PROLOGUE

Arrest the Reichsmarschall!

The place reeked of evil. Standing in the wet darkness of this wrecked bunker in Berlin, Captain John Bradin of the U.S. Army snapped his cigarette lighter shut, scooped an untidy armful of souvenirs off somebody's desk, and groped his way back up the dark angular staircase to the daylight.

In the warm sun the haul seemed disappointing: a brass desk lamp, cream-colored paper with some handwriting on it, blank letterheads, flimsy telegrams typed on Germany Navy signals forms, and a letter dictated to "my dear Heinrich."

Bradin took them home and forgot about them. Forty years passed. In Berlin the bunker was dynamited, grassed over. The lamp ended up dismantled on a garage floor, the yellow sheaf of papers moldered in a bank vault in South Carolina. Bradin died without knowing that he had saved vital clues to the last days of Hermann Göring's extraordinary career—papers that reveal all the hatred and envy that his contemporaries in the Nazi party had nursed toward him over twelve years and their determination to see his humiliation and downfall in these last few thousand minutes of Hitler's "Thousand-Year Reich."

The desk that Captain Bradin had found was Martin Bormann's. Bormann

had been the Nazi party's chief executive—Hitler's predatory Mephistopheles. The handwriting was Bormann's too—desperate pages that mirrored the atmosphere of hysteria in the bunker as the suspicions grew among its inhabitants that Göring had betrayed them.

The first telegram that Bormann had scrawled onto the cream-colored paper was addressed to SS Obersturmbannführer [Lieutenant Colonel] Bernhard Frank, commander of the SS detachment on the mountain called the Obersalzberg that was Göring's last retreat:

> Surround Göring villa at once and arrest the former Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring at once. Smash all resistance.
> Adolf Hitler

It was the late afternoon of April 23, 1945. Russian troops had already reached Berlin's seedy Alexander-Platz district. The bunker was filling with battle casualties, and the scent of treason was mingling with the mortar dust in the air. There were whispers of betrayal by Albert Speer, the young, ambitious munitions minister, and by Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop as well. And now strange messages signed by Göring himself had begun reaching the bunker's signals room.

As heavily bandaged officers clomped about the constricted tunnels clutching dispatches on the battle outside, Bormann swept his desk clear of debris and scribbled a second signal to the SS unit on the Obersalzberg:

> You will pay with your lives if Führer's order is not executed. Find out where Speer is. . . . Utmost caution, but act like lightning.
> Bormann

He was in his element. For Germany a nightmare might be ending, an ordeal in which the dark hours had blazed with air raids, and nearly every family had suffered the agony of bereavement, imprisonment, deportation, or persecution. But in the caged mind of Martin Bormann the entire battle had narrowed down to this: a final settling of scores with Göring. For four years he had labored to depose Göring, conspiring, hoping that the fat air-force commander would make one mistake too many—and now he had, and the telegrams were piling up on Bormann's desk to prove it.

Bormann dashed off a third vengeful directive, this time to Paul Giesler, the party's gauleiter in Munich:

> Führer has ordered immediate arrest of Reichsmarschall Göring by SS unit Obersalzberg because of planned high treason. Smash all resistance. Occupy Salzburg, etc., airfields immediately to prevent his flight. Advise

all neighboring gauleiters, SS, and police at once.
Bormann

Bormann's own days might be numbered, but at least he would have cooked Göring's goose as well.

BERLIN WAS DYING, Hitler and Bormann were trapped there, and Göring was doing nothing at all about it. With his plump wife, Emmy, and their little daughter, Edda, he was in his lavishly appointed mountain villa on the Obersalzberg, three hundred miles to the south. It was April 23, three days since he'd seen either the Führer or his once all-powerful secretary. Sucking a cigar, he motioned to his valet, Robert, to pour out another cognac. Then he kicked off his boots, revealing ankles clad in exquisite red silk stockings, leaned back, and reflected.

At first he had half-expected Hitler to join him down here, but late the day before, his adjutant had woken him with a garbled message from Berlin: General Karl Koller, chief of air staff, had just phoned from Kurfürst, air-force headquarters, to report that the Führer had "collapsed" and planned to stay put. "Collapsed"—might that not mean that Hitler was already dead? That possibility had brought Göring wide awake. "Phone Koller," he ordered his adjutant. "Tell him to fly down here at once."

