and that Washington has retreated northward across the Harlem River." Then he shook his head impatiently. "But that matters little to us, eh? If the British are in New York, we'll go there to deliver their food. If not, we'll stay on the Brooklyn side. Either way we'll be paid."

He looked at Hale sharply. "Well? If you want a job, say so." He gestured toward his boat tied up alongside the wharf.

"I do," Hale said quickly. "After all, a schoolteacher must eat. I'm ready to start at once."

"Good. Then come aboard."

Work on the little cargo boat gave Hale just the opportunity he needed. It permitted him to enter the British

encampments, to estimate the number of men each contained from the amount of food purchased. He was able to see for himself where the various regiments were located and how many guns they had.

He soon discovered that the rumor the boatman had reported about New York was in fact true. The British had captured the city. They had landed at Kip's Bay on Manhattan Island at the eastern end of present-day Thirty-fourth Street.

The boat Hale was on stopped there to unload cargo. Hale went ashore and wandered through the city, alert for every sign that would tell him the strength of the British occupation. He was able to pick up certain bits of information which he hoped would give General Washington a hint of the enemy's next move.

Fact by fact he added to the store of information in his head, until he began to worry that he would not be able to remember all he had learned. And then he made his mistake—the mistake that would soon put a noose around his neck. He put his information down on paper, and concealed the paper beneath the inner sole of his boot.

He didn't return to his job on the boat. He already had information which he believed General Washington could use. He decided to make his way back to the American lines.

He knew they lay to the north just beyond the Harlem River, only a few miles above the Kip's Bay neighborhood. It must have seemed to Hale that it would be fairly simple to walk in that direction and, under cover of darkness, cross the river to safety. He made ready to set out.

An unexpected catastrophe interfered with his plans. On the day Hale started to walk northward a great fire broke out in lower Manhattan. It swept like a prairie fire through the close-ranked buildings of those narrow streets. More than a thousand houses were consumed by the flames.

The British lost valuable supplies and barracks. They declared immediately that spies, sent into New York by Washington, had set the blaze. Squads of redcoats were ordered into the streets, to arrest or kill any person whose behavior seemed suspicious.

Under those desperate circumstances Hale tried to carry out his purpose of reaching the American lines.

At first luck seemed to be with him. He walked, unmolested, as far north as present-day 110th Street. There, finding himself on the easternmost edge of the island—on the shore of the East River—he saw several men in a large rowboat.

Apparently Hale took for granted that they were American patriots. He knew the American lines were not much farther north, and he must have thought that no British-owned boats would venture so close to them. He decided that it would be safer and probably quicker to continue his northward journey by boat, up the river, instead of by foot. Confidently he called out to the men to inquire about the possibility of using their boat.

The men rowed closer to talk to him. Too late Hale realized that they were enemies. The men belonged to the crew of the British vessel "Halifax," lying at anchor just out of sight behind a near-by island.

The Englishmen asked questions and Hale answered, trying to conceal his real identity. But Nathan Hale was

too honest a man to be a good liar. Before he had spoken a dozen words the British grew suspicious. They asked further questions. Hale's replies were floundering. The men in the boat wasted no further time. They seized him on the spot and turned him over to the nearest British sentries.

The sentries took Hale before General Howe, to be searched and questioned further. Almost immediately they found the telltale papers beneath the sole of Hale's boot.

Nathan Hale knew he could never hope to escape the consequences. Further attempts at lying were useless.

"Very well," he said. "I will speak the truth. I am Captain Nathan Hale. I came here as a spy."

"Take him away," Howe ordered. "Turn him over to the Provost Marshal—for hanging in the morning."

The morning of September twenty-second was clear and warm. In an open space in front of Dove's Tavern, at about the spot where Third Avenue crosses 67th Street in New York today, a group of soldiers were hastily preparing a simple gallows and digging a grave in the hard earth.

While they were at work a military guard marched into the open space.

"Halt!" an officer commanded.

The soldiers came to rest. Rifle butts thudded on the packed ground. In the midst of the compact group, surrounded on all sides by the armed men, stood Nathan Hale.

An English officer appeared in the opening of a tent on the edge of the clearing. The troops snapped to attention.

"Escort the prisoner to my tent," the officer ordered.
"Yes, sir."

It was cool inside the tent. The Englishman pointed to a chair.

"Will you sit down, Captain Hale? It appears that all the preparations have not yet been completed."

"Thank you, Captain. . . ."

"Captain John Montresor," the Englishman said, "of His Majesty's Corps of Engineers."

"Thank you, Captain Montresor." Nathan Hale's voice was as low and gentle as always and as steady.

"Would you like writing materials, Captain Hale?"

"Thank you. I would."

For the next few minutes only the sound of pen scratching on paper broke the silence of the tent. Outside soldiers were securing the last knot in the long heavy rope they had looped over the branch of a tall tree. Others were harnessing a team of horses to a farm wagon.

Nathan Hale finished his letters, folded them carefully, and laid them on the table. "Thank you again, Captain Montresor," he said.

A shadow appeared in the doorway of the tent.

"Captain," a voice said, "everything is ready."

Montresor stood up. "Captain Hale, I'm afraid that. . . ."

Hale too rose to his feet. "I'm ready, sir."

With Montresor beside him he walked quickly across the clearing. The wagon had been brought into position directly beneath the dangling noose. Hale climbed into it.

British soldiers bound his hands behind his back and



Nathan Hale finished his last letters under guard

. . . tied a handkerchief over his eyes. Then they slipped the circle of rope over his head.

. . . Their work was finished. They climbed down from the wagon, leaving Nathan Hale there alone.

. . . The British Provost Marshal had arrived to carry out the duty General Howe had assigned to him. His harsh voice sounded loud in the stillness.

. . . "Is there anything you wish to say?" he demanded.

. . . Nathan Hale spoke his last words in the same low gentle voice his friends all remembered.

. . . "I only regret," he said steadily, "that I have but one life to lose for my country."

. . . There was a moment of utter silence.

. . . Then the Provost barked an order. A soldier's whip lashed across the backs of the harnessed team. The horses leaped forward, jerking the wagon out from beneath the condemned man's feet.

. . . An instant later Nathan Hale was dead.

. . . The British Provost Marshal was noted for his cruelty to Americans. At his orders Captain Montresor was forced to destroy the last letters Hale had written. But the Provost couldn't erase from the English captain's memory the last words Hale had spoken.

. . . Shortly afterward Captain Montresor crossed the American lines under a flag of truce to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. He told the Americans about Hale's capture and his execution. He spoke of how bravely the young man had died and he repeated those final words.

. . . The words have never been forgotten. They expressed the courage, the loyalty, and the sacrifice of a young nation fighting for its freedom, for its very existence.

In the history of espionage Nathan Hale must go down as a failure. He bungled his mission. He was caught and hanged. And the information he collected never reached the hands of General Washington.

But in the history of the United States the young spy has been accorded a hero's place. The British killed Nathan Hale, but they could never kill the devotion to the cause of independence which his death inspired then, and which it still inspires today.



Chapter 3: WASHINGTON'S LONG ISLAND SPIES

NATHAN Hale's mission had ended in death and failure, but it gave the Americans a rallying cry and a hero. It also taught them a lesson which proved of great value. Nathan Hale's tragic end convinced General Washington that what the Americans needed was a competent intelligence service—a well-organized network of spies.

Nathan Hale had worked alone. If there had been other spies at hand to help him, he might have avoided capture, or, at the least, he might have been able to hand over the information he had collected to someone who could ensure its safe delivery.

General Washington knew that if he were going to be able to overcome England's superiority of men and materials, he would need regular and reliable information about the enemy's plans and strength. He decided that

he could obtain it only if he had a complete system of spies, couriers, and intelligence experts.

Washington knew it wasn't going to be easy to set up such a system. It would require men courageous enough and clever enough to travel among the enemy—perhaps actually to live among them—without ever revealing their real purpose or their real sympathies. They would have to deceive not only the British but the American Tories—those Americans who favored the English cause—as well. The Tories were only too anxious to prove their loyalty to the crown by reporting anyone suspected of rebellious tendencies. Patriots who undertook the task of gathering and delivering intelligence reports for General Washington would be living under the shadow of the gallows.

But Washington also knew there were patriots brave enough to take those risks, and clever enough to outwit the enemy. He summoned Major Benjamin Tallmadge of the Second Regiment of Light Dragoons to a secret conference—a conference so secret that most of the General's own staff never even heard about it. There he told Tallmadge about the kind of spy network he needed and asked him to organize and direct its activities. It was to be centered in New York, where the British had by then established their headquarters.

The young major of the Dragoons agreed. He had been a classmate of Nathan Hale's at Yale College. The death of his friend had proved to him too that the Americans needed a new and efficient secret service organization.

Tallmadge's first task was to plan a reliable line of communication between New York City itself, where the spies would collect the bulk of their information, and

Washington's headquarters north of the British-held island of Manhattan. The two were separated only by a narrow no man's land covering that part of New York City that is today called the Bronx. But Tallmadge knew it would be foolhardy to try to send couriers back and forth across the lines by that route. Instead he worked out a roundabout but much safer method.

He planned to start his couriers out of New York by a route that led *away* from the Americans rather than toward them. It crossed the water to Long Island, that slender body of land that parallels the coast from New York to the northern edge of Connecticut. The couriers would then travel along the island some fifty miles until they reached Setauket. There they could cross back over Long Island Sound to the mainland, arriving in Connecticut at a point safely behind the American lines. This was almost the reverse of the route the unfortunate Nathan Hale had traveled.

The British were in control of Long Island, but Tallmadge knew they couldn't keep a close watch over all its tiny bays and inlets. He had been born on Long Island himself and knew it well. He was certain that near Setauket there were many small harbors that could be safely used by cautious boatmen.

Having decided on his communication lines, Tallmadge recruited his small but fearless band of spies. The four most important men in the group were Robert Townsend—college classmate of Nathan Hale—and Austin Roe, Abraham Woodhull, and Caleb Brewster. A fifth vital member was Anna Strong, the wife of Judge Selah Strong.

Each person in the network had a specific task to

perform. Some were chiefly concerned with collecting information. Others undertook the equally dangerous job of transmitting it.

Tall, handsome young Robert Townsend, a New York merchant who also had a home at Oyster Bay on Long Island, was for some time the chief source of information about British activities in the city.

Austin Roe, a Setauket farmer, served as one of the couriers. His fondness for riding was so well known that no one thought it strange when he made frequent trips from his farm to New York, although fifty-five miles on horseback was too long a trip for most people.

Abraham Woodhull, another Setauket farmer, often traveled to the city to market his produce. Furthermore, he had such a wide acquaintance among his neighbors, patriots and Tories alike, that he could pick up a great deal of information about the British troops stationed on Long Island.

Anna Strong's job was the simplest, but it was no less important than the rest. Almost every time she hung her laundry out to dry she was signaling to Woodhull that Caleb Brewster, the Connecticut boatman, was hiding in a bay waiting for a dispatch which he would deliver across the Sound to Major Tallmadge.

From his post in Connecticut, Major Tallmadge forwarded all the messages he received directly to General Washington or routed back to New York, by way of Long Island, Washington's letters requesting certain information from the spies.

When Washington was stationed just north of New York, Tallmadge could maintain contact with him easily and swiftly. But later, when Washington moved to other

parts of the Colonies, Tallmadge had to establish relays of Dragoons at posts fifteen miles apart. Messages traveling in either direction were sent from one post to the next at top speed, whether Washington was in New Jersey or Pennsylvania or was moving southward into Virginia.

Secrecy was the watchword of the entire organization. Few Americans were even aware that the spy network existed. Washington himself was ignorant of the names of all those responsible for the reports that reached him. Only Tallmadge knew all the chief members of his network, but even he didn't know the dozens of patriots who contributed their bit to the store of facts collected for Washington.

The spies used false names. They wrote in invisible ink. They employed codes and ciphers.

The number 711, for example, stood for General Washington, 727 for New York, 729 for Setauket. Robert Townsend was known by the name of Samuel Culper Jr., and Abraham Woodhull was Samuel Culper Sr. The "John Bolton" so often mentioned in the spies' messages was actually Major Tallmadge.

If a spy wanted to send a message like the following:

Caleb Brewster will keep appointment with Abraham Woodhull and John Roberts at Setauket 15 May

he wrote it like this:

725 will keep 28 with 722 and Dqbp Lqfilvu at 729 ek 373

Townsend became kingpin of the network. His business in New York made him well acquainted with many influential Tories. All of them believed Townsend was a Tory himself. His friendship with James Rivington, well-

known publisher of several Tory magazines, proved particularly useful. Townsend often gave Rivington news items for his magazines, and Rivington almost always printed them. When this fact became known, many British officers, who were eager for publicity in order to improve their chances of promotion, made a point of telling Townsend about their plans and their achievements. They even invited him to visit their headquarters and inspect their defense installations. In fact, they revealed all sorts of important data to Townsend, in the hope of seeing their names in print.

Thus Townsend usually had at hand—or could obtain at short notice—most of the information General Washington needed.

The patriot spy network operated with remarkable smoothness. One spring day, for example, relays of swift horses brought Tallmadge a letter from Washington.

At present [the commander in chief wrote] I am anxious to know (for the reports have been very numerous vague and uncertain) whether another embarkation is preparing, and if so to what amount, and where destined. What the present force of the Enemy is; particularly on Long Island, in New York and at King's Bridge. What Corps are at the latter place, how strong, and where posted exactly—and indeed what the situation, prospect, and designs of the enemy are, so far as they can be penetrated into.

Tallmadge immediately sat down and wrote a letter addressed to "Samuel Culper Jr." in New York. The letter sounded perfectly innocent. It simply asked "Culper" to send "John Bolton" some supplies of spices.

When Tallmadge had signed the letter with his code

name, "John Bolton," he waited impatiently for the ink to dry. Then he took from a secret drawer in his desk a small bottle of clear fluid. Dipping his pen in that invisible ink he wrote a second message between the lines of his original letter, listing the things that Washington wanted to know. When he was finished, nothing appeared on the paper except the order for spices.

Then Tallmadge hurried down to the wharf where Caleb Brewster's boat was tied. The letter changed hands.

"This will go out immediately," Brewster said quietly. "They're expecting me tonight, Major."

Late that night Woodhull, on Long Island, was waiting in the darkness at the head of a silent cove. He heard no sign of Brewster's approach until the small boat scraped gently on the beach.

The letter changed hands again.

"Any trouble?" Woodhull asked.

Brewster chuckled. "There are a couple of British craft out there just begging to be captured. I wasn't looking for trouble on the way over, but I think I'll pick them up on the way back."

And then Brewster set off across the Sound again, as quietly as he had come.

Early the next morning Woodhull left his house. There was plowing to be done in one of his fields—in a field adjoining the pasture land used by his neighbor, Austin Roe. As Woodhull strode along the border of the pasture he paused for a brief instant. When he walked on he no longer was carrying the letter signed "John Bolton." It lay concealed in a hiding place beneath the brush.

Farmer Roe took his cows out to pasture a little later.

He too strolled along the edge of the pasture—and returned to his house with the letter in his pocket. Soon Roe was astride one of his fine horses, pounding the sandy road to New York more than fifty miles away.

By nightfall he was crossing the ferry from Brooklyn to Manhattan, a tired and dusty man.

On dry land again he headed directly for his favorite coffee shop near Wall Street. It was crowded with British redcoats and Tories. The air was full of smoke and military talk. At the far corner a man in civilian clothes sat chatting pleasantly with several officers. He looked up at Roe's arrival, but continued his conversation with no sign of recognition. A few minutes later he got to his feet.

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said politely, "but I have some accounts to balance in my rooms."

"'Tis early, Townsend," one of the officers protested. "The night is young."

"Business, gentlemen," Townsend replied. "It can't wait, you know."

"Well, go if you must. But don't forget, Townsend," the officer added, "you have promised to visit us at our quarters tomorrow. We have an excellent wine we're sure you'd enjoy sampling." He winked. "And a bit of news about our regiment that we think would look well in your friend Rivington's magazine."

"An honor, gentlemen. I won't forget. And now, good night." Townsend bowed and left the coffee shop to go back to his own rooms.

The visitor he was expecting arrived almost immediately. Roe shut the door behind himself and slid the bolt home before he spoke. "Your friend Bolton asked me to deliver this order to you."

"Thank you." The two men smiled at each other, and then Townsend took the letter and read it. "I think I have what he wants," he said. "Spices are scarce just now, but I do have a little."

While he was speaking these innocent sentences for the benefit of any too-curious ears that might somehow overhear him, he was brushing a clear liquid over the surface of the paper before him. Slowly the secret message appeared. Townsend read it carefully.

Then, working as swiftly as possible, he wrote his reply. The visible words he put down answered "John Bolton's" query about the spices. But Townsend too had a bottle of the same kind of invisible ink Tallmadge had used, and once again code words and numbers were invisibly written between the lines. They gave the information Washington had asked for.

When Townsend's reply was ready, he burned "Bolton's" double message. Its secret could now be read. It was too dangerous to keep.

The next morning Roe was galloping back to his farm. Townsend's answer was in his saddlebag, together with little packets of spices. He carried the spices to prove to the British—if road patrols should stop him—that he was simply doing an errand for a friend.

When Roe went to the pasture to bring his cows home that evening he placed the letter in the secret hiding place. Abraham Woodhull picked it up shortly afterward and took it home with him.

He too had information to send on, and so he wrote another letter to be forwarded to Washington with Townsend's. Then he carried his spyglass to a window and peered through it.

Just across an inlet, half a mile away, stood Judge Strong's house. Woodhull could see that Anna Strong had washed clothes that day. There was a line of garments hanging up to dry. He strained his eyes in the dusk and made out a black petticoat flanked by three white handkerchiefs.

Woodhull nodded to himself. Anna Strong's message to him was clear. The black petticoat told him that Brewster would arrive again that night from Connecticut. The three handkerchiefs signaled the cove where Brewster would land.

That night a packet containing reports from Townsend and Woodhull—reports signed "Samuel Culper Jr." and "Samuel Culper Sr."—was on its way to Tallmadge. By the following morning it was being speeded south to Washington, carried by Dragoons who spared neither their horses nor themselves.

Most of the time the spy network devoted itself to collecting information for Washington about the British military plans. But on several occasions the secret agents performed other services that were equally important to the winning of the Revolution. One of these occasions had its sinister beginnings in Robert Townsend's pleasant white clapboard home at Oyster Bay.

The British had quartered officers there ever since they had won control of Long Island and New York City. Townsend's sister, Sarah, as tall and handsome as her brother, took care to seem a gracious hostess to her uninvited guests. Neither Colonel John Graves Simcoe, the post commander, or any of the British officers who often visited there, ever suspected the girl of being anything



Abraham Woodhull peered through his spyglass

but a loyal subject to His Majesty, King George. Sarah knew how important it was not to offend them. As a trusted confidante she was in a good position to furnish her brother with much valuable information.

One day in the fall of 1780 Sarah was unusually busy preparing dinner. Colonel Simcoe had a guest, the dashing Major John André, aide-de-camp to the British General Clinton. That evening, not long before dinner was served, Sarah caught sight of an unknown man slinking into her pantry. Before she could ask who he was or what he wanted, the stranger laid a letter on a shelf and vanished through the rear door.

Sarah looked at the letter. It was addressed to a Mr. John Anderson. She had never heard the name before.

Sarah said nothing about the letter to anyone. She simply put it back on the shelf and waited to see what would happen next.

Soon the Colonel's guest, Major André, slipped quietly into the pantry. Apparently he thought no one had seen him. He looked quickly about, saw the letter, put it in his pocket, and then slipped out again.

Sarah was decidedly suspicious. She kept doubly on the alert that night. She heard no one mention the mysterious letter, but she did hear frequent mention of West Point, the American fort on the Hudson River.

Sarah Townsend knew how important West Point was to the Americans. A great quantity of their precious supplies were stored there. And it was, besides, the patriots' chief defense against British attempts to sail northward up the Hudson.

She knew too that the British would give almost anything to capture West Point. Their discussion of it wor-

ried her. It seemed very likely that the British were planning to attack the fort. She decided that her brother must be informed immediately, and that he also should be told about the mysterious letter addressed to John Anderson but silently claimed by Major André.

Unfortunately, however, her brother was in New York as usual. Sarah put her pretty head to work to figure out some way of getting a message to him as quickly as possible. Soon she had an idea. She sought out a young British captain, Daniel Young.

“Captain Young,” Sarah said, with a hint of tears in her voice, “I find myself in a most embarrassing position. I’m afraid Colonel Simcoe is going to be very angry with me. He’s planning a party for tomorrow, you know, and of course he will expect me to serve that special brand of tea he’s so fond of. But my supply of it is completely exhausted. What shall I do?”

The captain looked sympathetic. “Is there none at all to be had, Mistress Sarah?”

“Well, of course, Captain, my brother has some in New York, at his merchant establishment,” Sarah told him. “But New York is so far away!”

Captain Young smiled. “It’s not so far as all that. I’ll dispatch a rider immediately to your brother’s place of business. By tomorrow he’ll be back with your tea. There—does that solve your problem?”

“Oh, thank you, Captain!” Sarah smiled her most radiant smile. “How clever of you—and how kind! I shall write a note to my brother immediately, telling him exactly what I want—so there shall be no mistake.”

While Sarah Townsend was serving the Colonel’s favorite tea to a party of British officers the next night, the

news she had sent her brother was already on its way to Tallmadge.

Late in September Tallmadge received word that Americans at Pleasantville, N.Y., had arrested a man who said his name was John Anderson. The captive admitted he was a Tory, but insisted he was not a spy as the Americans believed when they discovered the plans of West Point hidden in his boot. The man had showed a pass signed by the American commander of West Point, Major-General Benedict Arnold.

“Would Major-General Arnold have given me a pass to travel around the country if I were a spy?” the man had demanded.

The Americans who arrested him believed that the pass was a forgery. They decided to send the man to West Point, under guard, to test his story against the word of the fort’s commander.

When Tallmadge heard about the case, he acted immediately. He sent his Dragoons out to stop “John Anderson” and his guards and bring the man to him.

Tallmadge was acting only on a brilliant hunch—a hunch based largely on the information Sarah Townsend had offered. At the time he had no idea that “John Anderson” was in reality Major André, the handsome British officer and spy. Nor did Tallmadge know that André had already obtained a promise from the traitor, Benedict Arnold, to turn West Point over to the British.

But because Tallmadge had his secret information and because he acted swiftly, he prevented André from joining Arnold at West Point and making his escape from there through the British lines.

The traitor, Arnold, managed to get away and thus

save his neck. But the vigilance of the patriots' spy ring brought André to his fate. He was convicted of spying and hanged.

Townsend and the other American spies often obtained their valuable information by means of the careless rumors circulating around the British headquarters. But they also knew how to circulate rumors themselves, to the advantage of the American forces.

