

Ralf Langroth

THE ADENAUER FILES

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Ralf Langroth sheds light on the dark secrets of the young democracy.

Bonn, 1953: in the midst of an election campaign, Philipp Gerber is appointed detective chief superintendent with the BKA. His task is to solve the murder of his predecessor. His secret: like the murdered man, he too is an agent for the Americans. Together with journalist Eva Herden, he finds out that the right-wing 'Wolves of Germany' are still active. They want to set an example against communism in the middle of the election and kill the 'left-wing agitator' Herbert Wehner. Chancellor Adenauer personally entrusted Gerber with the task of protecting his opponent Wehner.

Ralf Langroth is the pseudonym of an author with translations in fifteen languages. Four of his books are currently being optioned for films by a high-profile production company.

- The start to a historical thriller series about the milestones of German post-war history.
- Top-class thriller incorporating contemporary history, espionage, suspense, social panorama and Cold War politics.
- Relatable characters with inner conflicts in a tense situation, torn between their mission, their personal convictions and their emotions amid the maelstrom of history.
- The dark secrets of a young democracy in a country in the midst of reconstruction.
- In-depth research into little-known periods in the actual history of the FRG and the GDR and finally the two blocs West-East.
- Perfect, upmarket reading for all fans of contemporary, high-calibre suspense novels like those by the great Philip Kerr.



RALF LANGROTH
THE ADENAUER FILES

Sample Translation by Alexandra Roesch

PROLOGUE

Friday, 16th March 1945

Philipp Gerber whistled Why is it so beautiful on the Rhine? while the small convoy rolled through the idyllic landscape. To the left lay the Rhine, to the right lay the *Siebengebirge* with the *Drachenfels* towering high in front of them, above them the blue sky. Images from his childhood rose up in him. A family trip on a Rhine steamer, his sister Lore, who had almost fallen overboard while playing. Gerber had just managed to grab her. Their parents hadn't even noticed, and both of them had laughed out loud.

But the idyll was deceptive. For the incessant rumbling in his ears was no harbinger of a thunderstorm, which, no matter how violent, would always pass. But this cursed war seemed to have no end in sight. The Allies had already come a long way. They had crossed the Rhine, which the Germans had declared an insurmountable line of defence, but even that had not broken the fanaticism and the will to fight of the Wehrmacht and the Waffen-SS. Now the German combat units were firing from the right bank of the river at the advancing Allies. The Third Reich had long been in ruins, Stalin's armies were rolling ever closer to Berlin from the East, American and British bomber fleets were levelling one industrial area after another, and yet the Nazis never seemed to run out of weapons or ammunition.

They passed a bombed-out inn. There was no roof, no windows. The sign with the inscription "Zum fröhlichen Rheinwirt" hung crookedly over the doorway. The small car park in front of it was a wasteland of rubble. It had been a long time since anyone had sat here drinking beer or Rhine wine. The once jovial Rhine innkeeper was starving and perhaps freezing in a Siberian prison camp. The cheerful melody on Gerber's lips died away.

James H. Anderson, who was sitting next to him in the driver's seat of the Jeep, looked at him with his clear blue eyes. "Why don't you keep whistling, Phil? That was a funny song."

"That's just it."

Jim laughed out loud. "I guess there's still a German in you somewhere, Lieutenant Gerber."

"You're probably right, Lieutenant Anderson." Jim was a cheerful soul, and that was perhaps the best way to come through a war like this mentally unscathed.

Gerber kept glancing around, looking for a sniper in an ambush or the egg-shaped end of a bazooka. A squaddie could be crouching in every hole in the ground, behind every bush.

Gerber was glad that a Browning machine gun was mounted on each of the two jeeps behind them. Jim Anderson took one hand off the steering wheel and scratched the back of his head, just below the rim of the steel helmet. "How much further?"

Gerber's gaze wandered to the map on his lap.

“We're almost there, Jim, about ten more minutes. Is the war too boring for you?”

“Let's just say I've seen better times.”

They had left Cologne a few hours ago. Major Hiram C. Anderson, Jim's father and the superior of both men, had explained their mission to them. They first had to cross over to the other side of the Rhine, but that was not so easy. Almost all the bridges had been destroyed, most of them blown up by the Germans, to make it more difficult for the enemy to advance.

Even the bridge at Remagen, which had been captured before the planned demolition had collapsed. The war damage it had suffered and the weight of American tanks, transport vehicles and guns had simply been too much. Their convoy had rolled over a pontoon bridge that American spearhead had quickly erected next to the old bridge. Now they had to drive a good distance north on the other bank.