The Reichsmarschall knew that Hitler had always regarded him as his successor. Now was the time to make it happen.

Koller strode into the Obersalzberg villa at noon the next day, saluted, and at his commander in chief's behest read out his shorthand notes of the previous day. Air Force General Eckhard Christian, he said, had phoned him from the bunker with the cryptic message, "Historic events. I'm coming straight over to tell you in person." When Christian arrived, he told Koller, "The Führer has collapsed and says it's pointless to fight on. . . . He's staying on in the bunker, will defend Berlin to the last and then do the obvious." General Alfred Jodl, chief of the armed forces' operations staff, had confirmed all this to Koller at midnight. Hitler had turned down Jodl's suggestion that they swing all the western armies around against the Russians –"The Reichsmarschall will have to do that!" was all he had said. Somebody had suggested that there wasn't one German who would fight for Göring. "There's not much fighting left to be done," Hitler had said bitterly, "and if it's a matter of dealing, the Reichsmarschall is better at that than I am."

Göring whistled, then acted with a decisiveness that he had not displayed for years. He sent for balding, pettifogging Dr. Hans Lammers, the chief servant of the Reich; Lammers always carried around with him a dossier of the constitutional documents relating to the succession. Göring also sent for his close friend Philipp Bouhler; Bouhler, former head of Hitler's Chancel-

lery, had masterminded the Nazi euthanasia program, but now, like Göring, he had fallen out of favor. Finally, Göring ordered the flak and Waffen SS defenses around the villa reinforced, and he instructed his adjutant to check out everybody coming through this cordon.

When they had all assembled, Lammers explained in his precise, fussy manner that after President Hindenburg's death in 1934, a secret law had conferred on Hitler the right to nominate his own successor; in April 1938 a further law had defined who should deputize for him. Since then, Lammers continued, Hitler had written certain codicils, and they had been seated in an official envelope.

Göring impatiently asked to see it. Lammers was uneasy about unsealing the Führer's will before he was known to be dead, but he opened the metal casket. The envelope inside bore the legend "Führer's Testament. To be opened only by the Reichsmarschall."

Göring broke the wax seals and plucked out the contents with bejeweled fingers. He perused the documents silently, almost furtively, then beamed and read out loud the first decree, which said:

> In the event that I am impeded in the discharge of my duties by sickness or other circumstance, even temporarily . . . I denote as my deputy in all my offices the Reichsmarschall of the Greater German Reich, Hermann Göring.
>
> Führer's Headquarters, June 29, 1941

A second decree directed that "immediately after my death" Göring was to have both government and party resworn in his name.

It was a tricky position. Was Hitler de facto dead? Or had he perhaps recovered from his collapse? Suppose Bormann had persuaded him to draw up a new will in some rival's favor?

"Send him a radiogram," suggested General Koller. "Ask him what to do."

Göring dictated one, and it went off at 3:00 P.M. on April 23:

> Mein Führer!
>
> Acting upon information furnished by Generals Jodl and Christian, General Koller has today given me a version of events according to which in the context of certain deliberations you made reference to my name, underlining that if negotiations should become necessary then I would be better placed to conduct them than you in Berlin.
>
> These statements were so startling and serious in my view that I shall consider myself duty-bound to infer that you are no longer a free agent if I do not receive an answer to this by 10:00 P.M. I shall thereupon consider the conditions of your decree as satisfied, and act for the good of

nation and fatherland.

"May God protect you," he concluded, "and see you through . . . Your faithful Hermann Göring."

The noblest prize of all now glittered ahead of him—head of state at last! He cabled Hitler's air-force adjutant: "It is your personal responsibility to ensure that the radiogram is delivered to the Führer in person. Acknowledge, so that in this grave hour I may act in harmony with the Führer's wishes."

Meanwhile he radioed to Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, chief of the high command, to fly to the Obersalzberg if by 10:00 P.M. they were no longer getting direct orders from Hitler. "A government must be in existence," reasoned Göring, "if the Reich is not to fall apart." A further radiogram notified Ribbentrop, the foreign minister, that he, Göring, was about to succeed Hitler "in all his offices," and that if Ribbentrop had not received orders to the contrary by midnight, either from Hitler or from Göring himself, he was to fly down to Göring without delay.