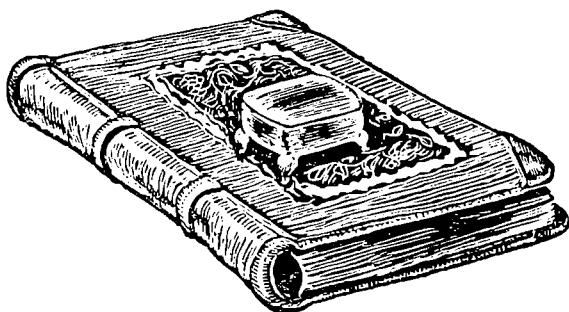
On one memorable occasion they deliberately spread the false report that Washington intended to attack New York. The British commander heard the rumor and believed it. In fact, he became so alarmed that he refused to send part of his troops to the aid of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, when Cornwallis frantically begged for reinforcements.

In the meantime, while the large British force in New York lived in daily fear of the expected American onslaught, Washington was actually moving his entire army southward to join the attack on Cornwallis.

By the time the British in New York discovered that they had been fooled, it was too late for them to go to Cornwallis's aid. Cornwallis, trapped at Yorktown by Washington's combined forces, surrendered his entire army. The Revolution was practically over, and the rumor circulated by the ingenious patriot spies had hastened its end.

The complete secrecy which protected the Long Island spies from capture and hanging during the war was maintained long after the Revolution was over. Documents that could have revealed the names of those daring men and women were sealed by Washington's order and remained sealed for a hundred years. Only then, a century

after the war's end, could their countrymen know and pay honor to the spies whose intelligence service played such a large part in the successful outcome of the war for independence. Americans still honor those clever, courageous men today.



Chapter 4: THE CHEVALIER D'EON, SPY IN MASQUERADE

ONE day about the middle of the eighteenth century, shortly after the year 1750, a slender, handsome young man arrived in Paris. His home was the small city of Tonnerre, in one of the wine-growing districts of France—a place very different from the French capital and the luxurious court of Louis XV. The young man came to Paris, as young men have done for hundreds of years, to seek the kind of fame and adventure which he believed could be found nowhere else. But, unlike many other young men, he did soon become very famous indeed. And certainly he had one of the strangest adventures in all history.

He was known as the Chevalier d'Eon. His full name was Charles Geneviève Louis André Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont.

The Chevalier d'Eon had been a very brilliant student. When most of his friends in Tonnerre were studying Latin verbs, he was already studying Latin law. He was still scarcely more than a boy when he passed his examinations for the bar, earned his degree of doctor of laws, and wrote a serious study of the finances of France.

Furthermore, although he was small and delicate, he was very quick and strong. None of his friends dared to tease him about his long-lashed blue eyes or his bookish habits. They knew he was the best fencer and the best swordsman in Tonnerre. They even elected him captain of their fencing school.

So the young Chevalier d'Eon probably felt very confident as he took his first stroll along the boulevards of Paris on the evening of his arrival. The big crowded city on the banks of the Seine River might frighten other youths from the provinces. But d'Eon knew he was a capable lawyer, an expert on finance, and a skilled fencer. Surely, he must have thought, that combination of talents should be enough to win him success.

Almost at that very moment, in fact—although d'Eon didn't know it—the King himself was talking about the young man from Tonnerre. The King had read d'Eon's study of French finances.

"This Chevalier d'Eon seems to be very clever," Louis remarked to one of his wiggled and elegant courtiers. "We could use a clever man in our ministry of finance," he added.

The courtier nodded. The French treasury was falling every year deeper into debt. The King was extravagant, as Louis XIV before him had been. In his vast palace at Versailles, just outside Paris, Louis XV surrounded him-

self with gilt furniture and silken hangings, with glittering fountains and crystal chandeliers. And Madame de Pompadour, his favorite, spent millions of French francs each year on clothes and court balls and expensive jewels.

"Yes, Sire," the courtier agreed. "France could indeed use a financial wizard. Perhaps d'Eon could devise new methods for taxing Your Majesty's subjects and increasing Your Majesty's income."

"Send the Chevalier to me," the King commanded.

D'Eon arrived promptly in response to his sovereign's bidding. But an unwelcome piece of news reached the court ahead of him. Louis learned that his hated rival across the sea, King George of England, was about to conclude an alliance with Russia. It would make England even more powerful than she was already and an even greater threat to France.

"The treaty of alliance between England and Russia must not be signed," Louis told his ministers. "Russia has thousands of soldiers that could be put in the field at a moment's notice. If those soldiers ever march into Europe, they must be fighting *with* us—not against us."

"But how can we prevent the alliance, Sire?" one of the men asked. "The Russian chancellor is a staunch friend of England and no doubt well-paid by England for his friendship. And he controls the foreign policy of his Tsarina with an iron hand."

"Exactly," another agreed. "The Tsarina Elizabeth is known to be friendly to France. She copies French fashions and does her best to ape the grandeur of Your Majesty's court. But her Chancellor won't even permit a French envoy to see her. He doesn't want her to make an alliance with any country but England."

King Louis knew his ministers were speaking the truth. The last French envoy to Russia had been thrown into prison on a charge of espionage. He had never had a chance to see the Tsarina.

"But somehow we must find a way around the Chancellor," Louis insisted. "Somehow we must reach the ear of the Tsarina Elizabeth herself."

The King was still pondering over the problem of Russia when the young Chevalier d'Eon was shown into his presence.

"Your Majesty!" The Chevalier's bow was as graceful as a willow bending to the wind. His voice was as soft as a girl's.

The King looked at him with surprise. Was this fresh-faced, innocent-looking young man actually a brilliant lawyer and financial expert? It seemed almost impossible.

But a few minutes of conversation proved that d'Eon was everything his reputation declared him to be—and more. His wit was as sharp as the point of his rapier. His mind was as quick as the lightning-like flash of his fencing foil.

Suddenly King Louis decided that d'Eon was too remarkable a man to be hidden away behind the sober walls of the French treasury. Louis needed him in another and even more vital post.

"It is our wish," he said, "that you perform for us a secret and most important mission."

"I am yours to command, Sire," d'Eon replied. "Your Majesty has only to tell me what the mission is."

"You will go to Russia and speak privately there with the Tsarina Elizabeth," King Louis told him. "No one in Russia except the Tsarina herself must know that you are

our messenger—not even the Tsarina’s closest advisers, and especially not her Chancellor. He is friendly to England—and therefore an enemy of France. And when you see the Tsarina you will give her a letter which we shall entrust to your care.”

The King further told d’Eon to take with him a confederate, who would carry the secret code by which messages could be sent back to France.

“I understand, Sire,” the Chevalier d’Eon said.

And thus began one of the strangest tales of intrigue and spying that the world has ever known.

D’Eon knew his assignment would not be easy. He laid his plans with great care. But they were daring plans.

Not long afterward a curtained carriage left Paris and arrived some days later at the stolid little German city of Anhalt.

The passenger in the carriage was the Chevalier d’Eon. But when he dismounted from the curtained cubicle he was in disguise. He had transformed himself into the bewitching young woman who soon charmed all Anhalt—the “Mademoiselle Lia de Beaumont.”

D’Eon’s musical voice, his slender figure, his smooth complexion, all aided in the disguise. His elaborate gown, with its vast full skirt, was furbelowed in the most recent style. His own hair was covered by a towering wig of powdered curls. He looked, in fact, exactly like the wealthy young lady from Paris that he was pretending to be.

This alone, perhaps, would not be very surprising. Many men have successfully disguised themselves as women for a brief time. But d’Eon hadn’t put on his masquerade for a single performance. He planned to play his

role for as long as his mission to Russia lasted—and play it so well that his secret would never be discovered. He knew his life would be worth very little if anyone saw through his disguise.

He chose Anhalt, on the road toward the Russian border, as a sort of rehearsal hall. With him was the Chevalier Douglass, an older man, who introduced himself to Anhalt society as the uncle of the lovely young Lia. Douglass was actually d'Eon's trusted confidant. But he told all curious questioners that he was a dealer in furs and mining properties.

"I hope to visit certain Bohemian mines, and perhaps even the great Russian fur markets before I return home," Douglass explained to anyone who asked him. "But primarily I am traveling for my health, on doctor's orders."

"We do so hope the trip will be beneficial to my dear uncle," the "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" added innocently. "He suffers from serious coughing spells."

And Douglass did often break into a fit of coughing—particularly when anyone questioned him too closely about his plans. It was a very convenient way to cut short an awkward conversation.

"Mademoiselle de Beaumont" was an overwhelming success in Anhalt. The good German burghers and their wives clustered around their charming visitor like bees around a honeysuckle vine. They urged Douglass and his "niece" to remain in their city indefinitely.

But when Douglass and d'Eon agreed that the young Chevalier was letter-perfect in his role, they said good-by to their kindly hosts and took their departure.

With them when they started out for the Russian bor-

der by a carefully roundabout route were two items which they had guarded closely ever since they left Paris. One was a jeweled snuffbox, which Douglass carried safely in his pocket. The other was a book, which "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" kept always in her hand or close beside her.

In the snuffbox, hidden beneath its false bottom, was the secret code. Sealed inside the beautiful leather binding of the book was King Louis' letter to Elizabeth.

It was a difficult journey. The farther the travelers went the worse the roads became. And when they crossed into the Tsarina Elizabeth's vast domain, they rode for long weary miles across nearly trackless plains, following faint trails that were deep with dust in dry weather and heavy with mud when it rained. The inns where they stayed at night were often crude log houses, already crowded by the owner's family. At times Douglass and his delicate-looking "niece" had to spend the night on a bare dirt floor, huddled close to the big tile stove around which the whole household gathered for warmth. But they never complained, so long as no one tried to separate them from the jeweled snuffbox and the book.

And Lia, who appeared so fragile, seemed to stand the trip very well. When "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" finally arrived in St. Petersburg, the Russian capital—the broad-avenued city that is now called Leningrad—she looked quite as charming as she had when she left the adoring citizens of Anhalt.

In St. Petersburg she quickly gained new admirers. Some were native Russians. Some were members of the large foreign colony in the city.

St. Petersburg had many visitors in those days, as every

important European city had. They came and went constantly, despite the difficulties of travel. Among them were wealthy, restless aristocrats, who simply liked to amuse themselves by jaunting from one place to another with long trains of carriages for their servants and their luggage.

But many of the foreigners in the Russian capital—as in every other city—were spies. They might be amateur spies. They might be professionals. But all were equally busy gathering any information that would be useful to their own rulers in case of war or a new political crisis.

The presence of spies in St. Petersburg was no secret. It was especially well known to Elizabeth's Chancellor, Count Bestucheff, the man who was so determined to ally his country with England. He didn't try to get rid of them all. But he did try to make sure that he knew just what they were doing. He had set up his own elaborate secret service system, which kept a careful watch on all the strangers who visited Elizabeth's court. His spies even watched the Tsarina herself, because Bestucheff believed that she cared more for her own pleasure than she did for the future of Russia, and therefore he didn't trust her.

"She is no longer young," he sometimes grumbled. "But she dances every night, dresses like a girl, and would give away half her kingdom to any young man who flattered her by saying she is still beautiful. The handsome smooth-tongued young men—they are the most dangerous spies of all, because they know how to win the ear of the Tsarina."

D'Eon knew all about Bestucheff and his power before he reached Russia. He had made it his business to know. In fact he had disguised himself as a woman for the spe-

cial purpose of deceiving the wily old Chancellor. D'Eon knew that Bestucheff took extra care to keep all handsome young foreigners—and especially handsome young Frenchmen—away from the Tsarina.

But d'Eon's disguise could not protect Douglass. And soon Bestucheff became very suspicious of the visitor who talked of the fur markets but who seemed to spend most of his time attending social affairs with his beautiful "niece." Bestucheff told his spies to learn all they could about him.

One night four men broke down the door of the apartment where Douglass and d'Eon were staying. Three of the men dashed into Douglass's room and attacked him in his bed. Douglass sprang up and tried to defend himself.

In the meantime the fourth man had gone into the room where d'Eon lay sleeping. D'Eon awoke and saw him. In an instant the Chevalier leaped out of bed, seized the pistol he kept always beneath his pillow, and fired. The intruder fell. Then d'Eon ran into Douglass's room, his rapier in his hand.

His sharp blade flashed once, twice—again and again. Within a few minutes the other three visitors lay bleeding on the floor.

D'Eon and Douglass put all four out into the street. The man who had attacked d'Eon was dead. The others were all severely wounded.

And then the two Frenchmen bound up their own slight wounds and sat down to talk things over. They knew the four men must have been spies sent by Bestucheff. The dead man could never tell the Chancellor that it had been a young man—instead of a young woman—



The Chevalier d'Eon ran to his companion's rescue

who leaped suddenly out of "Mademoiselle de Beaumont's" bed and attacked him. But the other three men were still alive. And it was quite possible that they had recognized Douglass's skillful defender as the beautiful "Mademoiselle de Beaumont."

D'Eon and Douglass knew that they must bring their mission to a swift conclusion, if they were ever to succeed at all. It was very likely that Bestucheff would now order them out of the country.

From that moment on d'Eon redoubled his efforts. Untiringly, day after day and evening after evening, he attended the balls and parties of St. Petersburg's aristocracy. Never, except in the seclusion of his own room, did he dare to be himself. He laced his body into rib-pinching corsets and walked always with the studied grace of a shy young woman. He spoke modestly and sweetly and coquettishly, but he never spoke as himself.

Finally his persistence won its reward. He met the Tsarina's Vice-Chancellor, Woronzoff, a man known to be friendly to France. Woronzoff had heard of "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" whose beauty had made several artists eager to paint her portrait. He found the visitor from France quite as attractive as he had been told she was.

"My dear young lady," Woronzoff said, "I must present you to the Tsarina. She takes delight in French art, you know, and in French music and French fashions. She is certain to be delighted with you."

"Mademoiselle de Beaumont" lowered her lashes. "Your Excellency is too kind. Of course nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be presented to Her

Majesty. But I am so unimportant. It would be too great an honor."

"Nonsense!" The Vice-Chancellor beamed at her. "Unimportant? Why, all St. Petersburg talks of your charms. There is only one tiny fault that I myself can find with you. You seem a trifle too serious for one of your years and your beauty. That heavy book you have there—it is always with you."

"Oh—this?" Again "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" cast her eyes down. She put a protective hand on the volume that was constantly in her sight. "I fear I am a halting reader and slow to understand. It takes me a long time to complete a book, especially one as solemn as this philosophy of Montesquieu. Therefore I seize whatever spare moments I have to get on with it. Her Majesty will doubtless find me very stupid."

"Not at all," Woronzoff assured her gallantly. "She will find you enchanting—as we all do." Then his face sobered. "Of course it may be a little time before I can arrange an audience. Her Majesty is, of course, most carefully guarded."

He didn't have to mention the name of Bestucheff. D'Eon understood perfectly well how closely—and for what reason—the Chancellor guarded his Tsarina. And d'Eon also knew that the Vice-Chancellor, Woronzoff, was far less powerful than his superior, the Chancellor himself.

"Of course," "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" said quickly. "I understand. But anything Your Excellency attempts to do will surely be soon accomplished."

"I shall do my best," Woronzoff promised.

Days went by. D'Eon waited impatiently, but still he

was not summoned to the Tsarina's palace. He knew that if Bestucheff had discovered what Woronzoff hoped to do, Woronzoff's plan would never be carried out.

And then came the catastrophe d'Eon and Douglass had feared. Douglass was ordered to leave the country by a specific date. Bestucheff had obviously decided that he was a dangerous French spy.

"Mademoiselle de Beaumont" could not remain in St. Petersburg alone. In those days no well-bred young lady such as d'Eon pretended to be could stay in a strange city without the protection of a relative. D'Eon too would have to go.

The deadline for their departure drew near, and still Woronzoff had not arranged an audience for "Mademoiselle de Beaumont."

"We have to leave St. Petersburg tomorrow," Douglass told d'Eon at last. "The date has been set, and there is no use trying to evade Bestucheff's order. It means we have failed."

"There is still a chance," d'Eon said.

And that very evening Woronzoff succeeded. Proudly the Vice-Chancellor escorted the "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" to Elizabeth's vast palace, and proudly he presented her to the Tsarina.

A handsome lace mantilla covered d'Eon's shoulders. A delicate black ribbon circled his throat. His magnificent wig was freshly powdered and curled, and his dress was superb.

The aging Elizabeth was instantly enchanted. She took her young French guest aside and talked to her with marked attention.

D'Eon took advantage of all the information he had

carefully collected about the Tsarina. He knew she liked to be flattered, and he paid her compliments by the score.

"Your Majesty's palace is even more magnificent than the palace at Versailles," "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" declared. "The paintings, the statuary here surpass anything I have ever seen."

The Tsarina smiled. She knew many Europeans thought of Russia as a backward country. For years she had hired experts from all over the world to adorn her palaces and gardens, and to enrich her court with music and arts of every sort. She was always especially pleased when visitors assured her that her palaces were the equal of kingly residences in other lands.

"And Your Majesty's gown. . . . Forgive me, it is impudent for me to mention it." "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" looked more shy than ever. "But it is so beautiful!"

The Tsarina smiled again. She loved beautiful clothes and spent huge sums of money on them. She had, it was said, 15,000 silk dresses and 5,000 pairs of shoes. And she liked nothing better than to be admired by an eye accustomed to the world-famous fashions of Paris.

"Would it offend Your Majesty if I told her a most curious bit of gossip now going the rounds in Paris?" d'Eon went on, when the subject of clothes had been exhausted.

He was playing his trump card. He knew that every evening, when the Tsarina's guests departed, she took several young women with her up to her private apartments. With them she sat and talked through the night. The Tsarina never went to bed until daylight. Years before she herself had seized the throne of Russia from its rightful heir in the middle of the night, marching on the

palace at the head of armed troops. And ever since that moment of triumph she had feared that the throne would be stolen from her in the same way. Her fear kept her awake through all the hours of darkness, and only her most trusted friends were allowed to be with her then.

D'Eon hoped to be one of those friends.

He had offered the right bait. The Tsarina could never resist gossip, and she was especially interested in trivial bits of news from the other capitals of the world.

"You will come to my private apartments with me when I have dismissed the rest of my guests," she told d'Eon. "And there you shall entertain me with all the gayest tidbits from Paris that you can recall."

"Mademoiselle de Beaumont" curtsied in gratitude for this mark of the Tsarina's pleasure. Not by the flicker of an eyelash did d'Eon indicate that he had just won a great victory.

It was late that night when the Chevalier d'Eon was admitted to the Tsarina's private chamber, safe from the sharp eyes of Bestucheff and his spies. But there was still time to carry out King Louis's mission.

No historian can tell us what d'Eon said to the Tsarina Elizabeth when they were alone together. But we know that the precious letter was finally brought forth from the leather binding of the book that had hidden it so long and so well. And we know that Elizabeth read the letter with sympathetic eyes.

In many important matters the Tsarina allowed Bestucheff to have his own way. He saved her the bother of studying dull state papers and reading the hundreds of decrees to which she was expected to sign her name. She was grateful for his faithfulness, and usually she troubled

herself very little about the results of her Chancellor's policies. But occasionally she took a firm stand on behalf of some whim or some favorite. And when she announced that the charming "Mademoiselle de Beaumont" would join her group of ladies-in-waiting, even Bestucheff couldn't force d'Eon to leave the country.

Messages began to fly back and forth between Louis XV and the Russian Tsarina. And then she announced that she would not sign the treaty with England. D'Eon's skillful masquerade had served its purpose.

D'Eon's king rewarded him handsomely for his services to France. England, angry over Elizabeth's sudden refusal to sign an alliance, learned only long afterward the cause for her change of mind.

Perhaps, eventually, the Tsarina Elizabeth learned that her favorite lady-in-waiting was actually a man. But if she discovered d'Eon's secret, she never disclosed it to anyone else.

Soon France was engulfed in her own Revolution. And soon the tides of war washed across Europe, and all alliances and treaties were changed and rewritten. The correspondence between Louis XV and the Tsarina Elizabeth faded into unimportance and was forgotten.

But to this day the Chevalier d'Eon—the charming "Mademoiselle de Beaumont"—is remembered as one of the most fascinating, and one of the most successful, of all the long parade of masqueraders in the history of intrigue.



Chapter 5: NAPOLEON'S MASTER SPY:
KARL SHULMEISTER

KARL Shulmeister became a smuggler while most of his friends were still in school. This lawless trade gave him good training for his future career of spy and secret service agent.

He was born in 1770 in the German province of Alsace, near the French border. By the time he was seventeen, he was doing a good business shipping contraband goods back and forth over the boundary. He devised all sorts of tricks for carrying his wares past the sharp-eyed border patrols. He even learned how to hide small valuables in the mud-caked hair of his dog, and he smiled smugly to himself when he heard his neighbors say, "How kind Karl is to his dog! He takes the animal with him wherever he goes."

Karl also learned how to keep secrets, how to bribe

officials, and how to win a man's confidence one day in order to cheat him the next. He could be very charming when it suited his purpose, although his short stocky body and his broad swarthy face were far from handsome. He could also be daring and ruthless.

Europe was in a turmoil in those days. Napoleon Bonaparte, once a lowly Corsican soldier in the army of the French Revolution, had risen from the ranks to make himself ruler of France. He hoped someday to rule all Europe—perhaps all the world. Already his forces were threatening the lands that bordered France.

Many men hated and feared Napoleon. They longed for the return of peace. Some hoped Napoleon would soon be overthrown by the Bourbon family which had ruled France before the Revolution.

But Shulmeister admired everything he knew about the "Little Corporal" who had become a powerful dictator. Shulmeister too had great ambitions. He didn't intend to remain a common smuggler all his life, even if he did find it very profitable. He had a handsome home by the time he was thirty-five, but he dreamed of living in a palace and of hobnobbing with royalty. And he decided that the quickest and easiest way to raise himself up was to join the bandwagon of Napoleon's success.

"Perhaps I can even do him a great service some day," he thought. "And then—who knows? Then there would be no limit to what I might become."

His chance to do a service for Napoleon came at last, through a man named Savary who had become a general in Napoleon's army.

"Shulmeister," Savary said one day, "I have known you for several years. You can look innocent when you are

most guilty. You have a knack for deceiving others. I think a man of your talents could be very useful to our leader."

Shulmeister's curiously pale bright eyes gleamed in his dark face. "Tell me how," he said.

"Napoleon is uneasy about certain members of the Bourbon family," Savary told him. "Of course, you can guess why."

Shulmeister looked thoughtful. Many of the Bourbons, including Louis XVI and his wife, Marie Antoinette, had lost their heads on the guillotine during the early days of the Revolution. The rest lived in exile, forbidden by law ever to return to France.

"Is one of the Bourbons plotting to recapture the throne?" Shulmeister asked.

"Such a possibility must always be considered," Savary answered. "And Napoleon thinks it would be wise to show the Bourbons what would happen if one of them should actually make such an attempt. I thought you might be able to stage a little illustration."

"I see." Shulmeister's mind was already busy. He got up and began to stride back and forth across the room. "If a member of the Bourbon family could somehow be enticed into approaching the border. . . ."

"Exactly," Savary interrupted. "You catch on quickly. If that happened, we would naturally have to assume the worst. We would be forced to believe that the man intended to harm Napoleon, and we would have to punish him accordingly."