Jim pressed down on the accelerator but hit the brakes again after the next bend. There was a roadblock in the shape of a heavy M3 troop carrier that was standing across the road. Next to it was a jeep with a Browning MG. The gunman aimed at the convoy as it came to a halt. Soldiers with assault rifles were lying in cover and had also aimed at Gerber and his comrades. A brawny sergeant stood up, his rifle pointing down in both hands, and walked towards the convoy.

“Comrades, huh?”

“That's right,” Gerber replied as he gave the men in the rear jeeps a hand signal to keep calm.

The sergeant stopped a few steps in front of Gerber's jeep and eyed him suspiciously. “You are wearing our uniforms, but no rank insignia. What kind of weirdos are you?”

Gerber pulled his ID card out of his breast pocket and held it out to the sergeant. “Can you read?”

“Yes, preferably Popeye and Flash Gordon.” The sergeant stepped closer, glanced at the brown paper with Gerber's name next to his photo and above it, the confirmation that he was a special agent of the Counter-Intelligence Corps, the American military intelligence. “CIC, ah, right,” the sergeant grumbled, studying the ID card. Date of birth: 12 June 1916. height: five feet eleven inches. Weight: 165 pounds. Hair colour: Brown. Eye colour: green. Other characteristics: three-and a half inch long scar on the back of the right thigh. Next to it, his left and right thumbprint.

“I'll pass on looking at the back of your right thigh.” The sergeant grinned and handed the document back to Gerber. “What kind of special assignment is there in this godforsaken area? Is Uncle Adolf hiding here?”

“It's a secret special mission, Sergeant.” Gerber pocketed his ID card again.

“I see, sir, nothing that concerns us common folk.” The sergeant heaved a sigh and turned to his men. “Clear the road, men! Hurry up! Chop, chop, chop!”

As soon as the heavy half-track vehicle, emitting an acrid cloud of exhaust, had moved, the convoy drove on. Five minutes later it reached the small town of Honnef and slowed down. Here too there was war damage everywhere, but it was not as bad as in the larger cities. White flags hung from almost all the buildings: shirts, pillowcases or sheets cut into strips. Not that long ago, swastika flags had fluttered everywhere here. The few people on the streets kept a safe distance from the three jeeps. It was still war, and in wartime, civilians could seldom expect anything good from the military.

A small, scrawny boy stumbled out from behind a hedge and stared wide-eyed at the American convoy. He was followed by a young woman in a holey woollen dress – mother or sister – who put her arms around the child and hugged him tightly. In her eyes there was not the curiosity of the boy, but naked fear. Gerber hastily fumbled a broken bar of chocolate out of one of his pockets

and threw it at the feet of the two. The young woman bent down and picked up the chocolate. Had the expression in her eyes changed? He could no longer tell as the jeep turned a corner.

“You’ve got a soft heart, Phil,” Jim Anderson said with a grin. “But you can’t feed a whole nation.”

“I know that,” Gerber grumbled. “But I’m afraid that’s what’s coming our way.”

The buildings grew sparser, and they left Honnef behind them. It wasn’t long before a picturesque village on the slopes of the Siebengebirge appeared in front of them.

Anderson said in his heavily accented German: “Ronndorf.”

“Rhöndorf.” Gerber grinned at his best friend. “Umlaut, Jim, umlaut.”

“You can stick your umlaut!”

Anderson’s German was far from perfect, but it was better than that of most Americans. He had studied German literature, and he had learned enough to end up in the CIC unit commanded by his own father of all things. Probably the major had had a hand in it. Operational area: Germany. As a native German, Gerber had been assigned to the same unit. The two of them had been through a lot together, and they trusted each other implicitly.

Still grinning, Gerber picked up a map on a larger scale. A house in Rhöndorf was circled in red.

He directed Jim through the narrow streets to the right, away from the nearby Rhine towards the wooded hillside. Many buildings showed traces of damage from shells.

“There!” Gerber pointed to a house on the slope that had been painted with green camouflage paint. Several dozen steps led up to the house. “That must be it.”

The house had a terraced garden where a few men and women were apparently foraging for something to eat. At Gerber’s command, the jeeps stopped, and the two machine-gunners secured the area. The remaining CIC men from the rear jeeps got out, held their Garand assault rifles ready to fire and followed the two young officers. Gerber and Anderson pulled the heavy revolvers from their side pockets and climbed the steps. The people who had been rummaging in the garden had disappeared.

Once they reached the top, Gerber waited while Jim entered the house with two men. He quickly returned. “Empty. Not even a mouse in there.”

