

Chapter 1

HE STOOD AT THE WINDOW of his office at No. 22 Berkaerstrasse and watched as lingering pillars of smoke rose from what used to be the beating heart of Nazi Germany. Only a few years before, Berlin had been one of the greatest cities in Europe, known for its architecture, science, and engineering. Its streets bore witness to the comings and goings of some of the most powerful men in the Third Reich—Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, and others. Automobiles crammed their lanes, while buses and trains shuttled office workers between their homes and workplaces.

No. 22 Berkaerstrasse had little of the grandeur of central Berlin. Located on the edge of the Grunewald Forest in Wilmersdorf and surrounded by gardens and residential apartments, it looked exactly like what it previously had been—a Jewish retirement home. Few passersby knew its current role—headquarters for Department 6 of the Sicherheitsdienst or SD, the intelligence service of the Nazi SS. Those who did know probably quickened their pace as they passed by.

Little was left of Berlin's glory days. By late 1944, most of the city lay in ruins from constant bombing by the

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American and British air forces. Both Prinz Albrecht Strasse and Wilhelmstrasse, where much of the government's offices were located, now sat nearly empty, rubble replacing the throngs of workers and automobiles. As ruined as Berlin had become, the man at the window knew it could be worse—far, far worse—if his intelligence reports were correct. And he had no doubt they were.

As brigadeführer of Department 6, Walter Schellenberg was responsible for the collection of all foreign intelligence. Only a few months before, his department shared that responsibility with the Abwehr, the military intelligence organization run by Kriegsmarine Admiral Wilhem Canaris. But the Abwehr was disbanded, Canaris losing his position for reasons of alleged incompetence and for questioning in Hitler's presence whether Germany could still win the war—not a wise career move in Nazi Germany. Now the man at the window bore the burden of being the Reich's eyes and ears in foreign lands.

A heavy responsibility for someone so young, still in his early thirties, and not one Schellenberg enjoyed bearing, despite having engineered the demise of his sometime-friend, sometime-adversary Canaris. Schellenberg excelled at intrigue and manipulation, not deep thinking. Average height, with black hair parted on the left, a deep V-shaped face with blue eyes under a weighty brow, playing office politics energized him far more than arranging, collecting,

and analyzing intelligence reports. He normally left that to his subordinates, but the information he had now was too important to leave to others. Nazi Germany may be losing the war, but if he didn't act on the matter at hand, Germany could very well cease to exist.

A knock on his office door roused Schellenberg from his dreary thoughts. An aide opened the door and announced, "Mein general, Colonel Schneider and a Professor Heisenberg to see you."

Schellenberg nodded, and the aide showed the two men in. Colonel Klaus Schneider strode in, a tall, thin man with a long, thin face, dark eyes, and thin lips. Like Schellenberg, he wore a field gray SS uniform. He stepped toward Schellenberg, raised his right arm in a salute, and said, "Heil Hitler, mein general." Schellenberg acknowledged the salute with a disinterested wave of his right hand. "General Schellenberg, may I introduce Professor Werner Heisenberg, director of our—"

"Now, now, colonel," the professor said, "we don't like to say it out loud. I'm sure the general knows who and what I am."

"I do, professor," Schellenberg said, gesturing for both men to sit down without offering to shake the professor's hand.

Only in his forties and already an acknowledged genius in the field of theoretical physics—having received the

1932 Nobel Prize for his work in quantum mechanics—Heisenberg was not happy being at No. 22 Berkaerstrasse. His theories went against the beliefs of the *Deutsche Physik* school that the Nazi hierarchy preferred. He had been called a “white Jew” by Himmler and investigated by the SS. He only avoided a concentration camp because the three SS agents conducting the investigation, each with a background in physics, came to support his theories.

Schellenberg remained standing. He picked up a file from his desk and flipped through its pages. “An interesting man, this ‘Carrick’ as you call him,” he said to Schneider. “A holdover from Canaris’s Abwehr. One of the admiral’s few successes, apparently.”

“Yes, general,” replied Schneider, who was Carrick’s SD handler. “He originally helped the Abwehr in 1940 with Operation Mainau, its attempt to start an IRA revolt in Northern Ireland. That attempt, of course, failed, but not due to Carrick’s involvement. He was highly successful at reporting on the buildup of American troops in Northern Ireland before the June 6 landings. He continued reporting from Northern Ireland until we recalled him only forty-eight hours ago.”

“Born in Dublin, but grew up in Germany,” Schellenberg feigned reading the file. Despite not being a deep thinker, he had a remarkable memory for details, and he had already read the file twice. “Father a member of the

Irish Republican Army, got into trouble with the British and Free Irish governments, and fled to Germany with his family.”

“Yes, sir,” Schneider said. “Something to do with some bombings, I believe. Once here, his family joined the colony of IRA ex-pats in Germany.”

“He grew up here,” Schellenberg recited, “but never gave up his Irish citizenship.”

“No, general,” Schneider said. “Few of the Irish ex-pats have.”

“But growing up in Germany, speaking German, he can still pass as an Irishman?”

“Carrick speaks fluent German,” Schneider explained, “but he never lost his Irish accent as his family only spoke English or Irish in the home. They also played host to many of the ex-pats, including IRA man Frank Ryan.”

“And so, technically, this Carrick remains a neutral in the war.” Schellenberg looked up from the file. “But he works for us ... just for the money?”

“He is handsomely compensated,” Schneider agreed.

“But can he be trusted?” Schellenberg asked. “What if the British intelligence offered him more money?”

“The Bank of England does not have enough pounds to buy Carrick,” Schneider assured his boss. He paused for a moment, thinking of how to explain Carrick to

Schellenberg. “There is an old Arab saying. ‘The enemy of my enemy is my friend.’”

“Yes, yes, I know the saying,” Schellenberg said impatiently.

“Because of his father and his associates, Carrick grew up hating the English,” Schneider explained. “That hatred grew exponentially when his parents died in a British bombing in 1941. He is neither German nor Nazi, but *we* are the enemy of his enemy.”

“I see.” Schellenberg nodded gravely. “You are correct, Klaus. There wouldn’t be enough British pounds to buy Carrick. But Carrick is simply his codename, correct? I notice there is no mention of his real name.”

“No, sir,” Schneider said. “When the Abwehr was disbanded, Admiral Canaris and his ... cohorts ... burned many of their files, including Carrick’s, which would have had his real name. As part of working with us, Carrick insisted we never ask for or record his real name in any official file or papers. I don’t even know it. No matter who wins the war—his phrase, sir, not mine—he wants to live the rest of his life out in quietude. He doesn’t want anyone looking him up after the war for vengeance or otherwise.”

Schellenberg nodded solemnly. That was an argument he could understand, especially since he had been making his own plans to *disappear* should Germany lose the war—which he secretly thought inevitable.

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A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts. His aide opened the door and announced, "A Herr Carrick to see you, Herr general."