



O.S.S. agent "Wally," his face blacked out by censor, sits at his secret radio set in a tiny room in the headquarters of Nazi SS General Karl Wolff, ready to receive the German surrender terms from Caserta

CLOAK AND DAGGER

BY LIEUT. COL. COREY FORD AND MAJOR ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

How O.S.S. intrigue laid the groundwork for the surrender of a million Germans in Italy—the grand slam that initiated the spectacular collapse of the Nazis

Conclusion

NO ONE ever climbed the rickety stairway to their garret hideout. No one in wartime London, preoccupied with air raids and V-2 bomb attacks, took the time to inquire into what they were doing. They were a nondescript group of enlisted men in civilian clothes—naturalized Americans from the docks of Boston or the garment districts of New York and Chicago—who lived in the fourth-floor attic of a ramshackle house in Grosvenor Street. But, vicariously, they lived some of the most daring adventures of the war.

These were the Moles: even their associates knew them only by that nickname. They turned out spies. Every O.S.S. agent who parachuted behind the enemy lines in Europe was processed and briefed and clothed by their expert hands. Americans left their fourth-floor attic magically transformed into French war-plant workers, Belgian longshoremen, even members of the Nazi SS police.

On a hand-operated press in a corner of their secret loft, they printed SS identification cards and ration books to be carried by undercover operators. When a German ration stamp expired, they printed up another issue in the correct new color. They prepared fake work passes to Nazi factories by copying the authentic papers of European refugees who had fled to America. They carried forged papers around in their pants pockets for days, until they had become convincingly dog-eared and impregnated with sweat.

Every precaution was taken to make the agent perfect in his disguise. The papers he was given were complete, but never too complete: the Moles knew that overplaying their hand might arouse the Gestapo's suspicion. They smuggled ersatz clothing material out of Europe, and made up peasant clothes and Nazi uniforms in a small tailoring shop in their garret. Infiltrators were dressed from the skin out in clothes consistent with the cover story they were planning to use: coveralls and an engineer's cap for an agent posing as a railroad worker; the blouse and polished boots of a Gestapo uniform if he were to pass as a member of the Secret Police.

Complete sets of civilian apparel were borrowed from repatriates returning to the United States on the Gripsholm and were shipped to O.S.S. in London. The secondhand shops in New York were combed for German fountain pens, razor blades, battered suitcases of European manufacture, even little religious symbols woven by the peasants in the Balkans. No detail was overlooked; the Moles painstakingly scanned every item of clothing for British or American laundry marks which might betray the wearers.

Alibis were provided an agent in case of arrest. A man parachuting into Leipzig, for example, was schooled to say he was a refugee from a factory in Bremen which the Moles knew had been recently bombed out; complete details of the bombing were drilled into the agent's mind until he could repeat the cover story in his sleep. Even the physical appear-

Top: Outfitted and thoroughly briefed by the Moles, an O.S.S. secret intelligence operator in a plain business suit dons jump clothes ready to parachute into Germany. **Center:** A French woman member of FFI receives instruction in the use of a walkie-talkie from O.S.S. Cpl. McAfee. **Bottom:** McAfee briefs out a young Dane on a .45 prior to crossing enemy lines

ance of a prospective operator was carefully considered. A man assigned to a destitute area of Europe had to be sufficiently emaciated and tubercular-looking to blend naturally with the starved populace.

So authentic was their counterfeiting that one agent, parachuting by accident into the very center of an SS compound, was promptly arrested by the Gestapo as a deserter. Even our own G-2 was fooled sometimes. When an area in Germany was overrun by American forces, an O.S.S. undercover agent reported happily to Army Headquarters, only to have the Division G-2 refuse to believe his documents were faked. The local German burgomaster, called in to check the agent's papers, concurred stoutly in the belief that the documents were real, and the protesting agent was clapped into jail and held until O.S.S. in London heard of his plight.

The Moles were immensely gratified by this episode. "Through our doors," their slogan henceforth read, "pass the most beautiful spies in the world."