A few minutes later they shook hands, and Savary departed. Their plans were made. Their victim would

be the young Duke of Enghien, then living in exile in the German town of Baden.

Shulmeister first learned all he could about the young man. He learned that the Duke was gallant and brave and that he was in love with a young woman who lived in Strasbourg. With that information Shulmeister set the scene for his "illustration."

First he had the girl brought by force to a country estate just inside the French border. There he held her prisoner on the charge that she was a suspicious character.

Then Shulmeister sat down and wrote a letter. It was addressed to the Duke of Enghien, and it was signed with the young woman's name. It was a clever forgery. Shulmeister the smuggler had long ago learned how to prepare false documents.

The letter was a plea for help.

"Rescue me," it said. "I am being held captive, for I know not what reason. You must help me."

When the Duke of Enghien received the letter, he did just what Shulmeister hoped he would do. He set off immediately for the border, determined to bribe the officials there into letting him take the girl to the safety of Baden.

Shulmeister didn't even wait for his victim to reach the French boundary. He seized the Duke before he had even set foot in France.

Six days later a hastily assembled court sentenced the young man to be executed. It appointed a firing squad to carry out the sentence that very evening.

In the few hours that were left to him the Duke of Enghien wrote a letter to his ladylove, explaining why

he had been unable to rescue her and praying for her safety. He died bravely, calmly holding a lantern aloft so that his executioners could see to take aim at his heart.

The girl never saw his last letter. Shulmeister made sure of that. He sent her back home without explanation. She never knew why she had been held prisoner or why she was released. And she had no idea that Shulmeister had used her to trick the Duke of Enghien to his death.

Shulmeister received about \$30,000 as payment for his skillfully managed "illustration" of what could happen to any Bourbon who dared plot against Napoleon—who even dared to get close to the border of France. And not long afterward Shulmeister had an audience with the man who had crowned himself emperor of France.

General Savary made the introduction. "Here, Sire," he said to Napoleon, "is a man all brains and no heart."

Napoleon laughed. He was a very brilliant man himself, and he knew how to make use of a man who had brains, especially if that man had already proved he could be heartless.

Before long Napoleon sent Shulmeister on spying trips to England and to Ireland and declared himself satisfied with his new agent's reports. Then he gave Shulmeister the most important assignment of his long career.

Napoleon was getting ready to attack Austria. He always planned his campaigns very carefully, leaving nothing to chance. Therefore he wanted a great deal of information about that country before he set out. He wanted to know precisely how many men the Austrians had under arms, where they were stationed, and how many guns and rounds of ammunition they possessed. He told Shulmeister to get those facts for him and to learn

everything he could about the Austrians' plans for defense.

"You will make your reports directly to me, Karl," the Emperor added.

Shulmeister went off proudly. The Emperor had called him by his first name! Already Shulmeister could imagine himself receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor's own hands. It was the highest honor Napoleon could bestow. Shulmeister was determined to win it.

Some days afterward a curious thing happened at the Vienna headquarters of Field Marshal Karl Mack, chief of the Austrian forces. Guards brought in a man who didn't behave at all like the usual prisoner. He held his head high, and there was no fear in his strange light eyes.

"He was picked up near the French border, sir," one of the guards said. "The officers who have already questioned him thought you would be interested in what he has to say."

The distinguished-looking Austrian Marshal stared at the rather short, dark-haired man who stood before him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Karl Shulmeister, sir," Shulmeister answered calmly and in excellent German. "I have been exiled from France on the charge of being a spy for Austria."

The Marshal raised his eyebrows. "But you are not one of our spies."

"No, sir," Shulmeister agreed. "I am a Hungarian—my grandfather was of the Hungarian nobility. But I have been living in France for some years."

Shulmeister was a good actor. At that moment no one could have guessed that his father had actually been a

poor minister in Alsace. Shulmeister held himself as arrogantly as if he really came from a long line of Hungarian nobles.

"But it is a wonder to me," he went on, as if talking to himself, "that I have not actually turned to spying, as the French suspect. Perhaps as a spy I could have been useful to men like yourself, who understand the need to destroy that brazen upstart, Napoleon."

"So that is what you think of him!" Mack was indeed interested. He believed Napoleon was just what Shulmeister had called him—a brazen upstart. And he was glad to talk to a man who agreed with him. "Of course he must be destroyed," the Marshal went on, "but he has powerful forces. It will not be easy to defeat him."

"His forces are not so powerful as you may think, sir," Shulmeister said. "And there are many people in France who stand ready to join any army that might free them from Napoleon's rule."

"Ah-ha!" Marshal Mack was more interested than ever. He had heard that most of Napoleon's subjects adored him, but he had never really believed it. And now here was a man who had actually lived in France, and who was assuring the Marshal that he had been right all along.

"Come—sit down," Mack said, smiling at his visitor. "Make yourself comfortable. And tell me more about the conditions in France."

Shulmeister accepted the invitation. "I can tell you a great deal about them," he said. "And about Napoleon's army too. I have kept my eyes open. I have seen many things."

For the next few hours Shulmeister talked steadily and

Mack listened. And the longer the Marshal listened the more excited he became.

Napoleon had defeated the Austrian army in battles in the past, and the Austrians lived in constant dread of a new surprise attack by the French forces. It had become the ambition of Mack's life to turn the tables on the "Little Corporal"—to destroy completely the man who had become the strongest figure in all Europe. And everything Shulmeister told Mack that day seemed to make Napoleon's final defeat appear more likely.

Shulmeister, of course, was being very careful to say things he knew Mack wanted to hear.

"Napoleon has many enemies among his own officers," Shulmeister declared. "They will turn against him at the first opportunity. His forces are not as well equipped as he pretends to the world. His treasury is nearly empty."

On and on he went, and Mack devoured every word.

The Austrian marshal was not stupid. He made an effort to check the things Shulmeister told him. But Shulmeister had prepared for that. With Napoleon's help he had arranged for certain pieces of false information to get into the hands of Austrian spies. And thus Mack's own men seemed to confirm what Shulmeister had said.

Mack decided that Shulmeister was a valuable man—far too valuable to lose.

"You must accept a place on my staff," he said, "as an intelligence officer. You must return to France and continue to spy for me there."

Shulmeister shook his head. He intended to stay right where he was, in Mack's own camp. "You know I would do anything to bring about the downfall of Napoleon," he told the Marshal, "but I don't dare go back to France.

I would be arrested immediately, and then I would be of no further use to you."

"I suppose you're right," Mack said sadly. "But it's most unfortunate. I need a brilliant man like yourself to keep me informed of what goes on there."

"Wait! I have an idea!" Shulmeister's face lit up as if he had actually had an inspiration in that very moment. "I have many friends in France—people who feel as I do and who have the opportunity to watch all that goes on there. Perhaps I could get in touch with them secretly and ask them to send me regular reports. I could receive them here, organize them, and turn them over to Your Excellency."

"Splendid, my dear Shulmeister!" Marshal Mack said. "A splendid idea!"

"I shall begin to make the arrangements immediately," Shulmeister told him.

And so it happened that Napoleon's spy actually joined the personal staff of Napoleon's enemy. Mack gave Shulmeister a commission in the Austrian army, and in the autumn of 1805 Shulmeister became chief of intelligence for Mack's forces.

The events of the next few months are among the strangest in the history of espionage.

Shulmeister was well paid by the Austrians, and he was being lavishly paid by Napoleon at the same time. He was therefore a wealthy man, just as he had always hoped to be, and could afford to indulge all his whims. He hired the best teacher in Vienna to teach him how to dance, and he bought his clothes from the best tailor. Mack himself introduced him to exclusive officers' clubs, and the small-town smuggler became prominent in Viennese society.

Hostesses quarreled over him. All wanted Shulmeister to attend their gayest parties and their finest dinners.

“He is of noble Hungarian blood, you know,” they whispered among themselves. “What a fascinating creature! He seems rather strange at times—but he has such charm! And he dances like a marquis!”

Shulmeister knew what they were saying, and he gloated over every flattering word. He still wanted the Cross of the Legion of Honor more than anything else in the world, but all the other things he had always wanted—money and fame and the society of royalty—he now had in abundance.

And in the meantime he was doing a remarkable secret service job for Napoleon. He felt sure that the Cross of the Legion of Honor would also soon be his.

His daring was almost unbelievable, although he took every precaution to guard his amazing secret. He bribed two of Mack’s own men to turn traitor and then privately handed on to them certain bits of false information which he was about to report to Mack. They, in turn, also told Mack what Shulmeister had told them, pretending that they had heard it directly from France. In that way Mack himself received information from three separate persons, and so it never occurred to him that it might not be true.

As the weeks went by Shulmeister built up Mack’s confidence in his own forces and steadily wore down the Austrian’s fears of Napoleon.

Shulmeister’s first task was to convince Mack that Napoleon didn’t intend to attack Austria at all. The letters which Shulmeister received from his “spies” in France reported that Napoleon was having so much trouble at

home that he might soon have to give up his plan of conquest abroad.

"The evidence is clear, Marshal," Shulmeister said, handing Mack the letters which he had just received. "This one is from an artillery officer, who says that his guns are all faulty and would be worthless in a battle. And here is another letter—also from an officer—who says that the men in his regiment talk daily of revolting against Napoleon. You can see what the true situation is in the camp of the mad French emperor. He may think he is powerful, but his power is a sham."

Shulmeister also used other tricks besides the letters. He received regularly from France certain newspapers which further built up a picture of trouble in Napoleon's empire. Each paper carried stories about riots and revolts, and reports of French citizens who declared they were dissatisfied with their new emperor.

"You see, Marshal?" Shulmeister said triumphantly. "We need not worry about Napoleon much longer. He has more men against him every day."

The papers, of course, were false. With Napoleon's knowledge and aid, Shulmeister had them especially printed in France for his use and delivered across the border by one of his "spies." But Mack never guessed that the papers were not genuine, and he never doubted anything Shulmeister said.

Finally Napoleon's plans for attacking Austria were almost ready. He sent a secret message to Shulmeister, and Shulmeister quickly staged the final scene in his strange drama of intrigue.

He dashed breathless into Mack's office.

"Marshal!" he said excitedly. "All France is about to

rise against Napoleon! My spies in Paris and Marseille—in every major city of the land—have all sent me special messages reporting this vast revolt! And they tell me that the French armies stationed nearest the Austrian border are all being ordered back to the Rhine. Napoleon needs all the armed men he can collect—and even then he may not be able to put down this great uprising.

“The day of Austria’s triumph is at hand, Excellency,” Shulmeister hurried on. “Attack now! Follow the French armies as they hurry back toward the Rhine. They will be moving too fast to notice your approach. You will destroy them at a single blow!”

The old Austrian soldier was on his feet. “You bring me good news, Shulmeister,” he said. “This is indeed the moment to attack. We must not waste a moment.”

Marshal Mack began to issue commands. His 30,000 picked men, long garrisoned in the city of Ulm waiting for the right moment, were ordered to come forth. Within a few hours the entire force was marching toward the spot where the French had been stationed—the spot which, Shulmeister had said, the French had already abandoned in their westward dash.

Marshal Mack couldn’t understand what happened next. His men approached the French, expecting to see nothing but their backs as they hurried away. Mack ordered a swift surprise attack.

But suddenly, even as they took aim, the Austrians realized that the French were coming *toward* them—not moving away.

In a single instant the air was black with the smoke from French guns. Cannon boomed. Sabers flashed.

The Austrian ranks shattered.



Shulmeister burst into the Austrian marshal's office

“Forward!” Mack shouted. “Forward!”

The French cannon boomed louder than ever.

“It is only their rear guard!” Mack shouted. “Break through their lines and you will find all the rest of them fleeing before you! We will drive them to the very gates of Paris!”

The gallant Austrians rallied. They stood their ground. But men fell on every side, cut down by the heavy barrage of French fire.

And then Mack realized that there was a second French force on the right of his men and a third on his left! They seemed to have come up out of nowhere—out of the very ground itself. And they were driving toward each other rapidly, enclosing the Austrians in a ring of iron that grew steadily smaller.

The desperate battle raged for three days. Rain fell almost constantly, and the vast battlefield became a sea of mud. Still the Austrians, cut off from any chance of retreat, fought bravely. Soldiers who escaped the French bullets began to drop from exhaustion. Dead men and dead horses piled up amid smoking ruins.

On the third day Marshal Mack, still baffled by the unexpected turn of events, surrendered what was left of his army to Napoleon.

When the Austrian commander finally managed to get back to Vienna he found himself in disgrace. Shulmeister had made a “miraculous escape” through the closing French lines and had returned to Vienna before him. Someone—no doubt it was Shulmeister himself—had convinced the Austrian emperor and his ally, the Tsar of Russia, that Marshal Mack was a traitor to his country. People believed that Marshal Mack had deliberately led

his army to defeat, knowing that the French forces were ready and waiting for him.

Eventually Marshal Mack's friends were able to clear his name. But by then the battle outside the city of Ulm had been followed by an even greater victory for the French. Again the Austrians fell into a neatly planned trap, and the result was Napoleon's famous victory at Austerlitz. It brought the whole of Austria under his control.

Until almost the very day Napoleon marched into Vienna, Shulmeister had managed to evade detection. Somehow, by his charm and his tricks and his daring, he convinced the Austrians that he was still their friend and one of the staunchest fighters for their cause.

They saw through him finally, but only when it was too late. He slipped out of their grasp and returned to Vienna a little later with the powerful title of government censor under Napoleon's regime.

In the years that followed Shulmeister continued to serve his emperor well, sometimes in official posts like the one in Vienna, sometimes on the actual field of battle, but most often as a spy. For Napoleon's sake he lied to thousands of men and helped lead whole armies to their destruction. In his long career Shulmeister deceived and betrayed almost every man he ever met—except Napoleon himself.

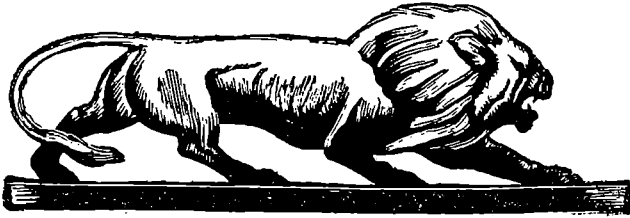
Napoleon was grateful for this loyal service. He always paid his spy well. But he never gave him the one thing Shulmeister craved above all—the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Finally Shulmeister persuaded a friend to go to the Emperor and ask him outright to give this special honor to his faithful servant.

Napoleon looked amazed when he heard the request. He had never been ashamed to take advantage of all the tricks that Shulmeister could devise to further the Emperor's dreams of conquest. But Napoleon was shocked—or pretended to be shocked—at the idea that Shulmeister should share some small part of the glory Napoleon had won for himself. Probably, like many military commanders before and since, Napoleon simply didn't want the world to know how much he had depended on the aid of his secret service agent.

"The Cross of the Legion of Honor?" he said to Shulmeister's emissary. "Never. Tell Karl he may have as much gold as he likes—or almost anything else he might want. But I could never bring myself to present that greatest of all honors to a man who is nothing more than a spy."

In many ways Shulmeister was luckier than most spies have been. His career brought him wealth and adventure—two rewards that spying seldom wins. In one way, perhaps, he was even more fortunate than Napoleon. When the "Little Corporal" was finally defeated by England and sent into exile, Shulmeister spent only a short term in prison and suffered the loss of most of his money. He had enough left when he regained his freedom to open a tobacco shop in a small village. There he lived until his peaceful death at the age of eighty-three.

But even Shulmeister never won fame. Napoleon's name is still one of the best known in history. Shulmeister's name is seldom heard. He was doubtless one of the greatest spies of all time, but his fate was the fate of most spies, great and small. He was unhonored in his lifetime. He has been forgotten by history.



Chapter 6: SPIES IN CRINOLINE

LATE one summer afternoon in the year 1862, a prim little spinster returned home through the shady streets of Richmond, Virginia, capital of the Southern Confederacy. A Negro servant walked respectfully behind her, carrying an empty basket. Earlier that day the basket had held buttermilk and fresh gingerbread. Miss Elizabeth Van Lew had been making one of her regular visits to the sick and wounded Union soldiers in the old Libby Prison.

“Will that be all, Miss Lizzie?” the servant asked, as his mistress lifted her skirt and crinoline petticoats to mount the broad steps of the white-pillared house.

“Yes, thank you. That will be all. But you might tell Martha that I should like her to dust the library in—say—half an hour.”

“Yes, ma’am. Yes, Miss Lizzie.”

Inside the dusky sweet-scented hall Miss Lizzie put down her parasol and drew off her gloves. Then—though she was tired and would have enjoyed a brief rest—she walked briskly into a book-lined room and sat down at her desk.

For some time she wrote busily, producing a meaningless-looking series of figures. Occasionally she consulted a small piece of paper kept hidden in her watch case.

When she was finished she crossed the room to a handsome fireplace set between two columns. Each column was topped with a small carved figure of a crouching lion.

What she did next took only the briefest moment. Anyone who happened to glance into the room would scarcely have noticed the quick gesture. Miss Lizzie lifted one of the carved lions—it came up in her hand like the lid of a box—and slipped beneath it the sheet on which she had just written. Then she lowered the lion back into place.

A few minutes later, while Miss Lizzie was gathering flowers in her garden, her Negro maid Martha came into the library with a dustcloth in her hand. She too paused only for a moment beside the column on which the small lion crouched. But in that moment she had removed the paper she found there and deftly concealed it within the folds of the dazzling white turban wrapped around her head.

Her dusting of the room was quickly accomplished. Martha had no time to waste. A few minutes later she had hidden the paper once more—this time in a hollow egg-shell that shared a basket with other quite innocent eggs.

Shortly afterward, in the hands of another servant, that

basket was on its way out of the city. The servant was prepared to answer any questions that might be put to him. He would declare that he was merely delivering one of the gifts Miss Lizzie so often sent to people less fortunate than herself. The whole town knew how good and kind Miss Lizzie Van Lew was.

That secret opening beneath the carved lion was the first of five "stations" on an elaborate underground railroad over which messages found their way out of the Van Lew mansion. And Miss Lizzie Van Lew—though none of her neighbors ever suspected the amazing truth—was the most important Northern spy in Richmond. In fact, she was one of the most brilliant spies the world has ever known.

General Ulysses S. Grant himself once wrote her gratefully, "You have sent me the most valuable information received from Richmond during the war."

Few historians mention Miss Lizzie, but experts in the field of secret service have studied her methods and admire them greatly. And her services to the Union cause were enormous. She never received—and never asked for—any payment for what she did. Elizabeth Van Lew spied for the North for one reason only. She believed in the North's cause.

Her family had lived in Richmond for a long time. The Van Lew house there was one of the handsomest in that city of handsome homes. But Miss Lizzie had gone to school in Philadelphia when she was a girl, and from Philadelphia Quakers she had learned to hate slavery. When she came home she freed the slaves who belonged to her, and talked constantly against the evils of treating human beings like pieces of personal property.

She was past forty when the War Between the States began, but she still believed as firmly as ever in freedom for all men—and was not afraid to say so. Some of her friends began to call her Crazy Bet. They couldn't believe that a true Southern gentlewoman could actually approve the ideas of the hated Abolitionists, who preached the end of slavery everywhere.

Even those friends who thought Miss Lizzie was a little queer, however, never guessed at her espionage activities. They thought she visited Union soldiers because she was too kind to let even prisoners suffer. It never occurred to them that she received whispered messages from some of those men, and posted the messages quickly on to Union headquarters by means of the code hidden in her dainty watch.

Prominent citizens of Richmond continued to visit the Van Lew home all during the war, and talked freely there of many things which Miss Lizzie promptly repeated in her dispatches to General Grant. Many of her guests were military and political leaders of the rebel South. Miss Lizzie always listened to their remarks with concentrated attention, and she was particularly skillful at piecing together odd bits of information to construct a broad and accurate picture of coming events.

Her genius at managing her underground railroad was especially remarkable. Her couriers were always carefully chosen. One might be a seamstress who knew how to stitch a secret message into the pattern of a dress. Others were faithful servants who had been freed by Miss Lizzie from slavery, and who were more than willing to risk their lives for her. One of the Negroes to whom Miss Lizzie had given both freedom and a good educa-

tion, far away in the North, went to work in the home of Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy. The wealth of information she gathered there became a vital part of the North's campaign plans.

Even Miss Lizzie's servants, however, didn't know that there was a secret room in the Van Lew house, close up under the eaves, or that a Union soldier often might lie concealed there for weeks at a time. Miss Lizzie herself would feed her hidden guest with food she took from the kitchen when no one was looking.

And sometimes the courier who carried a bouquet of flowers to the address Miss Lizzie had given him didn't know that the same bouquet would appear on General Grant's breakfast table the next morning—bearing a message of great importance spelled out by a special code of flowers.

Miss Lizzie was never caught. She was still in Richmond when the war ended. A great red, white and blue banner, flying from her window, was the first American flag the triumphant Yankees saw when they entered the defeated rebel stronghold. They cheered the flag, but not even many Northerners knew that the little lady who had put it there was as staunch and brave as any man who carried a gun in the Union ranks.

Some of the other women spies in the War Between the States—and there were many on both sides—were less successful.

Mrs. Rose Greenhow, for example, lived as Miss Lizzie did in the heart of her enemy's capital. The handsome, widowed Mrs. Greenhow was a spy for the Confederacy, and from her home in Washington she served the rebels well during the early days of the war. She too entertained

leaders of the cause she hated, and learned much that was valuable to the Confederate generals. One of her messages was said to be responsible for the South's victory at the Battle of Bull Run.

But Mrs. Greenhow soon came to the attention of Allan Pinkerton, the famous founder of the first detective agency in America and creator of the Union's first military secret service department. Pinkerton watched Mrs. Greenhow himself. Standing in his stocking feet, on the shoulders of a stalwart assistant, he looked through a window into the widow's home and saw her talking with a Union soldier suspected of treachery.

The soldier was questioned. The truth became clear. He and Mrs. Greenhow had been conspiring against the North. Mrs. Greenhow was arrested and jailed in Washington's Old Capitol Prison.

She was released a short time later, however, and sent across the lines into Southern territory. Her only punishment was that she was refused permission to return to the North as long as the war lasted. Most women spies in the War Between the States were treated with equal generosity and chivalry.

This kindly attitude toward spies may seem strange today, but probably it was natural enough in the confusion of a civil war. Many Northern sympathizers lived in the South, and many friends of the South lived in the North. Members of a single family were sometimes divided in their loyalties, and close neighbors often disagreed.

But even a man who distrusted his sister or his neighbor seldom thought of her as a dangerous spy who deserved to be hung. When Northern soldiers marched into

Dixie they took it for granted that the girls and women they saw there would hate the Union cause—but they found it hard to condemn them for that reason.

One young Southerner who learned how to take advantage of this easygoing generosity was the Confederacy's most famous and most beloved spy, young Belle Boyd.

Belle was only seventeen years old when she had her first dramatic meeting with Yankee soldiers. She describes it, and all the other adventures of her spying career, in a book she wrote later. It is called "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison."