These were the suspicious signals that Hitler's radio room had monitored in Berlin. But Hitler had recovered from the suicidal depression that had seized him the day before. With hollow eyes he shambled around the cement corridors clutching a soggy, tattered map of Berlin, waiting for the relief attack promised by SS troops from the north.

Bad enough for Göring that his most serpentine enemies—Bormann, Speer, and Ribbentrop—all chanced to be in Hitler's bunker on this afternoon of April 23 as his string of radiograms was intercepted. It was Bormann who carried them in to Hitler's study and pressed the flimsy naval signal forms into Hitler's palsied hands. "High treason!" shouted Bormann.

Treachery!"—Hitler had seen it as the cause of every defeat since the attempt on his life nine months before. Now his own chosen successor was a traitor too. He turned to Bormann, his face expressionless. "Arrest the Reichsmarschall!" he commanded.

Porcine eyes twinkling with anticipation, Bormann hurried to the radio room and seized more sheets of paper. To navy commander Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz, based now at Flensburg in Schleswig-Holstein, he wrote:

> Urgent! On Führer's orders: Reich government is not to fly to Bavaria. Prevent any flight from Holstein, move like lightning. Block all airfields.

And to the SS barracks on the Obersalzberg itself:

> (1) Führer awaits news mission accomplished fastest.

(2) Have you taken Lammers and other ministers into custody? Arrest Bouhler too.

Glimpsing Speer, his face bright with intrigue even at this desperate moment—he had been flown in by a sergeant pilot in a light aircraft that had landed him near the Brandenburg gate—Bormann added another radio message to the Obersalzberg:

Speer has meantime arrived here.

These were the pages that would be found ten weeks later, still on Bormann's darkened desk in the bunker ruins. Among them was a copy of a letter dated April 24, which Bormann had sent to "my dear Heinrich"—Himmler—describing Göring's "treachery":

In the Führer's opinion he must have been plotting to do this for some time. On the afternoon of April 20—the day he drove down south—G[öring] told Ambassador [Walther] Hewel [Ribbentrop's liaison officer to Hitler], "Something's got to be done and now. We've got to negotiate—and I am the only one who can do it. I, Göring, am not blackened by the sins of the Nazi party, by its persecution of the churches, by its concentration camps . . ."

He said that obviously our enemies can't deal with somebody unless he's totally blameless and has even, as Göring has himself, condemned many of these things right from the start.

The wording of the messages he sent summoning the others [to the Obersalzberg] show clearly enough, in the Führer's view, what he has been working up to. *He* [Göring] issued an ultimatum giving him liberty to act in internal and foreign affairs; he even sent for a mobile broadcasting truck. Our detailed investigations are continuing. It's significant that since quitting Berlin our former Reichsmarschall has not taken one step to help the battle for Berlin, but has devoted his entire time to preparing his little act of treachery.

In our opinion, anybody else in his situation would have done his level best to prove his loyalty to the Führer by rendering swift help. Not so Göring! It doesn't take much to imagine how his broadcast would have run; quite apart from anything else it would have led to an immediate and total collapse of our eastern front.

At 10:25 P.M. that evening Bormann phoned Dönitz to repeat Hitler's orders that no government elements were to be allowed to fly south to join Göring. "It's got to be prevented at all costs," he said. Speer sent a similar

message to General Adolf Galland, commander of Germany's élite Me 262 jet-fighter squadron. "I ask you and your comrades to do everything as discussed to prevent Göring from flying anywhere."

Not that Göring was leaving the Obersalzberg that night. As darkness fell across the mountainside, a breeze whipped a thin veil of icy snow across the sloughs around Göring's villa, covering the tracks of the shadowy figures who were quietly drawing an armed cordon around the buildings. He now had a chilling response to his 3:00 P.M. telegram to Berlin. "Decree of June 29, 1941, takes effect only when I specifically authorize," Hitler had radioed. "There can be no talk of freedom to act. I therefore forbid any step in the direction you indicate."

So Hitler was still alive! Panicking, the Reichsmarschall penned telegrams to Ribbentrop, Himmler, and the Wehrmacht high command rescinding the messages he had sent out at midday. But it was too late. At 8:00 P.M. his telephone lines went dead. By eight-fifty a force of SS men had surrounded the villa, and at ten o'clock SS Obersturmbannführer Bernhard Frank marched in, saluted, and announced, "Herr Reichsmarschall, you are under arrest!"