A network of these hand-tailored agents, schooled in sabotage and carefully briefed with maps and photographs of the country where they were to be dropped, spread over enemy-occupied Europe as the war's tempo increased. Weather spotters in Norway, in Yugoslavia, on the snow-filled slopes of the Brenner Pass, sent back regular data to American Air Forces based in England or in the Mediterranean, to guide their bombing missions. When an important target happened to be in the midst of a friendly area, O.S.S. demolition experts took over. The SKF ball-bearing factory in Paris was unsafe for aerial bombing because of the thousands of loyal French living near by; a labor agent with 19½ pounds of plastic explosive stayed a little late one night, and the plant was out of commission for the rest of the war.

Communications agents operating behind the lines frequently furnished the only link that American forces had with enemy territory. Secret Intelligence operators tailed German Panzer units day after day, sending back every detail of their size and equipment as they moved toward the invasion coast. In southern France, in June, 1944, Agent "Durrants" flashed word to O.S.S. in Algiers that the SS Das Reich Division was on the move north from Bordeaux, following highways 20 and 126. Obviously, they were heading toward Normandy to reinforce the front lines. In exactly one hour and forty minutes from the time the agent tapped out his message, it had been received and relayed by O.S.S. to SHAEF Headquarters in London, (Continued on page 72)





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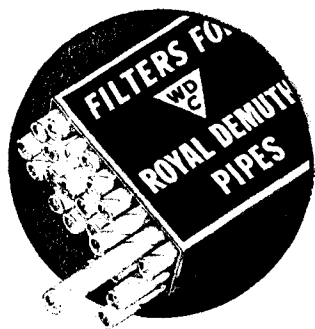
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THE changeable filter has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices before smoke reaches your mouth.

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Children Behind Barbed Wire

Continued from page 18

a democracy. We don't have rigid formal discipline. At first when Captain Johnson or any other officer walked behind the barbed wire, the kids would drop anything they were doing, snap to attention and salute smartly. Johnson put a stop to that. He didn't want kids saluting. But the habit of respect for rank was strong in them. Forbidden to salute, they bowed instead. Johnson put a stop to that by telling them that it made them look like Japs. Now as you walk through the camp, the boys merely remove their caps as you pass them.

The teaching is in the capable hands of Professor Francis Tourtellot, of Providence, Rhode Island, late an assistant professor at Brown University. It is he who makes up the curriculum. He has few textbooks, so he writes out lessons himself and mimeographs them. He keeps a close eye on his 133 teachers. American history is taught and taught honestly. German literature is taught as it was taught in the days of the Weimar Republic. The kids are discovering German literary giants that the Nazi regime thought it had killed. The classes are held out of doors in good weather, and it is a rather amazing experience to hear a class of forty repeating a poem of Heine's with obvious enjoyment—a performance that would have meant the concentration camp a year ago.

Tourtellot has organized a choral group headed by 17-year-old Private Karl Daekker, formerly a music student at the University of Vienna. In the group are two boys who once belonged to the famous Boys' Choir in Vienna. They put on a performance for me, and as soon as their clear, well-trained voices rose, hundreds of kids flocked from other parts of the camp to listen.

A Youthful Song Writer

They sang old German folk songs. They sang (in English) the Negro spiritual, Steal Away, Steal Away. Steal Away to Jesus. Then they sang a song one of their own number, Udo Pirl, had written. Seventeen-year-old Udo, a perfect prototype of the Hitler Jugend, was an ack-ack gunner. The song, a beautiful hymn, was called *Herr Zu Dir*. A rough translation of the first verse would be:

*Lord we yearn for You.
Jesus Christ, we look toward You,
To dedicate our way of life to You.*

These are hardly the sentiments one looks for from the tough young sons of Germany.

A few days before I visited Compiègne, Monseigneur Roeder, the Catholic bishop of Beauvais, came to the camp and confirmed one hundred of the boys. On that day three hundred received Communion.

The boys are puzzled when they study our democracy. Freedom of speech and thought are brand-new concepts to them, which they find difficult to digest. Religion is something else that they can embrace eagerly, almost as though they had been waiting for it all their young lives. Watching them as they listened to sermons and lessons in the Lutheran Catechism, banned since 1933, one could not doubt their sincerity. Let's talk to a couple of kids and see what they think.