Belle lived in Martinsburg, Virginia, a pleasant little town in the Shenandoah Valley. Her father was a soldier of the Confederacy. Belle and her mother were alone in their house, with the servants, when the Union army captured Martinsburg on July 3, 1861. The next morning Belle awoke to the sound of music. She got up and ran to the window. On the street below a military band was playing, and the soldiers were singing the words of the tune.

Belle recognized it.

"Yankee Doodle!" Her spirited young face grew dark with anger. "That hateful song! They're celebratin' the Fourth of July, that's what they're doin'," she whispered to herself. "How dare they? Right on the doorsteps of folks who hate that holiday now? *We* don't belong to the Union any more!"

She found a gun when she went downstairs and kept it with her.

"Father's regiment has its own motto, Mother," she said. "The words are on its flag—'Our God, our country and our women.' I mean to show him that women can be

brave too—that we're worthy of our menfolks' courage."

That afternoon a party of Union soldiers tramped up onto the Boyds' porch and banged at the door.

"We're bringing you a Union flag," one of them shouted. "We want you to hoist it on your roof in token of surrender."

Mrs. Boyd opened the door. Belle was close behind her.

"Every member of my household will die before that flag shall be raised over us," Mrs. Boyd declared.

Belle tells us in her book that one of the soldiers then addressed her mother very rudely. Belle's rebel blood reached a boiling point.

She drew out her gun, aimed it swiftly, and fired. The soldier dropped instantly, fatally wounded. He died shortly afterward.

Belle shut the door with a firm hand. She wasn't in the least sorry for what she had done.

And she was perfectly confident a few moments later, when one of the servants ran in, screaming with terror.

"They're goin' to burn down the house, Miss Belle! They're pilin' straw against it! We'll be roasted alive!"

"Here!" Belle scribbled quickly on a piece of paper and handed the note to the servant. "Take this to the Union commander. He won't permit his men to do such a thing—not if he is a true officer. Even the Yankees must have a few gentlemen among them."

The servant fled through a back exit. And soon Belle's note had the result she had expected. The Union commander himself arrived in time to prevent any damage being done to the Boyd house in revenge for the soldier's death.

Then he came into the house to speak to Belle. "I can hardly believe the story I've been told," he said, looking at her slender young figure with amazement. "They tell me you shot a Union soldier."

"Oh, yes, sir. I did." Belle raised herself to her full height. "And I'll tell you why."

She told him what the soldiers had said to her mother and how rudely they had spoken.

"If my father were here he would never permit such words to be used before a woman," she concluded. "But my mother and I are alone. It was up to me. I fired in self-defense."

The commander accepted her story. He posted a guard around the house to make certain that Belle and her mother would not be bothered again.

Belle promptly made friends with the soldiers assigned to the job and with the officers who came by each day on their rounds of inspection. She talked and laughed and flirted with them until they agreed she was the prettiest, sauciest little rebel in Dixie. But behind their backs Belle stole their guns, and she picked up all sorts of information from their conversation.

Both guns and information she sent by trusted messenger to General J. E. B. Stuart—the famous "Jeb" Stuart of the Confederate army.

One of her messages finally fell into Union hands. Belle was brought before a group of Union officers to listen to a solemn reading of the Act of War.

"Giving aid to an enemy of the United States is a crime punishable by death," the commanding officer explained to her. "I am warning you for your own good, Miss Belle."

"Thank you," Belle flashed back. "I'll remember."

She was allowed to return to her home. But after that, she says, she was "incessantly watched and persecuted." She wasn't frightened. She did, however, find it "irksome" to be constantly under suspicion.

Finally she and her mother decided to go to Front Royal, where Belle's aunt lived. Front Royal was still in Confederate hands. There they would be free to live as they wished. They obtained the necessary passes and set out.

While they were on the way the Union army seized Front Royal. The Boyds arrived there to find the aunt's house occupied as headquarters by the Yankee forces. Belle and her mother had to stay in a small house in the yard, where the aunt was allowed to live.

It was a very satisfactory arrangement so far as Belle was concerned. Living next door to the Union commander gave her all sorts of opportunity for spying. Again she made friends with all the soldiers in the neighborhood and kept her eyes and ears open.

One day she learned that a council of war would take place that night in what had once been her aunt's drawing room. Belle slipped secretly into the big house and ran upstairs. She discovered that a closet in one of the bedrooms was directly over the council chamber and that a hole in the closet floor gave her a bird's-eye view of the room below.

That night, when the officers gathered, Belle was crouched in the closet over her peephole. She heard every word that the Union officers said. They talked until one o'clock in the morning, outlining plans for a campaign they were about to launch.

Belle waited, cramped and aching, until the officers went off to their beds. Then she stole downstairs, slipped across the courtyard to her own room, and wrote down in cipher everything she had learned. When she was finished she crossed the dark courtyard once more, this time to the stable. There she saddled a horse and rode off silently into the night, toward the Confederate lines.

Twice Union sentries stopped her on the road. Both times Belle calmly showed them a false pass she had obtained for just such an emergency, and both times they allowed her to proceed.

After a wild ride of fifteen miles she reached the headquarters of the Confederate commander, Colonel Henry Ashby. The Colonel was called from his bed at her arrival. He recognized the young daughter of one of his friends and fellow officers.

"Miss Belle!" he exclaimed. "Is this you? Have you dropped from the clouds? Or am I dreaming?"

"No, Colonel Ashby, you're not dreaming," Belle assured him. "I've come with important information."

It was growing light when Belle finally stabled her horse again in Front Royal. She barely had time to get into bed before the rest of the household awoke.

On another occasion Belle delivered a message to the South's adored leader—and Belle's own particular hero—General "Stonewall" Jackson. It was on the afternoon of May 23, 1862. Belle had looked from her window that day and had seen that there was unusual excitement in the streets. She ran out immediately.

"Whatever is all the fuss about, Sergeant?" she asked the first Union soldier she met.

He answered her curtly. "Old 'Stonewall's' just over

the hill there. We're getting ready to give him a big surprise if he comes any closer." And he ran off down the street.

Belle's heart began to beat faster. She knew what the Sergeant had meant by a "big surprise." There were few Union men in Front Royal just then, but other Union forces were stationed not far away. Belle realized that the Northerners would all soon be alerted, and that if they had time to plan their strategy they would undoubtedly defeat General Jackson.

Supply wagons were rumbling past her. Platoons in orderly ranks were hurrying out to sentry duty.

Belle bit her lip as she walked back into the house. "General Jackson must attack immediately," she told herself, "before they are ready for him. Even an hour's delay will be too much."

She knew then what she had to do. Snatching up a sunbonnet, she ran back into the street and made her way as quickly as possible through the hurrying soldiers. None of them paid any attention to her. For once they were too busy to take time out for a word with that pretty little rebel, Miss Belle.

When she reached the edge of town, she dashed across an open field toward the hill behind which Jackson's army waited.

Already there was skirmishing between the outposts of the two forces. Shells fell near her, but Belle never paused. One thudded so close that she fell flat on the ground, half covered by a shower of clods. But she scrambled up again a moment later and ran on.

She was panting breathlessly when a young Confederate cavalryman rode out to meet her, at the orders of

Jackson himself. "Stonewall" had seen the small running figure and had sent an officer to the girl's rescue.

But Belle didn't need rescue. She began to speak as soon as she could catch her breath.

"Tell him—tell General Jackson—to attack quickly!" she gasped.

She told the officer all she had seen and heard back in Front Royal.

Jackson acted immediately on Belle's information. His Confederate troops dashed down the hill into the town. And the Union men—their trap still unprepared—had to retreat before them.

When Belle herself returned to the village, the streets were already overflowing with triumphant rebels. They greeted her with enthusiastic shouts. And that evening General Jackson sent her a note.

"I thank you," it said, "for myself and for the army, for the immense service that you have rendered your country today."

Northern newspaper accounts of the battle made much of "the little rebel spy" and the part she had played. One extravagant story declared that "La Belle Boyd," as it called her, had led the attack herself, brandishing a sword in her hand.

Belle was famous after that, both in the North and in the South. One result of that fame was probably inevitable. She was arrested and taken to Washington to be jailed in the Old Capitol Prison.

She was—or so she tells us in her book—more angry than frightened. She took one look at the large room to which she was assigned—a room with two windows and a fireplace—and declared it was a "dungeon."



A Confederate cavalryman rode out to aid the breathless girl

The governor of the prison sent her a servant to wait on her, and Belle asked for a fire too. It was a warm day. The room was quite comfortable. But Belle thought a fire would make it look more cheerful. The governor indulgently agreed.

Her door was never locked, and she was permitted to sit at the threshold and look out into the corridor. All her meals were good. The first night, and almost every night afterward, she had soup, beefsteak, chicken, several vegetables and a dessert of fruit.

Nevertheless, Belle thought she was being very badly treated. She broke the prison regulations whenever she had the chance.

Soon after her arrival she heard a tapping on one wall. A moment later the thin point of a knife pierced through the plaster at that spot. Belle grabbed a knife from her dinner tray and began to chip at the plaster from her side of the wall. Within a few minutes there was a slit big enough to push a note through. From then on Belle communicated regularly with the Confederate prisoners on the other side of that wall.

The prisoner in the room above hers—in the very room Mrs. Greenhow had occupied some months before—sent Belle notes through a chink in his floor. She herself wrote messages on tiny scraps of paper, wrapped them tightly around a marble, and rolled them across the corridor to the men in the cells opposite.

And every evening she sat at the door of her room and sang. "Maryland, My Maryland" was her favorite, and the favorite of the rebels who eagerly applauded her each night. Belle was the heroine of the prison, adored by all who were jailed there and even by many of the guards.

Her sentence ended after several months. With a group of other prisoners who were being exchanged for Union captives held in the South, Belle was sent home under a flag of truce.

The Confederacy honored her with a captain's commission when she returned. She also became an honorary aide-de-camp to General Jackson. Everywhere she traveled through the Southern states, she was royally entertained at parties and dinners in her honor.

Belle was arrested once more during her career, and that time too she was imprisoned in Washington. Again, she set up communications with her fellow prisoners and even with a confederate outside. He shot messages in through her window on the tip of an arrow, and she returned her answers inside a hollow rubber ball.

When she was released the second time, she decided to go to England. Her father had died. Her own health was poor. All her friends urged her to live abroad until the end of the war.

Belle sailed out of Wilmington on the "Greyhound." In her bags were dispatches from Jefferson Davis to the many friends of his cause in England. The "Greyhound" flew a British flag.

Under cover of darkness the ship tried to run through the blockade of Union vessels guarding the harbor mouth. By morning the ship's officers believed they were safely past the danger. But suddenly, out of the lifting fog, they saw a cruiser bearing down on them. Shells began to fall into the water on all sides.

The "Greyhound" was helpless to fight back. The crew flung overboard the ship's cargo—bales of cotton intended for the English market—in order to increase her

speed. But the Yankee cruiser continued to gain on her.

"Will we get away, Captain?" Belle asked.

The captain of the "Greyhound" shook his head grimly. "We haven't a chance. They'll be alongside in a minute now and sending a boarding party to take us over. I'm sorry, Miss Belle—mighty sorry."

"I'd better burn Jefferson Davis's letters then," Belle said calmly.

When the letters had been destroyed, she waited on deck with the ship's officers while the Yankee cruiser, the "Connecticut," drew up. And she watched as the boarding party climbed over the rail of the "Greyhound" to demand her surrender.

"We'll take over, Captain," one of the officers said. "Our orders are to take your ship to New York."

One of the officers of the "Connecticut" was young Lieutenant Sam Hardinge. And before Belle reached New York in his custody, he had asked her to marry him. She agreed, but on one condition—that he give up his commission in the Federal Navy.

Hardinge met her condition willingly. "My sympathies have always been with the South," he said. "I never really wanted to fight against her, and I'll be glad to stop—especially now."

Belle's career as a spy was over. She was permitted to go on to England by way of Canada, and soon Hardinge met her there. Their marriage in London was sympathetically reported in English newspapers. The London "Morning Post" said,

St. James's Church, Piccadilly, was yesterday the scene of a romantic episode in the fratricidal war now raging on the

American continent; as, at the altar of that sacred edifice, Miss Belle Boyd, whose name and fame are deservedly cherished in the Southern States, pledged her troth to Mr. Sam Wylde Hardinge, formerly an officer in the Federal naval service. The marriage attracted to the church a considerable number of English and American sympathizers in the cause of the South, anxious to see the lady whose heroism has made her name so famous, and to witness the result of her last captivity, the making captive of the Federal officer under whose guard she was again being conveyed to prison.

Belle's husband died shortly after their marriage, but she herself went on to a long and successful career on the stage and as a lecturer. After the war was over, Northern and Southern audiences alike applauded her dramatic recital of her experiences as "the little rebel spy." And after her death, in Wisconsin, her grave was decorated each year by veterans of the Union army—perhaps by some of the very men whom young Belle Boyd had mentioned in her excited dispatches to General "Stonewall" Jackson.

Young Emma Edmonds was another spy of the Civil War who later wrote a book about her experiences. Emma was a Canadian who had come to the United States a few years before the war began, to study nursing. When the fighting started, she immediately offered her services and her loyalty to Abraham Lincoln's government. Her book is called "Nurse and Spy in the Union Army."

Emma was a good and faithful nurse, often working for long hours on the battlefield under fire. Like Belle, she eventually became aide-de-camp to a general, but her

appointment was not just an honorary one. She served actively in a mud-streaked soldier's uniform, and her bravery was tried time and time again.

Her spying activities began at the request of Union officers, who recognized her courage and daring. But none of them guessed, until Emma herself proved it, how skillful an actress she could be.

The first time she crossed over the lines into rebel territory, she was disguised as a Negro laborer. The first Confederate officer who noticed her put her right to work, among a group of slaves who were building fortifications. He had no idea that the woolly wigged, black-faced, shabbily dressed "man" was really a handsome young woman who had left a Union camp only a few hours before.

"If that black rascal don't work well, tie him up and give him twenty lashes," the officer told the overseer in charge of the construction gang.

All day long Emma wheeled heavy barrow loads of gravel up the single-board ramp leading to the top of an earthen rampart. Her strength was barely equal to the task. Her hands became blistered from finger tip to wrist. But she kept doggedly on, trying at the same time to learn all she could about her surroundings.

At nightfall she was exhausted and frightened. She knew she couldn't do such heavy work again another day, and yet she dared not refuse to work for fear her secret would be discovered. But one of the other laborers, seeing that the work had been too much for her, kindly offered to exchange her job for his. And so the next day the friendly Negro took over her barrow, and Emma carried water to the troops instead.

For a while things went very well for the new spy. Then suddenly one of the Negroes looked at her curiously.

"Jim," he told a fellow slave, "I'll be darned if that fellow ain't turnin' white!"

Emma overheard him. She scurried quickly out of his sight and looked at herself in a small pocket mirror. The Negro was right. The color she had smeared on her face and neck and hands was beginning to fade very rapidly. Emma knew she couldn't safely remain at her post much longer.

That night there were not enough sentries for duty along the Confederate lines. An officer took Emma away from her task of carrying supper to the troops.

"Here, you," he said. "You come along with me."

He took her some way along the lines and then turned her over to another officer.

"Put this fellow on the post where that man was shot," he said, pushing Emma forward.

The second officer shoved a rifle into Emma's hands.

"Now, you black rascal," he said, "if you sleep on your post I'll shoot you like a dog."

Emma cowered in front of him. "I'se too feared to sleep," she promised.

The night was very dark. Emma, left alone at her post in the black silence, was almost as afraid as she had pretended to be. But she knew what she had to do.

Crouching low and moving very carefully so that she wouldn't snap the twigs or rustle the leaves under her feet, she started across the no man's land toward the Union lines. For hours she made her way forward, yard by stealthy yard. She didn't stop until she felt certain

she must be near the Union pickets. Then she lay down to rest until it grew light.

With the first gleam of dawn she stood up. And as soon as she saw a slight movement somewhere up ahead, she called out the signal which would identify her as a friend. Soon she was walking into the Union camp, still carrying her Confederate rifle as a prize of war.

There she took off her shoes and removed the notes she had hidden inside their soles. The notes contained valuable facts and figures about Confederate plans and defenses.

The next time Emma crossed the lines, she decided not to risk blacking her face again. Her fading complexion had almost betrayed her once. And, besides, she knew that if the Confederates recognized her as the picket who had deserted a post, she would be instantly shot. So she set out with a basket of cakes and pies, carrying a wig, a shabby full-skirted dress and a big hood. When she was close to the Confederate lines she planned to disguise herself as an Irish peddler woman. In those days, there were many such women selling their wares through the countryside.

Near the beginning of her journey Emma had to cross the Chickahominy River. There was no bridge over the stream and she got wet to the skin. Her pies and cakes were ruined, her disguise drenched. She spent the night hiding in a swamp on the far side, lying cold and shivering beneath the heap of sodden garments.

In the morning she woke up with a severe fever. She was too sick to move. For two days and nights she had to remain in her damp hideaway, shaking with chills one moment and burning with fever the next. When she was

finally able to walk again, she was weak and half-starved. And for hours longer she was lost in the swamp, unable to find her way out.

At last she saw a farmhouse in the distance. She approached it cautiously. But when she drew near she realized that the place was abandoned. Apparently its owners had fled in the fear that their house would soon be in the line of fire.

Emma, desperate for food, opened the door and went in.

The first thing she saw was a soldier lying on the floor. He wore the grey and blue uniform of the Confederates. Emma's training told her immediately that he too was starving, and that he was close to death from typhoid fever.

She did the only thing her conscience would permit. She put aside her role as a spy and, knowing how dangerous it was to delay there, she nevertheless set about making the man's last hours as comfortable as possible.

In the nearly empty cupboards of the deserted house she found a little tea and flour. Hastily she built a fire and over it she prepared a hoeecake and a warming drink. Only after she had fed her patient did she eat anything herself. It was the first food she had had in days. Then she sat down beside the dying soldier and let him cling tightly to her hand.

Finally, he said, "I have a last request to make. I don't know who you are or where you are going. But if you ever pass through the Confederate camp between here and Richmond, inquire for Major McKee and give him a gold watch which you will find in my pocket. Tell him—" his voice grew fainter—"that Allen Hall sends it."

He died about midnight, his fingers still clasped around her hand.

Emma was too tired to go farther that night. She covered the corpse with a blanket and lay down near the embers of her tiny fire to get some sleep.

In the morning she prepared to set out again. She was still weak from her illness and worn out by her vigil at the soldier's side. But she realized that, strangely enough, the act of mercy she had done for him would make her task easier. She would have delivered his last message in any case. But now, carrying with her a soldier's dying gift to a Confederate major, she could safely pass any number of enemy picket lines.

The night had brought her another advantage too. In the little house she had found several items which were useful to her disguise—mustard, pepper, an old pair of green spectacles and a bottle of red ink. With the mustard she prepared a plaster which she put on her cheek until the skin blistered. She painted a line of red ink around her eyes, put on the spectacles and carried the pepper with her. She planned to dab the pepper in her eyes, when she approached the Confederate lines, until her eyes smarted painfully and ran with tears.

At last she left the house and started south again.

The first guard she met laughed good-naturedly at her bedraggled appearance and then asked her where she was going. She told him about the message she carried for Major McKee. He sent her sympathetically on her way to the camp near by, but advised her not to stay there overnight.

"Why not?" Emma asked.

"Because," he said, "one of our spies has just come in

and reported that the Yankees have finished the bridges over the Chickahominy and intend to attack us either today or tonight. But Jackson and Lee are ready for them," he added, and told her how many masked batteries had been prepared.

"There's one right there." He pointed proudly to what looked like a pile of brush by the road. "Don't look like there's a gun there, does it?" he demanded. "But that will give the Yankees fits if they come this way."

Emma hurried on, thanking him aloud for his advice—and thanking him silently for his valuable information.

Major McKee was not in his tent. "He's gone out," an orderly told Emma, "to set a trap for the Yankees."

While she waited for him she decided that she must return as quickly as possible to the Union forces. She had to tell her leaders what she had learned. But she couldn't bring herself to leave until she had given the dying soldier's message.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Major McKee returned. Emma was admitted to his tent. She told him her story and gave him the soldier's watch and a packet of letters she had found in his clothes. The dead man had been a dear friend of the major. He wept when he heard the news, and then offered Emma a ten-dollar Federal bill for her information.

Emma refused it. It was only when he stared at her in amazement that she realized she had made a mistake. The poor peddler she was pretending to be would certainly have been glad to accept such a gift.

She did her best to cover up her error, pouring out a torrent of words in an imitation of an Irish brogue.

"Sure an' my conscience would niver give me peace in

this world or the next," she said, "if I took money for carryin' the dyin' message for that sweet boy that's dead and gone—God rest his soul. Och, indeed I niver could do sich a thing, even if I am a poor woman."

The major seemed satisfied.

"Can you guide some of my men to the house where Captain Hall died?" he asked then.

There was only one answer Emma dared to give.

"Yes, Major," she said meekly.

He gave her a horse and sent her off with a detachment of soldiers. When they reached the house, one of the officers called Emma aside. He seemed nervous.

"We're pretty close to the Union lines here," he said. "But I don't think the Yankees would pay much attention to a woman like yourself. So will you ride forward around that next bend and see if any enemy guards are visible? I'll wait for you here."

"Yes, sir," Emma said. "I'll ride around the bend, sir."

She knew her chance had come. She rounded the curve in the road—and kept riding in that direction until she reached the Chickahominy and the safety of her own friends.

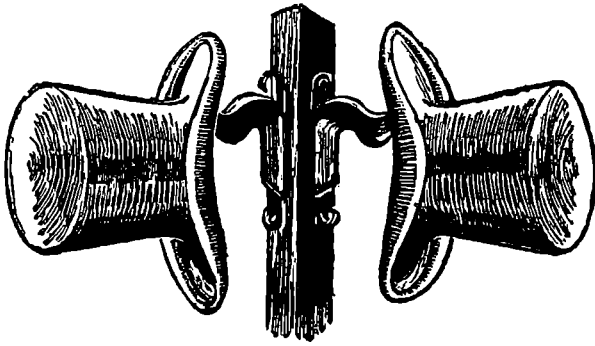
Soon she was reporting to her officers the valuable information she had learned about the trap the Confederates were preparing. But she didn't mention the small group of men at a certain farmhouse. She wanted them to have a chance to take Captain Hall's body safely away for an honorable burial.

Emma Edmonds made ten successful spying trips through the Confederate lines, returning each time with valuable facts and figures. She was also present, as an orderly or as a nurse, at the bloody battles of Bull Run,

Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, the Seven Days, Antietam, and Fredericksburg.

At the end of two years with the Federal army, Emma was exhausted. She was given a certificate of disability and permitted to retire from service.

She had served her adopted country well. She was a good nurse and a good spy. And the men who fought beside her or were nursed by her said that she was also a good soldier. It was the highest compliment they could pay.



Chapter 7: WILHELM STIEBER, THE SPY
WITH 40,000 ASSISTANTS

THE streets of Berlin were jammed with angry shouting workmen. They had rioted before. The year was 1848—a year of unrest and disturbance all through Europe, and particularly in Prussia. But this one riot was especially serious.

The Berliners, like all their fellow Prussians, were growing more and more tired of their king, Frederick William III. Some wanted to overthrow him entirely, so that they could elect their own leader as the people in France and the United States were doing. Others believed it would be enough if they could make the King grant them new rights. But almost all of them hated the King. They hated his weakness and the powerful police he kept at hand to conceal it. And the Berliners knew that Frederick William was afraid of their hatred and their growing strength.

“You hide behind your police!” they had said, in a taunting announcement shortly before that particular day. “You don’t dare show your face before us! We are going to parade through the streets of Berlin—and we dare you to drive through the streets on the day of the parade! We dare you to show yourself in your carriage! We defy you!”

Frederick William accepted the challenge. He knew there was nothing else a king could do. He set out from his palace in the royal carriage drawn by sleek, handsome horses. Behind him, in a long slow file of other carriages, followed the members of his court. Stalwart police surrounded them on every side.

The parading workers broke ranks at the sight. The luxurious carriages and the heavily armed policemen made them more angry than ever. The parade became a riot. The streets of Berlin echoed to the workmen’s furious shouts.

The crowd surged closer and closer around the King’s carriage. Finally work-roughened hands grabbed the horses’ reins and dragged the animals to a halt.

One man even leaped up on the steps of the carriage and shook his fist in the King’s face. The crowd yelled its approval of his courage.

But only the King could hear the words the man spoke.

“Have no fear, Sire,” the man said. “My men and I are protecting you. These rebels in the streets think I am one of them. But trust me—I am a loyal subject of Your Majesty.”

Then, before the police could grab him, the man jumped off the carriage step and melted into the crowd. The royal carriage moved on.



The man leaped up and shook his fist in the King's face

Inside the carriage Frederick William was still shaken and trembling, but almost immediately he beckoned to an aide riding alongside on horseback. The officer drew near.

"Find out who that man is," the King said. "Find out all about him."

"You mean the man who dared to threaten Your Majesty?" the aide asked. "Yes, Sire, it shall be done."

The King didn't tell him that the man had not threatened him—that he had promised to protect him instead. He simply nodded his head.

So, while the workers were making a hero of the man who had dared to shake his fist in the King's face, the King's police were quietly collecting information about that same man.

A few days later an army officer was admitted to Frederick William's private chambers. "Sire," he said, "I have the information you requested."

The King nodded. "Tell me."

The officer began to read from a sheet of notes. "His name, Sire, is Wilhelm Johann Carl Eduard Stieber."

The officer took a much-needed breath before he went on. "He was born May 3, 1818, in the small town of Merseberg. He is a lawyer, Sire, and married to the daughter of a rich factory owner. But he has also worked in a factory and is very popular with the workingmen, particularly with those who make the most trouble."

"I see." Frederick William was silent a moment. "And yet he and his men were protecting me during the riot."

"They were protecting you, Sire?" The officer was amazed.

"Yes. He told me so himself," the King said. "I think Herr Stieber can be very useful to me," he added.

"But, Sire," the officer protested, "he is a hero among the most troublesome of the workingmen."

"Perhaps he is willing to betray those men," the King said. "And in that case he will certainly be useful."

"But if he is willing to betray his friends, then perhaps he will also betray you, Sire," the officer suggested.

"That is enough." The King's answer was sharp. "Bring Herr Stieber to me. He shall see how we reward faithful subjects."

The King's order that day set in motion the career of a man who was to become one of the greatest spy masters of history.

When Wilhelm Stieber brought himself to the King's attention, he was not yet thirty years old. He came from a humble family. He was not a handsome man. His ears, nose, and mouth were all too large, and he walked with a stoop. But he was one of the cleverest spies ever to put on a disguise. He was willing to betray almost anybody. And during his career he did betray almost everyone who knew him—except the rulers of his country. In their service he spent the rest of his life.

Treachery was the ladder on which Stieber rose to success. His first act of treason to his friends was to inform the King's police secretly that his wife's uncle was a dangerous radical. The uncle was arrested. There was no evidence against the man, and he was eventually released. But Stieber had had a taste of power. And no one suspected that he had been responsible for his relative's misfortune.

And then Stieber was ordered to appear before Fred-

erick William himself. What they talked about together will probably never be known for certain. But immediately after their first private conversation a wave of arrests occurred among Prussian workmen.

Prussian police seized workers in their homes and on their jobs. Police raided workers' secret meetings.

Every day the workers grew more angry and more frightened. Every day more of them turned for help to the clever lawyer who seemed to be one of their staunchest friends. And Stieber never refused his aid. Often he defended the arrested men in court—and none of them ever guessed that Stieber himself had betrayed them to the police. Stieber, the King's spy, remained the workers' hero. He learned all their plans. He took part in their secret meetings. And he told the King's police everything he knew.

More and more workers were beaten, arrested, even shot. But still they continued to trust Stieber. And the King, of course, trusted his new spy completely. As a reward for Stieber's services, the King made him editor of the police department's magazine.

Stieber's new job paid him very well, but he made far more money out of it than the King knew. As editor of the police magazine, Stieber was able to read the police reports on every pickpocket, every burglar, and every murderer caught in Berlin. He knew exactly what evidence the police had against each man. And when the criminals' cases came up for trial, Stieber often served as their lawyer too. It was an easy matter for him to fix up evidence of his own that made the police evidence appear to be false. He won almost every case he took.

Word quickly went around in criminal circles that

Stieber could keep a crook out of jail even when the man was guilty. Stieber was swamped with clients. His reputation grew as rapidly as his bank account.

The police discovered Stieber's treachery before the workers did. At the end of five years the head of the police department finally learned how Stieber had been slyly using police records for the purpose of freeing criminals and lining his own pockets. The public heard the story too, and there was a great outcry against Stieber.

The head of the police took a firm stand. "The man must go," he said, "even if the King himself appointed him to the job. We can never convict thieves and murderers so long as this treacherous spy is in our midst, using our own records to prevent us from putting criminals where they belong—behind bars."

All the honest people in Berlin agreed with him—except the King.

"Herr Stieber protected me from the mob," Frederick William said stubbornly, when Stieber's case was brought before him. "I will protect him now. I will do more than that—I will make him my Commissioner of Police."

All Berlin was outraged, but nothing could be done. Everyone knew the King had been mentally sick for some time and that he was growing rapidly worse. They knew Stieber's promotion would never have happened if the King had been a sane man. But whether the King was sane or not, he was still the King. His word was law.

And so Stieber became the head of the police, and even richer and more powerful than he had been before. Now he had the authority and the opportunity to spy on anyone, and he took full advantage of it. He used agents

to pry out the secrets of men high in the government. Almost every man had some secret in his life which he didn't want the King to learn, and Stieber almost always found out what the secret was. This knowledge gave him power over some of the richest and most important men in Prussia.

"We have got to get rid of him!" one of the king's advisers said to another.

"Certainly," the other agreed. "But how? He knows too much about us for any of us to dare move against him. If he should ever tell His Majesty about . . ."

"Shh!" the first man whispered. "Don't say a word. Stieber's spies are everywhere."

Finally the King's mental condition became so serious that he was put in a private asylum. His brother William took over the reins of the Prussian government.

All over Berlin men heaved a sigh of relief. William, they thought, would never put up with Stieber. Now at last the hated spy would go.

And William did get rid of Stieber, but not in the way his subjects expected him to. William didn't have the spy arrested. Instead he had him brought to his private chambers. William knew Stieber was dangerous, but he also knew the man was clever. He intended to make use of that cleverness.

"Stieber," William said, "I have decided that it would be wise for you to leave Prussia for a time. I suggest that you go to Russia. Our friend the Tsar needs a man of your talents. I shall recommend you to him."

Stieber bowed low. "Your word is my command, Sire."

"Of course," William continued, "you will never forget that your first allegiance is to us. In Russia you may have

the chance to learn things that would interest us. And if so”

“I understand fully, Sire.” There was a sly smile on Stieber’s face as he bowed himself out.

Stieber worked for the Tsar of Russia for five years. And he had plenty of work to do. The Russian people were even more oppressed than the workers of Prussia. Russian peasants were little better than slaves. And they were beginning to grumble, beginning to mutter of revolt. The Tsar lived in constant fear of an uprising, and he turned to Stieber to protect him. He gave his new spy a free hand and plenty of money to work with.

Stieber promptly set up the Russian Secret Service—a powerful and efficient organization that would strike terror into Russian hearts for years to come. Again his spies were everywhere. Russian workers were arrested by the hundreds and sent to Siberia, often without even a trial. Those who tried to flee the country were hunted down in the farthest corners of Europe.

It was good practice for Stieber. He was ready to take on an equally important job for Prussia, when he was called back there.

The man who set Stieber to work again in his homeland was Prince Otto Leopold von Bismarck, Prussia’s new chancellor. Bismarck himself was a master of intrigue, and when William named him Chancellor, Bismarck began immediately to plan important political moves and future wars. His dream was to bind Prussia and all the other small German states into one vast German Empire, with William as its emperor.

Bismarck was a huge, powerful man, with shaggy eyebrows and a massive head. He towered over Stieber. But

the first time he met the spy, he knew that he wanted the small, sly man's help.

"Stieber," Bismarck said, "I want to know everything there is to know about the Austrian army. I think you are the man to get the information for me."

"That would take time, Excellency," Stieber said.

"You will be given time," Bismarck told him. "I am not yet in too great a hurry." He looked at Stieber solemnly. "I am laying my plans well. This is only the first move in a great program. I intend to establish the German Empire and make it the greatest empire in the world. Nothing must be allowed to stand in the way. Nothing! I will not ask how you do your job. I ask only that you do it well. Success will win you rich rewards and the thanks of a grateful country—a grateful and powerful country," he added.

"I will not fail, Excellency," Stieber promised him.

He kept his word.

He grew a beard. He bought a wagon and a team of horses. He purchased a huge supply of cheap religious pictures, trinkets, and various odds and ends. Then, slouched on the seat of his loaded wagon, he crossed the border into Austria as a peddler.

For three years he wandered. He sold his wares to peasants—and while he did, he noted the state of their crops and the state of the roads. He sold trinkets to soldiers and made notes of everything he saw around the army posts. The reports he sent back to Bismarck were long and full of detail. The maps he drew and sent to Berlin showed the location of almost every unit of Austria's defenses.

In 1866 Stieber's job was done. Bismarck gave the

command for the Prussian army to march on Austria. He knew just where to strike and how much resistance to expect. With the aid of the information his spy had given him, Bismarck conquered Austria in seven weeks.

Bismarck's dream of an empire had begun to take shape. And as Prussia grew in power, so did her spy, Stieber.

For a time he served as chief of counterespionage. His job was to prevent foreign spies from learning any of Prussia's secrets. And again he was successful. No man in Europe knew more about spying than Stieber did—and no man who tried to spy in Prussia could escape from Stieber's clutches.

And then Bismarck began to look toward France, the one great nation that still stood between him and his dream. France was a powerful country. She would put a stop to Bismarck's plan of conquest unless she herself were conquered first. Bismarck made up his mind to attack her.

"Go to France," he told Stieber. "Do there what you did in Austria."

For once Stieber did not answer immediately. "That job will take more than time, Your Excellency," he said. "It will take many men and women—many assistants."

"You shall have all you need."

"And it will take money," Stieber added. "Great amounts of gold."

"You shall have that too."

"Good. In that case, Excellency, I shall undertake to complete the job in—let us say—a year and a half."

Stieber set promptly to work organizing what became the greatest army of spies the world had ever seen. He

recruited hundreds of German farmers, German cooks, German housemaids, German handymen, and German waitresses. He gave them all very careful instructions. And then he sent them into France.

They all looked for work in France. And they all found it because Stieber had ordered them to accept lower wages than Frenchmen would work for. The farmers took jobs in the country. The servants took jobs in the homes of important people, including some of the military and political leaders of France. The waitresses began to serve in French cafés. The handymen worked at inns and at army posts.

All of them were trained to listen to conversations and to remember anything of importance that they might hear. All of them spent their free time walking around their new neighborhoods, studying railroad trains, bridges, and army installations.

Altogether, it is said, there were 40,000 German spies working for Stieber in France at that time.

Stieber collected the information from them himself. He made a complete tour of France, visiting every city and every hamlet. And everywhere he went he met secretly with the district chief of all his spies in that area. When Stieber returned to Berlin he was carrying three trunks crammed to the lid with information.



Bismarck studied it and announced that he was ready to go into action. He provoked the French into declaring war on Prussia, and on July 15, 1870, the Prussian armies began to march.

Again Bismarck's generals knew exactly where they were going, thanks to Stieber's work. They knew the location of each fortified area, how many guns it contained, how many soldiers were stationed there, how much ammunition was on hand.

They knew the wealth of each village, down to the last chicken in a farmer's barnyard. So they wasted no time learning which houses should be taken over for quartering officers or which farmers could be counted on to supply the food they needed.

Stieber was with the army to make sure that everything went smoothly. Any French farmer who tried to keep his grain for himself when the German army demanded it was beaten or hanged—and sometimes beaten first and hanged afterward. Any Frenchman who showed curiosity about the German army—who tried to get near a headquarters post or an installation—was hanged without a hearing.

Bismarck conquered France just as he had intended to. She was the strongest nation in Europe at that time, but he defeated her in seven months. No longer did France have the power to halt Bismarck's plans of empire building.

The conquerors were proud and arrogant, and Stieber was the proudest and most arrogant of all. Bismarck showered him with new honors and new decorations, and Stieber accepted them all as no more than his due.

But when it was a question of his work, he could be

humble if it was necessary. He would trust no one but himself to spy on Jules Favre, the Frenchman appointed to work out the peace treaty with Bismarck. And so Stieber became Favre's valet. He packed and unpacked the Frenchman's luggage, laid out his clothes, and drew his bath. Favre was pleased with the excellent service he was receiving. It never occurred to him that his valet knew all his secrets—and that Bismarck therefore knew them too.

On January 18, 1871, William, once ruler of only the small kingdom of Prussia, was crowned Emperor of Germany. It was a proud moment for Bismarck. It was a proud moment for Stieber too. He knew that much of the new emperor's glory had been achieved through his skillful spying.

But Stieber's work in France was not yet finished. Bismarck feared that the French desire for revenge against Germany might lead to another war, and he wanted to know everything that went on in France. Once more Stieber set up a network of spies there.

He sent hundreds of Germans into France, as he had done in the past. A great many of them were hotel-keepers, and many more were railroad workers. Stieber knew that the guests at a fashionable hotel were often excellent sources of information. He also knew how much could be learned by watching a country's railway system. Almost nothing of importance could happen in France at that time without Stieber being instantly informed of it.

His workers were also prepared to destroy the French railway system at almost a moment's notice if another war broke out.

It began to seem that Stieber could never fail at any-

thing he set out to do. But in his long career he did have one defeat. He met one man who outwitted him.

The man's name was Henri Georges Stephan Adolphe Opper de Blowitz, and he was a newspaper reporter. He served as foreign correspondent for the famous and powerful London "Times."

Blowitz came to Berlin to cover the sessions of a big international meeting which was held there in 1878—a meeting called the Berlin Congress. Bismarck was the president of the Congress, and every big nation in Europe had sent diplomats to attend it. Bismarck hoped to persuade them all to rearrange the map of Europe to Germany's satisfaction without regard for the rights of small nations.

Bismarck knew that some of the decisions that would be reached by the Congress would not be very popular, and so he planned to keep all the meetings secret. When the Congress was over, the world would be allowed to hear what had happened there. But while it was going on, no one except the diplomats themselves would know. Bismarck swore them all to secrecy. To make sure that no one disobeyed him, he put Stieber and his spies on the job.

"Don't worry, Excellency," Stieber told the Chancellor. "I will see to it that no one learns what goes on behind the closed doors of the Congress."

Stieber assigned spies to each diplomat who arrived in Berlin. He ordered the spies to report to him daily to tell him everything the diplomats did. And he assigned other spies to watch the newspapermen who had come to Berlin, to make sure that none of them received any information about what went on at the Congress.

But almost as soon as the Congress officially opened, Stieber had a great shock. He learned that the London "Times" had that morning printed a full account of all the secret meetings that had taken place the day before.

He knew immediately, of course, who had written the story. He knew that the reporter for the "Times" was Blowitz. What Stieber couldn't understand was how Blowitz had obtained his information—right under the nose of Stieber's spies and Stieber himself.

Stieber called in his best men. "Follow Blowitz every second of the day and night," he ordered. "I want a list of everyone he talks to—or even looks at. Someone must be giving him information. I want that person's name."

From that moment on Blowitz was watched constantly. Stieber's spies reported everything he did. But it all appeared to be quite harmless. Blowitz seemed to do the very same things that all the other reporters in Berlin did. He interviewed the important diplomats, as they all did, but he never received anything but the harmless information given to all the rest.

And yet each morning the "Times" reported everything that had happened the day before behind the carefully guarded doors of the Congress.

Bismarck, of course, was furious. And Stieber's rage rose almost to the bursting point. He doubled the number of spies assigned to Blowitz. And still the stories appeared. Day after day the "Times" revealed the "secrets" of the secret meetings.

Stieber raged helplessly. He thought he was the cleverest spy in the world. Yet Blowitz was calmly beating him at his own game.

Finally, the diplomats finished their work. They all

gathered to sign the finished agreement—the secret treaty which Bismarck had been hoping for.

Stieber's spies watched Blowitz very carefully that day. The reporter did nothing new. He talked to a few diplomats, but the diplomats told him nothing of importance. Blowitz ate at his usual restaurant. And that night, since the Congress was now over, he left Berlin.

The next day the "secret treaty" appeared, in full, in the London "Times."

Stieber had failed—and he never knew why.

Actually the trick that Blowitz used was very simple, but it depended on long and careful planning.

Blowitz learned beforehand that the Congress would operate in secret and knew that the only way he could get information about it was from the inside. So he arranged to have a friend of his appointed to a minor position under one of the diplomats. The position itself was very unimportant, but it did give Blowitz's friend the opportunity to hear all that went on.

Then Blowitz bought two hats, exactly alike. He gave one to his friend and kept one for himself. Fortunately the two men wore the same size.

When the Congress opened, the friend made notes each evening of all that had happened that day. He put the notes inside his hat and set out for a certain restaurant to have his dinner.

Blowitz always ate at that same restaurant. The two men never spoke to each other. They never even met face to face. But their two hats always hung near each other on the same rack.

When Blowitz left the restaurant, he took his friend's

hat instead of his own—and with it all the facts he needed to write his story for the “Times.”

The following day the hats were exchanged again. Probably Stieber would have been more angry than ever if he had known how easily and how simply he had been tricked.

Stieber's failure over Blowitz was the only major one in his whole career. And yet, with all his success and all his power, Stieber was practically an outcast in Berlin. He had no friends. The best of Prussia's society absolutely refused to accept him.

Since the early days when Stieber had first begun to betray everyone around him, except the King and the King's chancellor, the stiff-necked Prussian aristocrats had hated him. They were glad when he left the country and angry when he returned. They refused to invite him to their homes. They refused to have anything to do with him. They treated him as though he were beneath their notice.

Stieber was determined that they should accept him as an equal. Like Shulmeister, he came from a humble family. And like Shulmeister he longed to hobnob with royalty and be entertained in the finest houses.

Finally, Stieber decided to use his own methods to obtain what he most wanted. He set many of his agents to work spying on the great families of Prussia. He dug out all sorts of shameful, carefully hidden secrets—secrets which the aristocrats themselves had believed safely buried in the past. Then he put these secrets to work.

One by one he told the aristocrats what he had learned about their families. And he threatened to tell the whole

world those same secrets, unless he received invitations to aristocratic homes.

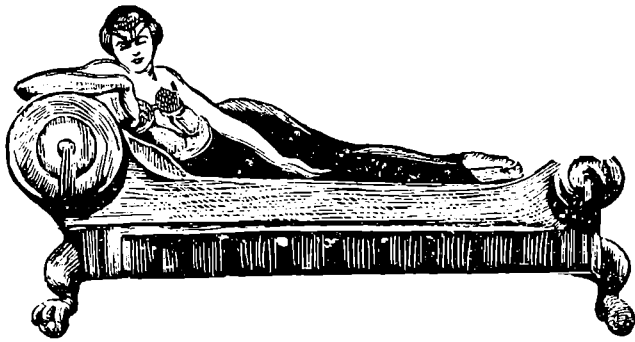
His victims despised Stieber more than ever when he issued his threats, but they had to yield to him. They began to invite the hated spy to their homes, to their dinners, to their most lavish balls. And when Stieber invited them to his own parties, they accepted.

Stieber died in 1892, at the age of seventy-four. By then he had been received as a guest in almost every fine home in Berlin. He had entertained most of the Prussian aristocrats who had once refused to speak to him. He had gained great wealth and many honors. Bismarck himself called him admiringly "my king of sleuth hounds." And even today Stieber's brilliant methods are still studied by the world's espionage chiefs.

As a spy, Stieber was one of the greatest the world had ever known. As a man he was a treacherous sneak and a bully. He was feared and hated. He was despised during his lifetime, and even now his memory is despised.

King Frederick and Emperor William and Chancellor Bismarck were perhaps the only three men who ever liked Stieber. Almost certainly they were the only three men he never betrayed.





Chapter 8: THE LEGEND OF MATA HARI

THE year was 1913—or perhaps early 1914. The First World War had not yet started, but the ominous rumblings of that vast conflict were already beginning to be heard throughout Europe.

On a luxury express traveling toward Berlin one day a certain compartment had a single occupant—a handsome young Russian aristocrat named Lvov-Melikof. He was glad to be alone. It made him feel safer about the important papers in his portfolio that he was carrying from Russia to the Russian ambassador in France.

The young man had been a captain in the Tsar's Imperial Guards. He felt certain he could take care of himself and of the precious contents of his portfolio in any emergency that might arise. Nevertheless, when the train stopped at Posen, he was angered for a moment to

see that he was going to have a companion for the rest of the journey. A woman was opening the door from the outer corridor and looking toward the empty seat opposite him.

But before she could cross the threshold, a man in the uniform of a train conductor stopped her with a curt inquiry. She answered in a low polite voice. The man addressed her a second time, even more curtly.

The young Russian could see that something was wrong. He thought perhaps the woman's ticket was not quite in order. He reminded himself that her troubles were not his business, but he couldn't help but feel sorry for her. The argument was growing more heated. The conductor was scowling rudely and raising his voice.

Finally Lvov-Melikof could stand it no longer.

"Madame, I hope you will forgive me for interfering," he said, getting to his feet. His French was as correct as the bow he made her. "But is there anything I could do to assist you?"

She looked gratefully at him. "Monsieur," she murmured. "You are very kind. It is a trivial matter, but I can't seem to explain to *le conducteur* that my ticket here" She held the bit of pasteboard out to her rescuer with a trusting gesture.

Lvov-Melikof didn't even bother to look at it. With the lordly manner he had learned in the Imperial Guards he turned on the conductor. The uniformed man backed hastily away, his arrogance crumbling. A moment later he was gone, muttering apologies over his shoulder.