“They’re in there.” Gerber pointed with the revolver at a massive door that apparently led to a building built into the hillside. “Probably a wine cellar, typical for this area.”

“More like a home-made air raid shelter now.”

Anderson banged his fist on the door. When nothing happened, he kicked it several times.

Then an elderly male voice called out in a Rhenish dialect: “Get out of here or I’ll call the police!”

In his American-tinged German, Jim replied: “To you, we are the police. Open up! American security!”

Gerber heard several voices beyond the door heatedly discussing but he did not understand a word. Finally, the sound of a bolt being slowly pulled back and a key turning in the lock. With a long grating sound, the door opened. Astonished, Gerber realised that in the back part of the dimly lit cellar about twenty people were huddled together, men, women and children.

In front of them stood a man in his seventies. He was wearing a suit that was far too loose for his emaciated body. The old man’s face, with a suspicious expression, almost looked Asian to Gerber. Jim pulled a small photograph out of his breast pocket, looked at it briefly and turned to Gerber. “That’s him, Phil.”

He was right. This was clearly the man they were looking for. The man who was on the white list as a person important to the reconstruction of Germany. When the clues to his current

whereabouts became more concrete, Major Anderson had dispatched the CIC team. "Bring him here, to Cologne, by any means necessary."

The Nazis had removed the man from all his posts and temporarily put him and his wife in jail.

The strain he had suffered was visible in his stern features, and yet he did not look like a broken man. The glances of the other cellar dwellers were glued to him as if they were used to obeying him. His gaze did not express fear of the Americans, but that healthy scepticism that every human being has towards armed strangers. Gerber slid the revolver back into its leather pouch and his friend followed suit.

The old man seemed puzzled by the appearance of the uniformed men. His forehead was wrinkled, there were heavy bags under his eyes. His gaze jumped back and forth uncertainly between Gerber and Anderson.

"We have come to take you away," Jim said in German which only unnerved the old man even more.

"Am I under arrest?"

"No, you're not. You used to be the Lord Mayor of Cologne, right?"

"That was a long time ago. That was before the Nazis."

"Now it's after the Nazis, and we need your help."

The man raised his hands defensively. "I can't do that, certainly not!"

"Why not?"

"My sons! Three of them are in the military. If I work for the Allies, the Nazis will take revenge on them."

Anderson looked at Gerber imploringly.

"I am Lieutenant Gerber of the Counter-Intelligence Corps US Army," he said, taking a step forward. "Lieutenant Anderson and I have been instructed to take you with us, but we don't want to force you."

"Then don't!" the words came harshly from the old man's thin lips.

Gerber looked him firmly in the eye. "You can't shirk your duty so easily. There is much more at stake here than three lives. Germany needs you in this difficult hour, Dr. Adenauer!"

The following is a detailed synopsis of the plot of the novel. It includes quotes from the novel, but is basically a very concise abstract of everything that happens within the plot. The translation was made from the German by Alexandra Rösch.

SYNOPSIS

MAIN PLOT

August 1953. Philipp Gerber, who emigrated from Germany to the USA with his parents and siblings, has regained his German citizenship and has accepted a post at the Federal Criminal Police Office (BKA). More precisely, at the Bonn Security Group (SG), which is part of the BKA but stationed in Bonn rather than Wiesbaden. While the actual BKA in Wiesbaden does not conduct any independent investigations, the task of the Security Group, which sees itself as an elite unit, carries out personal protection for high-ranking politicians and state guests on the one hand, and investigations into matters that endanger the state on the other. Gerber's predecessor in the security group, Detective Chief Inspector Heinz Buchmann, died in a car accident. That is the official version. In truth, the tyre on Buchmann's Porsche (an official car from SG Bonn's well-equipped fleet) did not burst spontaneously. A bullet from a rifle was found nearby. But this is kept secret in order to prevent unnecessary speculation in the media. In the young Federal Republic, the heated campaign for the September elections to the Bundestag is in full swing, and an attack on one of the bodyguards could all too easily lead to speculation about a planned attack on one of the election candidates. That is why Gerber is supposed to investigate the attack on his predecessor in secret. Secretly, Gerber, who most recently held the rank of captain for the Counter-Intelligence Corps, is still working for his old outfit. Colonel Hiram Anderson, father of James Anderson, who was killed in the last days of the war, and Head of the CIC in Germany, has commissioned him. Even though the Federal Republic of Germany appears to be a sovereign state, the victorious powers still exert a great deal of influence over it. Buchmann was Anderson's mole at the SG Bonn, and this post is now taken over by Gerber. Anderson: "Buchmann was on to something big, Phil, but he couldn't tell me what it was."