Göring's 264-pound frame quivered with anger and indignation. He guessed that it was the word *negotiations* in his telegram that had irked his Führer. "Hitler always hated that word," he conceded to interrogators later. "He feared I might be negotiating via Sweden."

The Reichsmarschall spent a disturbed night. At 9:00 P.M. Frank returned with another telegram from the Berlin bunker. In this one Bormann accused Göring of betrayal but promised he would be spared provided that he agreed to resign for reasons of ill health. Göring was swept with feelings of childish relief, not because his life was to be spared but because Hitler seemed not to have stripped him of any offices other than air-force commander: He was still Reichsmarschall, or so he could argue. Nonetheless, the guard was not removed, and his troubles were only beginning.

Twenty-four hours later, while he lay in bed half awake, he sensed the windows beginning to vibrate—gently at first, then with increasing amplitude. A deafening roar swept along the valleys toward the mountainside. Plates fell off shelves, a closet door swung open, and the floor began to heave.–"The English!" cried one of the guards.

There had been no radar warning to the villa, because the phone lines were still cut. A hundred yards down the slopes a heavy flak battery bellowed into action as the four-engined Lancaster bombers came into sight. Smoke generators belatedly pumped out artificial fog that snaked lazily down the mountainside as thick as a San Francisco pea-souper, and through its pungent fumes came shattering explosions, trampling closer and closer to the villa.

His face chalk white, Göring leaped to his feet. Clutching his silk pajamas around him, he shouted, "Into the tunnels!" But an SS officer waved him

back at gunpoint.

As a second wave approached, the guards' nerves cracked too. They bundled Göring and his family into the dank, damp tunnels drilled into the limestone beneath the villa, rudely pushing him as they stumbled pell-mell down the 288 steps into the subterranean labyrinth. The lights failed, the ground trembled, and Göring shuddered too. It was symbolic of the powerlessness of his air force that enemy bombers could parade over southern Germany like this.

As the massed Russian artillery began slapping armor-piercing shells and high explosives into the Reich Chancellery building above his bunker, Hitler was still counting on his "trusty Heinrich" Himmler to relieve Berlin. Bormann, meanwhile, continued to indulge in sweet revenge. "Kicked Göring out of the party!" he sneered in his diary on April 25. And when General Hans Krebs, the last chief of the general staff, notified Keitel, chief of the high command, by radiophone that Hitler had stripped the Reichsmarschall of all his offices, Bormann grabbed the phone and shouted, "And that includes Reich chief gamekeeper too!"

If Berlin now fell, Bormann wrote to Himmler, Germany would have to accept peace terms. "The Führer could never do that, while a Göring no doubt would find it quite easy. At any rate, we stay put and hold out here as long as possible. If you rescue us in time, it's going to be one of the war's major turning points: because the differences between our enemies are widening every day. I, for one, am persuaded that once again the Führer has made the right decision. Others are less convinced or choose to offer comfortable advice from a safe distance. There's not much of a rush to come into Berlin to see the Führer now."

A few hours later, however, the bunker's teleprinter rattled out the stunning news that Himmler had offered peace talks to the British through Stockholm.

"Obviously," fulminated Bormann in his notes on the twenty-seventh, "H.H. is wholly out of touch. If the Führer dies, how does he plan to survive?!! Again and again, as the hours tick past, the Führer stresses how tired he is of living now with all the treachery he has had to endure!"

Four days later Bormann's writings would be entombed in the deserted bunker and he, like Hitler, would be dead.

The British bombers had lifted Göring's luxurious villa off the mountainside. Among the ruins lay the torn envelope with shattered seals that had contained the Führer's testament. In the tunnels one hundred feet beneath the cratered landscape languished Göring with his staff and family—still held at gunpoint by the SS. "By the guttering light of a candle," recalled his

personal aide, Fritz Görnnert, a few days later, "they threw him into one of the tunnels and left him there. Nothing was brought to eat, nobody was allowed out."

His wife and daughter shivered in their night attire. Göring tried to send a telegram to Berlin setting the record straight, but his captors refused even to touch it. He was now a nobody, like the thousands of politicians, trade-union leaders, and newspapermen whom he had himself incarcerated over the last twelve years. Hungry and unwashed, and craving opiates to kill the pain of ancient injuries, he wallowed in self-pity. He had no doubt that "Creature" Martin Bormann was behind all this –"I always knew it would come to this," he wailed to Görnnert. "I always knew Bormann would grow too big for his boots and try to destroy me."