"We couldn't go to church in Germany," thirteen-year-old Private Gerhard Nagel said solemnly, "because they always held the Hitler Jugend meetings on Sunday mornings. We had to attend them. Then after, we would go on long hikes and picnics in the country. We were busy all day Sunday. I had never been to church until I came here."

"Oh, yes, I like church," Stocky Herbert Plepp, 16, was an infantryman. He has no love for Hitler.

No correspondent believes the adults who now claim so earnestly that they always hated Hitler, but I do believe Private Herbert Plepp.

"I was training last winter and I got forty-eight hours off," he says earnestly. "I went to my parents' home in Potsdam. My father was at the front. While I was home the postman delivered a letter my mother had written to my father weeks before. Stamped on it

was 'Addressee cannot be located.' That is how we got the news that my father had been killed. For that bloodthirsty Hitler I resolved I would not go back into the army, but they dragged me back. I would hate to see Hitler or anyone like him come back into power, because then the churches would be closed. We all like church very much."

I asked dozens of the boys about Hitler and about their feeling toward religion. Almost without exception they were bitter against Hitler. I found only one true-blue Nazi—18-year-old Private Hans Rader, formerly of the Luftwaffe.

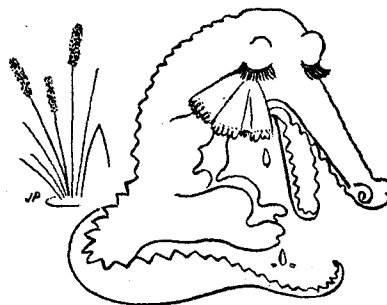
"We will build a strong Germany again," he said sullenly, "and we will close the churches. I do not believe that Hitler is dead. He will come back to lead us to greatness."

I didn't find one boy who had any ambition ever to wear a uniform again. When I asked 16-year-old Roland Seidel if he wanted to be a soldier, his eyes opened wide.

"Nein, Nein," the words tumbled out. "Never again do I want to hear guns. I want to be a baker. My father," he added proudly, "was a good baker."

Captain Carl A. Zimmerman is the prison chaplain. He once had a pastorate in Los Angeles. This very practical, highly intelligent man is no stargazer. He is very cautious about accepting the wholesale conversions to Christianity on the part of the boys.

"The trouble is that these boys are accus-



WEEPING BEAUTY

**The profile of the crocodile
Offends his neighbors on the Nile.
The angle of his snout, no doubt,
Is what those tears are all about.**

—Anita Lipton

tomed to regimentation," he says earnestly. "They have never held independent thoughts. They have thought as they were told to think. We tell them that religion is a good thing, and they nod. They echo everything we say. That is how they were brought up. When we tell them that Hitler was bad for Germany, they agree. They agree with anyone in a position of authority. They seem sincere in their new interest in and devotion to religion, but when they are released and go back to Germany, will they keep this interest? Frankly, I don't know."

Recently Professor Tourtellot (I can't for the life of me, refer to this brilliant educator as Private Tourtellot) made out a long list of statements, mimeographed them and asked the boys to consider the statements and mark true or false after each one. In addition, there were questions to be answered. They were not required to attach their names to the papers, which were collected by a committee elected by themselves. Absolute secrecy was insisted upon in the hope that the boys would answer what was in their hearts and not what they believed their jailers wanted them to answer.

The answers were very revealing. One question was: Who was the greatest tyrant who ever lived? Eighty-two per cent an-

swered, "Hitler." Nero came through nicely with fifteen per cent of the votes, and Attila, Herod, Napoleon and Himmler received scattered support. And there were six votes marked, "Jesus."

The statement, "The SS troops were the greatest of all," brought 4,709 denials and 1,351 affirmative replies while 840 were undecided. The German people as a whole might well vote in that same ratio.

The boys showed themselves to be opposed to woman suffrage in no uncertain terms. The statement, "German women should stay in the kitchen, raise children, go to church and take part in no other activities," brought 4,331 "true" answers and 1,610 "false," with 959 undecided. The statement, "There is no greater sport than that of playing soldiers," brought forth a thunderous 6,683 "false" retorts, with only 140 favoring. There is no doubt that a year ago the result would have been quite different.