Not at all taken with Gerber's new job is June Anderson, the Colonel's daughter. Actually, Gerber wanted to go back to the US after leaving the CIC to take up a lectureship in law. June has come to Germany to get engaged to him and take him back to the States with her. Furious at Gerber's decision to join the BKA, she breaks off the engagement and leaves the country. She doesn't understand how anyone can voluntarily live in Germany, "in this broken, primitive country. It took my brother from me, now it's taking my husband!"

Her words evoke nightmares in Gerber, as he remembers that fatal mission shortly before the end of the war that cost James Anderson his life. Their CIC squad had tracked down and surrounded a Werewolf hideout. The Werewolves, a squad of young Germans incited by Himmler and his consorts to fight mercilessly against everyone and everything that did not toe the tight Nazi line, had already murdered several of their compatriots who were cooperating with the Allies. One of the Werewolves held a young girl at gunpoint, so Gerber and Anderson could not open fire on him without endangering the hostage. Too late Gerber noticed how similar the girl was to the boy with the gun, same face, same hair colour. "Siblings - it's a trap!" Gerber groaned, but by then the Mills grenade was already rolling towards him and Anderson from the girl's hitherto hidden hand.

The Werewolves managed to escape. Gerber was wounded and Anderson lost his life. Since then, Gerber has been a kind of second son to Hiram Anderson, and he had gladly accepted the role, also because Gerber was plagued by guilt. If he had reacted faster, his friend James would still be alive.

Shortly after Philipp Gerber's arrival in Bonn, Criminal Investigator Dr. Arnulf Krey, Head of the SG investigation department and Deputy Head of the security group, holds a press conference at which Gerber is introduced as a new employee. Also present is BKA superintendent Erwin Sattler, Buchmann's closest colleague, who after Buchmann's death had hoped for a promotion to chief inspector and the post now held by Gerber. The actual reason for the press conference is the election campaign and the threat to the top candidates and high-ranking party leaders. A young journalist, one half of whose face is disfigured by a large scar, causes a stir by asking if there is any truth in the rumour that Detective Chief Inspector Buchmann had been the victim of an assassination attempt. Dr Krey harshly brushes her off, and Gerber's colleagues gossip after the conference about "Fraulein Frankenstein", as they call the journalist in the uninhibited chauvinism of their time. Her name is Eva Herden, and she writes for the left-wing news magazine "Brennpunkt Bonn".

Gerber wants to visit her in the editorial office to find out how she came to suspect an assassination attempt, but she is not there. Gerber drives on to look at Buchmann's remote house, where the sworn bachelor had set up a comfortable love nest. There Gerber encounters intruders: Eva Herden and the photographer Gerd Reschke, who had been with her at the press conference. When Gerber tries to take the photographer's camera away, a windowpane shatters and Reschke collapses dead, a bullet in his back. Gerber takes the journalist into the hallway, which has no window to the outside. Then he rushes out, but he only perceives a shadowy figure disappearing into a nearby wood.

"Why did he shoot Gerd?" asks a shaken Eva Herden.

"The shot was probably not aimed at him," Gerber replies. "If it hadn't been for the tussle between him and me, the bullet would have hit you or me."

The killer remains at large. The fatal bullet came from the same rifle as the bullet that shredded Buchmann's tyre, according to the forensic investigation being conducted at the BKA laboratory in Wiesbaden. It could have been fired from a Model 98 Mauser rifle used by German troops in both world wars.

"Is that gun really that accurate?" asks Eva Herden as she joins Philipp Gerber for dinner.

"A good marksman could definitely do it, especially since the Model 98 with a telescopic sight is also used as a sniper rifle," Gerber explains.

"You know a lot about it. I suppose you were in the war too."

"Who wasn't?" Gerber evades, inquiring cautiously about her facial injury.

"March 1945, British-Canadian bombing raid on Hildesheim. A metal splinter tore my face open. I got lucky."

"Lucky?"

"I could have been dead like my parents, my three siblings and my grandmother. Now I may be Fraulein Frankenstein, but I'm still alive."

She had turned to the left to oppose German rearmament and Germany's incorporation into the Western military alliance as sought by Chancellor Adenauer.

"I never want to see another war in Germany."

Gerber is very impressed by her but forces himself to stay professional. He wants to find out from her where her assassination suspicions about Buchmann came from. Her statement at the press conference was a shot in the dark, she says, because after all Buchmann was on to something important. How did she know that, Gerber asks?

"An anonymous call to the editorial office. A woman I didn't know wanted to talk to me. She wanted me to uncover what Detective Chief Inspector Buchmann was up to. Then the woman hung up."