As the days passed, however, he saw the guards fidgeting uneasily, arguing quietly among themselves. The residual authority that Germany's top-ranking soldier still exuded was something not to be trifled with. On April 25, SS Standartenführer (Colonel) Ernst Brausse, one of Himmler's legal staff, arrived. He promised to send off Göring's signal, but the atmosphere was still unnerving. "Nobody could contact anybody else," said Görnnert later. "There were dreadful scenes, with everybody crying—even the men. At the end the whole thing was downright shameful."

Late on April 26, a new SS unit took over and removed Göring from his military staff. As they parted, Göring, tugging off some of his rings to give to the men as mementos, suggested that evil was afoot. It seems likelier that Himmler had decided to take the Görings out of Bormann's personal domain. The Reichsführer SS undoubtedly realized that, in the final *Endkampf*, a live Reichsmarschall was a more readily negotiable trump than a dead one.

Whatever the reason, the escort relaxed. Göring was even asked where he would like to be confined. He affably mentioned Mauterndorf Castle, forty miles beyond Salzburg. Early on April 28, he took leave of his bodyguard with a "God be with you until we meet again," climbed in the back of his armor-plated Maybach limousine with little Edda while Emmy sat in the front, and waved grandly to the chauffeur to drive off. A short while later, escorted by an SS platoon in trucks, the cavalcade rattled over the Mauterndorf drawbridge and into the castle yard.

He had spent part of his childhood here at Mauterndorf. It had belonged to his Jewish godfather. He promptly resumed his pasha life-style, and something of the old Göring bonhomie returned. Fine wines and a case of Dutch cigars were brought up from the cellars for Göring to share with Colonel Brausse. Emmy made only one appearance in the great halls of the castle, and on that occasion she spent the whole evening weeping to Hermann about everything they had lost. Once Brausse saw Göring flicking through a diary he had written as a boy; and once Göring fetched his family genealogy and

showed Brausse how he could trace his bloodline back to most of the country's emperors as well as Bismarck and Goethe.

There was, of course, an animal cunning in all this. The prisoner wanted to establish rapport with his captor. In this he at first seemed to have succeeded. Visiting General Koller a day or two after the arrival, Brausse assured him, "You know, Göring's a splendid fellow. I won't do him any harm."

All the time Göring kept his ears and his pale blue eyes wide open. On the radio he heard Berlin announce his "retirement"—but still there was no mention of his losing the Führer succession. On April 30, Brausse showed him a new signal from the bunker: "Shoot the traitors of April 23 if we should die." Göring murmured dismissively, "Bormann's handiwork again!" and saw Brausse nodding in sage agreement.

But on May 1, when the radio announced Hitler's death, the SS colonel did, in fact, telephone Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander in chief in the south, to inquire if he should now execute Göring. Kesselring advised him not to—but nobody wanted to order the Reichsmarschall's release, either.

Humiliated, Göring sent his doctor to plead with General Koller. Koller passed the buck to Kesselring, and Kesselring passed it on to Grand Admiral Dönitz, who vouchsafed no reply. Dönitz, no friend of the once-haughty Hermann Göring, probably relished his humiliation now.

That afternoon, May 4, an air-force general drove past Mauterndorf with an air-signals regiment and saw the unmistakable shape of Göring strolling along the fence with his SS captors.

Göring beckoned him over. "Tell Koller to act now!" he hissed angrily. "Tell him that I, as Germany's most senior general, must be sent to meet Eisenhower. Tell him I am the most popular of our generals, particularly in the United States." Koller still did nothing.

On the sixth, Kesselring finally ordered the Reichsmarschall's release. Characteristically, Göring romanticized this most undignified end to his custody into a more heroic version: His own air-force troops, pulling back in exhaustion from Italy, had routed the SS unit and freed their beloved commander in chief. "While he was standing there," said a British interrogator a few days later, reporting Göring's account, "surrounded by SS men, members of Number 12 Air Signals regiment passed by. Upon seeing him, they ran forward to greet and cheer their beloved commander. Göring, swiftly sizing up the situation and finding that the Luftwaffe men outnumbered the SS, ordered them to charge. . . . 'It was one of the most beautiful moments of my life [Göring said to the interrogator] to see them present arms to their commander in chief again.' "

Once freed of the SS, Göring sent a radiogram up to Admiral Dönitz, offering to handle the negotiations with the enemy.