"Oh, Monsieur, how can I ever thank you?" the woman began.

"Please—I beg of you. It was of no consequence."

Lvov-Melikof saw her clearly for the first time as she settled herself in the carriage. Her jewels and furs were expensive. She carried her tall graceful body with an aristocratic air. And her great dark eyes were the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"I am only glad that I was here at the moment," Lvov-Melikof went on. "The man was impudent. The rail officials should dismiss him."

"He was indeed impudent." The beautiful eyes were smiling now. "But I'm afraid I can't agree with you that what you did was of no consequence. He was actually trying to put me off the train—and my husband would be dreadfully worried if I did not arrive in Berlin today."

Suddenly she leaned forward. "Monsieur, if you too are going to Berlin, do at least let me offer you hospitality in return for your help. Won't you have dinner with us this evening? I know that my husband, the Count von Linden, will also want to thank you, to tell you how grateful he is for your chivalry."

"Madame, I am truly sorry," Lvov-Melikof answered. "But I shall be in Berlin only a brief time. I am just passing through on my way to Paris."

"Oh, what a pity! Then we can't entertain you. I am so disappointed!" the woman said.

They talked together for the rest of the journey to Berlin. By the time they reached the city, Lvov-Melikof realized that he too was very disappointed not to be able to accept the woman's invitation. He thought she was the most beautiful and enchanting woman he had ever met, and he would have been very pleased to spend the evening with her.

Instead, he had to say good-by and wait in the station for his train to Paris.

But soon after the woman left him, he discovered that his train was not running on schedule. He hurried to a telephone and called the Countess's home.

"My train will be late leaving Berlin," he said. "I shall be here for the evening."

"How delightful!" she exclaimed. "Then you can have dinner with us after all."

That evening Lvov-Melikof took a taxi to the address the Countess had given him, on the Dorotheen Strasse. He glanced up at the house when he arrived. It was large and luxurious, just as he had expected it to be. He mounted the broad steps and rang the bell. A butler admitted him.

The Countess came forward to greet him with a telegram in her hand. She looked very unhappy.

"Something dreadful has happened," she said. "This telegram came just a few minutes ago—a message calling my husband out of town. A relative of his is very ill, and of course the Count had to go. He left immediately. So he is not here to welcome you and to thank you. We are both so sorry."

Lvov-Melikof tried to pretend that he was sorry too. Actually he was very glad to think that he would have the charming Countess all to himself for the evening.

"I shall do my best to be cordial enough for two," the Countess told him. "Come—there are drinks waiting for us in the drawing room. You must forgive my husband for not being with us, and share them with me."

Lvov-Melikof enjoyed the evening even more than he had thought he would. The Countess was gay and enter-

taining. Her food was excellent. So was the wine. And the Countess had also provided vodka from her guest's homeland. Her butler kept Lvov-Melikof's glass constantly filled to the brim.

The young Russian drank a great deal, but he knew he was in no danger of losing his wits. As a captain in the Guards he had been able to compete with every man in his company, glass for glass, and still keep a steady eye and a clear head.

Gallantly he raised his vodka in a toast to the Countess's beautiful eyes.

The next thing he knew he was waking up on a strange bed, in a strange room. For a moment he had no idea where he was. Then he recognized the Countess's butler, bending over him.

"Does Monsieur feel better now?" the butler asked.

Lvov-Melikof touched his throbbing head and tried to sit up. "I'm all right, I think. But what happened?"

"Monsieur, I regret to tell you." The butler looked very sorry. "Monsieur fell asleep at table. It was my fault, no doubt. I should have realized that Monsieur had a poor head for wine."

"A poor head? Nonsense. But it was not your fault, of course. It was mine. It must have been. And yet I can't understand it. To drink so much that I fell asleep—such a thing has never happened to me before."

Lvov-Melikof felt very confused. He was also ashamed and embarrassed.

"My behavior was inexcusable," he said, getting stiffly to his feet. "The Countess will never wish to see me again, naturally. She could never forgive such rudeness."

Suddenly, at that moment, the young man had a fright-

ening thought. He remembered the important papers in his portfolio. Were they safe? He had promised, before he left Russia, that he would never let them out of his sight until he delivered them safely in Paris. And now he had left them unguarded for several hours.

He opened the portfolio with trembling hands—and sighed with relief. The papers were there, safe and sound. And his fountain pen with its secret compartment—that too was in the same pocket where he had left it.

Lvov-Melikof was very relieved. But he was also very angry with himself as he left the house on the Dorotheen Strasse in the cold light of that early dawn. He felt he had insulted the Countess by drinking so much at her table that he had fallen asleep. And he had also, though this she must never know, insulted her again by suspecting, even for a moment, that someone in her household might have stolen his papers while he was asleep.

He caught the next train for Paris and he never saw the Countess again. But shortly after he returned to Russia he was arrested. A vital piece of information had leaked out—a piece of information which had been mentioned in the papers he had carried to Paris. No one accused Lvov-Melikof of treachery. But he was accused of carelessness, and that was almost as great a crime under the circumstances.

Young Lvov-Melikof, like many men before and after him, had fallen victim to the charms of the woman who sometimes called herself the Countess von Linden.

She was not a countess. She had no husband. Her quarrel with the uniformed man on the Berlin express train had been a carefully rehearsed scene. The “conductor” who played it with her was in reality a secret

service agent. Their argument had been for Lvov-Melikof's benefit, designed to win his sympathy for a lady in distress. And the train to Paris had been held up by special order, so that the young Russian would be free to accept her invitation.

It was not the wine that had made Lvov-Melikof fall asleep. It was the dope that had been poured into his drink. The helpful "butler" was not a butler. He too was a secret agent.

And still other agents had been on hand to examine the young man's papers while he lay unconscious. One, skilled at lock-picking, had opened the portfolio. Other men had photographed the documents and then returned them to their places. They had even found the tightly rolled tube of rice paper hidden in the secret compartment of the fountain pen.

It cannot be said for certain that the story of Lvov-Melikof's betrayal is true. Perhaps it is only one of the legends that have grown up around the woman who told the young Russian that she was a countess.

There are many legends about her, and in them all she appears as one of the greatest spies of all time. Her real name was Margarida Gertrud Zelle-MacLeod. But she will always be best known by another name—Mata Hari.

If the story of Lvov-Melikof *is* true, then the young Russian was more fortunate than many of Mata Hari's victims in at least one respect. She only cost him his freedom. She did not also cost him whatever fortune he possessed.

Mata Hari was greedy for money. She persuaded most of her admirers to give her huge sums of it. And if they

failed to give her the presents she expected, they found that they were not permitted to see her again. Probably the only reason Mata Hari ever did any spying was that she thought it would pay her very well.

No one knows exactly how much money Mata Hari earned as a spy. And no one knows exactly how much spying she did. It does seem to be true—so far as the truth can be known—that she wasn't very clever at it. Nevertheless, she became famous as a secret service agent even during her lifetime. And today, when hundreds of more skillful spies have written their stories across the pages of history, she is somehow still thought of as one of the greatest of them all.

Certain facts are definitely known about her. In their own way they are as strange and curious as any of the legends that cluster around the mysterious name of Mata Hari.

Margarida Gertrud Zelle, born in Holland in 1876, was the daughter of a Dutch burgher and his Dutch wife. Her childhood was normal and peaceful, and at the age of fourteen she went to a convent school for four years. She was eighteen, and just out of school, when she met a man named Campbell MacLeod.

MacLeod was already middle-aged and serving as a captain in the Dutch army on duty in Holland's colonial possessions. He drank heavily and seems to have been a brutal and worthless man. But the young Dutch school-girl married him and went with him on his next assignment to Java.

Six years later young Mrs. MacLeod returned to Holland with a baby daughter. Her husband had beaten her and mistreated her. Her married life had been a torture.

She had left him and was determined to get a divorce. Her respectable relatives were shocked at the idea. They tried to persuade her to return to her husband. But Mrs. MacLeod refused, and finally she won her freedom.

Four years after her return from Java, Margarida made her first public appearance as a dancer. She called herself Mata Hari, a Javanese name meaning "Eye of the Morning."

From that moment on Margarida's nationality, her parents, her child, and her husband all faded into the past. As Mata Hari she claimed she was half-Javanese—an oriental dancer trained in the secret temples of Java. Now, she said, she was offering the long-secret temple dances to a European audience for the first time.

Her performance was exotic and striking. Her strange name, the mysterious background she had built for herself, the beauty of her eyes and her figure, made her an immediate success. Almost overnight she became one of the most sought-after women in Europe. Soon her admirers included the Crown Prince of Germany, the Duke of Brunswick, a Dutch premier, and many other wealthy and influential men.

All of them gave her the expensive presents and the gifts of money that pleased her so much. And all of them told her important political and military secrets. Apparently Mata Hari soon discovered that she could sell those secrets and obtain even more money.

It is known now that the German secret service organization made use of her talent for coaxing secrets out of the men she knew. Mata Hari herself never admitted that. But even in the very earliest days of the First World War the intelligence experts of France and

Britain suspected it. Their agents began to follow her.

Wherever she appeared as a dancer, there were agents in the audience. Whenever she moved from one city to another, with her trunks, her servants, and her devoted admirers, there were agents on the train. They were particularly interested in the German generals and the known German spies who visited Mata Hari. Usually she met them in the neutral countries where so much espionage went on during the war.

Finally both French and English officials questioned her. They charged her with being a spy for Germany.

"I am not," she declared. "I have no concern with this war. I am a neutral. It is true that members of the German secret service have given me money, but they were not paying me for spying. They were simply giving me presents—as so many of my admirers do."

The officials didn't believe her.

"You say you are a neutral," they pointed out. "But you have lived in Germany. Don't you want Germany to win the war?"

She looked at them out of her beautiful eyes. "Oh, no," she said. "My sympathies are with you—with the Allied nations who are fighting against Germany. I will prove it to you. I will spy for you against Germany."

The Allies accepted her offer—or at any rate they pretended to. They gave her the names of certain Allied agents in Germany. A few days later one of those agents was arrested by the German police. It seemed clear that Mata Hari had betrayed him to her friends in the German intelligence.

Finally those friends began to mistrust her too. Apparently everyone who knew Mata Hari decided after a time

that whenever she discovered a secret she offered it for sale to the highest bidder. But her admirers were so powerful and so important that the secret service officers were afraid to arrest her. They knew that she could call upon royalty and government officials to protect her.

They had to lay a trap in order to catch her. A German military officer in Spain sent Mata Hari a message by coded wireless. It ordered her to go to Paris where she would receive payment for certain espionage activities she had just performed in Spain. Mata Hari obeyed. She was, as usual, eager for money. When she arrived in Paris she was met by the French authorities.

The Germans had decided to let their enemies be responsible for her. The code in which the wireless message had been sent was one that the French had already broken, and the Germans knew it. French intelligence agents had quickly interpreted the message and were waiting for the dancer when she arrived. They jailed her immediately to await a court-martial.

Her trial was swift. The French court appointed a lawyer to defend her, and apparently he believed that his client was innocent. No one else agreed with him. The court decided that Mata Hari was guilty. It sentenced her to be shot.

One of the legends about her declares that a young man who loved her tried to bribe the firing squad which Mata Hari was to face at dawn on October 15, 1917. He believed his offers of bribery had been accepted, and assured Mata Hari that the guns which would be aimed at her would contain only blank shells. Afterward, he promised, she would be rescued from the prison and taken to safety.

But those who saw Mata Hari on that last grim morning of her life do not believe the legend. They say she did not look like a woman who expected to be rescued from death at the last moment. They say she was calm and brave, but that she no longer had any hope. She seemed to know that her fabulous career was at an end, and that none of her important friends could save her.

In a letter to her daughter, then seventeen years old and living in Batavia with relatives, she wrote:

My dear child:

There is much I would like to tell you and so little I can say. My time is getting short. Fading out. It is four in the morning and within an hour or so, I will be among the dead without ever having had the chance of seeing you again. You were a baby when I left you. Believe me, I did nothing that was wrong, but war has its own brutal laws. I do not believe in mercy for me, not even political friends can help me this time.

The letter ended, "Goodbye, my child, find your happiness in life and find it without hating me." And it was signed, "Your mother, Margarida Gertrud Zelle-MacLeod."

A few minutes after she finished writing her letter, a guard arrived to escort her to the prison courtyard. A nun who was with her at the time collapsed into tears, and perhaps it was Mrs. MacLeod who comforted the woman, gently shaking her until she was quiet again.

But it was Mata Hari, the dramatic and adored toast of a continent, who stood proudly erect before the firing squad a few minutes later. She refused to have her eyes bandaged. She stood perfectly still, with a dancer's grace, as the soldiers lined up before her.



Mata Hari stood fearlessly before the firing squad

Mata Hari was probably not a good spy. Some who saw her say she was not even beautiful. Some say her dancing was as falsely oriental as the name she used. She seemed to have no patriotism to any land and no loyalties of any kind. She was apparently willing to sell herself and all she knew for whatever price the market would bring.

But her bravery in those last moments cannot be questioned. And perhaps she deserves to be remembered—not as a spy, but as a young Dutch girl who transformed herself into one of the most famous women of all time.

The final order cracked the early dawn silence.

“Fire!”

Twelve guns responded.

And Mata Hari, the legendary figure in a thousand tales of intrigue and espionage, slumped lifeless to the bare ground.

But the legends still live. She had stirred the imaginations of many men. And as Mata Hari, the “Eye of the Morning,” she will doubtless continue to stir imaginations as long as stories are told anywhere in the world.



Chapter 9: THE MYSTERIOUS CICERO

LUDWIG MOYZISCH, German intelligence officer in Ankara, Turkey, was a very worried man.

It was October of 1943. Germany's enemies in the Second World War—the United States, Russia, England, and the other Allied Nations—were winning more battles every day. Once Germany had been sure she could conquer them. Now she was not so certain. It seemed possible that Germany might lose the war.

It also seemed possible that Moyzisch might lose his job. His bosses, back home in Berlin, were not satisfied with the information he was sending them.

“You are stationed in a neutral country,” they told him, “with excellent opportunities for espionage. All our enemies have embassies there. Why have you not been able to learn what is going on in those embassies? England

and the United States are openly planning to invade Europe, and we need to know the date of their invasion. They are also trying to persuade Turkey to join the war on their side, and we must know what Turkey intends to do. If you cannot obtain such information for us, you will be dismissed from your post and sent to fight on the Eastern front."

Moyzisch was doing the best he could. But the Allies knew that Turkey—like any neutral country during a time of war—was swarming with spies. They had spies of their own there. And they guarded their secrets well from anyone they suspected of being a German agent. Moyzisch had not been able to learn very much about the Allies' plans.

One autumn evening he went to bed early, but his sleep was troubled. He didn't want to go to the Eastern front, where hundreds of Germans were dying every day under the merciless fire of Russian guns. He wanted to remain with his family in the safety of neutral Turkey. But he didn't know how he could satisfy the demands of the intelligence chiefs in Berlin.

Suddenly the ringing of the telephone at his bedside woke him up. Moyzisch grabbed the phone quickly, before his wife could answer it. If the call was bringing him bad news, he wanted to protect her from it as long as possible.

The voice on the other end of the wire was the voice of Mrs. Albert Jenke, wife of one of the important officials of the German embassy.

"My husband wants you to come to our house immediately," Mrs. Jenke said.

"So late?" Moyzisch rubbed his eyes. "I was asleep."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Jenke said, "but it is important."

"Very well. I will come."

Moyzisch dressed quickly. He told himself that if Berlin was ready to punish him, he would not receive the message through Albert Jenke. But he couldn't be sure of that.

"Is it bad news—from Berlin?" his wife asked anxiously. She too knew that the threat of punishment hung over him.

"Probably not," Moyzisch told her. He hoped he was right.

His hands were trembling as he knocked on the door of Jenke's house a few minutes later. Jenke himself opened it.

"There's a man in my living room," Jenke said, "who tells me he has something to sell—something in your department. I told him to wait here for you."

Moyzisch was relieved. "Who is he?" he asked.

"His name is Diello and he was once my butler," Jenke said. "I suppose that's why he came to me, though I haven't seen him for several years. I believe he was born in Albania. That's all I can tell you about him. And I don't know what sort of information he has to sell. That's your affair. Go ahead. You talk to him alone."

Moyzisch shrugged and made his way down the hall toward the closed living room door. He thought it was unlikely that a man who had been a butler could possess any important secrets. He thought Diello was probably an amateur who had decided to try his hand at spying, and Moyzisch knew that such men were seldom useful. Most of the successful espionage agents of modern times are highly skilled, highly trained people.

Moyzisch opened the door, entered the living room, and shut the door behind himself. The heavy drapes had been drawn across the windows and only two small lamps were lit. Most of the room was in darkness.

The man who was waiting for him sat in a large chair with his face turned away from the light. For a moment he peered carefully at Moyzisch. Then he got up, silently crossed the room to the door, whipped it open and peered out into the corridor. When he saw that it was empty—that no one was outside listening—he shut the door again and returned to his chair.

Finally the man named Diello spoke. "Herr Moyzisch, I've got a proposition to offer you. But first you must give me your promise not to mention it to anyone but your superiors." Suddenly the man drew his hand across his throat in a gesture that imitated the slash of a knife. "That's what'll happen to me if anyone learns I've been here," he said. "And I'd make sure that it happened to you too."

"I can keep a secret," Moyzisch said impatiently. "What is your proposition?"

"I can give you extremely secret papers—the most secret that exist." Diello waited a moment. "They come straight from the British embassy," he said.

Moyzisch stared at him. Several possibilities went through his mind. The man might be crazy. He might be a crook, hoping to make money by selling forged papers. Or he might even be a British secret service agent trying to pass false and misleading information to the Germans.

Diello spoke again. "To start with," he said, "I can give you two rolls of film containing fifty-two photographs of important documents. I would expect to be well paid for

them. I would expect to be paid twenty thousand pounds in English money."

"What!" Moyzisch almost shouted. Now he was sure the man must be crazy. "No spy was ever paid a fortune like that," he said.

Diello moved so that his flat greasy face was visible for a moment in the light of a lamp. "No spy ever had such documents to sell," he said calmly.

Moyzisch got up and began to pace the room. At first he was furious over having been called from his bed to listen to such nonsense. But as he walked, he began to wonder if the man might be telling the truth.

Certainly if Diello were a British agent, he would have demanded a lower price, so that the Germans would be sure to accept his offer. Perhaps the price itself—about \$80,000 in American money—meant that Diello really had vital secrets to sell. And if Moyzisch could obtain vital secrets from the British embassy, then he would certainly be saved from death on the Eastern front.

Finally he stopped in front of Diello. "Have you got the film with you?" he demanded.

Diello sneered. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"Then we can't do business."

"Very well." Diello stood up and began to button his topcoat. "I can easily sell my documents elsewhere."

Moyzisch suddenly saw himself in a soldier's uniform, facing Russian guns. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let's talk it over a little more."

"I've said all I have to say," Diello answered. "But if you can't make this decision yourself, I'll give you four days. This is October twenty-sixth. At three o'clock on the afternoon of October thirtieth I'll telephone you at

your office. I'll use the name Pierre, and I'll ask if you have a letter for me. If you say no, I'll understand that you don't want to do business with me."

"And if I say yes?" Moyzisch asked.

"Then I'll meet you at ten o'clock that night at the end of your embassy garden. I'll have the two rolls of film with me. You will have the twenty thousand pounds—in English banknotes." Diello waited a moment to make sure Moyzisch understood clearly. "All right. Now turn out the lights. I don't want to be seen leaving here." Again he drew his hand across his throat.

Moyzisch snapped the switches.

As he opened the door for Diello, the man paused for a last word.

"In case you'd like to know who I am," Diello whispered, "I'll tell you. I'm the British ambassador's valet."

A split second later he had vanished into the darkness.

The next morning there was a tense meeting in the private office of the German ambassador, Franz von Papen. Von Papen was an old hand at diplomacy and espionage. He knew all the tricks and all the pitfalls. He listened carefully to what Moyzisch and Albert Jenke told him. Then von Papen went over all the possibilities Moyzisch had considered—that Diello might be a lunatic, a crook peddling forged documents, or the bait in a trap set by the British.

"What do you think, Moyzisch?" von Papen asked finally.

Moyzisch looked uncomfortable. "I can't be sure," he said, "but somehow I think he is what he says he is."

"Very well." Von Papen nodded. "The next step is to see whether Berlin agrees with you. You don't have

twenty thousand pounds at hand to pay him with. The intelligence chiefs in Berlin will have to send the money if they want to deal with Diello. Draft a coded message to them immediately.”

An hour later the message was being sent to Berlin by radio, and Moyzisch tried to settle down to await the answer. He tried to work, but it was difficult to concentrate on his regular duties.

Would Berlin send the money? And if the money did arrive, and he paid it over to Diello, would the documents Diello gave him in return be worth that fabulous amount? Moyzisch knew that he himself would be held responsible if anything went wrong.

October twenty-seventh—October twenty-eighth—the days dragged slowly. No answer arrived from Berlin. Moyzisch grew more nervous every hour. To add to his irritation, he was trying to break in a new secretary, a girl known as Nelly Kapp. Usually he was a patient man, but he found himself snapping at the girl.

On the twenty-ninth Berlin radioed its answer. The reply said Moyzisch should deal with Diello, and that the money would arrive by courier the following day.

Moyzisch didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. He spent a sleepless night.

The next day, at three o'clock, the telephone rang in his office. His secretary reached for it, but Moyzisch snatched it from her hand.

“Moyzisch here,” he said into the phone.

“This is Pierre.” Diello's voice was hardly more than a whisper. “Do you have a letter for me?”

“Yes.”

“I'll see you tonight.”

A click sounded in Moyzisch's ear. The connection had been broken. He mopped the perspiration from his brow as he put the telephone down. Then he picked it up again to report to von Papen.

"Good," the Nazi ambassador said. "But be careful. Remember that if there is any trouble, you will be on your own. If England learns about this, or if Turkey learns about it and accuses us of violating her neutrality, I will have to deny that I knew anything about it."

"I understand, sir." Once again Moyzisch replaced the phone, and once again he mopped his brow.

His new secretary was staring at him curiously. Moyzisch turned his back and shut himself in his office, to wait out the hours until ten o'clock that night.

A few minutes before the fateful hour he arrived at the end of the embassy garden. Almost immediately he heard a faint rustle near by, and then a voice spoke in the darkness, close to his ear.

"I am here—Pierre."

Moyzisch jumped. Diello had arrived as silently as a cat. "Come to my office," Moyzisch whispered.

As soon as Moyzisch shut the office door and turned on the lights, Diello looked swiftly around. He made sure the curtains were drawn and tried the door to be certain it was locked.

Then he looked at Moyzisch. "You have the money?"
"Yes."

Diello slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out two rolls of film. "Here are the negatives of the documents."

Moyzisch reached for them. Diello drew his hand back. "The money first," the spy said.



Out of the darkness came a voice close to his ear

Moyzisch opened the safe and took from it a package. He opened it on his desk. While Diello watched with greedy eyes, Moyzisch counted it aloud.

"Twenty thousand," he said finally. Again he reached for the films and that time Diello handed them over. At the same time the spy stretched out his other hand for the package of bills.

"One moment," Moyzisch said firmly. "I do not intend to pay out this money for worthless films. First I will make sure they are worth the price. There is a darkroom in this building. In half an hour the films will be developed and I will know what they contain. If they are as valuable as you say, you will have the money then."

Diello smiled. "Do as you like. I'm not afraid to have you see them. I will wait for you here."

Moyzisch locked the money back in the safe and then hurried down to the cellar darkroom with the rolls of film. He ordered the photographer, who waited for him there, to work at top speed. Moyzisch smoked nervously.

"The negatives are ready," the photographer said at last. "We can look at them now. Or do you want me to print them right away?"

"I will look at them alone," Moyzisch said quickly. "They will be printed later. You will please leave the room."

With shaking hands Moyzisch lifted a magnifying glass toward the wet strips of film the photographer had hung on a line. Carefully he studied the first tiny image.

It was a photograph of a typewritten page. At the top were the words **MOST SECRET—TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY.**

Moyzisch looked at another and then at a third. All

bore the same heading and all were dated very recently.

Moyzisch had seen enough. He locked the darkroom and hurried back to his office.

Dielle smiled as Moyzisch came in. "Are you satisfied?"

Moyzisch answered him by opening the safe and handing Diello the package of money.

"I thought so," Diello said. "I wasn't worried. And what I brought you tonight is only a sample." He reached over and took a cigarette from the box on Moyzisch's desk. "But from now on," Diello added, "each roll will cost you fifteen thousand pounds."

Moyzisch nodded without speaking. Now, at last, he felt quite sure that Diello's documents were worth their fantastic price.

"Good." Diello stuffed the money under his coat and pulled his collar up high around his face. "Tomorrow at the same place," he said. And again he disappeared into the night.

Moyzisch returned to the darkroom immediately and summoned the photographer back.

"Start to print these up now," he said. "Enlarge them to a size where they can be easily read."

But as soon as the man began to work Moyzisch watched every move of the process carefully, until he had memorized what had to be done.

"All right," he said. "I'll take over now. You may leave."

He worked alone in the cellar until almost dawn. Then at last he took the two rolls of film and the fifty-two precious photographs upstairs to his office.

He locked and bolted his door before he sat down at his desk to study the documents for which he had just



paid Diello twenty thousand pounds. One by one he looked at the photographs and read the words on each. And with each one his amazement mounted.

There, before him on his desk, was a complete list of the British intelligence agents assigned to Turkey. There was also a list of the amounts and types of military equipment which the United States was then shipping to Russia—equipment that the Russians were using to such good advantage in driving the Nazis back. There was even a report on the highly secret conference of Allied leaders just then taking place in Moscow.

Moyzisch's brain was whirling before he finished reading them all. And later that morning, when he handed the photographs to the German ambassador, von Papen was equally amazed.

When he had read them through, the ambassador shook his head. "Incredible," he said. "Leave them here, Moyzisch. I want to study them. But prepare a message for Berlin immediately, giving our government the most important items in the documents." The gray-haired diplomat shook his head again. "I'm afraid Berlin won't be very happy over some of the news it's about to receive."

From that time on Diello was the subject of almost daily dispatches from Ankara to Berlin and from Berlin back to Ankara. For the spy's protection, however, his own name was never mentioned. He was called instead by the code name of "Cicero."

Von Papen suggested the name. "The documents he sells us are indeed eloquent," he said. "So it is only fitting that we call him by the name of that eloquent Roman, Cicero."

Night after night Moyzisch met Diello, to exchange rolls of British banknotes for rolls of film. But after the first few times their meeting place changed from the embassy garden to a street in the ancient quarter of Ankara. Moyzisch drove slowly past a certain empty lot in a closed car. If the street was occupied, he drove straight on. But if the coast was clear Diello suddenly appeared out of the darkness, leaped inside the car as it drove past, and shut the door as Moyzisch increased speed. Later, when the transaction was completed, Diello left in the same way, dropping off into the night while the car was still moving.

Two things troubled Moyzisch very much. One was the steady barrage of inquiries from Berlin about Diello himself—and the fact that Diello refused to answer any of them.

"Tell me," Moyzisch asked the spy, time after time, "how you manage to photograph the British ambassador's most secret papers. Do you have an accomplice or do you work alone?"

"Don't bother me with such silly questions," Diello always answered. "I get the material you want. Isn't that enough?"

"But why do you do it?" Moyzisch persisted. "You are not a German—you do not love Germany."

Finally Diello answered that one question. He smiled and patted the pocket into which he had just stuffed a

new roll of bills. "I love money," he said. "And I hate England."

Berlin wasn't satisfied with the reply, but it was the only one Moyzisch could ever obtain.

The other thing that troubled Moyzisch was that his superiors seemed to be doing nothing at all with the priceless information he was sending them week after week. Each day Germany's military situation grew worse, and yet she never took advantage of the secrets which were being forwarded to Berlin by what Moyzisch called Operation Cicero.

He learned that the leaders in Berlin were arguing among themselves. Some said Cicero's information could be trusted. Others said it could not. And so no action was taken, although Germany's chances of winning the war grew fainter every day.

"Why does Berlin continue to pay such huge sums of money to Cicero when it makes no use of the documents he sells us?" Moyzisch asked himself.

He began to realize that Germany was doomed and that his own future was very dark, in spite of the fact that Cicero had saved him from being sent to the Eastern front.

And Cicero himself made things more difficult. The spy decided that he wanted diamonds instead of cash, in return for one batch of film.

"You buy them for me," he told Moyzisch. "It would not be healthy for me if I—a valet—were seen buying diamonds."

Moyzisch wanted to refuse. Everyone in Ankara knew that Moyzisch could not afford diamonds either. But he didn't dare to risk the spy's anger. He had to go to a good

deal of trouble to purchase the diamonds in secret in order to satisfy Cicero's demands.

"But be careful about wearing the diamonds in public," he warned the spy, when he handed them over. "You have already bought new clothes and a new watch. People will begin to ask awkward questions."

"Don't worry about me," Diello said. "Soon I'll have as much money as I want, and then no one will ever see Diello again. I'll disappear. Perhaps I'll buy a forged passport and go to some South American country where I can live like a gentleman for the rest of my life." He smiled. "Perhaps then I will *have* a valet—instead of being one."

Not long before Christmas of 1943 something happened which almost brought Operation Cicero to an abrupt halt. Von Papen, reading one of Diello's latest documents, learned that the British ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, had just had a conference with the Turkish government. And at that conference Turkey had seemed almost ready to join the Allies against Germany.

Von Papen immediately called on the Turkish foreign minister. In very polite language he warned that it would go hard with Turkey if she gave up her neutrality to become an enemy of Germany. The Turkish foreign minister, just as politely, told von Papen that he was mistaken, that Turkey had no intention of joining the Allies.

Then von Papen made an error. He let the Turkish minister know that he suspected Turkey had been entering into negotiations with England.

The minute the Turkish minister was alone he called the British ambassador.

"Von Papen knows of our conference," he told Sir Hughe. "There must be a German spy in your embassy."

Sir Hughe acted promptly. He sent to England for top flight investigators. All employees of the embassy were carefully checked. And the safe which held Sir Hughe's most secret papers was fitted with a new burglar alarm system.

By that time Moyzisch knew that Diello was without doubt what he claimed to be—the valet of the British ambassador. And when Moyzisch learned of the new precautions that had been taken at the British embassy, he felt sure Diello would bring him no further rolls of film. But somehow Diello had escaped detection. And somehow he managed, after a few desperate weeks, to get at the ambassador's papers again in spite of the new burglar alarm.

Once more Moyzisch met Diello regularly on the dark streets of the old quarter of the city.

Then, one day in April, Nelly Kapp, Moyzisch's secretary, disappeared. Moyzisch was horrified. He knew that several German officials in Ankara, sure of Germany's defeat, had already deserted their sinking ship. They had gone to the British and told them all sorts of Nazi secrets in return for a promise of safety. Moyzisch was afraid Nelly Kapp had done the same thing.

He searched for his secretary desperately. He visited her friends, he checked the railroad stations. But no trace of her could be found.

The next night Diello telephoned. His voice was trembling. "I must see you," he said.

Half an hour later they met. Diello was a badly frightened man.

"Your secretary is with the British," he said. "Does she know about me?"

Moyzisch remembered how careful he had been, from the very beginning, to try to keep all the papers of Operation Cicero in his own hands.

"I don't think so," he said. "But if I were you I'd leave now—while there is still time."

"You're right." Diello's face was pale. "I am going immediately. Good-by."

For the first time the two men shook hands. And then, for the last time, Diello disappeared into the night.

Moyzisch never saw him again.

Moyzisch did learn, soon afterward, that Diello was wise to leave when he did. Nelly Kapp had known far more about Operation Cicero than Moyzisch realized, and she had placed her information in British hands.

Then Turkey joined the Allies. The war was nearing its end. Moyzisch was held there as an enemy alien and released only when Germany at last met her defeat.

When the war was over, Moyzisch finally learned the answer to the one question which had long puzzled him—the question of why Berlin had willingly paid Cicero more money than any spy in history had ever received. Cicero had been given more than a million dollars in English banknotes—but almost all the money had been counterfeit!

Only a few of the first payments, and the diamonds which Moyzisch himself had purchased, were genuine. All the rest of the "money" was simply worthless paper, printed in Berlin. Cicero had, after all, cost Germany very little.

When Moyzisch was free again, he wrote a book about

Diello. He called it "Operation Cicero." But the story of this daring and skillful spy ends with another question, and perhaps that question will never be answered.

What happened to Diello? No one knows. Did he reach safety in some distant land? Was he able to exchange his "million dollars" for valuable jewels or property? Or was he arrested when he tried to spend the counterfeit money he had risked his life to earn? Is he still alive? Or is he dead?

Rumors about him turn up from time to time. Reports say he was seen again in Ankara, or in some other city. But nothing is known for certain.

Diello was always secretive and mysterious. It seems likely that he will remain a mystery for all time to come.



Chapter 10: THE YOUNG SABOTEURS OF
THE CHURCHILL CLUB

ON the afternoon of April 8, 1940, the boys of the Cathedral School in Aalborg, Denmark, raced for their bicycles the moment classes were over. Everything seemed just as usual. One group paused to discuss the model airplanes they were building. Another stopped to compare notes on a quiz they had had that day.

They were all in high spirits. Spring was in the air. Even in the modern city of Aalborg, with its tall buildings and its traffic-crowded streets, they could feel a hint of the first warm breezes from the south.

When the boys finally separated to ride off to their homes that afternoon, they were still calling back and

forth among themselves, planning games and sports for the next day.

But that night something happened that shattered all their plans. That night the Germans marched into Denmark. At six o'clock the next morning Denmark's government was in German hands, and the Danish King Christian was a prisoner. Denmark, smallest of the Scandinavian countries, had become a "protectorate" of Nazi Germany.

After that nothing was the same in Aalborg. There were German soldiers in the streets and German officers riding around in fine cars. All Danes had to carry identification cards and be ready to show them at any time.

And yet, after the first shock was over, the people in Aalborg went to work every day as they always had. The trolleys ran on schedule. The boys of the Cathedral School were told to report to their classes as if nothing had occurred.

The younger boys were puzzled.

"Why don't we fight the Germans?" they asked. "Why don't we make them go away?"

The older boys looked grim. "Because Denmark is a small country," they explained, "and Germany is a big powerful country. We have to do whatever the Germans want us to."

"Will they make us go to prison?" the little boys asked. "Will they throw us in a dungeon and make us live on bread and water?"

The older boys shook their heads. They had been talking with their parents and listening to the radio and they understood what was going on.

"No," one of them said. "They won't put us in prison."

They just want us to go on making machinery and growing food, the way we've always done, so that they can take it all for Germany."

"That's right," another of the older boys agreed. "And they're being very polite to us. They think that will make us happy, so that Denmark will be what they call a 'model protectorate'—an example of how fine it is to be conquered by the Germans. Then they can say to other countries, 'Don't fight against us. Just let us take you over, the way we did Denmark.'"

"Someday," one of the little boys announced, "I'm going to go up to a German soldier and hit him."

"No, you're not," his big brother commanded. "Didn't you hear what Father said? He told us not to make any trouble—to obey all the new German laws and do just what the Germans want us to. Then, Father says, they won't hurt us."

But sometimes, when the older boys were alone, they admitted that they too would like to hit out at the German soldiers in their shiny boots. They felt this more and more strongly as the months went by, and Nazi Germany won victory after victory. She conquered Norway, little Luxemburg, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

"She tells them all to be good—the way Denmark is—and then they'll be all right," one of the boys said angrily. "We ought to be ashamed to do everything the Germans tell us. We *ought* to strike back."

"Sure—but how?" his friend asked.

And none of the boys could answer that question.

Then one day two new boys moved to Aalborg from the Danish town of Odense. Their names were Knud and

Jens Pedersen, and they too became students at the Cathedral School.

"In Odense," Knud told his new friends, "we had a club to fight the Germans. We called it the Royal Air Force Club."

The Aalborg boys all began to talk at once.

"Tell us about it!"

"What did the club do?"

"That's what we want!"

They planned a club of their own that very day. They called it the Churchill Club, in honor of the British Prime Minister who was leading such a gallant fight against the Germans.

All the members of the Churchill Club were students at the school. Some were only ten years old. The oldest were fifteen and sixteen. Knud and Jens Pedersen were two of the club's leaders. Another pair of brothers, Alf and Kaj Houlberg, and another Knud—Knud Andersen, his name was—were also leaders of the group.

The first rule of the organization was absolute secrecy.

"No one must know that our club even exists," Knud Pedersen said. "Not the Germans, and not any of the Danes who like the Nazi ideas. Even our parents mustn't know. They wouldn't let us work against the Germans. They'd be afraid we'd be caught and punished."

"And besides," Jens Pedersen added, "if we are caught they can tell the Germans truthfully that they didn't know anything about our club—and perhaps then the Germans won't punish them along with us."

"What is our club going to do?" one member asked.

It was a difficult problem. They were all young. They

had no experience. They had read in their history books about children who had served as spies—who had gathered information about the enemy or who, as couriers, had carried messages across enemy lines.

But there was no courier work for them to do in Aalborg, for there were no vital messages to carry. And there was little point in trying to spy on the Germans. The Germans in Denmark weren't fighting or planning to fight. They were just standing guard to make sure the Danes behaved themselves and continued to produce food and machinery for their conquerors.

"We'll have to concentrate on sabotage work," Knud Pedersen said. "We'll try to do everything we can that might make trouble for the Germans."

The first step was to divide the club into four sections. Each one would take charge of a certain part of their program.

One section had only one member—the boy whose job it was to collect the club dues each month. They knew they would need money for supplies and equipment.

The other sections were the propaganda section, the technical section, and the sabotage section.

The boys had to have many long, secret meetings before those three groups were ready to go to work. And even then they started out very slowly.

The propaganda section finally got hold of a duplicating machine, with which they could make many copies of a single letter or poster. They used it to print a picture of the German swastika surrounded by arrows. Underneath was a message to their German conquerors.

"This is the warning of a revolutionary flame!" it said. "It will spread like lightning through all the countries

the Germans have occupied, and it will bring death to those four German criminals—Hitler, Himmler, Goering and Goebbels!”

All over Aalborg those messages mysteriously appeared. They were tucked under doors and poked into mailboxes.

The propaganda section also painted that same picture and message on every blank wall they could find and sometimes on the hood or the door of a German car.

The grownups of Aalborg began to whisper among themselves. “Where do those handbills come from? Who paints those signs?” they asked each other. But no one knew.

The Germans became angry. They told the Danish police to find the people who had distributed the handbills and painted the signs and to punish them. But the Danish police said they were just as puzzled as everybody else.

The boys were being very careful not to be caught. They went out after dark, on their bicycles, only one or two at a time. They were all good riders. Their neighbors had always called them “the cowboys of the asphalt.” They could speed away so fast, once their job was done, that no one ever saw them at work.

In the meantime the technical section was busy too. The boys in that group were trying to make bombs, in the hope of being able to blow up German property. But they found it was very hard work. They didn’t know much about chemistry and which things should be mixed together to make a substance that would blow up. All of their first efforts ended in failure.

But finally they made a report to the sabotage section—

the group which would use the bombs when they were ready.

“We think we have a real bomb this time,” the leader of the technical section announced. “Now it’s up to you.”

A special committee of the sabotage section took the bomb out one dark night. They carried it carefully until they found a German car parked on a quiet street. Quickly they slipped the bomb under the car, lit the fuse, and then ran off to hide near by. They held their mouths wide open. They had heard that this was a protection against injury during an explosion.

They waited and waited. The fuse sputtered. And then it died out. Nothing happened. The bomb didn’t go off.

“You’ll have to try again,” they told the technical section. “Your bomb didn’t work. Can’t you make one that will really explode?”

But while they were waiting for a successful bomb, the members of the sabotage section found other jobs to do. They started with small tasks, such as removing the road signs the Germans had put up.

“It won’t cause them very much trouble,” the leader said, “but it will be good experience for us. It will teach us how to work right under the eyes of the police, how to get on with our jobs even when we can hardly breathe for fear of being caught.”

When they were used to working, no matter how afraid they were, they went on to bigger jobs. They set fire to German cars by pouring kerosene over the motors and lighting it. They stole small things that they could carry away quickly on their bicycles—hub caps, gasoline tank covers, German soldiers’ knapsacks and hats.

Finally they became so daring that they stole German

weapons. They slipped into a restaurant during a busy dinner hour and snatched a rifle that a German officer had left hanging in the cloakroom. One boy even crept inside the German barracks and took a soldier's rifle from its hook over the bed, while the soldier himself was busy in the same room.

None of the boys knew anything about guns, but they were all eager to learn. They all hoped that some day an Allied army would march into Denmark to free them from the Germans, and they wanted to join that army as soon as it arrived. So they all took turns aiming their first gun and learning how to press its trigger.

Suddenly, to the boys' great excitement, British planes began to fly over Denmark and drop down boxes of guns and ammunition for the Danes' use. All the members of the Churchill Club were on the alert for the packages that came drifting down out of the sky, attached to floating parachutes. They wanted to find them before the Germans did. The technical section boys gave up trying to make bombs, although by then they had actually made a few that worked, and devoted themselves to collecting the English gifts.

They made a fine new secret hiding place for those they found. In the yard of one of the members they dug a hole in the ground and covered it with a wooden trap door. Then they put a layer of earth on top of the door and planted parsley on it. Even the boy's mother never suspected that her son's garden was really an arsenal of weapons.

Every day the boys grew more daring. They burned the blueprints for the new barracks the Germans were about to build. They destroyed an expensive instrument be-

longing to a crew of German surveyors. They stole a typewriter for the use of their propaganda section. They burned German railway cars standing in the freight yard, including one car that held airplane parts and another loaded with tires for airplane landing gear.

Every time they performed one of their acts of sabotage they left behind a few scrawled words—a message daring the Germans to put a stop to the thefts and fires and explosions that by then were happening all over Aalborg. The Germans grew more and more angry. Every day they shouted at the Danish police to catch the culprits.

“If you don’t put a stop to this sabotage,” the Germans said, “we’ll have to step in and do your work for you.”

The police hadn’t really been trying very hard to capture the saboteurs. Like the rest of the people of Aalborg, they thought the attempts at sabotage were dangerous and foolhardy. But they also were glad to know that there were some Danes daring enough to strike back at the conquerors. They didn’t want those daring people to be caught.

But one day a restaurant cloakroom attendant told a policeman that she had seen a young boy grab a German rifle from her cloakroom and make off with it.

“I could identify him if I saw him again,” she said.

“A young boy?” The policeman was surprised. He was sorry too. But he knew he had to do his duty. “Very well,” he said. “Come with me. We’ll walk the streets of Aalborg until you see the boy again and point him out to me.”

The Churchill Club was very busy just then, planning one of its greatest feasts. The members had stolen some hand grenades from a box they found at the railroad

freight yard, awaiting delivery. They were going to set off a huge explosion at a German anti-aircraft post.

But the very day of their planned explosion—it was a lovely spring day, about two years after the Germans had seized Denmark—the woman from the restaurant said, “There—that’s the boy I saw stealing the rifle!”

A minute later the police captured one of the leaders of the club. Other members were rounded up before the day was over. By night the ten chief members were in jail.

The parents of the boys couldn’t believe their eyes when their sons were arrested and taken away. They were sure the police had made a mistake.

“It’s not a mistake,” one of them told his mother. “We just wanted to prove to the whole world that Denmark will never be a ‘model protectorate,’ that we’ll fight against our German conquerors as long as they stay here. We’re proud of what we did—except for having to lie to you. That was the hardest part of our whole job.”

The Danish police made the boys as comfortable as possible in the city jail. Two and a half months later the trial took place. The Danish judge wanted to let the club members off easily, but the boys admitted their guilt. He had to send all of them to the big prison on King Hans Street.

The club members felt pretty sad and discouraged at first, even though they knew they had become famous in Aalborg.

“Why did we have to get caught just when we were learning how to make real trouble for the Germans?” one asked grimly. “Why couldn’t we have stayed out of jail for a little while longer?”

"I guess we were careless," another said. "They began to suspect us."

"Wait a minute!" The third of the three boys in that cell jumped to his feet. Then he sat down again and lowered his voice so that the guard in the corridor couldn't hear. "If we could manage to sneak out of jail, at night," he whispered, "and do some sabotage work and then sneak back in again—wouldn't that be a wonderful trick to play on the Germans? They certainly wouldn't suspect us then. They'd think we were safe behind bars."

His two friends stared at him. "But how could we possibly sneak out of here?" one demanded.

The third boy jumped up and stood at the small window of their cell. "Look," he said. "There's a ledge outside this window. We could walk along it to that wire netting over the exercise yard. We could cross that by lying flat on our stomachs and inching along. When we got to the wall on the far side we could climb over it and drop down into the warden's orchard. Then we'd only have to squeeze through a hedge and we'd be free!"

"But first we'd have to get through the window," his cautious friend pointed out. "And—in case you haven't noticed—we *are* behind bars here, just as the Germans think."

"I know. But if we had a hacksaw, we could cut through one of the bars, so that it could be removed. Then we'd have room enough to crawl through. We could put the bar back in place from the other side."

"I think your idea is nonsense," the cautious boy said.

But the other was already excited. "We could do it!" he said. "Just the way he says. And the next time my brother comes to visit me, I'll tell him what we need."

One day not long afterward the brother came. When the guard had his back turned for a moment, one of the prisoners whispered quickly, "Bring us a hacksaw!" The brother looked blank. The prisoners didn't know whether he understood or not.

The next time the brother arrived at the jail he was carrying a folded newspaper.

"Here," he said. "I thought you might like to read this." He winked as he handed it to his prisoner brother.

The Churchill Club member slipped the paper quickly into his pocket. He could feel something long and hard between the pages.

"What's that you've got there?" the guard asked suddenly. "What did your brother give you?"

"Just a Danish family newspaper. Do you want to see it?" The prisoner pulled the paper carefully out of his pocket. He shook it as he did so, just enough so that the long hard thing inside fell back into the pocket as the paper came out.

The guard studied the paper a moment and then returned it. "All right," he said. "I guess you can have that."

When their visitor was gone and the guard was out of sight, the boys huddled in a corner to inspect their smuggled gift. It was a hacksaw blade—just what they wanted!

"Let's go to work right now!" one whispered.

"No—we'd make too much noise. The only times we'll be able to use it is when there's a plane flying overhead. Then the guard won't be able to hear us."

"But we'll never cut through a heavy iron bar if we can work only a few minutes a day!"

"It can't be helped. We mustn't risk it any other time."

From that moment on life in the Aalborg jail had a new

excitement. The three boys took turns sitting close beside the window, the hacksaw blade carefully hidden. The moment a plane zoomed overhead, the blade appeared and went to work. Sawing through iron is a slow process. Sometimes they thought they would never finish the job.

But one day they realized that noticeable notches were beginning to show at the top and bottom of the bar.

"We're making progress," one of them said. "We're almost halfway through at each end. But our work is beginning to show. Suppose the guard notices these notches?"

"Don't worry," his friend said. "I've got an idea."

The next day, while they were having their exercise period in the yard, he was playing ball when there was a crash and a tinkle of glass.

"Oh!" The young prisoner sounded very surprised. "My ball went wild! I broke a window!"

"It's all right," a kindly guard assured him. "You couldn't help it. It can easily be fixed."

Soon afterward, when the window was replaced, the ball player showed the others something hidden in his pocket.

"It's a piece of putty," he explained. "I broke the window on purpose, so workmen would come to putty a new one in. And I squeezed off some of the new putty while it was still soft. We'll mix it with ink until it's the same color as the iron bar."

They felt safer from then on. Every day the notches at the top and bottom of the bar grew a little deeper, but the putty hid them entirely. And finally the bar was free, sawed clear through at both ends.

They could hardly wait to see if they could squeeze through the narrow space that the removal of the bar would leave. At last the day guards went off duty, the night guards arrived, and the lights went out. The jail grew very quiet.

But it wasn't until two o'clock in the morning that one of the boys whispered quietly, "All right. Now!"

He pulled the putty away and slipped the bar out of place. Then he put his head through the hole and very slowly and carefully began to squeeze the rest of his body through. When he was on the ledge outside the window he said, "All right. You next."

But the second boy was bigger. He got his head through—and then he stuck.

For a long moment he could move neither forward nor back. He looked so funny, half in and half out of the window, that all three boys began to giggle. They stuffed their fists in their mouths so they wouldn't be heard.

"It's no use," the big boy said finally. "You'll have to pull me back in."

The third boy, still inside the cell, tugged at his friend's heels and at last jerked him back into the cell.

The big boy was bitterly disappointed, but he said, "It's all right. You two go on anyhow."

The second boy slipped through the opening and then both crawled along the ledge until they reached the netting, and cautiously inched themselves across it on their stomachs. Once a guard stepped into the exercise yard below them, and they held themselves desperately still, not daring to breathe, until he finally turned and went back inside the jail.

At the far side of the netting was the wall. The barbed wire on top of it tore at their hands, and they almost cried out at the pain. But they managed somehow to keep silent. And at long last they jumped down into the warden's orchard and ran across it. There they lay down flat and peered through a thick hedge to the quiet, empty street beyond, lit by a single lamp shaded for the blackout.

It was their first sight of freedom in many bleak days.

They took a deep breath before they slipped through the hedge. They knew the risk they were taking. According to German law no Dane was allowed to be out on the streets after the curfew bell rang in the early evening—and anyone caught out of doors after the curfew sounded had to show a special permit and also his identification card. Of course the boys had neither. Even if no one recognized them as escaped prisoners, they would be in trouble just because they were on the streets so late at night.

But for several hours that evening they did prowl the streets of Aalborg—and returned safely to their cell before morning.

“We can do it!” one of them whispered to the friend anxiously awaiting their return. “We keep in the shadows and hide in doorways if we think we see anything moving—anything that might turn out to be a policeman or a German. It's easy! Now we can start the Churchill Club's sabotage program again!”

The next morning the biggest boy bravely offered to change cell places with a smaller friend, a boy who could squeeze through the opening. They managed the exchange just in time, because that same day all the

Churchill Club members, except the three boys in that one cell, were moved to a prison in another city.

"It's all up to us now," one of the three said. "We have to uphold the honor of the Churchill Club alone."

After that, night after night, strange things happened in Aalborg again.

A German car on Sankelmarke Street, right opposite a German guard post, burst into flames and burned to a pile of twisted metal.

A huge German truck mysteriously caught fire, and it too was destroyed.

German motors which were left in perfect condition at the end of a day's work often refused to start the next morning. Inspection showed that vital parts were missing, or that ignition wires were broken and tangled.

Sometimes two boys left the cell at once. Sometimes all three went out together. And with each successful trip they grew more daring. They even went to their own homes, woke up their startled families, and enjoyed a fine meal in the middle of the night.

Once more, all over Aalborg, people were wondering who was daring enough to injure German property.

"It looks like the work of the Churchill Club," people said, "but it can't be. The members are all in jail—poor brave boys!"

Once more the Germans grew angry. Again they ordered the Danish police to find the culprits and punish them.

And still the strange events kept happening, almost every night.

Another German car was burned and battered until, as one of the boys said, "It looks like a poor beat-up dog."



Strange things happened. A German car burst into flame

Somehow one German car found its way down to a pier and kept right on going until it crashed over the end and fell into the sea with a great splash.

On a certain evening the boys were getting ready to leave the cell.

"This will be our nineteenth trip," one of them said. And he put a tiny dot beside the date on his calendar, as he had done to mark each one of their other excursions.

That night they destroyed still another German car and then made their way to the home of one of the boys for a good meal and a visit with their friends.

At 4 o'clock in the morning they got up from the table. "That tasted fine, Mother. Now we've got to be going back home."

They always made a joke of having to "go home" after a night's outing from the jail.

They turned out all the lights in the house before they dared to open the door and slip into the street. It was quiet and deserted as usual. They hurried along in the shadows.

Suddenly a long wail tore the silence. They stopped dead in their tracks. They knew the sound. It was an air-raid warning siren. Allied planes were overhead, preparing to attack German installations. The siren was warning all civilians to go immediately to the air-raid shelters.

The boys were terrified.

"What shall we do?" one whispered.

Air-raid wardens would soon be tramping the streets. Police would appear to guide people to the shelters.

"We can't get back to my house. We can't get back to the jail. We'd surely be caught if we tried to get through the streets," the other said.

Even as he spoke they saw two policemen approaching. Quickly the boys stepped inside a darkened shop doorway, but it wasn't big enough to shelter them both. The police came closer—and stopped right in front of them.

“Who's there?” one policeman demanded. “What are you doing hanging about on the streets? Don't you know you should be in an air-raid shelter? Let me see your identity card.”

“I—I—I'm afraid I forgot it.”

“And you?” The policeman looked at the second boy.

“I—forgot mine too.”

“Hmm. Strange. Two young men out at this hour—both without identity cards.” The policeman thought a moment. “You'd better come along with me to the police station.”

The moment the boys stepped inside the station they were recognized.

“But it's impossible!” an officer said. “They can't be Churchill Club members. Those boys are in jail.”

But when the police went to the jail and found only one boy in the cell and found the loosened bar and the calendar with its tiny dots marking all the dates on which sabotage had occurred—then the fate of the three boys was sealed.

Once more they were tried and sentenced, this time to longer terms and in another jail. Their career of sabotage was over.

But the boys of the Churchill Club had given courage to all the people of Denmark. Even with the boys safe in prison, the Germans went on having trouble. Other people were carrying on the program the boys had

begun. No longer could the Germans pretend to the world that Denmark was a “model protectorate.”

Finally, in the year 1945, the war in Europe was over. The Germans, who had conquered so many small countries, were themselves conquered by the Allied Nations.

And the boys of the Churchill Club were all released from jail and hailed as heroes—foolhardy heroes, perhaps, but heroes nevertheless.

One day they received an invitation to visit a British general who had helped defeat the Germans.

“I’ve heard about you,” the general said. “I’d like you to tell me everything you did—from the very beginning.”

So they told him about the signs, the weapons hidden in the parsley bed, the burned freight cars, the explosions, the German cars that had gone up in flames.

“That’s a good story,” the general said when they were finished. “I’m going to tell it to Winston Churchill himself.”



Chapter 11: KLAUS FUCHS AND THE
ATOM BOMB SPIES

ON a certain cold winter afternoon, early in 1944, a tall, earnest-looking young man stood on a New York City street corner with a tennis ball in his hand. He must have looked rather strange, considering the weather. Certainly he was playing a part in one of the most dramatic stories to come out of World War II and the years that followed.

For some time he waited, watching the crowd streaming past him. Then suddenly he saw what he was searching for—a man carrying a green book, wearing one pair of gloves and holding another pair in his hand. The book and the two pairs of gloves were the signals by which the young man had been told he could recognize the man he was seeking. The tennis ball in his own hand served as his badge of identification.

The tall young man stepped forward. The two men

spoke to each other. They got into a taxi and drove to a certain restaurant. There the man with the tennis ball gave the other man a package of papers.

Those papers held part of the vital secret of the atom bomb.

The man who received the papers was a spy for Soviet Russia. The man who betrayed the secrets of the atom bomb—at that meeting and others before and afterward—was a brilliant scientist named Klaus Fuchs.

The story of Klaus Fuchs begins in Germany, where he was born in 1911. His father, Dr. Emil Fuchs, had been a Lutheran minister who left that church to become a Quaker. There were four children in the family. They were all intelligent and all had inherited their father's high ideals. They were all very much disturbed when Adolf Hitler and his brown-shirted Nazi followers began to grow powerful in Germany. Even Klaus, the youngest, sometimes deserted his beloved school books to join the family discussions on the subject.

Finally one day Klaus said, "Hitler is a menace to Germany and to the whole world. We must fight against him."

Dr. Fuchs shook his head. "My son," he said, "it is true that Hitler is dangerous. But you are a peace-loving Quaker, like myself. You know that if we tried to destroy Hitler by fighting against him, we would only destroy ourselves. It is always wrong to fight."

In the past Klaus had hated fighting as much as his father did. He had followed Dr. Fuchs not only into the Quaker church, but also into the Social Democratic party—a party which stood firmly against Hitler but which hoped to defeat him by ballots rather than by bullets.

Now Klaus was not so sure that Quaker pacifism and the peaceful program of the Social Democrats was enough. Like many of his fellow students at the University of Leipzig, he began to take an interest in the German Communist Party. After a time he decided that the Communists were the only ones who understood how dangerous Hitler really was.

“They understand that it’s necessary to destroy Hitler and Nazism now and forever,” he told his father. “I’m willing to fight with them, to protect Germany and the freedom of all Germans.”

Klaus had always been a good student. His specialty was science and he showed promise of becoming a brilliant physicist. But in his eagerness to defeat Hitler he even deserted his books to attend Communist meetings and distribute propaganda leaflets.

Hitler, however, proved too strong for all his opponents, including the Communists. In 1933 he became chancellor of Germany—and immediately all those who had opposed him stood in danger of losing their lives.

Even the gentle Dr. Fuchs was thrown into jail. One of Klaus’s brothers escaped to Switzerland. One sister fled to the United States. Another sister, whose husband was being pursued by Hitler’s dreaded police, the Gestapo, threw herself from a train and was killed. Klaus himself went into hiding for several months, until he could escape to England. There he found a home with Quaker friends.

At first he couldn’t think of anything except how wonderful it was to be safely out of Germany. He paid very little attention to politics. The hospitable British soon discovered how brilliant this young refugee was, and they

arranged for him to continue his studies at Bristol University. Klaus buried himself in his work.

By 1939 he had earned two doctorate degrees, in mathematical physics and theoretical physics, and won a scholarship to continue his research at the University of Edinburgh. That same year—he was about 27 years old—he applied for citizenship in England.

But in 1939 England went to war against Hitler. All Germans living in England at the time were automatically listed as enemy aliens. Klaus Fuchs's request for citizenship was refused.

Nevertheless, because of his excellent record, Fuchs was allowed to continue his work—until the time came when England expected an invasion by Hitler's forces. Then she felt she had to take new precautions. She could no longer allow any Germans, however loyal to England they seemed, to remain on British soil. Some of them might be spies, ready to give aid to the expected invaders. And so England sent hundreds of German refugees to a camp in Canada. Klaus Fuchs was among them.

An unfortunate accident occurred during all the confusion of the journey across the Atlantic. The identification papers of Klaus Fuchs and the other members of his group were lost.

"These men arrived without papers," a British officer told the camp commander when the group arrived. "We don't know who they are."

"No papers?" The commander looked thoughtful. "If they were registered enemy aliens their papers would have been sent along with them. If they have no papers it means they have never been registered. They must be Nazis who dropped into England by parachute. We'd

better confine them with the other men who admit they are loyal followers of Hitler, and guard them accordingly.”

Fuchs and the other members of his group tried to explain the facts, but the evidence was against them. They were officially labeled as Nazis. And Klaus Fuchs, who hated Hitler, had to live for months with the sort of men who had jailed his father, hounded his sister to her death, and forced the rest of the Fuchs family to flee.

Probably those months in the Canadian camp were a turning point in the young scientist's life. During all his years in England he had avoided the Communists. Now, apparently, he decided once again that only the Communists knew how to fight Hitler—that only the Communists drew a clear line between those who hated the Nazis and those who admired them.

Finally, in 1941, English scientists who knew Klaus Fuchs and trusted him obtained his release from the camp. Fuchs returned to England.

To his friends and fellow-scientists he seemed the same man he had been before—quiet, hard-working and rather shy. They didn't guess that Klaus Fuchs had made up his mind to turn over to Russia, from then on, any scientific secrets he thought might be useful to the Communists.

Russia was by then in the war. Like England, she was fighting for her life against the Germans. She was an ally of England, and when the United States entered the war Russia would be her ally too. But she was not a friendly ally. Already many Englishmen and Americans were saying that their countries could get along with Russia only so long as they all had a common enemy.

Even the British secret service agents, however, didn't

suspect that Klaus Fuchs was now determined to serve Soviet Russia to the best of his ability. They studied the young man's record and found no reason why he shouldn't be trusted with highly secret documents. Soon Fuchs was doing important scientific research for the British government. When he again requested British citizenship, his request was granted—although very few enemy aliens received this high proof of English trust during the war.

Klaus Fuchs swore an oath of allegiance to England, and an oath never to reveal the secrets of the important work entrusted to him. But he didn't keep those oaths. He began to meet with Russian spies, or agents—on street corners, in small out-of-the-way restaurants—and turn over to them all his own vital work. Soon his reports included the work of other scientists too.

In the meantime Fuchs was becoming steadily more important among England's scientists. And those scientists were playing a steadily more important part in the war. They were laying the groundwork for what would one day be the most devastating weapon the world had ever known—the atom bomb.

By the time the United States entered the war, American scientists too were working along the same lines. When England and America learned that Germany too was trying to make an atom bomb, the two Allies decided to pool their work and cooperate from then on. They were determined to beat the Germans in this deadly race.

Top-flight British scientists came to the United States to work with top-flight American scientists. One of the men in the group that crossed the Atlantic was Klaus Fuchs. He spent some time in laboratories on the East

Coast, and then went to the carefully guarded atomic research center at Los Alamos, New Mexico. There, at long last, the first atom bomb was completed. Fuchs was among the handful of trusted scientists who watched the explosion of that bomb in the New Mexican desert on July 16, 1945. Germany, unable to make an atom bomb herself, had already surrendered to the Allies two months before.

Three weeks later, in August, 1945, American planes dropped atom bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and Japan too surrendered. World War II was over.

Klaus Fuchs returned to England to head an important department in the big new atomic energy laboratory established at Harwell.

His friends were proud of him. They believed he had helped to bring peace to the world. But Fuchs was not sure that that peace would last. As he watched unfriendliness grow between Russia and her former allies, he continued to report to Russia new developments in the field of atomic energy.

Many Britons and Americans also feared that the new peace would give way to another war—a war with Russia. But they thought that so long as the United States had many atom bombs, and Russia had none, the Russians would not dare to begin such a war. England and the United States were therefore shocked to discover, in 1949, that Soviet Russia too had learned how to make atom bombs—that an experimental bomb explosion had already taken place there.

How had Russia learned so quickly all the intricate secrets of the atom bomb? Experts agreed that there

could be only one answer to that question: One or more of the scientists who worked on the first American bombs must have given or sold those secrets to her.

Immediately the secret service agencies of England and the United States began an investigation. Once more they checked all the scientists who had worked at Los Alamos and the other atomic laboratories. And slowly, bit by bit, their investigations brought them to Klaus Fuchs.

“Yes,” Klaus Fuchs said, when they finally came to question him. “I did give atom bomb secrets to Russian agents. I believed the Communist way of life was the best way, and the best protection against Nazism. I wanted to help the Communists as much as I could.

“But,” he added, “I have changed my mind. I no longer think that Russia is the idealistic country I once thought it was. For a year I have given the Russians nothing. And I am deeply sorry for what I did in the past.”

He confessed everything. He told all the details in the story of his meetings with Russian agents—how he had identified himself once by carrying a tennis ball, and another time by carrying two books in one hand and a package of five books, tied with string, in the other.

His own testimony was all that was needed to convict him. His trial was brief. The verdict: guilty.

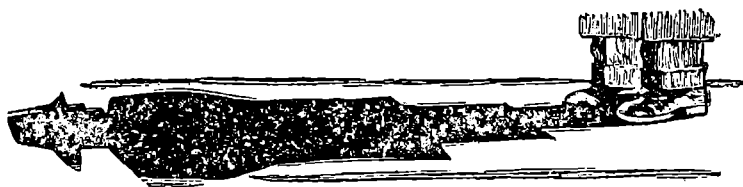
“It is impossible!” his friends said at first. “He is such a quiet man, such a hard worker and so devoted to science. We can’t believe it!” But Klaus Fuchs himself convinced them with his testimony. He left no room for doubt.

The judge pronounced a sentence of fourteen years’ imprisonment.

Klaus Fuchs was not the only man who gave the Rus-

sians information about the atom bomb. He is not the only one now serving a prison term for his treachery. But probably none of the others were so outstandingly brilliant as this quiet scientist who was once so trusted and admired.

Even now few of his fellow-scientists hate him. They feel only pity for the man who never made an error with his mathematical calculations, but who made such a grave error with his life.



MORE REAL SPIES TO READ ABOUT

LAFAYETTE C. BAKER was a young New York businessman when the War Between the States broke out. As a volunteer spy for the Northern armies, he crossed the Confederate lines and returned with so much valuable information that he was made a brigadier general and chief of all secret service work for the North. He was one of America's greatest spies.

LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES, a young French governess, built up—almost singlehandedly—a remarkably efficient spy network in France during World War I. When the Germans finally caught her, they felt so much admiration for her courage and intelligence that they sentenced her to prison rather than to death.

VELVALEE DICKINSON owned an exclusive New York City doll shop during World War II. She sold only very expensive dolls, many of them antiques, and doll col-

lectors from all over the world were her customers. As a spy for the Japanese, she used her dolls as a clever means of sending vital information out of the country. A doll's tiny necklace or the design of a doll's dress often carried a secret message betraying American ships to the enemy. But the United States Secret Service finally caught the "doll woman" traitor, and she went to prison.

JOB KATTENANIT, an Indian brave, was probably America's first spy. He became friendly with the early colonists in Massachusetts and joined their Christian church. When the colonists were fighting the Indians, in the long bitter conflict known as King Philip's War, Kattenanit volunteered to visit the Indian encampment and spy for the white men. The Indians suspected him and fired at him with bow and arrow. One arrow pierced his chest and he was left for dead in the snow. But Kattenanit, with the arrow still embedded in his chest, walked nearly eighty miles to Boston and arrived in time to warn the colonists of the next Indian attack.

THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE, often called Lawrence of Arabia, was one of England's most famous soldiers of fortune. He was also a great spy. Before the beginning of the First World War he lived for many years in Arabia, which was then ruled by Turkey. He learned so much about Arabian customs and language that he was often mistaken for an Arab himself. When the war began, he formed an Arab Legion, equipped it with arms sent to him by England, and led many attacks against Turkey, which was an ally of Germany and thus England's enemy. Sweeping down out of the desert like a whirlwind, Lawrence and his Arabs wrecked Turkish trains and bridges and captured many Turkish towns. Also, skillfully disguised as a native, he made many spying trips through the Turkish lines to obtain information of

vital importance to England. He helped England defeat Turkey, and, in addition, he freed Arabia from Turkish rule.

ALFRED REDL, in the year 1900, was the brilliant head of Austria-Hungary's secret service. He was so clever that his country's enemy, Russia, knew she couldn't outwit him. Instead Russia offered Redl great sums of money if he would betray his country. Redl, as greedy as he was brilliant, agreed. For many years he turned over to Russia all Austria-Hungary's most important secrets, including her plans to invade Serbia, a Russian ally. He even betrayed his own spies to the Russians. Just before World War I broke out, the Austrians discovered that Redl was a traitor. They gave him a gun and permitted him to shoot himself, rather than trying him publicly for treason.

ELSBETH SCHRAGMÜLLER, better known as "Fraülein Doktor," was probably Germany's greatest woman secret agent during World War I. As director of a school for spies, she trained many German agents who were later sent on spying missions into England, France, and other Allied countries. She is said to have been so ruthless that she would deliberately betray her own spies to the enemy when she thought they were no longer useful to her.

WILLIAM SEABOLD, a German-born American citizen, was visiting his native country in 1939 when the German secret service approached him and asked him to spy for Germany in the United States. At first Seabold refused. But when the Germans told him that his German relatives would be made to suffer if he disagreed, he pretended to fall in with their plans. Actually he immediately informed the American Consul of what he was doing and asked that the information be given to the

F.B.I. After attending a German spy school, to learn photography and radio, he returned to the United States and set up a short-wave station for transmitting intelligence messages to Germany. He kept the F.B.I. informed of everything he was doing—the F.B.I. even helped him set up his transmitter. Through Seabold the F.B.I. knew almost every message that went to Germany for the next several years and also learned the identity and activities of the German spies in the United States. Seabold's information helped American G-men round up the Nazi spies and saboteurs sent to the United States by Germany all during World War II.

CARL WASSMUSS, a young German, plagued the English in British-controlled Iran during World War I, just as Lawrence was plaguing the Turks in Arabia. He too formed a band of native warriors and equipped them with arms sent from Germany. He was so successful that England had to keep a large force of men in Iran (then called Persia), to guard her oil wells and lines of communication, and she also had to maintain several warships off the coast. Wassmuss made clever use of native fishing boats to spy out British naval and military movements. Finally England offered a reward of 30,000 pounds—about \$150,000 in those days—for the capture of Wassmuss, dead or alive. But the reward was never claimed. Wassmuss escaped, and when the war was over he vanished completely.

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