They make a pact to investigate the case together. But Eva Herden is not allowed to publish anything about the results of her research until Gerber gives his permission. Reschke's death is presented to the public as a possible accident caused by a hunter's stray bullet. Gerber likes Eva, on the one hand she seems tough, on the other hand she awakens his protective instinct. They sleep together. He pushes aside his guilty conscience about June Anderson. When he was with June, he always felt guilty, as if he had to make amends to her because of her dead brother. With Eva he feels completely free and carefree.

"Maybe you don't like to see this," Eva says when they are in bed, pointing at her scar. She switches off the light on the bedside table. Gerber switches it back on and gently kisses her scarred cheek.

Much to the annoyance of Chief Inspector Erwin Sattler, Gerber buries himself in the last cases Buchmann worked on and comes across the BDJ/Technical Service affair. The "Bund deutscher Jugend" (BDJ) was a youth organisation that was widespread throughout Germany and openly spread right-wing and anti-communist ideas. In Hesse, the state government blew the whistle on the secret sub-organisation "Technical Service of the Bund deutscher Jugend" (TD). At the beginning of 1953, the organisations were banned in the other German states. This was a bitter blow for the Americans who had financially supported the BDJ and the TD. What is more, the USA set up depots with equipment, weapons and explosives throughout Germany and had TD members trained in using the weapons. In the event of a Soviet attack on West Germany, the TD members were to stay behind the front lines and fight as partisans against the Soviet occupiers. But the TD's zeal went even further: they drew up blacklists of Jews, Communists and other "enemies of the people". And there was a special blacklist of high-ranking persons who were to be "taken out of circulation" or "put out to pasture" on "Day X" (the Soviet invasion). An internment programme or a murder list? It is impossible to be certain, since the leaders of the TD were spared prosecution under pressure from the USA, and all documents on the case were confiscated by CIC agents. Buchmann had helped to get the relevant BKA documents into American hands.

Philipp Gerber confronts Colonel Anderson as to why he has put him in charge of a matter that has long been known to the CIC. Gerber had not known the facts because he had been entrusted with other tasks at the time. That was precisely why he had put Gerber on it, Anderson replies. Gerber was supposed to check, as an uninitiated person, whether there were holes in the camouflage net that the Americans had stretched out over the BDJ affair. It was better that a CIC man stumbled on a previously neglected lead than someone else. Gerber has done his job excellently and should now continue to keep the lid on the involvement of the USA in the BDJ/TD case. Gerber objects that he still has to find a murderer. "It's not that important," Anderson says. "It's not in the national interest of the US."

Gerber, however, feeling used by Anderson, continues to work on the case with fervour. A call from an anonymous informant turns out to be a trap. Several masked men beat Gerber up at night, warn him not to pursue the case any further, and throw him into the Rhine. "I hope you can swim!" Gerber can swim, and he has recognised the unusual and expensive lighter of the leader of the masked men. It belongs to his colleague Erwin Sattler. When Gerber confronts him near the place where the masked men attacked him, a fierce fight ensues between the two. This time Gerber is the victor. He takes the lighter from the half-conscious Sattler and throws it into the Rhine. "I hope this thing can swim."

There are no further obstructions or attacks, but Gerber suspects that Sattler is sniffing after him, presumably on Anderson's behalf.

This case calls for detailed detective work if he is to make any headway. Since Gerber doesn't know who he can trust at SG Bonn, he works closely with Eva Herden. They reconstruct the route Buchmann took on the day of his death. Obviously, he came from the other side of the Siebengebirge. But from where exactly? And what was he doing there? Gerber and Eva search out all the possible places and then check every newspaper report, no matter how small, for the days leading up to the attack. Right down to reports like "Veterinarian Dr. Bernhard Mandel rescues sick circus elephant" from a tiny town called Allerberg. This makes Eva Herden sit up and take notice: "One of the BDJ functionaries in hiding, who was also a member of the leadership team at the Technical Service, was a veterinarian. But his name was not Mandel but Kerschke, Dr. Walter Kerschke. That's probably just a coincidence, isn't it?" It is already late in the evening, and Gerber suggests a car trip through the Siebengebirge for the next day.

When they drive to Allerberg the next morning, they meet only the doctor's wife, Katharina Mandel, at the veterinary practice. When she catches sight of Eva Herden, she flees into the house in a panic and threatens her visitors with a pocket pistol she retrieves from a chest of drawers. Gerber is able to disarm her and tries to calm her down.

"The girl with the scar," she blurts out, still in a panic. "Walter warned me about her!"