Grand Admiral!

Are you fully aware of the deadly intrigue hatched by Reichsleiter Bormann to eliminate me? . . . Bormann waged his campaign against me entirely by means of anonymous radiograms . . . to SS Obersturmbannführer Frank on the Obersalzberg. . . . Reichsführer Himmler will confirm to you the outlandish scale of this intrigue.

I have just learned that you are planning to send Jodl to Eisenhower for talks. I consider it absolutely vital . . . that parallel to Jodl's negotiations I approach Eisenhower unofficially as one marshal to another . . . I might create a suitably personal atmosphere for Jodl's talks. In recent years the British and Americans have displayed a more benevolent attitude to me than to our other political leaders.

The fighting had all but ended. Göring sent his adjutant off by car to contact the Americans, bearing a laissez-passer and two secret letters, addressed to "Marshal" Eisenhower and U.S. Army group commander General Jacob L. Devers.

The letter to Eisenhower, verbose and tedious, read in part:

Your Excellency!

On April 23, I decided as senior officer of the German armed forces to contact you, Excellency, to do everything I could to discuss a basis for preventing further bloodshed . . . On the same date I was arrested with my family and entourage at Berchtesgaden by the SS. An order for us to be shot was not carried out by our captors. I was simultaneously expelled from the National Socialist party. The public was informed by radio that I had been retired as air-force commander in chief because of a severe heart ailment . . . Under the decree appointing me deputy Führer I had the law on my side. I have only today managed by force of circumstances and the approach of my own air-force troops to regain my liberty . . .

Despite everything that has happened during my arrest, I request you, Excellency, to receive me without any obligation whatever on your part and let me talk to you as soldier to soldier. I request that you grant me safe passage for this meeting and accept my family and entourage into American safekeeping. For technical reasons I would propose Berchtesgaden for this purpose. . . .

My request may perhaps appear unusual to Your Excellency, but I make so bold as to state it, since I am reminded that the venerable marshal of France, Pétain, once asked me for such a meeting at an hour of similar gravity for his own country. . . . Your Excellency will understand what emotions inspire me at this most painful hour, and how very grieved I was to be prevented by arrest from doing all I could long before to prevent further bloodshed in a hopeless situation.

The accompanying letter asked Devers to radio this message to Eisenhower immediately. It is unlikely that Eisenhower ever received it.

Göring then sent Eisenhower a message suggesting Fischhorn Castle at Zell am See, fifty miles away, near Salzburg, for their historic meeting. He lingered at Mauterndorf, claiming to be awaiting a reply, but in fact he hated to leave this castle—childhood memories of his parents and of games of knights in armor clung to its walls. Besides, Russian troops, Austrian Communists, or Bormann's assassins might be lurking beyond the castle keep.

At midday on May 7, an irate Koller phoned and told him that a top American general, the deputy commander of the 36th (Texas) Division, had put on all his medals and finery and driven through the lines to Fischhorn Castle. "You asked for that rendezvous," said Koller. "Now keep it." Grumbling and hesitant, Göring climbed into the twelve-cylinder Maybach and set off with his family and what remained of his staff. He was uniformed in pearl gray, with a tentlike greatcoat that flapped open over his fat paunch to reveal a small Mauser pistol on his belt.

Some thirty miles short of Salzburg they encountered the American posse. Tired of waiting, the American officers had set out to fetch him. Both convoys stopped, facing each other. Brigadier General Robert I. Stack, a burly, white-haired Texan, met Göring, saluted smartly. Göring returned the courtesy, using the old-fashioned army salute, not the Hitler one.

"Do you speak English?" asked Stack.

The Reichsmarschall smiled wearily. His face was flabby and lined, the famous John Barrymore profile betraying a hint of his eagerness to meet Eisenhower, mingled with sorrow that a long adventure was over.

"I understand it better than I speak," he apologized.

He apologized again, for not being better dressed. The G.I.s pealed with laughter at his vanity.

Emmy began to cry. Her husband chucked her under the chin and said that everything was going to be all right now—these were Americans.

Stack motioned toward his American sedan. As Hermann Göring clambered in, he muttered something under his breath.—"Twelve years," he growled. "I've had a good run for my money."