The statement, "The Allied occupation of Germany should last at least ten years," brought forth 2,310 affirmative answers while 3,778 said false. The statement, "The Nazi Party must live on to bring order again to Germany," found the boys voting 6,753 against and 42 in favor. An echo of Doctor Goebbels' propaganda came in the statement, "If you lie to the people often enough they will eventually believe your lies." The boys were divided on that one: 3,400 said the statement was true, while 2,643 did not agree.

The classes in German composition reveal among other things the desperate plight of the Germany army. Each week during the past winter, the boys wrote essays or poems. Their teachers asked them one week to write on their army experiences.

Private May wrote: "I lived in Cassel. One afternoon my father sent me on an errand. General Erselben had declared Cassel to be a fortress and he was defending it from American tanks. He had his headquarters in a brick building. As I walked by his headquarters he happened to come out.

"He looked at me and said, 'Aren't you ashamed to be wearing civilian clothes? Why aren't you in uniform?'"

"I said, 'Because I am fourteen.'"

"He said, 'No matter.' Then he turned to an orderly and said, 'Get him a uniform.'"

"They put me into a uniform and gave me a gun. It was a carbine. I had never fired a gun and didn't know how to fire one. I was ordered to advance into some woods outside Cassel. We went into the woods, and the American tanks came at us. Everyone ran, but I couldn't run very fast because the gun was so heavy, and I fell down. Then the woods were surrounded and we were all captured. I had been in the army only two hours."

Healthy Attitude for the Future

Private Gerhart Kaputl, 16, wrote: "Every healthy German must now work to help build up Germany again. We have a big job. How can we help here behind barbed wire? I will tell you. We can study hard so that when we return we can be useful to our country. We must study peaceful pursuits. I, for instance, am now studying navigation so that when I am a year older I can get a job in the merchant marine. I am studying English and Spanish, because some day we will be trading with America and Argentina, and I will be more useful if I know those languages."

Asked to write a composition about Hitler, the boys became really bitter. Almost without exception they condemned him. Such phrases as, "He was an egomaniac," "He is a war criminal," "He is insane," "He destroyed Germany, to satisfy his own ego," "Only a madman would have attacked Russia," appear. There is no doubt that they now have an abiding hatred for Hitler.

"We aren't completely misled by that," Tourtellot says, with a smile. "Many of them hate Hitler because he lost the war for them. Had he won it, most of them would be worshipping him."

It is difficult to understand children, especially children behind barbed wire. But at least Captain Johnson and his associates are trying. Only time will tell whether their efforts will be crowned with success.