"You're talking about Walter Kerschke, who now calls himself Bernhard Mandel, aren't you, Frau Mandel?" asks Gerber. "Or should I say Mrs Kerschke?"

Too late, the woman realises that she has blabbed. But that worries her less at the moment than her fear of Gerber's companion. Gerber asks her why she is so afraid of Mrs Herden.

"You are Mrs Herden?" the frightened woman asks hesitantly. "The journalist Eva Herden?"

Eva answers in the affirmative and talks reassuringly to the other woman.

"I recognise your voice, yes. I ... I had taken you for someone else."

Katharina Mandel, as she prefers to be called, reveals herself to be the woman who called Eva Herden anonymously and put her on Buchmann's trail. "At first Buchmann helped us start over in Allerberg. But then he kept showing up here and bombarding Walt... Bernhard with questions. It was about the technical service, but Bernhard didn't like it. He told me he didn't want this to start up all over again. I thought a call to a well-known journalist like Mrs Herden might make Buchmann lay off."

When asked about her husband, Ms Mandel says he was called to a remote farm early, problems with a pregnant cow. On the way to the farm, Gerber and Eva learn from a postman, whom they ask the way, that he saw Dr Mandel's car, though it was not driving towards the farm but towards the forest where Mandel's hunting lodge is located.

There they discover Mandel taking cover behind his car. Several opponents are shooting at him, but he is also armed and fights back. Gerber leaves the car to stand by Mandel. The attackers flee after one of Gerber's bullets hit one of them. It is a woman who, like Eva, is disfigured by a scar on her left cheek. Obviously, the woman Mandel warned his wife about. Now Gerber recognises her. It hits him like a shock, and he sees the images from eight years earlier before him again. He and James Anderson in the Werewolf hideout, the alleged hostage detonating a hand grenade - the woman who now lies dead in front of him. At the time she had had no scar on her face - did the exploding grenade hurt her?

Another shock awaits him: Eva has been hit by a bullet while leaving the car and lies motionless on the ground. "It's not as bad as it looks," Dr Mandel reassures him and administers first aid to Eva. "Fortunately, the bullet only hit her shoulder and not her heart."

Eva Herden is taken to the St. Josef Hospital in Beuel. The Mandels/Kerschkes want to go into hiding with relatives of the wife in Cologne. Since they are still in danger, Gerber approves. But before he does, he demands a full explanation from the two.

Bernhard Mandel admits to being Walter Kerschke. He was in the leadership of the Technical Service, but according to his own statement, he rejected the increasing tendency to spy on his own fellow citizens and to draw up lists of "Volksschädlinge" (Pests). He said he was actually happy when the whole thing blew up and Buchmann offered him and his wife new papers and a new life. Buchmann discovered that not all the partisan units had been disarmed with the ban on the Technical Service. A hard core of fanatics who call themselves "Wolves of Germany" have retreated into secluded hideouts and want to use the federal election campaign to make a statement. A leading figure of the "Volksschädlinge" is to be murdered, one of their greatest "agitators": the chairman of the Bundestag Committee for All Matters Pertaining to Germany and Berlin, Herbert Wehner.

"Did you tell Buchmann that?" asks Philipp Gerber.

Bernhard Mandel answers in the affirmative. "That was the day he died."

"You didn't contact the police immediately then?"

Mandel looks at his wife. "I feared for our safety, you saw for yourself today what these people are capable of."

Gerber thinks of the woman he shot. "These 'Wolves of Germany', are they leftover Werewolves from the war?"

"They are the leaders now that the BDJ officials no longer have any influence over what's left of the organisation. The girl with the scar and her brother, they are - or were - twins, are among the biggest fanatics. Dietrich and Marion Haller." Dietrich Haller, he says, is an excellent marksman.

Back in Bonn, Philipp Gerber has to report personally to the supreme head of the BKA, Federal Minister of the Interior Robert Lehr. Unfortunately, Gerber cannot tell him when, where and how the assassination of Herbert Wehner is to take place. Bernhard Mandel could only say that the Technical Service had infiltrated its people into the ranks of the Social Democratic Party (SPD). On the same day, Gerber learns of his immediate transfer from Sub-Department II (Investigations) of the Security Group to Sub-Department I (Protection and Security). Do they want to shut him down, to stop his investigations?

The next morning, he is assigned to the "Commando Adenauer", the Chancellor's bodyguard. When the convoy of the security group, consisting of a Porsche and two heavy Mercedes limousines, picks up the Chancellor from his house in Rhöndorf to take him to the Federal Chancellery in Palais Schaumburg, Gerber sits in the middle vehicle, the Chancellor's car, as a bodyguard. Adenauer greets him curtly and does not seem to recognise him. Throughout the day Gerber accompanies him to his appointments and also drives back to Rhöndorf in the evening with the convoy. Here the chancellor hands him a heavy briefcase with the request to carry it into the house. The security convoy can leave now, Adenauer says, and he will call a taxi for "the young man" later.

In Adenauer's house, Gerber unexpectedly meets Interior Minister Lehr, who has informed Adenauer about everything and has been waiting here for the Chancellor and Gerber. Gerber has the impression that the day at the "Commando Adenauer" was a kind of test so that the Chancellor could put him under the microscope. Adenauer formally implores Gerber to prevent the assassination of Herbert Wehner. Gerber expresses surprise that he did not believe Adenauer had any sympathy for Wehner.

"Very few in the Christian Democratic Union (CDU) do indeed," says the Chancellor. "But there is more at stake here. If Wehner is assassinated, it could ensure a solidarity effect with the SPD in the upcoming election. This would give these fanatics exactly the opposite of their goal and strengthen the left."

"And if the SPD wins, you are no longer chancellor," Gerber adds.

"Not an entirely unappealing idea. Then I'd have more time for tinkering [Note: Adenauer was an enthusiastic tinkerer and inventor] and for my garden. Unfortunately, however, everything that my party and I have worked so hard for would then also be destroyed: the connection of the Federal Republic of Germany to the West, the safeguarding of our freedom through the military alliance system of the Western powers. If the SPD gets its way with its neutrality course, we may have the Soviets on the Rhine faster than you can say 'Khrushchev'."

"Then you should give Herr Wehner the best personal protection," Gerber suggests.

"That is precisely the problem," says the Minister of the Interior. "Wehner detests personal protection."

"What doesn't he dislike?" Adenauer murmurs. "But you have great powers of persuasion, Mr Gerber, you proved that eight years ago when you came to see me here. Perhaps you will succeed in convincing Wehner in a personal conversation. Maybe he can at least be persuaded to have you as bodyguard, in which case you would have a new, extremely important task."

"I'm already up to my ears in work, and other people would make just as good bodyguards, if not better."

Adenauer looks him in the eye with a smile, using Gerber's words of old. "You cannot shirk your duty so easily. Germany needs you in this difficult hour, Mr Gerber!"

When Lehr has left, Adenauer asks Gerber to stay on for a word in private. The Chancellor, usually very direct in his speech, expresses himself somewhat awkwardly when he inquires whether Gerber feels German or American. In the course of the conversation, it turns out that Adenauer has a very strained relationship with the CIC. Apparently, Colonel Anderson has a file documenting Adenauer's many concessions to the US, including some that are inconsistent with public opinion

about the office of Chancellor. It also documents Adenauer's knowledge of the cover-up in the BDJ/TD affair. Anderson uses this file to influence Adenauer in his favour.

"Blackmail?" asks Gerber doubtfully. "But what would the colonel do that for? I think you are in favour of ties with the West anyway, Chancellor. So you are pursuing the same goals as the Americans after all." Adenauer's reply:

"Even if I stand by the Americans, because in my view that is the only way for Germany, I would rather do it voluntarily than under pressure from the Colonel." He smiles abruptly. "I don't even know why I bother you with this, Herr Gerber." Irritated, Gerber takes his leave of Adenauer.

Interior Minister Lehr is able to persuade Herbert Wehner to receive Gerber in his flat on Bonn's Venusberg. A sceptical and dismissive Wehner listens to Gerber but thinks little of his "robber's tale" of "assassins and werewolves". He rejects a bodyguard, having had bad experiences with them. "These would-be Pinkertons make a mess of everything. I don't need that right now, when the election campaign is hotting up. Besides, my wife is not well, Lotte has a heart condition. It would be far too much excitement for her to have a poor man's Sherlock Holmes sticking his snooping nose in everywhere." All Gerber can achieve is permission to investigate discreetly in Wehner's environment. Wehner's stepdaughter Greta Burmester, who works as a secretary, chauffeur and handywoman for her stepfather, compiles a list for Gerber of all the people in Wehner's immediate circle. Gerber takes this list when he visits Eva Herden, who is still in hospital.

"Some work for you, so you don't get bored here. There must be some material in your editorial office about the people on this list."

The very next day, Gerber receives a call from Eva. One man on the list, Günther Bock, who drives Wehner to his election campaign appearances when Greta does not have time, has only been an SPD member for two years. "When he applied for membership, he concealed the fact that he had previously been with the right-wing, in the German Reich Party. By the way, he acquired his driving skills in the Waffen-SS, as a driver in the 'Frundsberg' tank division." Alarmed, Gerber calls Wehner's flat and gets Greta on the line. Herbert Wehner is on his way to an election campaign appearance in Bergisch Gladbach by car, chauffeured by Günther Bock. Her father had called her only a few minutes ago from a country inn because she had to compile important documents for him for the next day. So she knows that Bock is driving the last part of the way through a large forest and swamp area, the Königsforst.

Gerber calls the Minister of the Interior, and he alerts all the emergency services near the suspected spot where Wehner's car is currently located. Gerber himself is taken to the Königsforst by helicopter and discovers the vehicle he is looking for driving on a remote forest path. The emergency services are informed by radio that the vehicle is approaching. Gerber gets himself dropped off in a clearing that the car has to pass. As he runs towards the car, the driver stops, pushes open the car door and opens fire without warning. Herbert Wehner, sitting in the back, reacts with presence of mind: he flees from the car and seeks shelter in the forest.

Gerber has just succeeded in killing the chauffeur with one shot when the assassins, three armed young men, apparently hiding nearby, appear. They outnumber him, but the tide turns when the first police arrive. Gerber and the policemen surround the assassins, and finally only one is left alive: Dietrich Haller, who was partly responsible for James Anderson's death. When Haller detonates a hand grenade, Gerber feels transported back in time. Just in time, Gerber is able to take cover while Haller blows himself up to avoid capture.

The foiled attempt on Herbert Wehner's life is swept under the carpet. The Americans and the BKA leadership want it that way, and so do the two major parties, the CDU and the SPD; they do not want their election campaign to be overshadowed by the affair. Philipp Gerber, however, is conducting further investigations. In his opinion, there must be someone in the BKA leadership who leaked important information or is even actively involved in what happened.

Colonel Anderson tries in vain to dissuade him. Gerber has made his decision and says he is now a German citizen and wants to be loyal to the young democracy. Which is not possible if he is secretly working for the USA.

Shortly afterwards, June Anderson visits him. She has changed her mind and would like to live with Gerber in Germany, but she asks him to reconcile with her father. She suggests a joint meeting in Frankfurt. Gerber only pretends to agree, but while she and her father are waiting for him in a restaurant, he uses the opportunity to steal from Colonel Anderson the file with which he is pressuring Adenauer. When Gerber finally arrives at the restaurant, Hiram Anderson, who thinks he has been stood up, has already left in a huff. Only June is still sitting at the table. Gerber, whose feelings have long since turned from her to Eva Herden, rejects her. "Give my regards to your father, and tell him I won't be bought, even with you in return!"

Back in Bonn, Gerber seeks out the chancellor. "Mission accomplished, Chancellor." Adenauer feigns ignorance. "What mission?" Gerber hands him the file, not without having studied it first. "Now you know whether I am American or German."

Once again, he goes to the Mandels/Kerschkes, who he thinks must know more than they have told him. With information he has taken from the secret file, he puts so much pressure on them that they actually give him further information - and this leads him to his superior, Dr Arnulf Krey, whom he exposes as one of the authoritative leaders of the Technical Service.

Eva Herden suspects that Gerber has found out more, but he doesn't want to bring the matter out in the open so as not to compromise Adenauer and doesn't let Eva in on it.

"Only this much, Eva, the person in question knows that I can turn him in at any time. To avoid a scandal, I have given him the opportunity to settle the matter herself." Eva is not satisfied with this, accuses Gerber of breaking his promise and breaks up with him.

EPILOGUE

September 1953: The CDU is the clear winner of the Bundestag elections on 6th September. Konrad Adenauer will remain Chancellor and be able to pursue his policy of annexation to the West. Only time will tell whether this will be good for the Federal Republic.

A few days after the election, many members of the SG Bonn and high-ranking politicians gathered at Bonn's North Cemetery to attend the funeral of Dr. Arnulf Krey. It was all over the newspapers: in a tragic accident, the senior detective drove his car off the Rhine bridge between Bonn and Beuel at excessive speed and drowned in the river. Gerber has not made many friends among his colleagues, and some may suspect that he is somehow involved in Krey's death. No-one protests when he does not join the procession of mourners to a nearby pub. When he leaves the cemetery all alone, Eva Herden is standing by the wayside and seems to be waiting for him.

"Settle the matter yourself," she says to him when he stops in front of her and she looks at the fresh grave. "Now I see what you meant."

"No press interviews," Gerber replies curtly, unsure of what she wants from him. She puts her arm through his and smiles. "We'll talk about that afterwards."