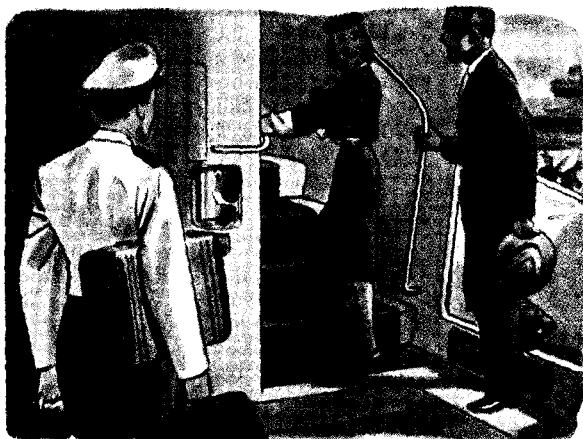
THE END

Collier's for October 27, 1945

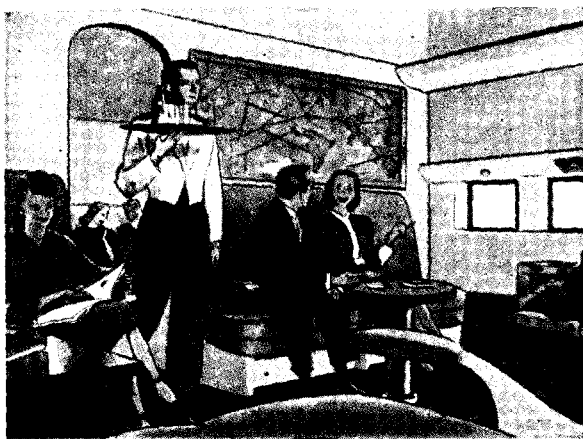


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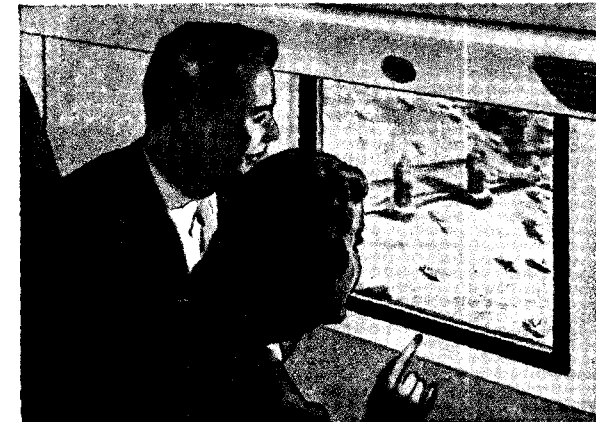
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Blue Chinchilla

BY ELSIE TAYE

No one can say where love ends and possessiveness begins, but this mother had the wisdom to find the dividing line between

THE cold drizzle was about what you could expect in spring. All of May had been like that, no sun to speak of and warmth as though it would never come. Closing the back door noiselessly so as not to waken her daughter, Mrs. Ames pulled a raincoat over her head and went along the path with her quick, heavy step. It was early, but darker than it should have been.

Inside the long low ranch house she walked past the pelting pens where the most precious of the chinchillas scampered sedately, to the end of the room where the breeding boxes were. She stopped at the fifth box and swung back the cover. The red bulb was on for warmth and in its light she could see Queenie, lying on her side, her rich silvery fur rippling around her like a rug.

"Good girl," said Mrs. Ames as she saw two tiny whiplike tails and the tip of a third. "I was beginning to worry about you. You're a week late."

Queenie regarded her friend with a full round eye like black glass, her whiskers trembling in passionate pride.

"I'll just take a quick look," Mrs. Ames assured her, and slid a hand under the soft weighty body. "Why, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames in pain and indignation.

Withdrawing her teeth from Mrs. Ames' thumb, Queenie settled herself once more over her babies, deep contrition in her eyes.

THE one or two mild swear words she knew coming from surprised lips, Mrs. Ames went down the room to the small office at the end. Iodine was here for miscellaneous cuts and abrasions. Definitely not for chinchilla bites. Chinchillas, Mrs. Ames would have told anyone, never bit.

A big woman, Mrs. Ames was neatly and compactly overweight. Her unlined face was pink, with a tendency to grow pinker when she was agitated, and the smooth roll of fair hair would loosen later in the day, little locks blowing about her neck.

Now her face was flushed in the half-light, but it was not because she had been bitten. She was excited because the three new cubs were the darkest ones she had ever seen, the nearest to the deep blue which all breeders dream of. Their little hammer heads would change, grow pointed as they matured, but their fur would not change. The long guard hairs on Queenie's cubs were almost as dark as the soft blue fur next to the skin.

Cute of Queenie to bite the hand that fed her, Mrs. Ames grinned as she put the iodine back in the desk. You would swear that Queenie knew that she had produced the handsomest litter of her career. That she wanted to keep them for herself. That they were too valuable to be seen by even the friendliest of eyes.

Back in the house Mrs. Ames washed her hands at the kitchen sink, examined her thumb, and looked at the clock. She went into the front hall and called up the stairs to her daughter, Georgianna. Georgianna was the only other person in the old brick house which had belonged to Mrs. Ames' grandfather.

Mrs. Ames had two daughters. The eldest lived with her father in Washington.

"I'll have to let you have the girls, of course," Horace had said. "I suppose that's only right. But they're to be allowed to visit me."

It had not quite turned out that way. Linda visited her mother. . . .

The house was quiet, Georgianna already in her second class of the morning at high

(Continued on page 54)



Georgianna and Linda sat on one chair, squeezed together the way they used to do when they were very young, the red-gold hair and the pale-gold hair so different, the slate-colored eyes the same

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG