

## **Preface**

It is the intention of this author to present a work that would appeal to the sensibilities of the cerebral drama of this existence that we call life.

Much of what is found within these pages is portrayed from the manly perspective of events that took place in an era of chaos, confusion, and upheaval, that still to this day captivates the minds, and the imagination of millions.

A story set in the era of World War Two, amid the struggles of good against evil. From the grand scale of nation against nation, on down to the inner struggles within man himself.

Although much time, and historical research has gone into the compilation of this book, it in the end must remain in its classification as a mere work of fiction.

My thanks goes out to my dear departed friend Rudy Binus who taught me much about friendship.

To Rabbi Michael Laitman Ph.D. who opened my eyes to the true condition of mankind.

To Jesus Christ who through his teachings taught me kindness.

And to the Father of the Ages who makes it all happen.

# UnterReich

by William Lanter

## Chapter 1

In the final years of The Third Reich it became apparent that Germany might just lose the war to the allied forces. German allies had proved to be most inept, and halfhearted in defending conquered territories, and constantly had to have their ranks reinforced by German troops. In addition by 1943 too many opposing forces had been brought to bear on too many fronts.

The inescapable fact that Germany was being forced by circumstance to spread itself far too thinly was not going unnoticed at the Reich Chancellery. The Secret UnterReich Plans had been drawn up, and were well on their way to fruition. These plans simply dubbed UR were to be the home of the future shadow Government of the Third Reich. Everything that was above ground was to be found below ground, in some capacity.

Thus, plans had come to fruition for a secret underground Führer Headquarters at Jonastal in the Jonas Valley near Ohrdruf. The Nazi's were known to be given to meticulous planning of everything that they did, and Jonastal was no exception. But another facet of the Nazi mind that has not been fully appreciated to this very day, is their ability to hone the art of deception to the highest planes of accuracy. Within the torments of the body, there is yet another saboteur, who sabotages reality. Simply put, cognitive dissonance is when you have two opposing ideas (or ideologies) at the same time, you will act upon the one that causes the least distortion to your ego. As a result Jonastal had over 25 unfinished tunnels, and multiple code names that changed over time. But the one name that was never uttered anywhere save inside the secure facility itself was the name of UnterReich.

This is the story of what took place as a result of those plans, both during, and after World War II. The story begins with a one Hermann Bruder.

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The burly man stood on the entrance platform to UR deep within tunnel 12, checking the flow of supplies that steadily made their way from the Sallyport down into the bowels of UR's main entrance. Hermann was a Wehrmacht Colonel, Chief of Supply, and Logistics at UR, and a bit of an anomaly at the complex in that he was not a member of the Nazi Party, the only officer in the whole of UR that wore a Wehrmacht uniform, and had never fired his weapon at anyone. Though tempted on occasion to use it on his superiors. He unlike the rest was friendly, outgoing, and apolitical. He personally didn't give a damn who won the war, but it was his loyalty to the uniform, and his honor as a soldier that kept him doing his duty.

He had been named for a post in the UR Plan early on because of an incident that took place when he had been a Lieutenant assigned to Wehrmachtsfürsorge- und versorgungsabteilung – supplies. On this occasion Hermann had secured a pass for the next day to go, and see his sick mother who was dying. But it also just happened that the new Chief of the High Command of the Armed Forces, Max Von Viebahn was to visit the depot the next day. The decision was easy for Hermann, he went to see his dying mother. When Von Viebahn was informed that one of his officers was not in attendance he became furious.

Thus began the cat, and mouse game between Von Viebahn, and Hermann Bruder that lasted for two months. Von Viebahn secretly ordered certain ones at the depot to confuse the shipments, steal invoices, and produce havoc, on everything that fell under Hermann's authority.

When Hermann returned the day after Von Viebahn's visit he was informed of the rage that had taken place by his absence. But, Hermann was no stranger at finding himself on the business end of someones else's enraged ego. He had been, and always would be a self proclaimed maverick. He knew by experience that Von Viebahn would never be able to justify demoting him, and sending him to the Russian Front for visiting his dying mother, so it would likely be a game of subterfuge, deception, and sabotage, with the goal of declaring Hermann to be incompetent in his abilities, and lacks in discharging his duties.

In anticipation of this, that night Hermann had stayed in the depot. Taking along his personal ledger that he always kept up to date just for such occasions, he toured the supply bins from one end to the other, noticing that several crates, had already been placed in the wrong locations. He left them where they were, and just made a note of their current locations in his ledger. He then went back to his office, and took the invoices for that day out of the Inbox on his desk, and placed them in his briefcase, then went back into the file room, and took out the same amount of old invoices that for one reason, or another had been canceled for shipment, and replaced those for the ones that he had taken from the Inbox.

The next morning Hermann came to work late, and found that the supposed prior days invoices were missing from his desk. After asking to their whereabouts, calling the staff together, and feigning a tyrannical rage, that ended with a “Well what am I supposed to do now!” climax. Hermann went into his office, slammed the door, and smiled. From then on he would be justified in locking his office behind him whenever he left.

At lunch Hermann walked up the road a piece, and couldn't help but chuckle several times after he'd sat down on a fallen log, and opened his lunch pale. He could only imagine the bewilderment of some high ranking official when he expectantly, demanded the missing invoices for that day, and a clerk somewhere would unexpectedly promptly produced them for him.

As he sat there eating, and viewing the wooded area across the road, his thoughts went back to one of his early childhood hunting trips. He remembered the one occasion were he had spotted a fox, and chased him to ground. He had quietly set watching that foxes hole for the better part of the afternoon to no avail. The evening meal had come, and gone, and it was starting to get dark when his Grandfather walked up behind him. “What are you doing Hermann?”

“ I am waiting for this fox to come out of that hole over there, and then I will have his hide.” He'd said.

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“No, no, Hermann, come I show you something. At that they had began walking in ever larger circles around the foxhole until they came upon another hole with tracks leading out. You see grandson, the fox is smarter than you! No matter the situation, he always makes a way out for himself. My Grandfather then turned all the way around scanning the woods, and said: Right now he sets off in these woods, and laughs at you silly boy!”

From that day forward Hermann had vowed to himself not to ever forget his Grandfathers words that day, and now even more so, or it would be his hide, that would be hanging on Von Viebahn's wall.

At that moment he became self-aware that he was smiling, and it frightened him. He was suppose to be starting to exhibit the wear, and tear that these intended tribulations were suppose to be bring upon him. He quickly chose two rocks from the road. One jagged rock he placed behind his toes in his right shoe, and the other larger one he would place under the cushion of his desk chair. Both would serve to make him uncomfortable, and would provide a consistent reminder to continue showing an apparent ever declining demeanor for his peers to see.

And sure enough later that next day a very arrogant, and impatient Lieutenant General showed up with a fist full of invoices, and two armed guards demanding that certain items be loaded on his trucks immediately. Hermann took the invoices, and gave them to his staff with the instructions to pull these items immediately. After sometime 3 of them came back saying that certain items were missing from the inventory.

At that point the General went into a tirade, browbeating Hermann, and accusing him of incompetence, and deliberately trying to hinder the war effort. Rather than listen to anymore of it Hermann clicked his heels together said “Thank you Heir General!”, spun around, and went into his office, slamming the door behind him. He quickly got his ledger out, wrote down the current positions of the mis-stocked items, and called the 3 pickers giving each the proper locations, and ordering them to load these on the trucks then report back.

Immediately upon their leaving the General confident that the plan was going well, burst into the office with the armed guards in tow. First it was threats of the Russian Front, then as he progressed, it moved on to subversive accusations, and was just climaxing in having Hermann lined up, and shot in front of a firing squad when the 3 pickers walked in, and reported that the trucks were fully loaded, and ready for transport.

“What! Said the General in a rage. As he spun around toward the pickers, who all quickly took a step backwards in unison with terrified looks on their faces. But how could...?”

“I know you are in a hurry at the moment General. interrupted Hermann, But, stop by anytime, our door is always open to you.”

At that the General just stood there for a moment with a look of disbelief. The two guards stared coldly at Hermann. They had obviously been sent there with instructions that Hermann was to be arrested.

Then in a flash of wounded ego the General mumbled something unintelligible, and stormed out the door along with his two goons. Hermann could hardly keep from smiling as he for the first time fully realized the mixed feelings of relief, and pleasure that that fox must have felt on the day he had gone after his hide, only to find that the fox had been the smarter of the two.

As this game went on, it became embellished with stories of Hermann's impregnability as it rose through the gossip channels of the ranks. Some even attributed him with precognitive abilities, though that was not true, at any rate this went on for the next two months until Von Viebahn was suddenly removed from command, and the post was left vacant until the promotion of Alfred Jodl.

Perhaps Von Viebahn's superiors saw that in his inability to destroy one Wehrmacht Officer, he had thoroughly proven his own incompetence. Destroyed his own carrier, and in the process made himself a laughing stock, while at the same time making Hermann a folk legend, and to career minded persons, a dangerous piranha to best be left alone.

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Hermann's reputation as someone who would not be easily deceived, subverted from his duties, tricked, or allowed to have his operations sabotaged, had not gone unnoticed by the higher ups involved in UR. This was the man they wanted as Chief of Supply, and Logistics.

## Chapter 2

### The Last Place to Look

UnterReich was a strange place in that unlike all the displays of the false flag tunnels in the surrounding areas. It was a natural cave system that had been discovered when a work crew of Soviet P.O.W's punched through into the natural caverns while digging an exploratory shaft off to one side of tunnel 12. 100 Soviet workers were chosen, including the original work crew to be the first to develop the facility, never to be seen again outside of the confines of UnterReich. By the end of World War II, UR was complete. Underground springs had been tapped to provide water, and power. The larger caverns areas had buildings erected in them. All areas were connected by electric rail travel, and in a manner styled after the Swiss, there was even an underground Air Base some kilometers from the main entrance, containing 2-M-262 jet fighters, 2-JU 88 night fighters, 3-Dornier Do 33513-8 's, and 2-JU 52's converted to look like Dutch KLM Airliners. A country road wrapped around the hill of the hanger, and ran across in front of the rock face. Another slightly wider road branched off in a 90% angle directly in front of the rock face, providing the runway for night flights.

All of this was concealed from the outside world by two massively heavy doors covered on the outside so perfectly that even on close inspection it could not be distinguished from the natural shear rock cliff. A stone sculptor had also carved the large stone plug for the main entrance so expertly that once the massive stone was locked into place not even a seam between the end of the exploratory tunnel, and the plug could be detected.

Of the other doppelganger installations in the area Col. Robert S. Allen would later write in his book Lucky Forward:

*“The underground installations were amazing. They were literally subterranean towns. There were four in and around Ohrdruf: one near the horror camp, one under the Schloss, and two west of the town. Others were reported in near-by villages. None were natural caves or mines. All were man-made military installations. The horror camp had provided the labour. An interesting feature of the construction was the absence of any spoil. It had been carefully scattered in hills miles away.*”



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*The only communication shelter, which is known, is a two floor deep shelter, with the code "AMT 10". Over 50 feet underground, the installations consisted of two and three stories several miles in length and extending like the spokes of a wheel. The entire hull structure was of massive reinforced concrete. Purpose of the installations was to house the High Command after it was bombed out of Berlin. These places also had paneled and carpeted offices, scores of large work and store rooms, tiled bathrooms with bath tubs and showers, flush toilets, electrically equipped kitchens, decorated dining rooms and mess halls, giant refrigerators, extensive sleeping quarters, recreation rooms, separate bars for officers and enlisted personnel, a moving picture theatre, and air-conditioning and sewage systems."*

If you give someone enough places to look, he will eventually grow weary of the quest, and declare according to their ego that there is nothing more to be found. And this is exactly what happened concerning UR. After thorough inspection of the other elaborately furnished underground facilities, Jonastal was declared an unfinished project by the Allied Forces, and the search was over. When in fact UR, was not just an underground city, but an underground Germany. Everything that was above ground in 1945 was likewise below ground to some degree by the spring of 1945.

In time the caves that ran all the way north within less than 1 kilometer of the coast, and snaked its way southeast under the town of Bremen, and beyond, had been fully mapped, and developed into the center piece of the UnterReich complex. Now with the increase of slave labor, and extensive planning UR was nearing completion.

In the great cavern room in the northern district stood the completed Grand Chancellery building that was designed by the Führer himself. A 4 story Gothic structure with, sculptured columns in the likeness of giant Helmeted German SS Infantrymen standing guard as they supported the porches all around. And although the harsh arc lights from the ceiling gave it an eerie appearance it was truly not without its awe.

By the end of 1945 everything had been completed. Living quarters for thousands, a hospital, shopping complexes, schools, entertainment districts, supply depots, an under ground river had been dammed for drinking water, and hydroelectric power. Science labs had been dug out of the limestone, and fully equipped.

Near the coast two subterranean harbors had been built, with two lock entrances leading out into the bay south of Wilhelmshaven. One for submarines, and the other much smaller, for underwater research subs. The whole of UR was truly a surreal piece of engineering marvel, but not without its problems. Although large areas of tunnels had been excavated for the production of vegetables by using artificial lights. Unfortunately it had so far proven to produce little more than a few sprouts, some algae, and a bumper crop of mushrooms. If UR were to have to be suddenly sealed off thousands would be starving in weeks.

Throughout all of the war Günther Reginhard, a simple inventor, and agriculturist had managed, along with his family, to slip through the cracks of Nazi detection by some quirk of nature, and confusion of identity. But that was about to change.

## Chapter 3

### "Arbeit Macht Frei", or not

Günther, and his brother Klaus had both received masters degrees from The Technische Universität. Klaus in Agriculture at Weihenstephan. And Günther from his studies in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at München. Both had returned to the family farm outside of Blankenheim, and set about improving agriculture by experimentation. Günther had gotten married to Kerstin, who bore him a son. Klaus had remained single. In the first years both brothers had worked closely together in their experiments until Klaus was badly injured by an old steam engine the result of which left him with a mangled right arm, and severe brain damage. And although he had recovered physically, he was slow in his speech, and thinking abilities. Able to run the farm, but no longer someone Günther could collaborate with as to any innovative developments. Because of this Günther had slowly withdrawn with his experiments to the old wine cellar beneath the house, where he had become fascinated with growing crops with artificial lighting, and conducting experiments with low band radio frequency applications.

He had become so obsessed with this, that he appeared almost inattentive to anyone who visited the farm. Throughout parts of the day he could be seen setting on the porch staring out into space. At times he would suddenly scribble down some thoughts, or mathematical formulas in the note pad he always kept beside his chair. And because he seemed to be off in another world even as someone was talking to him. It was normal for people to mistake the two, since the two brothers favored each other so much, and the fact that Klaus always concealed his scars with a long sleeved shirt. Thus they often mistook Günther for the one that had had the brain injury years earlier. The Gestapo that had investigated the family had drawn the same conclusions, that neither Klaus, nor Günther were fit for anything but what they were doing. While the success of the farm was assumed to be because of the abilities, and oversight of Kerstin. The son of course in imitation of his father acted as inattentive around strangers, as his father did, and all of this was noted in the Gestapo's reports. Thus no one ever asked them to join, or be a part of anything. They had for all practical purposes, simply fallen through the cracks.

There at the family farm near Blankenheim, because of his obsession with his work the strain on Günther's marriage was beginning to show. Though he had personally taken no notice of the change, in fact he had become even more focused on his work since he had gleaned a measure of success in his artificial lighting experiments in growing zero sunlight crops. By the use of an ordinary light bulb, and the applications of a signal generator he had been able to broadcast a radio signal from the light bulb by using the electrical current as a carrier wave. By varying the cycles per second of electrical current, and the frequency of the signal generator he had managed to produce some type of harmonic resonance that caused certain families of plants to grow at an accelerated rate. He didn't understand it at this point but just observed that it had worked consistently in his lab. He knew that he was on to something, something big. Visualizations of windowless climate controlled buildings employing his system, right in the heart of the cities, where tomato's, berries, and other fresh fruits, and vegetables could be grown, and harvested right where it was needed all swam through his head that night. And the recognition he would receive from the scientific community stroked his ego, as he lay there in bed staring at the ceiling.

It was with great sadness though that he had tried to share this breakthrough with Klaus days earlier, but had realized quickly that Klaus had not grasp an understanding of the workings of the system, and had only commented at the end of Günther's explanation; “ That he saw no point growing food in the cellar when you could grow more outside, and what about the fruit trees, Klaus had said, you can't get a fruit tree in here.”

“You're right.” Günther had said to placate Klaus. Klaus had then smiled, and said;”We always did see eye to eye didn't we brother?”

“Of course.” Günther had said , as he remembered smiling back at Klaus, and suddenly feeling that great sense of loss that he had managed to ignore for so long by keeping his mind on his work. Klaus should have been a part of this but sadly fate had ruled otherwise.

Still Günther simply could not keep this to himself any longer. Since Kerstin had been gracious enough to copy a formalized version of his notes, a few days earlier. He decided that he would send the copy to his old professor at the University of Munich. He felt that he would be one of the few men that would understand the significance of what he had accomplished. And Kerstin could post it when she went shopping in the morning.

The next morning Günther had been up early writing a cover letter for the notes, explaining the break through, he also extended an invitation for the Professor to come, and observe his operation at his earliest convenience.

Later that morning Kerstin had dutifully posted the package like Günther had ask her, and went about her shopping as planned. But in the late spring of 1945 the paranoia of the Gestapo was at its height. So in fear of being wisp away in the night, people were reporting their neighbors, children were spying on their parents, and anything that seemed out of the ordinary was quickly reported to the local Gestapo. Günther's package had been no exception.

Upon inspection of the contents it was judged to be curious in its subject, and something meriting possible further investigation. So the local agent had it sent by messenger to Gestapo (Secret State Police; Office Group IV) where it had landed on the desk of Heinrich Mueller with a letter enclosed recommending that it be re-routed to the Reich Minister for Nutrition and Agriculture: Walther Darr. Mueller was indeed about to routinely send it on when the words artificial lighting on the cover page caught his eye. As he delved into the notes he realized what a stroke of luck this had been, since he alone of all the other top ranking officials of the Gestapo had already been initiated into UR, and named as Chief of Gestapo. He along would have realized the significance of this find for UnterReich.

He immediately called for his car, and that an ME-109 Messerschmitt be fully armed, and readied for him to fly himself to Bremen. He didn't want any questions asked in transit, he would deliver this package personally to the Grand Chancellery at UR.

As he squeezed into the cockpit of the 109 he wrestled in his mind as to what altitude he would choose in his flight to Bremen. It was one of those times when you wanted to be at your destination right then. If he flew at 16,000 ft he could make better time, but then there was the chance that he could run into an American bombing run, and be attacked by Allied fighters. Or because of the low intermittent cloud cover, his own ground batteries could open fire on him because he was too high to identify. Despite the anxiety he felt, he finally decided to fly at 1000 with the engine wide open, and hope for the best.

Everything was going well until just north of Hanover, he popped over a hill, and was fired upon by a startled ground unit. As several rounds hit the fuselage Heinrich went ballistic, dipping the nose of the 109 only long enough to get off a short burst from his 20mm wing cannons. "You stupid swine! You dare to fire on me?" He yelled at them through the closed cockpit, as he pulled the nose of the Messerschmitt skyward, and banked for another run at the gun crew. As he got lined up bringing all guns to bear, the gun crew scattered in all directions. Even so by wagging the rudder pedals wildly he managed to bring down two of them. Then jerked the plane back on course, while vowing to himself to find the others, and have them shot. The rest of the flight was uneventful, and Heinrich made a perfect landing at Bremen.

As he walked to the Air Command Office, he spotted a Gestapo agent standing just ahead of him. He didn't know the agent's name but remembered seeing him on more than one occasion traveling the halls at Group IV. "Come!" He said as he motioned to the man.

"Yes Mein Gruppenführer?" He replied as he almost ran up to Mueller.

"My aircraft was fired upon by a Wehrmacht gun battery just south of here. I could have been killed! Mueller snarled. Find them and have them shot!"

"Yes Mein Gruppenführer." Replied the agent once again.

"But first get me a car, and driver, I have to go buy some fish."

“Yes Mein Gruppenführer.” Replied the agent for the third time as he ran off to find a car.

Heinrich spun around, and looked out across the airfield. “Yes Mein Gruppenführer, Yes Mein Gruppenführer.” He muttered as he stroked his ego for a moment by musing as to whether this idiot would come back with a car, or perhaps a monkey.

Heinrich like most great egotist's had no real friends, only cohorts in crime. He fashioned himself a god not yet acknowledged, but only for lack of opportunity. In his own eyes he was not only smarter, but also better than everyone else, even the Führer. Though he would never dare utter, or even intimate such a thing. Still it was the self-image that he held dear to his heart. To him people were either useful, or they were bugs that could be squashed. And as always seems the case, to those of his peers that held a similar self-image, he, Heinrich Mueller, was just another clown in uniform, a useful clown, even no doubt a dangerous clown, but a clown just the same.

Hermann just happened to be at the sign in desk below the fish cannery in Bremen trying to find out why the shipment of canned Herring he'd requisitioned was being delayed, and was not being sent down on the freight elevator, when Heinrich Mueller stepped out of the V.I.P. Elevator unannounced, and demanded to be taken to the Grand Chancellery immediately.

Ah, another great ego thought Hermann as he reached over the counter, and grabbed the wall phone to inform switching that an express coach would be on its way in short order. It doesn't matter what you are doing, the whole world is suppose to stop whenever one of these self-important jackasses walks up.

Mueller filled out the paper work, then stared at the Wehrmacht uniform that Hermann was wearing for a moment, and then said; “I was fired upon this morning by a Wehrmacht gun battery!”

“Did they hit you?” Ask Hermann.

“No but I could have been hit!” Barked Mueller.

“Ah well.” said Hermann as he grinned slightly, then looked away. He had left his response open as to its meaning, and he could see in his peripheral vision the Mueller was having a problem with it. He loved to mess with these Nazi's. Any conundrum that he could produce in the Nazi mind was considered great sport. Hermann could see that Mueller was now starring a hole through him, so he turned his head back looked Mueller in the eyes, raised his eyebrows, and grinned. At this Mueller paused a second then burst out laughing.

“You toy with me. You had an answer for either way!”

Damn, thought Hermann, this Nazi is smarter than I thought, as he slightly nodded his head in the affirmative smiled, and then looked away again.

At that Mueller turned, and entered the coach car, and closed the door. Then lowered the window and said; “What would you have answered if my response had been negative Hermann Bruder?”

“I would have said, Ah well, you must be blessed as us Wehrmacht men never miss what we are shooting at.”

Mueller burst out laughing again, then said; “Good answer, good answer. We must do this again sometime. You are truly the fox aren't you?”

Hermann signaled the engineer, and the train pulled away. While also noting that Mueller had called him by name.

As Mueller road to the Chancellery he stroked his ego again as one might stroke a favorite cat to induce a purr. I am blessed thought Mueller, that gun battery could not have hit me no matter how good they were.

Later while setting in the hall waiting to be called in to the Council Chamber to discuss The Reginhard Papers, Mueller was approached by a Lieutenant with papers of his own. “Heir Gruppenführer, the men that fired on you have been found, and detained for execution, but we need your signature on these death warrants before sentence can be carried out.”



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Mueller reached up, and took the Warrants in hand. "Are all the men alive?" Asked Mueller.

"Two are badly wounded, but the rest are in good health" Replied the Lieutenant.

"And the two that were wounded are they expected to recover?"

"The medical report that I read indicated that they would recover to some extent, it stated that the injuries were not life threatening."

At that Mueller tore the Death Warrant's in half, and handed them back to the Lieutenant. "Have all of them moderately disciplined, and returned to service, and the wounded as they become able."

"As you wish Mein Gruppenführer." Said the Lieutenant as he spun on his heels, and made a hasty retreat.

"They could not have hit me anyway!" Boasted Mueller as he whispered to himself, For I am a blessed man."

## Chapter 4

### **Pulling The Rabbit 'Into' The Hat**

The fully loaded river barge cast off from the Hamburg wharf, and plied out into the waters of the River Elbe bound for UR's entrance south of Wilhelmshaven. In command of the barge was Lieutenant Erwin Bartke the former Commander of U-488.

By the time he had exited the Elbe River estuary, and headed for Helogland Island, he could see that he was being tailed a mile distant by the yacht Carin II. On signal he would begin his first phase of maneuvers code named Täuschung.

On board the Carin II Captian Leo Wolfbauer, matched the heading, and speed of the barge then went to the bow to join Christian A. Scholz, who was watching the barges progress through his field glasses. "Fahrbereit." Said Wolfbauer, as he raised the flare gun to fire. "Lose." Ordered Sholtz.

As the green flare launched into the afternoon sky, Lieutenant Bartke spun the wheel full to port, and sounded the alarm, then scrambled down into the sub, and closed the hatch. Below deck Bartke gave orders to hold the turn, while he slide into the forward chair, and blew the port ballast tanks. "I'll take her now." Said Bartke to the sailor seated behind him. The barge listed over on her side, and began taking on water. Bartke then gave the order to blow the starboard tanks as well, and she leveled herself for a moment then went straight down.

Both men on board the Carin II had watched as one of the hinged hatch covers over the cargo hold had ridden up like the hood on a car as she listed, while torrents of water had swirled in from both sides. As soon as she had cleared the surface Wolfbauer clicked his stopwatch, "Two minutes thirteen seconds."

"Perfect. Remarked Scholz, Any Allied ships that would approach her after the war, would simply assume that she had been carrying contraband, and in a hasty attempt to get to land she had floundered, and sunk with all hands.

“Let's check to see if the floatsom was deployed properly.” Said Wolfbauer. Scholz walked back to the wheelhouse to throttle back the engines, so they could inspect the debris. While Wolfbauer dropped a hydrophone off the bow, and put on the headphones. He could clearly hear the recording of what sounded like a small craft breaking up, and hitting bottom. Then came the three test tones that signaled them that Lieutenant Bartke was now proceeding on to UnterReich.

The Seehund barge was a remarkable vessel, it had had its nose extended to run the full length of the barge, and had then been literally melded halfway into the the bottom hull of the barge. The result was an extremely strong, and rugged submersible river barge that was totally believable on the surface. In the sealed nose compartment sat the navigator, with plexiglass viewing port that aided navigation in the Jadebusen trench, as well as the entrance to UnterReichaven. Behind him, and all the way to the pilots compartment were rows of batteries, and added lead ballast. Further aft were two inline 20 hp. diesel engines, and a single electric motor. The hangers that had before been fitted with torpedo's were also extended, and used now to hold the torpedo like cylinders in which each held a ballast tank, compressed air cylinders, batteries, and electric motor driven props both starboard, and port. In the nose of each was a single side thruster operated by the navigator. Along the bottom of the barges hull were several shielded automatic ball valves, that were used to aid in scuttling the vessel in case it became necessary to crash dive when empty. The whole submersible weighed in at 37 tons empty, and could handle a 20 ton payload. She along with her sister barge would be the cargo lifelines to the immediate outside world after the war.

## Chapter 5

### The Flight of the Night Dragon

Günther sat on the front porch developing an outline of the presentation that he would give to the Professor should he be able to visit, and view his experiment. It had to be concise, and not rambling. He had finished a quick run through presentation that would be given first. Now he would have to develop a manual of the step by step procedures along with a detailed explanation on each step. Then he suddenly realized that the notes from the failed experiments would also have to be compiled, and cataloged for easy access in case the Professor suggested other applications that had already been tried.

Perhaps he had been too hasty in revealing his discovery so soon. The last thing that he needed was to find himself nervously shuffling around through loose papers like some school boy trying to find proof as to why a certain suggestion, had already been tried, and proven to be ineffective.

What if the Professor were to show up tomorrow? Thought Günther as he gazed out across the picturesque landscape of fields, and hedgerows at dusk, perceiving none of it, until the form of the Ju-88 slowly lumbered across his field of vision. Only then did he realize that the rest of the family was standing beside him on the porch.

“I wonder what it means?” Asked Kerstin.

“It's because they don't know where to go I think. That happens to me sometimes.” Said Klaus

“No,” Said Günther, I think maybe they might have mechanical trouble.”

On the next pass around the house the Ju-88 came in low, and slow over the trees, and landed in the pasture directly in front of them. At the same time a Gestapo Staff car came racing down the driveway, and came to a screeching halt. Out stepped Heinrich Mueller along with two SS Storm Troopers, and Christian Scholz.

“Where is Günther Reginhard?” Demanded Mueller.

“I am Günther Reginhard, and what is this all about?”

“This woman, and child, are they Kerstin, and Wilhelm Reginhard?” Inquired Mueller.

“Well, yes, but why are you here?” Pleaded Günther.

“Take them to the aircraft!” Said Mueller as he motioned to one of the SS men, and then looked at Scholz.

“What are you doing?” Cried Kerstin as she pulled herself back defensively holding Wilhelm close to her side.

“Come along Frau Reginhard, neither you nor your child will be harmed.” Said Scholz consolingly.

“Where are you taking my family?” Demanded Günther in a stern voice, as he watched them walk toward the plane.

By now the interior of the plane was lit. The belly gunner's door had been opened, and a ladder extended. The bomber's bay doors were open and several crew members had winched down a platform with some empty wooden boxes on it.

“Where are you taking them!” Demanded Günther again.

“No where that you yourself are not going also Heir Reginhard I assure you. Now take us to the cellar.”

Klaus had said nothing all this time, but had followed them along to the cellar where he sat down on a bench against the wall, and rocked back, and forth wringing his hands as they loaded Günther's equipment, and papers into the boxes.

“Please don't be mad at Günther. Pleaded Klaus, he didn't know it was wrong to grow things underground!, Tell them you are sorry Günther!. Tell them you won't do it again! I knew it wasn't right, and I should have stopped you. Oh god this is all my fault!”

“Shut up!” Snarled Mueller.

Günther wanted to go over, and console his brother, and try to calm him down, but knew that this would never be allowed. Tears welled up in his eyes as Klaus began hitting the back of his head against the wall as his rocking became more, and more violent.

“Stop that Klaus you will hurt yourself!”

Klaus stopped the rocking but began shaking his head from side to side as tears ran down his cheeks.

“He didn't know it was wrong!” Repeated Klaus over, and over again in a low voice, as he cried his heart out.

Mueller spun around, and grabbed Günther by the lapels of his jacket, and shook him. “Get your brother out of here right this moment, or I will shoot him right where he sits!”

Günther went over, and helped Klaus up from the bench, took him out to the front porch, and sat him down in his chair. “See, Klaus said Günther, now this is your chair.”

“But where will you sit?” Asked Klaus.

“I have to go away Klaus, I wont need a chair.”

“Are you coming back?” Asked Klaus hopefully.

“I shall try with everything I have Klaus.”

After he had calmed Klaus, Günther went back into the house, and gathered some of Kerstin's jewelry, and other things, as well as his own, and Wilhelm's into the one empty box that had, he assumed, been left there for that purpose. Just then he heard the heavy stomping of the Nazi's as they came up the stairs out of the cellar with the other five boxes. The last to come up was Mueller. He had found a burlap sack, and loaded it with a variety of vegetables from Günther's crop. As he chomped on one of Günther's tomato's he dragged the heavy sack over to the door, and hollered for Scholz to place the sack in the boot of the car.

“These tomato's are really good Heir Reginhard, what variety are they?”

“An American variety, Said Günther, they are called Rudgers.”

“Ah Rudgers, perhaps developed at the American University Rudgers?”

“I wouldn't know.” Said Günther in an irritated tone.

“No matter, said Mueller as he took one last bite, and threw the rest out the open door into the yard, come, it is time for you to go.”

Mueller then walked out into the light of the staff cars headlamps, made a circular motion in the air with his index finger, and immediately the engines of the plane began whirling to life.

Günther grabbed the box from the floor, then went out, and said one last goodbye to Klaus before he was escorted to the plane by one of the SS men.

Mueller, along with the rest stood, and watched until the plane was out of sight, then Mueller turned, and nodded at one of the SS men, while everyone else got into the car. The soldier chambered a round in his machine gun, and sprayed the porch where Klaus sat crying. As Klaus wrenched with pain, and slumped over in the chair he managed with his last breath, one last utterance; “Oh god, this is all my fault.”

## Chapter 6

### The Irreverent Express

Hermann had been ordered to UR South to escort some unknown V.I.P.'s back to UR Central on the Uberzug Express. A 100 mph express train that ran from UR Central to UR South at Jonastal non-stop. Hermann hated to ride this thing, for two reasons. One it was too damned fast for his liking. And second the way the tunnels were made, caused the ride to be jerky. When it was first built it was found that it could only reach speeds of a little over 50 mph. The reason for this was that the train was acting like a piston in the tunnels, as it was trying to push the air ahead of it, and at the same time created a vacuum behind it that was holding it back. This extra load not only slowed its progress, but was causing the electric motors to overheat. So, some pencil pusher somewhere at Central Headquarters came up with the idea of digging exhaust chambers parallel to the tunnel at even intervals that would work much like the gas-trap of a gas operated firearm. This worked to solve the speed, and overheating problems, but made the ride jerky, because every time you exited one gas-trap there was a momentary buildup of pressure before you entered the next. This was tolerable on the first trip, but if you were scheduled to make a quick return trip by the time you got back you would have such a backache that you would be ready to go up to The Central Headquarter Building, and hurt somebody.

The Uberzug was ready, the vent filters on the coaches had been cleaned, and the windshields were replaced on both front, and rear engines. All the coach widows remained frosted from the sand blasting they received from all the soil that was whipped up in the tunnels as this thing rocketed through every trip. Hermann had been assigned to take an armed security detachment south with him, so he put them in the recreation coach where they would have a table to play cards, drink beer, and tell lies about their love life. Then he walked past his coach, signaled the engineer, and stepped into the executive coach, and closed the door, seated himself, took a glass from the holder on the bar, and poured himself a glass of scotch.



At Jonastal the Ju-88 that was carrying the Reginhard's was nearing its destination. The pilot, and co-pilot put on their infrared goggles, and began scanning the ground trying to find the UR Airbase. "Da!" Said the co-pilot as he pointed out the cockpit window to the 2 O'clock position. The pilot banked the plane to starboard, then checked his compass as he passed over the marker. Cut his engines back, he called for full flaps, and activated the rear infrared beacon that would send a coded message to the air controller's that they would be landing. He then came to a heading of 158 degrees for a duration of 5 minutes.

The rear facing belly gunner put on his goggles and peered out into the darkness then reported to the pilot that the cliff face was lit. What he was seeing was a cross high up on the cliff like a religious cross that marked the center of the hanger doors. A little above it, and to the right were two circles of infrared lights, the outer one was fully lit, while the inner circle would have only one lamp lit at a time. Off this the gunner could read the wind direction, then look above at a horizontal row of lights, and count the knots by how many were lit. All this was then reported to the pilot, and navigator. After 5 minutes the pilot turned back to a heading of 338 degrees for final approach. Spotters would open viewing ports on 3 sides of the hill, and check for any sign of ground traffic in the area, if it was clear, the hanger lights were turned off, and the hanger doors were opened which revealed 2 light arrays much like those on the British, and American Aircraft Carrier's except in infrared with a different configuration, one on either side of the doors.

As the Ju-88 descended on the flight path the pilot switched on the 3 powerful black lights that were mounted under the belly, and wings of the aircraft which lit up the otherwise invisible fluorescent paint on the road below. 2 orange stripes marking the outer edges of the runway, and one green marking the middle. It was an ingenious system where even a tail dragger could watch for the cross to go out, and know when to stop even in total darkness.

Hermann was standing in the hanger when the lights came back on. He watched as a General, and a Colonel that he didn't recognize approached the plane, while the goon squad encircled the aircraft. He soon lost interest in the goings on, and began to walk around the hanger viewing the different airplanes hanging from the walls like so many bats, when a mechanic walked up beside him.

“Heir Colonel, may I help you with something? He said, as he dutifully wiped his hands on a grease rag.

“It's Hermann, and all this wasn't here the last time I was here.” Said Hermann as he extended his hand in friendship.

“I'm Hans, pleased to meet you, no this is a resent development. Before we could hold only 9 planes, and that was a tight fit. If you have a moment I can show you how it all works?”

“Sure.” Said Hermann as he followed Hans over to a Dornier that he was servicing.

“This is very simple really, as you can see, Hans explained, the plane sets up on two rail trucks the rear tail wheel, and tire, are lashed to the rear truck, and the same is done to the planes front wheels, and tires. Once this is done the trucks are locked on to a cable recessed into the floor, much like a San Francisco cable car. When the cable is activated the rail trucks follow the large upward radius of the track, and then up the wall. And because these rails on the flat are recessed once the planes are up we have plenty of free floor space again.”

“Fascinating, Hermann smiled as he looked all around the walls, I don't believe that I have ever seen a vertical air base before.”

Back at the Uberzug platform the goons led the Reginhard's to their coach, and locked them in. Then retired to the recreation coach. The General, and Colonel stood by their coach waiting for someone to open the door for them. So Hermann walked over, and obliged them. As soon as the General walked in he spotted the empty glass sitting on the counter.

“Someone has been in here! Roared the General, And look they left this filthy glass setting on my counter.”

“I'm sure it's not filthy Heir General. I'm sure the alcohol has killed all the germs. Said Hermann as he picked up the glass drank the last few drops from the bottom, and then hammered it back onto the counter. You see Heir General, I am the Uberzug's Official Wine Taster!”

“Wine! This is not wine you idiot this is twelve year old scotch!”

“Oh, my mistake.” Said Hermann as he backed out the door onto the platform, clicked his heels together, came to attention, gave a Wehrmacht salute and said; “Very well then, carry on Heir General!” Then slammed the door, signaled the engineer, and rushing to his private coach.

“How dare that insolent son of a bitch give me leave to carry on!” Growled the General.

“Leave him alone Siegfried.” Said the Colonel as he spoke very slowly with a warning tone.

“Well who the hell does he think he is coming in here drinking up this liquor, and then talking to me like that?”

“He thinks he's Hermann Bruder, that's who he thinks he is.”

“The Hermann Bruder? The one that caused old Von Viebahn to get the boot?” Inquired the General with an excited look on his face.

“The very same.” Said the Colonel.

The General quickly opened the bottle of Scotch poured some into the glass that Hermann had drank out of, took a sip, and smiled as he held the glass out toward the Colonel, and with his index finger pointing at him he said; ”I shall tell my wife tonight that I met, The Hermann Bruder today, and that we even drank from the same glass.”

## Chapter 7

### He was a Class Act

Hitlers two doppelgangers had been transferred to Berlin. One was inferior, too tall, and too thin to really fool anyone up close. But the other was perfect, well except for his ear lobes, but perfect enough that he had to be given a tattoo on his left lower neck just below his collar in order to distinguish him from the real Führer. A one Alexander P. Gulbrandr was his name.

A little known actor from Trondheim Norway. Who mostly supported himself by working as an usher at the Kosmorama Motion Picture Theater, where he would often sneak on stage behind the motion picture screen, and mimic the famous actors gestures, voice, and body movements while he watched them playing out their roles from the reverse side of the silver screen. He had become so good at this that he often preformed at the Trøndelag Theater under the direction of Henry Gleditsch. Then after the Nazi's came to power in Norway, and propaganda films started to be shown at the theater Gulbrandr began to mimic Hitler as well. In fact he looked so much like Hitler that they could have been twins. Except that Gulbrandr kept his hair much longer, and had no mustache, but both men were similar in height and build.

Henry Gleditsch had no love for Hitler, and had expressed it openly on various occasions even against the advice of friends. One night when Gulbrandr came into his office late too collect his pay for the nights performance, Henry, made the angry comment that he reminded him so much of Hitler that he felt like shooting him.

Gulbrandr seized the moment to go into character. Raising his left elbow, and placing his index finger under his nose to signify a mustache Gulbrandr went into a tirade.

“You dare to talk to me like that, when I have taken time out from running the greatest empire that man has ever known, to come here, and work in your petty little theater, and this is the thanks I get!!! Said Gulbrandr as he swagged around in front of Gleditsch stomping his foot from time to time.

“And I tell you something else Gleditsch! If you shoot me, I will have you shot!!! Gulbrandr then calmly leaned over the desk, and supporting his weight on his two fists, looking down at the desk he shook his head from side to side slowly, and said softly; “You know, the only one who understands me is my little dog Blondi. Smiling as he stood up staring down at Gleditsch, and again holding his finger under his nose, while his face slowly turned to rage. But if he ever stops understanding me I will have him shot I tell you!!! Shot!!!”

Gleditsch roared with laughter, and stood up applauding. Gleditsch that night payed him double once for his performance on stage, and once for his performance in the office.

After that Gleditsch would dress Gulbrandr up with uniform, riding whip, and mustache, then have him suddenly appear at his private parties. Where he would rant, and rave about everything, while generally playing Hitler as a fool.

Gulbrandr's performances for Henry Gleditsch had not gone on without the Gestapo noticing. And had it not been for the amazing quality, and likeness to Hitler, Alexander Gulbrandr would have been executed right along with Gleditsch on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October 1942. As it seemed to family, and friends, Gulbrandr had just simply disappeared, and they presumed because he had looked so much like Hitler, that he had simply been executed in private.

But in fact Gulbrandr had been given a deal, he could either continue to play Hitler, or he could be tortured, and then hanged. In time Gulbrandr had gone on to make many public appearances in behalf of Hitler, and even manuscript speeches before large crowds, and no one had been the wiser. It was the haggard, and drugged out Gulbrandr that preformed for those in the last days at the Führer Bunker. It had been Gulbrandr that married Eva Braun. And it was Gulbrandr that had been suicided by Martin Bormann despite constant assurances that they both would be escaping the Führer Bunker through underground tunnels at the last moment. As it turned out, Alexander Gulbrandr's last performance may have in fact been his best.

Nine days earlier amid much pomp, and ceremony of that April 20, 1945, Hitler had celebrated his 56th birthday at UnterReich. He had had himself paraded around with the Leibstandarte SS leading the way in the usual manner throughout all the main streets of UR's Government, and Commercial Districts to the cheers of thousands. Then that afternoon all the heads of the Parties Districts, and Systems Commanders, were gathered on the North Lawn of The Grand Chancellery for a Victory Speech given by the Führer from the third floor balcony of his apartment. He had appeared on the balcony waving a large sword in the air for all to see, and declared it to be The Holy Sword of Gram (wrath). The very same sword of Norse mythology that Sigurd had used to kill the Dragon Fafnir. The same sword that now, in his hands, would be wielded against all enemies of the Third Reich. He had concluded by saying; "It is our wish, and will, that this State, and this Reich, shall endure in the millenniums to come! We can be happy in the knowledge that this future belongs to us completely! We do not want this nation to become soft! Instead, it should be hard, and you will have to harden yourselves! You must learn to accept deprivations without ever giving in! Regardless of whatever we create, and do, but in you, Germany will live on!!!"

Upon that ending the crowd had shouted in unison, Heil Hitler!

## Chapter 8

### When the Other Shoe Falls

The Reginhard's had been settled into their bungalow, if you can call a three bedroom cave a house. Günther had been assigned a position as head Project Leader for the Agriculture District, Kerstin was to report to work as a hostess at The Residenz-Kasino, in the Commercial District the next day, and Wilhelm was off at The Hitler Youth Academy when the fight continued.

“Now you see what you have brought us to Günther! Complained Kerstin. I am a prisoner in this hole in the ground because of you.” She sobbed, I hate you!”

“Why do you blame me Kerstin, I had no way of knowing this would happen.”

“Because if it wasn't for you, and your damned experiments we wouldn't be here! Chided Kerstin. I should have left you long ago!”

“Same here!” Said Günther in his anger as he walked out, and slammed the door.

Günther needed time to think, so he caught the first tram that he saw, and just rode for a while until he found himself in the Commercial District. As the tram passed a place called the Bavarian Garden Günther reached up, and pulled the cable, and the tram came to a stop. Inside he went to a dimly lit table in the corner, and sat down. A very large breasted Kellnerin came over, and bent forward placing them on display for him. Günther hardly noticed as she took his order, then returned with a large pitcher of beer. A tall thin gentleman in civilian clothes came over to the table.

“Pardon me for intruding but you must be Günther Reginhard am I correct?”

“Why yes,” said Günther a little bit startled, “how is it you know my name?”

“Allow me to first introduce myself. I am Fritz Haydn, Project Leader for the Underwater Research Section, and I guessed that you were Günther Reginhard from what your lapel pin told me.”

“My lapel pin?” Said Günther as he lifted it up, and stared down at it.

“Yes, may I sit down?”

“Yes of course.” Said Günther.

“You see there are four different colored backgrounds in each quadrant of the swastika. The first indicates your blood lines. In your case you are pure Aryan, so the background is gold.”

“And if it were less?” Inquired Günther.

“From full down to one half it would be tan, and from half down to one quarter, it would be brown. Moving counter clockwise the next section which is black, indicates that you are not a member of the Party. In the third quadrant the blue tells me you are of the scientific research section. This is where you work, and this is where you are housed. The next, is green so that is agriculture, and the fact that you have a diamond embedded in the center of that section indicated to me that you must be Günther Reginhard the new project leader for that section. Plus, the fact that you are wearing your pin upside down. Smiled Fritz. Didn't you read your pocket manual that they gave you?”

“I haven't read anything in the last two days.” Explained Günther as he took the lapel pin loose, turned it upright and reattached it. “My wife, and I have been at odds, and I haven't even been out of the house until now.”

“Two days, you mean you haven't even been to your department?” Replied Fritz with a scared look in his eyes.

“No.” Said Günther as if he could care less.



“You should care friend, because your paperwork is piling up. And if you do not have it turned in to Central Records by in the morning, they will come for you. Warned Fritz. Come, you can not let that happen, we must go now to your section office, I will help you get caught up.”

As they stepped from the tram onto the sidewalk in front of the green door of Günther's Agricultural Research Lab, Fritz hurried over, and tried the door. It was locked. Fritz looked up the street, and caught sight of a sentry standing on the corner watching them. Fritz whistled, and then motioned for him to come to them. The sentry turned, and lumbered down the street toward them brandishing an apple that he had previously kept hidden, and with a mouth full said; ”What?”

“Heir Reginhard has inadvertently left his keys behind, and we need to get into his office.”

The sentry glanced at both lapel badges, and then opened the door for them.

Inside Günther explored the lab. There were six 50 ft. parallel tunnels in the rear with tray after tray of seedling sprouts along one side of each of them. Each tunnel had a signal generator in front of it, and a long row of lights strung above the plants.

“How did all of this get done?” Asked Günther.

“By your lab technicians I would suspect. Offered Fritz, And lucky for you I would think, otherwise you might be residing at rivers end like your predecessor.”

“What is rivers end?” Inquired Günther.

“Rivers end is the whirlpool where all of the organic refuse is disposed of at UR Central.” Said Fritz in a matter of fact tone.

Günther walked over to the desk that stood off a ways in one corner, and picked up a book that lay on the corner. The cover read, The Reginhard Project. “These are my notes, said Günther as he thumbed through the pages, and they have all been bound into a book.”

“Of course, said Fritz, I received a revised volume of your work this afternoon, as did all of the project leaders.”

“A revised volume?”

“Exactly, your complete work as well as commentary on modulated frequencies, and possible harmonic applications in other fields. You see Günther, we here in the research sector are like a collective mind in that we share, and research each others innovations. Come Günther let's have a look at your offices, and your piles of paperwork.”

As they walked into the outer office Fritz walked over to the desk, and quickly opened, and closed a few drawers, then remarked; “There are no personal items here. You need to requisition a secretary there is the so called secretary, and the real secretary. Said Fritz as he opened a door to the left behind the desk, it contained a toilet, washbasin, and a cot. Are you faithful to you wife Günther?”

“Why yes, said Günther rather defensively, I always have been.”

Fritz walked over to a file cabinet, and jerked out a blank requisition form and showed it to Günther.

“Fine, strike out where it says farm equipment, and type in extremely experienced secretary, that way they will send you a fat old grandmother with a face like Mussolini.”

Günther laughed as he opened the door to his inner office. There lay two stacks of papers with a ring of keys setting between them.

The two men worked late into the night, and completed the paperwork. Fritz bade Günther goodbye around 2 am, then both went home to get some rest.

## Chapter 9

### Where Angel's Cry

Rudolph Binus, lay stretched out on his cotton mat in Unterjochung sector 23. Rudolph, along with the rest of the slave laborers of UR was considered as one of the Sprechentiere. But because he had scored very high in mechanical abilities on his IQ Test, he was given a technical designation, and assigned to the research sector. In the Nazi mind he as a Russian Jew was the lowest form of speaking animal on earth. But on the other hand the efficiency of the Nazi mind dictated that he was intelligent enough to be of use. Through this conundrum of the Aryan psyche Rudy had been able to fair rather well. Though God forbid that he ever get sickly, or crippled.

Unlike the majority of Sprechentiere who lived in huge dormitories, and were treated more like cattle than human beings. Rudy had been provided a spacious cell, equipped with table, and chair, a sink with mirror, a flush toilet, a wardrobe for his uniform coveralls etc., a small cabinet near the table, and of course his mat. In turn Rudy felt that he was being blessed, but not from the Nazi's, someone much greater.

Rudy sat up on the mat, and rubbed his eyes as he heard the loud speaker blasting the wake up call in the corridor outside. He peered at the glass port in the solid metal door trying to adjust his eyes a little before the lights came on in his cell, then closed them again. As they came on he got up, and got dressed, went to the cabinet, and got out his tin cup, and plate, a tin of coffee that he had bartered for, and his water heating flask that he had fashioned by removing the guts from a light bulb, and then twisted some stiff wire around the treads to make a handle. He then went over to the toilet, wrapped several turns of toilet paper around his palm, then folded it back on to itself much like one would knot a pair of clean socks, placed the the lose ends down on the metal plate. He took the plate over to the sink, unscrewed the light bulb above the mirror, grabbed a piece of steel wool that he kept there for cleaning dishes, and jammed it into the light socket.

As the momentary surge of current shocked him he jerked the red hot fibers of the steel wool out, and touched it to the toilet paper on the plate. After blowing on it for a few seconds the paper became lit with small blue flames all around. Then it was a simple task of filling the light bulb with some coffee, and water, then boiling it. He then went back, took the metal strainer that he had made from some wire mesh that he had found, and placed it over his cup to catch the coffee grounds, then poured in the coffee.

After dumping, and flushing the ashes, cleaning the plate, and trudging down the corridor to the mess wagon parked at end, to collect his portion of tasteless Muesli, he spent sometime in prayer before he had to be loaded into the boxcar and taken to work.

Günther went in to work early that morning to make sure all the paper work from the night before would get delivered to Central Records on time. As he stepped from the tram he noticed that the door was ajar. On entering the hallway he was met by a rather plump SS Sergeant.

“Guten Morgan, He said as he squinted to see Günther's lapel badge, errr, Heir Reginhard! I am Sergeant Bamber Faultier your security guard in charge of the laborer's. Have no fear Heir Projektleiter while I am around you are as safe as a babe in its mother's arms.” Assured Bamber as he patted the Luger strapped around his bulging waist.

“Yes, said Günther as he tried to produce a comforted look in return. Can you help me to get a courier down here, I need to rush some papers to Central Records this morning.”

“Glad to help.” Said Bamber as he turned, and rushed down the hallway ahead of him. Günther followed along behind having to take half steps periodically to keep for overtaking him.

A few minutes later the courier arrived, and Günther gave him the papers for Central Records, as well as the requisition form for a secretary to be delivered to the Personnel Department. Shortly after that the laborer's arrived, and Günther stepped out of his office to inspect the motley group.

After Bamber completed the roll call, Günther addressed them as to what work they would be involved in while working there. He informed them, that each of them would be assessed individually, and one supervisor would be chosen from the seven. He also thanked them for going ahead, and getting the project started in his absence.

At that one of the men stepped forward and said; "I was pleased to take charge and begin the wor....."

"You shut your mouth, and get back in line you worthless dog!! Screamed Bamber. You did no such thing! Do you forget that I was here the whole time? It was, errr, Bamber paused as he searched the roll call sheet for the right name then pointed to the third man in line, this man Binus is the one that did all the work while every last one of you sat on your asses!!!"

Günther pointed to Rudy, and said; "Binus, you come with me. As for the rest of you clean this place up, look at this soil all over the floor, it's filthy, and I want that Lab Room cleaned, the microscope, the centrifuge, everything."

"All right what are you waiting for? Barked Bamber, Get to work, and today I'd better see nothing but assholes, and elbows when I look at you!"

Günther took Binus into the office, and offered him a chair, as he sat down behind his desk. After reading through his folder Günther said; "Rudolph, and what do you like to be call Rudolph?"

"Well they call me No.3 here."

"No, no, I am not going to call my new Lab Supervisor No.3. Let me reword it. What do you like to be called?"

“Well they use to call me Rudy, but there might be trouble here if I'm called that.”

“Let me worry about that. Said Günther. It says here that you have an IQ of 138, and it shows. Tell me how did you manage to hook up the signal generator's to the AC current with out burning them out, it wasn't in the book?”

“Well, I knew better than to hook it straight, so I found some diodes, hooked them in, along with some capacitors to the leads, then I prayed that it be right, and switched it on.”

“Exactly what I did the first time. Said Günther with a smile. Alright it will be Rudy in private, and No.3 everywhere else. Agreed?”

“Agreed.” Said Rudy.

“Alright, go out there, and supervise something.”

Just then there was a knock on the door. Rudy opened the door, and stepped aside. An elderly lady stepped into the office. “Excuse me, she said, I believe that I am to be your new Secretary.”

“Yes, of course, I am Günther Reginhard, and I would like you to meet my new Lab Supervisor No.3.”

She smiled, and said; “I am Amalia Ellrodt, as she curtseyed, Pleased to meet you Heir Reginhard. She then half turned ,and looked No.3 up, and down, shifted her weight away from him as if she had suddenly felt that she might somehow be contaminated by him, and choked out, 3.”

“Frau.” Said Rudy as he left the room.

“Well that was quick. Said Günther. I just sent the request in this morning.”

“Oh Heir Reginhard, I have been setting down at the Personnel Department everyday for the last three weeks trying to get a secretarial position. They were talking about sending me to work as a dishwasher at one of the clubs in the Commercial District, and I just can't stand on my feet all day like that.”

A few days later Günther, Rudy, and worker No.7 were in the Lab alone with the door closed working when Rudy asked No.7 to lift a crate up off the floor, and set it on the table for him. “Pick it up yourself, Nazi lover.” No.7 spat back.

Günther walked over, and pointed at his lapel pin. “Do you know how to read this?”

“Yes.” Said No.7

“Do you see that I have only black in that section?”

“Yes, but you are here working with them. Said No.7 it's the same thing.”

“You listen to me you know it all bastard! Günther shot back. I along with my family was snatched up from my farmhouse in the night! The only possessions that I was allowed to take was one wooden crate just like that one on the floor there! Three peoples belongings in one small box, then we were forced away on a plane, and brought here to this damned place! So don't you even insinuate that I'm a Nazi, because I don't want to be here anymore than you do, and as far as Rudy is concerned he works for me! You work for him, and we all work for them, but that's where it ends!!!”

No.7 picked the crate up off the floor, and sat it on the table, then walked to the door, partly turned back, and said; “Sorry.”

In the days after that the workers seemed to respond better to instructions from both Günther, and Rudy. Some even seemed to take some pride in their work. Things were better.

## Chapter 10

### Trying To See To The Top

On the fourth floor of the Grand Chancellery the laying down of plans for the Neue Ordnung was taking place. Adolf Hitler sat at the head of the table projecting a very pleasant look for all in attendance. Seated around the table with new titles were from right to left were. WeltgruppenFührer-SS Hans Kammler, WeltGrossadmiral Günther Prien, World Chief of Operations Intelligence-SS Heinrich Mueller, WeltReichsFührer-SS Karl August Hanke, and World Political Psychologist-SS Dr. Erich R. Jaensch.

“So gentlemen, said Hitler, we have learned a very hard lesson, but remain undefeated to profit from it. While we focused on the political entities, the corporate entities sold us out.”

“It's true, said Hanke, not one of their factories on German soil was ever bombed by the Allies.”

“Our misfortune gentlemen is in our overlooking the strength of the Aryan blood that remains in these Englanders, and the American's. Jaensch pointed out. Though they have become weakened by their mixed breeding, in the end the Aryan blood overcame this instability, and proved to be a force to be reckoned with.”

“Why didn't you see this before now Jaensch?” Said Kammler.

“How could I, it was hidden in the depths of their S-Type personally. Countered Jaensch, And until it rose to the surface it was undetectable, I believe that we can all agree that it took years for it to become manifest.”

“Except.” Said Hitler.

“Except in their corporate world.” Said Mueller.

“Exactly, said Hitler with some exuberance, there is the niche where the strength whether from blood although mixed, as Jaensch thinks, or from some other source has remained dominant.”



“They tell the world, do as you will, but don't harm us, and it is done just so.” Said Prien

“Not exactly. Exclaimed Hitler. I tell you this! There is more to this than just the corporations, I can sense it in my very blood! There has to be a secret group, with a single person above that group, just as we see among us here, someone that dictates to the world what will be, and what will not be. I tell you, said Hitler as he brought his fist down on the table, until we uncover this person's identity, and are able to depose him, we are only battling pawns! But, said Hitler as he raised his arms wide, and looked around the table, you are right! The corporations are the favored mistress, and they are the starting point that can lead us to the source.”

“I feel as if my eyes have been opened. Replied Hanke, This is where the power reigns from, not the governments.”

“We need to know everything we can about the corporate world, key players, CEO's, corporate histories, blood lines of executives, where the sub-ruling class meets, how they conduct business, and how to manipulate our way into their ranks.” Insisted Kammler.

“There is Aryan blood in these corporate ranks, and in view of this new revelation, I would recommend that I begin research immediately on UR subjects that are proven to have even one quarter Aryan blood lines for consideration as potential J-Type subjects. As potential J-Type Allies! Resounded Jaensch. I will begin researching ways to test the strength, and methods of resurrecting this Aryan strength in each category, but I will need test subjects right away.”

“Very well, everyone should look into this, then write it up in your proposals, and recommendations, and we will review all this at our next meeting.” Said Hitler.

## Chapter 11

### A Good Fox Scouts His Territory

Hermann, stepped from his office coach at UnterReich Harbor with the two invoices in question, and made his way over to the engineering office in the dry dock area. Where he met a very angry Kriegsmarine engineer. “You sent me the wrong parts! Said the Kapituleutnant as he waved the requisitions in Hermann's face.

“Let me see those. Said Hermann. He studied the invoices against the requisitions then said, So what's the problem?”

“What's the problem? Snapped the Kapituleutnant as he stepped around beside Hermann, and said, Can't you see that the parts numbers on these gauge's for the V-90La are wrong, ! And these flanges in this shipment have five holes when we should have been sent the ones with six!”

“So.” Said Hermann with raised eyebrows.

“So? So what are you going to do about it?”

“I'm not going to do anything about it, I don't stock those parts at Supply Central, you ordered them from I.G. Farben, and F. Krupp over in the Industrial District, all we did was deliver them, you dumbass. I'll take them back, but don't you ever call me all the way down here again over some dumb shit like this!”

Hermann had sent the train off to the whirlpool with a load of garbage, and it would still be sometime before they got back so he thought he would have a look around while he waited. The harbor was huge for an underground facility. He estimated about a mile square, and at least one hundred feet deep, the two large conduits at the southwest corner that fed the harbor from the underground river made it clear enough to see all the way to the bottom. At the northeastern corner was a dam, and spillway that lead off toward the whirlpool.

Near where he was standing was a huge sub that looked like nothing that he had ever seen. It was twice the size of an XIII, in length, and height, and in width. She had obviously just been built, and tied up for her final fittings, men were crawling all over her, and two large harbor cranes were there to service her. Hermann walked over to a blueprint table where one of his acquaintances Konteradmiral Kurt Addler stood checking the prints, and then watching as the work progressed. "Guten Tag Ihrer Grobheit!" said Hermann with a smile.

"Guten Tag, you insolent Bastard!" Said Addler, "I thought they would have killed you by now."

"I think maybe they have been to busy. It looks like you have been busy yourself. Said Hermann as he scanned the sub from stem to stern. What in the world is this leviathan anyway?"

"She's my baby, the V-90La UnterEden Liner.

"UnterEden?"

"Yes, you know the nickname of the New Berlin base below Neu Schwabenland, Antarctica the new Antarctic Base, perhaps I talk out of school a little, you keep quite Hermann."

"If you tell me something in confidence, you will never hear it coming back at you, you know that. So what's this funny looking bow all about?" Asked Hermann as he pointed to the blueprint.

"It's a Wathers boat with a blending of the Schauberger biological submarine design, and adaptations of Bomer waves added the length of her hull." "This movable bow is actually a double Schauberger device this teardrop that is extended out in front of the larger intake acts as a deflector for large debris, as well as creating a small vortex that causes the water to spin even before it reaches the main intake, where on exiting it causes a swirling vortex to travel down the length of the ship. It not only has doubled the speed of her sister ship, but also reduced overall fuel consumption to a minimum! Said Addler proudly.

She has everything that an ocean liner has, except a ballroom, and all the armament of an XI, except four stern tubes instead of the six bow tubes. She has sonar homing torpedo's. A Surface speed of 18.3 knots, but at snorkel depth she should do 36.6 knots, and submerged 45.1, with a range that's unlimited, she's nuclear."

"Quite a lady." Remarkd Hermann while expressing some awe.

Addler turned to Hermann with a serious look on his face. "I need a favor."

"What kind of favor?" Said Hermann

"I need a lot of the new Alberich Anti Sonar Adhesive, and a hundred gallons of Tarnmatte."

"Why is that a favor? Said Hermann, just order it."

" That's just it, I need it today, not next week."

"I'm sorry Kurt, you know I can't do that, why they would have my hide if I gave out anything without an authorization order. Sorry, I wish I could help you but I just can't."

Hermann turned away from the table, and picked up the phone that was affixed to a post a few feet away. After a few minutes he returned pointing to a bare section of wall between two tunnels.

"What goes in this area here?"

"Well, nothing I guess. Said Addler. Why?"

" Listen, I have a problem with space at Central Supply, would it be alright if I stored about 2,000 gallons of Alberich, and say oh, 100 gallons of Tarnmatte over there? Of course if you could do me a favor, and watch it for me to make sure no one steals it, you know I would appreciate it."

"Absolutely! Said Addler with a smile, hey, what are friends for?"

Just then a klaxon began to blast out a warning, and two flashing red lights came on above what looked to Hermann like a giant underwater hub cap standing against the harbor wall.

“Come, said Addler, I show you how they enter the Harbor.”

The two men walked briskly along the wharf, crossed the foot bridge over the dam, and made their way toward the flashing lights. Then down four flights of stairs to the Harbor Lock Control Rooms.

Inside the control room there were three large windows, with consoles in front of each. To the right was a tunnel with a sign above it saying Outer Lock Access. The technicians seated at each console were busy adjusting levers, watching gauges, and communicating with the outer locks control room.

“Over here Hermann, I show you how this works. Said Addler, as he walked over to a wall containing a map of the Jade Bay area, and a diagram of the lock system next to it. You see Hermann they come into the bay submerged, and make their way down this trench, then they cut power to dead slow, and come up for one brief look through the periscope to get their bearing from the Jade Bay lighthouse Arngast, then submerge, and come down this little canyon to our entrance.

Now as you can see on the diagram, there is a 60 degree angled flap, made to look like rock by the way, that will be lifted if the right sequence of light flashes are detected by these photoelectric cells.”

“A password.” Said Hermann.

“Exactly, now, as the flap is hinged at the top it can be easily lifted by a ballast tank on its underside. At the same time ducted river water is discharged into the area directly in front of the outer lock. This clears away any silt that might be around the flap as well as provides a clear view from the subs observation window, as well as a head current that gives the sub a more stable operation.”

“And these two orbs must be the locks themselves.” Remarked Hermann as he pointed to the diagram.

“Ah yes, said Addler, these two massive stainless steel Orbs are hinged at the top, and hollow. They are like round submarines. When one is flooded it drops down against the stainless steel seal ring and is pressurized, each of them under pressure can hold back many times the force of the water that presses against them here.”

“That's a stroke of genius!” Said Hermann

“And who do you think designed these marvels?” Said Addler as he threw his chest out.

“It was you, Oh Great One!” Said Hermann with a smile.

“Some day I kill you Hermann Bruder, you wait you'll see.”

Flags suddenly went up in Hermann's mind though he made no show of it, as he came back with; “But for now you need me.”

“But for now I need you.” Smiled Addler slyly.

“This has been a pleasure, said Hermann as he checked his wristwatch, but I must get back to my duty.” Advised Hermann as he came to attention, and saluted.

“Good bye you irreverent Bastard.” Said Addler as he snapped back a military salute.

When Hermann got back up to the harbor he saw the the train was back. One of his men came walking towards him.

“We are ready to return to Central Switching whenever you are Sir.”

“Do you have the parts for the Industrial District loaded?”

“No, no one said anything about any return parts.”

“Well, hell! Said Hermann. Let me see if I can find them.” As he was walking back over to the engineer's office he saw some men with loaded carts, and hand trucks heading his way.

“Are these the parts to be returned?” Hermann yelled ahead to the men.

They all nodded that they were, so Hermann spun around, and headed back to the shipping platform. They had loaded about half the crates when Hermann heard someone yell: “Hey, you, Wehrmacht boy!”

Hermann turned to see an SS Sargent waving for him to come over by the sub-barge that had now docked, and was being unloaded at the wharf.

Well it was bound to happen thought Hermann, as his Grandmother had told him time, and again, you reap what you sow. So now I'm taking orders from a SS Sargent.

“Yes.”

“I'm sorry Sir, he ordered me to do that” As he point down the wharf toward the V-90La where Addler stood laughing his ass off.

“Do you really need anything Sargent?”

“Well, Sir, we could use a freight to transport these supplies.” Said the Sargent as he pointed to the wooden crates that were being opened, and the waterproof containers that were being removed.

“I'll send you one down.” Said Hermann as he came to attention saluted the Sargent, took his hand, and shook it profusely, then stole a quick look over at Addler, who was now in stitches.

Enough of this foolishness thought Hermann as he entered the coach, and the train pulled away. One thing he had learned though, Addler had not been serious when he remarked that he would someday kill him. If he had been he would not have pulled this stunt. But you have to stay on your toes, and read the signs. Because in this place you are either a very smart fox, or a very dead one.

## Chapter 12

### When There's No Where Left To Go

Günther had come home a little early to spend sometime with Wilhelm, but no one was there. So he got himself a beer from the refrigerator, and sat down on the davenport. He looked at his wristwatch, and wondered why Wilhelm wasn't home yet. He should have been there a half hour ago. As he sat there waiting he picked up the Hitler youth guide from the end table, and opened it. The first words that he read were:

**"My program for educating youth is hard. Weakness must be hammered away. In my castles of the Teutonic Order a youth will grow up before which the world will tremble. I want a brutal, domineering, fearless, cruel youth. Youth must be all that. It must bear pain. There must be nothing weak and gentle about it. The free, splendid beast of prey must once again flash from its eyes...That is how I will eradicate thousands of years of human domestication...That is how I will create the New Order."**  
– Adolf Hitler, 1933

Good lord, this is what they are teaching my son? Thought Günther. Just then the front door opened, and then slammed. Günther turned to see Wilhelm standing with legs spread in a defensive stance, and both fists doubled up. The pocket on his shirt was torn, he had a black eye, and blood was trickling from the corner of his mouth. What in the world happened to you son?"

"Hello father, Said Wilhelm as he walked over in front of the davenport, and faced his father. We were playing war games in which the boys form platoons, put on red, and blue arm bands, then we hunt down the enemy, and rip off their arm bands. As you can see I still have mine." Said Wilhelm with a snide smile, as he pulled five red arm bands from his trouser pocket, and held them out for his father to see.

"Looks like you won." Said Günther

"I always win. Said Wilhelm as he came to attention. I'm glad you approve."



Günther in no way approved but was desperately trying to strike up some kind of connection with the son that he had neglected for so long.

At that moment Kerstin came in from work dressed in a tight fitting blue cocktail dress. She glanced over at Wilhelm, and Günther. "What happened to you young man?"

"I was playing war games." Said Wilhelm proudly.

"That's nice dear." Remarked Kerstin offhandedly as she disappeared into the bedroom. A few moments later she came out wearing a low cut Black Velvet Evening Dress.

"Why are you wearing that?" Asked Günther.

"Well, if it's any of your business. Gretchen, and I are going out to do some shopping. Karl my boss at the Casino gave me a raise, and I'm going to spend some of my money." Explained Kerstin as she stood in front of the mirror next to the door. Checking her lips, and priming her hair.

"And what did you have to do to earn a raise?"

"Oh please Günther don't try to start another fight. Karl, and I are just friends, and he just appreciates the work that I do for him."

"And what kind of work would that be?"

Kerstin threw the lipstick into her purse, and forcefully closed it. "Really Günther if you don't like it here, then maybe you should find somewhere else to live." With that Kerstin opened the door wide, and walked out.

The symbolism was apparent, even for Günther, who understood very little about life outside of his work environment. As he looked around he suddenly became aware that Wilhelm had retreated to his room, and closed the door. After a few minutes of standing there staring at the open door he gathered all his things onto the bed then pulled the sheet loose, tied the four corners together, and moved it to the living room.

He went over to Wilhelm's bedroom door, and placed his hand on the knob, then looked over at the Hitler Youth Guide on the table. As his eyes welled up with tears he turned, and picked up the sheet, and walked out into the street, closing the door for the last time behind him. The family that he had loved, and yet neglected for so long, had suddenly become strangers. He had never felt so all alone in his life, he had never felt so guilty in his life, than he did at that moment.

## Chapter 13

### Seeing Things That Aren't There

Dr. Erich R. Jaensch's staff had provided him with a list of prospective names from the UR population. Several of these stood out as being of particular interest to Jaensch, but three stood out above the rest.

The first was Hermann Bruder, a mere Wehrmacht Colonel, yet he managed to completely control UR's very life blood on a day to day basis. Nothing came in, or out without his having a hand in it, without his oversight nothing within UR moved, and nothing seemed to trip him up as far as his duties were concerned. He was of pure Aryan descent, but showed none of the traits of an ideal J-Type German. In fact he had all the traits of an S-Type demeanor. It seemed to Jaensch that he had inverted the J-type strengths into an extremely formidable defensive mechanism. One that had been proven to protect against the strongest J-Type offensives from the highest ranks, as noted by The Von Viebahn Incident. Jaensch wondered if this Hermann Bruder could equally wielded this strength in an offensive manner. Jaensch put him down as X-Type 1.

The next candidate for study was Günther Reginhard. Pure Aryan in blood line, yet unlike X-Type 1, he showed no apparent strengths at all. This puzzled Jaensch, so he wrote him in as X-Type 2. This had already intrigued Jaensch from the first days of the Reginhard's coming to UR. For weeks he had been busy trying to push Günther over the edge just to document some type of clear cut response. Twice a week he, and his team would inject Nitrous Oxide into their quarters late at night to render the three sleeping family members unconscious, and allow surreptitious entry. He would use a form of Narcotherapy Hypnosis on the woman, and the boy by injecting them with 10 mg sodium pentothal to render them unconscious. Then he would wait 20 minutes, and inject them with 10 mg benzodrine to revive the two to a state partway between waking, and sleep. Jaensch, and his interrogators would then use hypnosis to force regression in the subjects to make them believe, in the case of Kerstin that she was talking to her spouse. And in the case of Wilhelm to his father.

This way they were able to sow deeply ingrained seeds of hatred, and distrust toward Günther by remodeling their memories of the past, and induce contrived recollections designed to bring about a settled aversion toward Günther. At the end of the interrogation a hypnotically induced amnesia was then invoked leaving the victims without a clue as to what had taken place.

The third, and last subject for the initial experiment was at most a curiosity. This one was a Jewish slave named Rudolph Binus, one of only a few Jewish slaves that because of their abilities had been brought in to UR. He was intrigued by this one because it was confirmed that he had one quarter matriarchal Aryan blood from a German grandmother. He questioned that matriarchal blood would be able to exude any Aryan strength at all. Still he needed to know. He put Binus down as X-Type 3m.

He had taken it as some sort of divine intervention from the Teutonic gods, and a sign that he was on the right track when he learned that Reginhard, and Binus were already teamed up together. He would be sure to bring this out in his next private meeting with Hitler.

He also needed permission to form a monitoring force that could observe, and report on the responses that his covert experiments would have on each of the subjects. A Streifendienst (Patrol Duty Unit) operating under the guise of efficiency monitor's. These would primarily be members of his staff, but other UR personnel that had any degrees in psychology would have to be enlisted, and assigned to all outlying areas of UR. There is no way the subjects would not eventually catch on if they kept running into the same monitor's everyday. So, for this deception to be complete this new arm of UR bureaucracy would have to be a working department. Who's worker's constant questions, and irritating inquiries would be an ongoing topic making its way through the grapevines of daily gossip.

In addition Heinrich Mueller would have to be convinced to give them Intelligence ID's, badges, and the authority to prevent anyone no matter how high up from interfering with the subjects, and tainting the results of the findings.

Günther had been distraught for weeks, and because of this Rudy, and Amalia had formed a sort of bond between them as they joined forces to try and keep the project functioning while Günther lived in his office, unwashed, unshaven, and unresponsive to any of their efforts to revive him. To add to it all, Kerstin had been granted a divorce, and Wilhelm had legally terminated his father's parental rights through a court ruling done in absentia. All of this engineered at the behest of Dr. Jaensch, and the X-Project. The shock of just getting the papers with no chance to appeal, along with an Order of Contempt to stay away from both parties, or be subject to arrest, was almost too much for Günther to bear.

In spite of all this Amalia, and Rudy had gotten Günther to sign an authorization to have new living quarters built adjoining his office, and it was almost completed.

Rudy knocked softly on the door of the inner office, then he, and Amalia entered to see Günther laying fully dressed on his cot facing the wall. "Günther we need to go, and do the reports on the harvest in the Agricultural District."

"I don't care." Moaned Günther.

"I'll do the inspections, and reports when we get there, but you know that I can't travel without an escort."

"Get Amalia to go with you then, Said Günther, I just want to be left alone."

"I am not allowed to escort prisoners, you know that, said Amalia, and Bamber is not going to leave the rest of the workers here by themselves while he takes Rudy down there."

"Damn the inspections, and damn the reports, I just don't care what happens anymore."

"And what about us, said Rudy, do you want Amalia to be washing dishes in the Commercial District? And do you want me to go back to the Sprechentiere dormitories to be treated like cattle again?"

"No. Said Günther, then after a pause. "I won't let that happen."

“Good, said Amalia, I'll call, and arrange transportation.”

Hermann sat in his office organizing the train schedule for his trip to the Southwest Region, and putting the invoices in the order of the stops along the way. When Viktor his Routing Supervisor stuck his head in the door, and informed him that the train would be ready to depart in about fifteen minutes. “Oh, and too, said the supervisor, Agra Research called, and they need immediate transport for two to the Agricultural Sector.”

“Very well, said Hermann, but tell them that if their not here in five minutes I'm leaving without them.”

“And uh, this efficiency monitor out here wants to talk to you about something.”

“ Oh god, now what? Said Hermann, by all means send him in, I'm not doing anything, just setting here twiddling my thumbs!” Groaned Hermann as he tried to write the impromptu stop at the Agricultural Sector in between the lines of the schedule.

“ Colonel Bruder, I am Erwin Be....”

“I don't care who you are, what do you want?”

“Well, as this train pulled up to the platform I noticed that the wheels on the third freight wagon were making a squeaking noise. So in the interest of efficiency I felt it my duty to point it out to you.”

“Yes, well it's the squeaky wheels that always gets greased isn't it Erwin? Or replaced!” Added Hermann with a cold stare, as he stood up, grabbed the schedule, and invoices from his desk, and motioned for Erwin to leave. As he was locking up the office the voice was there again. Actually, I have some other things that I would like to go over with you.”

Hermann turned, and dealt Erwin another even harder look.

“Perhaps some other time would be better.” Suggested Erwin.

“Viktor! Have the wheels greased on the third wagon before we go, and check them, they may need to be replaced!” yelled Hermann as he shot a look back over his shoulder toward Erwin on the last remark.

Eventually Günther, and Rudy showed up at the platform. Hermann checked his watch, they were twenty minutes late, but it didn't matter they had been held up by the greasing of the wheels. “What happened to you?” Asked Hermann, as he opened the coach door to his private car.

“He's kind of under the weather,” Said Rudy.

“You speak for him?” Said Hermann, as he glanced at the color symbols painted on Rudy's prison coveralls.

“At present.” Replied Rudy.

“Alright, just when I thought I'd seen it all. Said Hermann. Get in.”

As the train pulled away Hermann caught a glimpse of Erwin hurriedly writing something down on his clipboard.

“So, if I may be so bold to ask. What is a Jewish prisoner doing escorting an Aryan Project Leader on my train?”

Rudy looked over at Günther for a response, then after he saw that there wasn't going to be one he said; “His wife has divorced him, and his child has denounced him.”

At that Günther's eyes filled with tears.

“Well that explains him, said Hermann, but what about you, how are you involved with this?”

“I'm his Research Supervisor.”

“His what!!!?”

“His Research Supervisor.”

“Can he talk at all?” Asked Hermann.

“Yes I can talk.”

“Well, then you better start explaining, or I'm stopping this train at the next platform, and turning you both over to the security forces.” Warned Hermann as he pulled the Luger from its holster, and trained it on Günther.

“Go ahead Nazi, shoot me! I could care less.” Said Günther as the tears came again, and he began to sob.

“I'm no damned Nazi, but you two are not leaving me with my ass hanging out over whatever it is that you are doing. Let me see your papers.”

After some close scrutiny Hermann handed them back their papers, and holstered his weapon. “So they just let you make a Jew your Supervisor without any uproar?”

“Sure why wouldn't they?”

“It's unheard of that's why. Explained Hermann. No, something is rotten in Denmark if they allowed you to do that. You had both better watch your backs.”

As the train pulled up to the Agra platform all three men got out, and walked over to the Managers Office. When they entered the Manager never looked up from his paper work. “Do you know these two men?” Asked Hermann.

The Manager first looked up at Rudy, then at Günther. “Good lord, said the Manager. What happened to you Heir Reginhard?”

Just as he was about to turn his attention to Hermann. Hermann held out his hand for him to stop. “I'll be back by here in about two, and a half hours. Advised Hermann, Do you want me to stop, and pick you both up?”

Günther didn't respond, but Rudy nodded in the affirmative.



“Very well.” Said Hermann as he turned, and walked back over to the coach car, signaled the engineer, and got in. As they were pulling away Hermann's attention was drawn to the efficiency monitor that had parked himself on a large crate, and while holding several pages up on his clipboard, was intensely jotting down notes while glancing up occasionally at the Managers Office. As he began to turn his head toward the train. Hermann snapped his head around, and made a mental note that from that day forward he would only watch these monitor's through his peripheral vision, unless one got right up in his face. Least he be caught staring at one.

Efficiency monitor my ass thought Hermann as the train disappeared into the tunnel.

## Chapter 14

### Trying to Fool a Fox

In the Underwater Research Lab miles away Fritz had just made a breakthrough by inculcating the Reginhard harmonics principle into his lab tank model of the UR-72 Slipstream designed submersible. He had managed to create a thin covering of vaporized water that clung to the skin of the craft above the transducers. This thin Slipstream of steam had reduced the drag on the hull to that of an aircraft in flight. If he could reproduce this in the prototype, the resulting speeds that it could obtain should be nothing short of amazing. Early test results on the model also indicated that the Piezoelectric effect on the hull showed no appreciable influence on the Schauberger, and Bomer devices operating efficiency overall.

Still he wanted to design his on molded Piezoelectric transducer panels to fit the working prototype. He planed to use Berlinite from the UR mines below Mitterteich near the Czech border. This was going to be time consuming, but he saw it as the only real way to accomplish the unified effect that he was looking for.

Hermann had finished his business, and was ready to make his return trip, but first he would make a call to Central Switching for any updates. "Hello Viktor, anything I need to know before I return?"

"No not really, the schedule is still holding, but you do have a maintenance curfew placed on that line in two hours."

"Well, I don't anticipate any delays, so I should be back in time."  
Advised Hermann.

"Oh one other thing Konteradmiral Addler called, said he needed to talk to you."

"Very well, thank you Viktor, see you when we return."

Hermann hung up then immediately rang Addler. "Kurt what can I do for you?"

“I have for you some horrible news, my friend.”

“Good, said Hermann, I just love horrible news, and I haven't had any all day.”

“I'm afraid that someone has taken all the Alberich, and Tarnmatte that you had stored here. I feel so responsible, since I was suppose to be watching it for you. So out of the goodness of my heart I have ordered the same amount in my name, when it comes in please just stamp it delivered, and return it to your stock.”

“Well, that is very magnanimous of you Kurt.” Said Hermann.

“Yes it was wasn't it, but also the thought of someone besides myself hanging you was more than I could bear.”

“I understand, it must have been an emotional moment for you. Well, carry on Konteradmiral, I must go I have a schedule to keep.”

“Hermann.”

“Yes.”

“Thanks.”

“Your most welcome.”

It took about twenty minutes for the return train to get to the Agra Platform. Günther, and Rudy were standing there with an Efficiency Monitor waving his finger in Günther's face.

Hermann stepped out of the coach, and held the door open. “All aboard for Central, if your going let's do it.” The Monitor was the first in, then, Günther, and Rudy.

“You let this Jew ride in this car with us?” Questioned the Monitor.

“Scoot over your in my seat!” Ordered Hermann as he got in.

As the Monitor slide over to the other side of the coach he repeated the question. You let this Jew ride in this car with us?”

“I run this railroad, and what I do is none of your damn business, and if you stick your finger up in my face the way you did this Project Leaders, I'll break it for you.”

“I meant no disrespect to you Heir Colonel. Said the Monitor rather sheepishly. I was just counseling Heir Reginhard on the failure of his marriage. I have become acquainted with his beautiful ex-wife, and have heard of the way that he neglected her, and his son. I was just trying to help him comprehend the meanness that is inherent in him, because of his loving himself at the expense of his family.”

“Maybe so, said Hermann, but do you think shoving it down his throat is really helping him? The situation itself is ample proof that a woman can be scorned by neglect the same as by words, or actions. So don't you think that her demonizing Heir Reginhard might be more an act of revenge, than something spawning from something that he did?”

“No, I know Kerstin, she wouldn't do that! Replied the Monitor. What she says is true, and he needs to face that fact!”

The Monitor had continued browbeating Günther throughout the trip until near the end of the trip when Rudy said: “Why don't you leave him alone.” Said Rudy, as they pulled into Central Switching.

“You dare speak to me, you Jewish swine!!!” Said the Monitor as he spat in Rudy's face.

“And which blood do you spit on, the Jewish, or the pure Aryan blood of my Grandmother?” Asked Rudy.

The monitor just froze a moment staring at Rudy, then as the coach came to a stop the Monitor exited on to the tracks on the opposite side of the platform, and hurried off.

Günther was crying again, and shaking, as Rudy helped him to his feet. “Cognitive Dissonance.” Said Rudy.

“I saw.” Said Hermann with a knowing smile.

Curious thought Hermann as he sat down at his desk. Why hadn't the monitor questioned the fact that Rudy even had any Aryan blood, and then go into a rage objecting to the fact that he would even imply such a thing? An yet he hadn't. The color symbols on Rudy's coverall's gave no indication that he was anything other than a pure Jew. This Monitor had to already know that it was true. "Efficiency Monitor my ass!" Said Hermann under his breath as he picked up the invoice for Kurt Addlers shipment and stamped it delivered.

Dr. Jaensch sat at his desk listening to the last Monitor to check in for the day. "And he spoke to you in that manner, and then brought up the issue of his Grandmothers blood, without you prompting him in anyway?"

"Yes Heir Doktor."

"This is a significant event. Said Jaensch. The maternal blood has spoken, and even identified itself."

"And this Reginhard, he showed no strength of will whatsoever?"

"None, Heir Doktor."

"Very well, have holes drilled in his sleeping quarters only, and we will begin administering Apomorphine gas to him at night in sufficient amounts to produce side effects, especially vomiting. He already exhibits self destructive tendencies, so now we will see how much he can take."

## Chapter 15

### **Biting The Masters Hand**

As time passed Hitler had become so impressed by the technical innovations that were coming out of the Research District that he had arranged for new quarters to be built for all the Project Leaders inside the Government District as a reward for their hard work. In addition, each Project Leader was given an electric powered Volkswagon for their personal use. And now that a parallel Autobahn tunnel had been completed along side all the major rail lines the Project leaders, along with other higher ups, could just drive wherever they had the need to go instead of having to schedule rail transportation. The charging system on these cars was automatic. Every parking space in every sector had a charging terminal built into it. As you pulled into the space the front wheels went down a shallow ramp until the front bumpers connectors met up with those on the charger. At that point the chargers light would turn from red to orange. Once that was accomplished you could exit the vehicle.

When the orange light started to blink off, and on that indicated that the batteries were 80% charged, and a green light meant a full charge. And since the whole thing was covered by a box with a flap that only the weight of a car could push open, it was safe from any little hands that might want to investigate. It was quite an ingenious, safe, and convenient system.

For the last four months Günther's health had deteriorated to the point that he could hardly get out of bed. There had been no improvement in his emotional state either. Until, by order of the Führer, all Project Leaders were required to move to their new quarters in the Government District. As usual Rudy, and Amalia had to be his external motivators, so they loaded him up with what little personal items he had, and drove him over to his new quarters, in the new car. When they arrived they took him in, and sat him on the couch. It was a beautiful place fully decorated, with flowing curtains, oil paintings on the walls, a gramophone, and the kitchen had all the latest appliances, including a washer, and dryer. As Rudy, and Amalia investigated further they found the pantry, and refrigerator were well stocked.

The bedroom was fully furnished, and in the closet hung ten new suits, dress shirts, there were dress shoes on a rack along the floor of the closet. And all in Günther's size. The top of the dresser had jewelery boxes with rings, cufflinks, three wristwatches, and several pocket watches, some money clips, and the list went on. The Führer had truly been lavish in his rewards. "Günther come, and see what you have here! Said Amalia, This is amazing!"

"Amazing? Groaned Günther. What is amazing is that I haven't killed myself yet."

"I'll get your things from the car. Said Rudy. And then we'll leave you alone."

Rudy came back in carrying a laundry bag full of dirty clothes, a few pair of clean coveralls thrown over his shoulder, and dragging a very heavy sheet that had the corners tied together. "Where do you want these?" Asked Rudy as he walked up, and stood in front of Günther.

"Just leave them there." Replied Günther in his usual sad tone of voice.

"Should I come by in the morning, and drive you to work?" Offered Amalia.

"No, I can do it, you two are all I have, and I have to protect your future. Said Günther as his face contorted, and tears welled up in his eyes. Thank you for caring about me." He said as they were walking out the door.

As Günther sat there he started staring at the bundled sheet that sat before him. He hadn't opened it since that night that he had tied it together, and left his family. He reached over, and pulled it in front of him. After having some trouble with the knot, he spread it out before him. As he looked over the contents he spotted his phonograph album that he had taken along the night that they had been abducted from the farm. He picked it up, brushed some of the lint off of it, and opened it. It was Swing Music from his teenage years when he had been one of the German Swing Youth of the era.

The Nazi's had officially called them Swing Jugend, and there were other derogatory labels that had been hurled at them as well.

He took out the first record of the album, and went over to the gramophone, put it on the turntable, and set the needle down. He noted the song as he switched it on. It was The Benny Goodman Orchestra - Sing Sing Sing (with a Swing). As the music flowed out into the room, he smiled, and repeated one of the favorite phrases of his youth that use to make the Nazi's crazy. "Keiner jazzt so koscher wie Benny Goodman!" (No one played jazz as kosher as Benny Goodman!). He played song after song that night, and suddenly realized that the terrible emptiness that he had felt for months, was gone. He had been taken back to a time of his youth, a time before Kerstin, and Wilhelm. A time when he was whole inside, and full of life, a time when the Swing Youth made it their business to thumb their noses at the Nazi's. He decided that night that he would start from there, and rebuild his life again. As he rummaged through the contents of the sheet he pulled out two old pinstriped suits that were now three times too big for him since he had lost so much weight while in his depressed state. "I have an idea! Said Günther out loud to himself. Let's give these Nazi's a Swing-Heinis they will never forget."

The next morning Günther stood in front of the bedroom mirror admiring himself. He had worked late into the night washing, drying, pressing, and turning one of his too large pinstriped suits into a double breasted Zootie. The German equivalent to the American Zoot Suit. He pulled the pocket watch out that he had hooked three links of watch chain to so that it hung down pasted his right knee. "Woe, it's almost time for work, can't be late today, I'm showing off the new me. Declared Günther as he picked up the new hat that he'd gotten from the closet the night before, and had steamed, and shaped the wide brim to his liking. As he cocked it on his head at an angle he thumped the brim with his finger in approval. Perfect."

At the end of the day Dr. Jaensch had been briefed on his X-Type 2 subject, and was thoroughly confused by Günther's sudden change of demeanor. Not only that, but he would loose complete control over him while in the Government District.



Because, due to the Führer's own paranoia there were long standing orders that there would be no covert activities whatsoever inside of this District. Even the Gestapo could not follow someone they were tailing into this District. The nightly gassing of apomorphine, and mild nerve gas (insecticide) had been suspended. Not only that but the Monitor's reported that instead of cowering to their browbeatings as before, all of their encounters had been met with a gleeful disrespect, and laughter, to top that off Reginhard was now for some unknown reason addressing everyone he didn't like as Herbert.

## Chapter 16

### The Propaganda Tour

“Hermann thank goodness I caught you before you left for the day, this is Fritz. I am scheduled to test a prototype tonight, and I desperately need a Type IXD submarine gauge.”

“That's the plane angle thing, right?”

“Exactly, if you could see your way clear to bring me one down tonight I'll owe you one. Besides there's something I want to tell you anyway.”

“Sure, I'll pull one from stock, and be there in about half an hour.”

“I'll see you then.”

Hermann put the phone on the hook. “Sure thing, I wasn't going to do anything, just go home, and get some rest after going thru a long, and frustrating day that seems to have no damned end to it.”

Rather than take a tram to Fritz's lab Hermann hopped into one of the new electric maintenance wagons that was nothing more than a Volkswagon that had had the rear window cut out, and been fitted with a flat bed, and racks. He slid into the seat, pitched the box with the gauge in it onto the passenger seat, and headed out. When he got to the lab he met Fritz's Supervisor coming out of the door.

“Headed home?” Asked Hermann.

“Yes, finally.”

“Me too, as soon as I deliver this IXD gauge.”

“You sure that's the right part?” Asked the Supervisor.

“I guess so, said Hermann, why?”

“Well, because we have five of them in stock.”

“Beats me, said Hermann, maybe he needs it to finish up one of his prototypes.”

“No, their both finished, and they had their sea trials yesterday. Probably getting ready to build something else.”

“Well, either way, I'm going home after this, if he needs something else he will just have to wait till morning!”

“Ha, ha, I hear you brother! Good night.”

“Good night.”

Hermann walked down the long hallway to Fritz office. The door was open, but no one was there, so he kept going until he got to the research harbor. Unlike the Main Harbor this Research Harbor was only about 1500 ft. square. The only things there were two small subs tied up to the dock. One was about 20ft. in length, and the other maybe 40ft. long. “Anybody here?”

“Down here!” Came the muffled voice from the hatch of the smaller sub.

Hermann climbed up by the subs footholds, and stuck his head down in the hatch. “I've got your gauge!”

“Ah good, come on down. Use the other hatch.”

“Which other hatch there are two more?”

“The one directly across from this one, not the one behind.”

Hermann moved over to the other hatch, lifted it up, and climbed down the strange ladder that required that you keep your legs spread apart in order to clear a heavily padded center section. Once you were down you found yourself encircled by an instrument console. “What the hell is this?”

“Your alright, just turn around. Fasten the chest-belt under your arms, then pull that locking lever up by your left leg, now move the padded backrest, and slide behind you down when you want to sit.”

“Alright I'm ready, now where's the seat?”

“Set down you'll see.”

As Hermann slowly sat down a section of padding below him bucked out away from the ladder on hinges, and folded out into a seat. At the same time the instrument console also moved down, and remained at the right height.

“Well, I'll be damned.” Said Hermann, as he handed the box over to Fritz. Who opened it, and took out the gauge, removed the two wing nuts on the back and mounted it in an upright portion of his console on his left side. Hermann noticed that his side had the same type of mounting bracket on his, but no gauge.

“I appreciate you doing this at this late hour, you really saved me on this one, because I need to test this prototype tonight in order see if the Slipstream equipment is even going to work.”

“Slipstream? I thought that only applied to aircraft.”

“Well, normally it does, but this equipment that I'm employing actually creates a thin layer of vaporized water as a thin layer of steam around the hull of the sub.”

“So it acts like the Slipstream on an aircraft?”

“Well, if it works, it should. I tell you what, if you want to ride along on the test run your welcome too.”

“I don't know.”

“Ah! Come on along, it will get you out of here for a couple of hours, and who knows you might be one of the first men to break the underwater speed record. I'll cover your ass if anybody says anything.”

“Sure let's do it, I always wanted to die in an underwater collision with a whale.”

“Alright, stand up, and pull the hatch closed with that string that's hanging down through the hatch, then lock the hatch down on your side, while I get out, and untie us from the dock.”

Fritz showed Hermann in detail how to maneuver the sub into the harbor, use the subs lights to signal the photocells three times to cause the step switch to activate the inner, and outer locks. Then how to navigate out of Jade bay, and into the North Sea. He explained all the gauges, and levers on the console. Hermann acted confused, and disinterested throughout the whole process, even yawning on occasion, and checking his wristwatch. Even when the Slipstream was engaged, and he stood there while the G-force pinned him back against the pads, he acted as if impatient to get back to UR. He was being lied to in this little mind game, and he felt he had to play the part of a failing student without stepping over into the fool category for even one second, or they would be onto his game the same as he was on to theirs. These Nazi's weren't stupid. But then neither was he. If they even suspected that he was on to them things could get really confusing really quickly. This was all obviously a crash course in how to steal a submarine, and escape from UR, but why?

Fritz cut all propulsion, surfaced, then climbed up, and opened his hatch. “Come on Hermann, let's get some air.”

The red lights coming up out of the subs interior gave both men a ghostly appearance, as they sat there bobbing around in the blackness of the night.

“See those lights off to starboard.”

“Starboard?”

“Yes, off to your right. Those are the lights from Helgoland Island.”

“Helgoland Island? Yeah, sure, more like the lights of Bremerhaven.”

“Well, how the hell can they be the lights of Bremerhaven when we have been traveling north northwest the whole time?”

“North northwest? Alright so, about 50 miles, in around 30 minutes. That's 200 mph! Well, I have to hand it to you Fritz, that's truly amazing!

Hermann got up, and walked over to starboard, unbuttoned the flap on his coveralls, and began relieving himself in the North Sea. How did you get so smart? Did your mother drop you on your head when you were a baby, or something? Asked Hermann as he looked back over his shoulder at Fritz. Even in the dim light he could see that Fritz was smiling as he looked off into the distance. No doubt stroking his ego while he mused about his greatness. You said over the phone that you had something that you wanted to tell me.” Reminded Hermann as he sat back down.

“Huh? Oh yes, it's the queerest thing. It seems that enough people have been warned by the powers that be, to leave both Günther Reginhard, and his Jew boy supervisor alone, and it has gotten out into the grapevine, that they are a part of some sort of experiment. People have been saying that you are a part of it also. But I think that's wrong, because people have been saying you should be left alone for years.”

“Ha! Well, that explains why I don't have any friends. But, what's this thing about an experiment?”

“That's just it no one can find out. But it's the Efficiency Monitor's that have been flashing badges, and warning people away. What do you make of it?”

“I don't know, I never see them anymore since the Führer gave all the project leaders cars. They don't take my trains anymore.”

“Well I needed to see for myself, so I dropped in over there the other day, and Reginhard was wearing a Zootie!”

“Your kidding?”

“No, he had on a white Fedora Hat, was wearing a Zootie, and had somehow gotten taps put on his shoes. Then when I greeted him he did a little tap dance, held his arms out wide, and said Hello Big! And started singing some Swing music song about a chicken ain't nothing but a bird! So what do you make of that?”

“Ha, ha ha, I think maybe his hat band is too tight. Said Hermann with a chuckle. Did you ask him if he had completely gone crazy?”

“No, but I ask him why he was acting like that, and he said that he was recapturing his wholeness by retracing the paths of his youth.”

“Doesn't he know that the Führer hates Swing music?”

“He doesn't care I guess.”

“And no one says anything to him?”

“Not a word, and that Jew boy supervisor of his. He's giving orders to SS Sargent Bramber. “Like Günther said he wanted you to do this, and Günther wants you to do that. Damned if I've ever seen anything like it. And get this, Binus has been give a Lapel Pin with a brown Aryan designation, and the word is because his Grandmother was pure Aryan. Since when does a Jew with a German Grandmother suddenly become an Aryan? I'm told that he's not even locked up anymore, and has his own quarters in the Research District.”

“Your making all this up!”

“Don't believe me, go and see for yourself. Anyway, we need to be getting back.”

## Chapter 17

### Seeing is Believing

The next meeting with Hitlers Inner group started off with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by the Secretary Hans Kammler. Those in attendance were WeltgruppenFührer-SS Hans Kammler, World Chief of Operations Intelligence-SS Heinrich Mueller, WeltReichsFührer-SS Karl August Hanke, and World Political Psychologist-SS Dr. Erich R. Jaensch.

The first order of business was the "New Berlin" base below Neu Schwabenland.

“As we are all aware, according to existing International Treaties, and the legal aspects of same, we are left with no quarter, or viable claims to sovereignty at Neu Schwabenland, or the New Berlin base. Due to this, it is inevitable that a confrontation will take place between our forces there, and those of the International Coalition. Therefore the only questions left are when will it begin, and will we be ready?” Said Kammler.

“My intelligence network has reported success in three areas. First with the help of our elements in the National Party in South Africa we have been able to requisition an additional 1,800 black slave laborers to speed the completion of New Berlin. Second, WeltGrossadmiral Günther Prien has reported that his submarine convey of troops, and ammunition has reached the base, and he is now exploring various scenarios of fleet deployment with his on site staff for implementation during the coming conflict. He adds that he should be returning within thirty days with plans for final approval. Thirdly, it has been reported that The Eagles Nest Villa in the Mühlig-Hoffmann Mountains that over looks Lake Hitler has been completed, and ready for habitation. There is also a request for approval concerning a recommendation of the New Berlin Central Committee that a perimeter of the Henschel 8-117 Schmetterling anti-aircraft missiles be deployed in covert trap door launchers throughout Neu Schwabenland in anticipation of a Carrier based attack. And that completes my report.” Said Heinrich Mueller.



“The preliminary studies of the corporate infrastructure thus far have been somewhat exhaustive in nature. Though they are as yet still generalized and non-specific in details at this point. Said Karl Hanke. However we should be able to get an overall view of its structure. Taking a single corporation as a basis for our overall understanding, we will see a structure not unlike that of an actual ruling government, though less complex.

Like a pyramid it is structured from the base up, and from the top down. Those at the bottom have to successfully be controlled or they will affect changes at the top. And those at the top must placate those at the bottom, or the entire base will erode from under them. Now we all here know how an actual government works, so we find that we are already experts in how a corporate structure works. However there are variation in the rankings of the corporate world. For instance take Standard Oil. They control their own resources, and this makes them not only very strong in the corporate community, but also very powerful. On the other hand there are companies like Persil Soap for instance. They have a functioning hierarchy like Standard Oil, but they are weaker, in that they can find themselves at the mercy of their suppliers. In addition, should they for some reason fall into disfavor with the corporate community, corporate politics, like foreign relations politics can cause their resources to dry up, or become so expensive that they can no longer be competitive in the market place. Thus this type of corporation is forever vulnerable to being collectively controlled from outside forces.”

“To deviate from the subject for a moment, how could a government be in control of the world without being vulnerable?” Asked Kammler.

“Well, said Hanke, it would have to be invisible to the general populous. Completely misrepresented to the nations of the world, enigmatic in its organization, and finally completely fear inspiring in its contrived capabilities, and illusions.”

“We have everything we need to do this. Said Hitler. Jaensch, weren't you telling me about some Paracelsus type Homunculus that Doktor Siegwand Werther produced in Bio Research?”

“Yes he has actually. I've seen it, and was able to interact with it for a brief time. The Homunculus he produced stands about 4 ft. tall, gray in color, is very thinly built, but quite strong for its size. It's features have developed only as far as that of an undeveloped embryo of 53 to 54 days post-ovulation retaining enlarged cranial lobes, compared to its skeletal structure. As well as a set of rather oversized eyes that can be easily damaged by UV radiation because the contractile apertures of their pupils will not close adequately to prevent damage, from even normal lighting. Doktor Siegward is working on this by developing dark contact lenses for them.

“Are they intelligent?” Ask Mueller.

“Reasonably.” Said Jaensch, Doktor Siegward has the one that I saw responding to signal commands. They are like little pets.”

“Pets? Questioned Mueller. What do you mean they are like pets?”

“Well, at birth, or should I say when they first are taken from their darkened incubators, they bond with the first living creature that they see. All the time I was in the lab this little Homunculus constantly directed his attention toward Doktor Siegward as if admiring him, or expecting to get something from him. I couldn't seem to get his attention away until I touched him on the shoulder, and ask him if he, and Doktor Siegward were friends. Where upon he slowly blinked his eyes, and nodded that they were.”

“What do you mean that he nodded, didn't he say anything?”  
Quizzed Kammler.

“Oh no, you see the Gray's can't speak even when they are fully grown. Their vocal cords remain undeveloped. They can only make a hissing sounds when they are upset about something.”

“Why are you calling them Gray's?” Said Hanke, I thought they were Homunculus?”

“Well they are, but that's what Doktor Siegward has taken to calling them since the abnormal process of gestation causes a gray skin from something in that environmental process that leaches into their skin. Whatever it is it's in their skin it's permanent.

“I wonder if he could be taught to point to a distant constellation if we gave him a star map, and shoved him out the door of a Haunebu III flying disk parked in Times Square?” Mused Hitler. Mueller, get word to New Berlin Central Committee. Approve their request for the deployment of the Schmetterling anti-aircraft missile batteries, and tell World Air Marshal Walter Nowotny to double the fleet of Haunebu III's as soon as possible. America is going to be contacted by alien's from outer space. Jaensch, I want to see this creature right now. Meetings adjourned.”

## Chapter 18

### The Paradox

Rudy sat there before his breakfast plate surrounded by the cheese, honey, and marmalade while he enjoyed the fresh bread from the bakery. He knew it was more because of his persistence than of his negotiating skills that had eventually brought the price down for the bread, but he had enjoyed the haggling just the same. Although he now had all the conveniences, he still stood dutifully in front of the stove every morning heating his coffee water in his hollowed out light bulb, then pouring it across the homemade strainer perched atop his prison cup. So that G-d forbid he should ever start thinking of himself as a German, and not a Jew.

Try as he may, he could not figure out why these Nazi's were treating him so well when it was so obvious that they hated his very being. He could see it in their faces, he could witness it in their eyes. But in the true Kabbalistic manner he had grown up with, he simply attributed it to the Creator, and declared it as "All good". To him evil was just the posterior side of the Creator. If he had reason to turn his back on you, you suffered, if you had managed to please him by some measure of equivalence of form then you prospered. Still he couldn't help but feel like one of the three Hebrews that the Babylonians had thrown into the fiery furnace. Here at home he reveled in his Jewish heritage. Out there he acted the German, even playing it up a little to keep from being burnt.

After breakfast he spent sometime in prayer just as he had in his prison cell each morning. The only difference now was he had to watch the clock, and load himself on to the tram on time. As he took one last look in the mirror, and attached the lapel pin to his collar he had to chuckle, as his mind went to the thought of Günther who although he had stopped wearing his Zootie to work, still retained a Swinger hat, the watch chain on his coveralls, and insisted on wearing his lapel pin upside down. They had become good friends, and even brothers in bondage. Rudy felt that working together, they would get through this somehow, if of course Günther didn't do something to get them both killed first.

## Chapter 19

### The Fantasy Ship

“Well, why in the hell did they choose me to design a small glider for three child size crew members? I'm in underwater research, not aeronautics.” Complained Fritz.

“You built model gliders before the war, and flew them didn't you?” Questioned Hanke.

“Well, yes, but those were toys.”

“Did you not build one called the barrel plane? And another that looked like a disk, and didn't you successfully fly them?”

“Well yes, but what's that got to do with anything?”

“It says here in your record that you were so good at designing, and flying strange models, that your fellow colleagues took to calling you 'Brick', saying that if someone gave you a brick you could make it fly.”

“I did have a flare for the outrageous back then. But your talking about designing a piloted craft that could easily get someone killed.”

“That might even be preferably in this instance. Remarked Hanke. Here are the specifications for the actual craft. It has to be flyable for at least 2 miles when dropped from another craft at approximately 3,000 ft., and except for the actual glider controls, all other instruments and devices must appear to give the impression of actual functionality while in fact having none. Everything must be enigmatic in its design, and purpose.”

“In other words you want a flying brick, that becomes a pile of enigmatic wreckage upon landing.”

“Exactly.”

Fritz had started out by developing a Duralumin, and Berlinite crystal alloy frame for the fuselage. The Berlinite added nothing to the strength, or durability to the metal it would just add mystery to its purpose when inspected under a microscope.

In an effort to produce a small capacitor Fritz had glued two round piece of copper foil down to a celluloid sheet, along with a soldered tinsel pigtail to each. He then folded them over so that they matched up, creased the fold to create a tiny air space in between them, and then tested them to see if they would act as capacitors. As he tested them time after time with increasingly higher voltages he became frustrated with the whole idea to the point that he just took his hand, and pushed it away. Suddenly sparks flew and the heat from the short caused the celluloid to blister upward. He immediately disconnected the high voltage, added a new circuit with some wire, a battery, and a light bulb. When he pressed down on the blister the light would come on. "I'll be damned, said Fritz, I've just invented a Blister Switch!"

All the electrical, mostly bogus, components were laid out on flat, or concave pieces of thick, stiff celluloid, and flat metallic pewter Christmas tree tinsel was used, along with various odd looking bogus components with silver/lead alloy soldered connections that was designed to present a totally confusing pattern of electrical circuits. When stacked and glued together in two, or three layers it became impossible to distinguish one circuit from the others when x-raying a panel. Then the whole assembly was encased inside the various molded plastic artifacts with a blister switch console laminated into the top. The plastic used was Vulkanfiber material mixed with Duralumin, and Diamond dust. This made it very hard to cut because the Duralumin pigment would quickly load up on the saw teeth, and the Diamond dust would rapidly dull both a saw and a drill bit. This gave the illusion that the material was extremely strong, and yet light. It was not, it was just impossible to work with.

The small miniature but obviously standard light filaments were made impervious to x-ray scans, by being inclosed in a heavily leaded crystal glass bulb, some incrustated with red, and some with green, and blue serpentine dust to produce color. The lights were then encased in the plastic just below the surface of the consoles. When a blister switch was depressed this would cause a colored glow to appear somewhere on the console. And the large flat capacitors that Fritz had developed, would be charged at the same time. This caused the light to stay on for a few seconds when the switch was released before blinking out. All this added to the mystery. And served only as an inexplicable enigma, and mystery.

The pseudo power supply consisted of a cone shaped device that was fixed in center floor on the interior of the craft, and was designed with two radioactive isotopes fixed inside a vertical pipe. One isotope was suspended from the top by a strong glass rod, the other isotope was securely fixed to the base. On impact two things would happen. First the glass rod would shatter allowing the suspended isotope to drop down, and come into contact with the other at the base. This would cause the core temperature to spike, which would in turn begin melting the lead shielding on the outside of the pipe causing radiation levels to steadily increase. Thus quickly irradiating the interior of the craft. Making any further investigation of the craft extremely hazardous.

The fake so called propulsion system had been built into a modular housing, then beaten, vaporized, and burnt to a crisp before installation, after this process the housing was installed into place at the rear of the craft.

In finishing the ships skin, Fritz would employ a method developed in the Metallurgical Research Section where they had successfully managed to spray weld a titanium coating onto another metal by firing a jet of compressed air containing titanium particles directly into the flame of a welding torch. By adding diamond, and other semiprecious stone dust to the powered titanium, Fritz had managed to produce a surface that emanated a rainbow effect to the eye when light moved across its surface. This would add to the enigma, as well as make an incredibly hard, and seamless skin for the craft both inside, and out.

A month later Fritz had completed the project. The 12 ft. disk sat fully assembled, and ready to be shipped to the Harbor Master inside its waterproof container for transport to New Berlin. It was a beautifully deceptive machination, but one question still loomed in Fritz's mind. Why go to so much trouble to kill three midgets?



## Chapter 20

### The Pieces of The Puzzle

Hermann sat quietly in his apartment after working hours sipping on a glass of Jägermeister, and trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together from that night trip with Fritz more than a month ago. He had reanalyzed the event many times already, and had come to the same conclusion. One, they wanted him to steal, the unarmed UR- 72. The new piece of the puzzle was that he had just today found out that the larger sub he had seen there that night was the UR-73a. A fully functional hunter killer submarine with all the features of the UR-72, and that the 'a' stood for atomic powered. It was told to him from a reliable source that it was being kept in the research harbor just in case a defecting captain, and crew were to fire a torpedo back into the main harbor locks as they left the entrance in an effort to disable the locks, and prevent pursuit. It all sounded right. The Nazi's were a paranoid bunch of bastards, and there was some talk going around in the grapevine about the growing disenchantment of being trapped below ground for so long.

Hermann couldn't help but notice it that night after they had returned, because it reminded him of a big fighter plane like those on the deck of a carrier with their wings folded upward, when he had asked about it that night Fritz had just said that it was an older flattened design, like the UR-72, but do to a mathematical miscalculation on the blueprints, it was found out only too late that it was too big to go through the research locks, so it had been stripped of its equipment in order to outfit the smaller UR-72. It all sounded very good on the surface, but it was pure bull shit underneath.

Secondly, after he had feigned little ability in navigation, Fritz had spent almost the entire return trip schooling him on plotting courses, reading longitude, and latitude on the maps, taking his bearings from a compass, as well as the periscope, and even delved into some dead reckoning techniques. Fritz had also schooled him on the long range capabilities of the UR-72, and how to get the most out of the batteries. He had practically led Hermann by the nose to only two long range possibilities, the 2,500 miles to Iceland, or the 2,500 miles to Spain via the channel, for refueling. Well dang Fritz, why didn't you just give me some money for petrol too.

The third thing that bothered him was how there was never a word said about enemy patrols, radar detection equipment, or evasion tactics. Or for that matter the operation of the forward scanning sonar that he had kept his eyes glued to the whole time that the Slipstream had been engaged. Even when Fritz had made a slight course change that night to avoid one of the three randomly moving blips on his sonar screen, that Hermann had suspected were just some whales, he had not offered a word.

And lastly, the talk about the grapevine linking him in with Günther, and Rudy, as being subjects in some type of unknown experiment, along with Fritz suggestion that he should look them both up made him very nervous.

All of that intense training in some areas of the subs operations, along with total lack of information in other vital areas, just didn't balance out. As far as the sub was concerned Hermann had toyed with the old scenario up until today of well here's how you operate the locks all by yourself. Here's how you surface, and get your bearings off of the lighthouse in Jade Bay. Here's how you engage the Slipstream drive. And it doesn't matter if you collide with a whale, or another ship, or collide with an underwater reef, because the damned thing is going to be rigged to kill you way before you ever get that far.

But after the new piece of the puzzle that he had gotten today the ending had become clear; I'm coming after you in the UR-73a, and complete its final test by hunting you down, and blowing you out of the water, while at the same time sending a message to any disgruntled Captains, and crew that they'd best just stay right where they are.

Now, concerning the other two victims that he had managed to avoid for the last thirty days, what's their story thought Hermann as he poured himself another glass of Jägermeister. It's always easier to analyze your own situation than it is to understand what's happening with someone else, because you are faced with a total emotional, and thought blackout as to what is going on inside that person, but what the heck he'd give it a try anyway.

Initially the talk through the grapevine had been one of shock, and disbelief that they were acting like they were, and getting away with it. Then eventually by the way people talked it became obvious that they were gaining admirers.

Hermann recalled how he had been at The Rendezvous Club one night with Smyrna a girl that frequented there. When Günther suddenly showed up in his Zootie, and tried to get the band to play a swing song. They refused of course, but after every song Günther would go back, and try again, even waving money in the conductor's face at times. Sensing there might be trouble he had taken Smyrna to a table far back in the corner where he could observe, without being observed. And while Smyrna chattered on, and on about herself, he saw what looked like the conductor being called off to stage right after finishing a waltz number. When he walked back on he looked perturbed about something. But before he could begin another song, there was Günther back again waving money in one hand, and spilling his drink out of the glass with the other. However, this time the conductor bent down to talk to Günther. And Hermann saw him nod in the affirmative, then he turn around, and spoke to the orchestra. First they all looked at each other, then he said something else to them, and they all looked to stage right a moment before ducking their heads as if someone off stage had just scolded them, they then readied their instruments, and began to play *Ich mache alles mit Musik* the way Willy Berking played it..

When Günther came out dancing the Charleston the whole dance floor immediately cleared leaving it all to Günther. Hermann remembered how he had had to bend forward in his chair, and bring his elbow up onto the table, in order to cover his mouth, and conceal his smile, as Günther jitterbugged, and strutted around the dance floor like a million dollar trooper. He had been quite entertaining actually. And before the song was over he had found a dance partner, and two other couples had taken to the floor doing the Lindy. Hermann had noticed that the Cigarette Girls now had their cameras out, and were taking pictures. At the end of the song Günther had bowed to the audience like a real star, as the flash bulbs went off all around him, but only to a smattering of applause.

He could still see in his mind's eye, how Günther had then given the Nazi salute, but with a V for victory sign on the end of his hand, while shouting Swing Heil! And he recalled how he had been surprised when none of the bouncers grabbed him, and ushered him out into the street.

Then later, the unimaginable. No arrest, no whirlpool at the end of the river, no nothing for Günther, but God help those poor fools that were caught clapping, and smiling for the cameras that night thought Hermann as he took another sip from his glass. Swing Heil my ass, thought Hermann, your getting people hurt. There was definitely something going on, the Nazi's didn't just allow this kind of conduct to continue without good reason. Were they trying to uncover some resistance movement? Were they looking to identify persons that were just halfhearted toward their cause? Or was it all together something else? There just weren't enough pieces to this part puzzle yet.

Rudy was another subject of the grapevine like Günther. At first the talk was disbelief, then favorable, but in the last two weeks, it had turned to disgust, and hatred as rumors were being passed around that Rudy, and Günther were homosexual lovers. That somebody that they knew, was told by somebody else's friend, that they had seen them kissing, and holding hands back in one of the Agra tunnels. Again nothing to go on here either, not even enough to form a premise, much less a scenario.

Hermann knew that he had been grouped in with these other two when his friend Leo Wolfbauer earlier that day had come up to him and said: "You know you really shouldn't be doing that Hermann." When Hermann had asked him what he meant he had said: "You know when you exposed yourself in front of all those women in the Intelligence Sections Secretarial Pool."

Rather than deny it, he told Leo that he hadn't meant any harm, but it was just his way of trying to find a new girlfriend. It was only too obvious to Hermann that every gestapo bitch in that office would swear on their mothers grave that he had in fact actually been there, and done exactly that. He also knew that by doing this he had turned the beginnings of a malicious assault into a joke. and that Leo would pass his answer on to the grapevine.

But it was only a matter of time before things would get a lot worse, if they hadn't already. Oh, he was being grouped in with these other two alright. But he was puzzled that they had put him onto an escape route like the UR-72? They obviously planned to somehow force him to escape? And that would mean that they would have to have devised a life, or death situation at the end that would drive him to the sub for the purpose of what? What were they going to accomplish by doing this?

This is all making me tired thought Hermann as he finished his drink, and sat the glass down beside the bottle. I'm going to bed.

## Chapter 21

### Lording it Over The Powers That Be

This would be the last meeting of the Inner group before Hitler sailed for New Berlin, so as the first order of business he had named his successor to oversee the operations at UR. He had chosen Heinrich Mueller for the job because he knew he was strong willed, and loyal enough to make things happen in defense of the Reich.

WeltGrossadmiral Günther Prien, was back from Antarctica, and had began giving his report, but had no more than gotten started when The Führer lit into Dr. Jaensch about his X Project. “Excuse me Günther, but I have a question for this one over here. “What the hell have you created with these three lab rats of yours Jaensch?”

“I don't know what you mean Mein Führer, I.....”

“You don't know what I mean!!! You idiot!!! I'll tell you what I mean!! Karl Hanke's family that's what I mean, this Hermann Bruder of yours exposed himself in front of Karl's wife, and children, and I've heard that that wasn't the first time he's done something like that!! Is it Heinrich?” Screamed the Führer.

“No.”

“I wont stand for this type of thing Jaensch, you know that. And this damned Jew Prisoner of yours, is living in his own apartment, and walking around wherever he damn well pleases, without an escort like he owns the damned place. Then to top that off I went to the window the other morning in my bedroom, and this son of a bitch Reginhard, Binus boss, was out in my garden, IN MY GARDEN, wearing that damned, What do you call it?” as he snapped his fingers at Kammler.

“A Zootie Suit.”

“Yes, wearing his damned Zootie Suit, and dancing around like some kind of a damned fairy!!! You haven't brought out their Aryan Blood you imbecile you have driven them all nuts, and turned them into perverts!!!

Heinrich! Tomorrow you will start construction of a gallows for these three out in the Grand Square, and build it long enough for a fourth rope, I want them hanged, and the bodies left there to rot.”

“It will be done just as you say Mein Führer.”

Jaensch! You have one weeks to wrap this Project up, then I want all three of them dead!!!! Do you here me Jaensch?”

“Yes, Mein Führer.” Said Jaensch.

“And if your findings don't show Heinrich anything that justifies you in conducting this X Project then he is to hanged you as well!

I apologize WeltGrossadmiral for the interruption, but the thought that I would have to live amongst these perverts another minute without saying something was just more than I could bear. Please continue.”

“As you wish Mein Führer. While I was in Neu Schwabenland, I had opportunity to speak with all the project leaders, and get a thorough overview of where we stand at this point. At present we have a total fleet of 23 fully armed Eden Class U-Boats, 3 Artic Class Seehunds have been built, and are ready for sea trials, and there are a compliment of 3 milk cow class subs available for refueling, and maintenance on any extended missions should this become necessary. The inland waterways are still without connections except for Lake Wilhelm, and Lake Hitler where the first canal has been completed. I have been advised that the connecting of Lake Bismark will take longer due to the terrain, where a canal will not be feasible. A connecting tunnel is in the process of being blasted through to the other waterway. At present 3 S-200 Schnell Boats with 2 LG 42 Recoilless Rifles that have replaced the torpedo tubes have been commissioned, and have begun patrol duties on the two adjoining lakes. With a total of 10 scheduled to be in service by the completion of the tunnel.“

As for the Welt Luftwaffe, World Air Marshal Walter Nowotny informs me that the Haunebu III fleet has started into production as ordered. Also that no progress has been made in arming the craft due to the very nature of it's design. The way that he explained it to me in layman's terms is that the craft when operating is like a small little planet with its own gravity. Therefore the same enveloping shield that makes it impervious to attack, also prevents any weapons fire from exiting the shield except for one small spot directly bottom center, where there is a gap in the shield only the size of a man's wrist. To date this gap has only been used for lowering a communications antenna for inflight communications with the ground, and other craft. Nowi has informed me that the only possible offensive weapon that is feasible at this point would be a telescoping pipe that could drop small mortar type anti-personnel bombs through the gap as an enemy harassing tactic.”

“Pardon me for interrupting but why couldn't we drop a radioactive granulated powder of some kind across the decks of their ships, causing an affect on the crew, and making any further use of the ship at that time hazardous?” Suggested Kammler.

“Phosphorous! Said Hanke. A radioactive Phosphorous grenade on the bridge. Something that would burn into the metal and defy cleanup!”

“Excellent. Said Hitler. Please continue Günther.”

“The other projects are reporting steady progress in their fields. Two new oil wells are being drilled. The small refinery is running at full capacity, and the main refinery is due to be completed in six months. The rest is in your individual reports if anyone would care to elaborate.”

“My report states that my second in command there has completed the installation of the trap door anti-ship missile installations, and work has begun on the 2- 15"/47 cal. Pill box units.”



Well, Gentlemen if there is no more business I declare this meeting closed. As you all know I will be sailing tonight on the UnterEden for New Berlin. Hopefully, you will all be there when we next meet again. Said Hitler as he shot a hard look over at Jaensch. But first before we go Doktor Siegward Werther has produced a little play for us starring his little Gray creature. So if you would all join me in the theater room for some refreshments, and a little enlightenment as to our newest strategy for World conquest.”

After everyone had assembled, and been served a few refreshments, some recorded music began to play, and the curtains opened on the stage. Seated at a desk in profile was an actor dressed as an American Army General. Directly in front of the desk stood Doktor Werther with his little Gray standing to his right, and turned slightly toward the audience. “As I explained earlier General he only speaks to me telepathically, and he has chosen to deal with me only as his spokesman. Something about mental compatibility, or something.”

“Well what is it he wants again?”

“Vice-admiral Qui, says that it is the highest form of insult for you to sit there, and speak of him in the third person. The Gray was now frowning at the General. He says that he can hear perfectly well, he just chooses not to speak directly to you!”

“Ah, well, I apologize Vice-admiral I meant no disrespect. I just wasn't aware of the protocol in this situation.”

The Gray looked at Werther, and turned to the General holding his chin high in the air, while scowling down at him. “He wants to know if you are in the habit of talking to your other superiors in the third person?”

“No, no, I don't, uh, look you will have to forgive me I've been under a lot of stress lately, and...”

“He says that his race is not in the business of forgiveness. He says that they have evidence that your Government may have torture the three crash victims, and killed them.”

“No now hold on, we didn't torture them, at least I don't think we did. Ah, no I'm sure they were all killed in the crash.”

The Gray looked again at Werther then turned his head, and looked over toward the back of the stage. “He doesn't believe you, and says he wants your Government to give their body's back, as well as all the wreckage of the spacecraft. Or else they will start by attacking the bases were they are kept. He also says that if you still persist in being obstinate, the fleet will be call from the home world, and your nation will be reduced to a pile of smoldering ash. He also adds that he could personally care less either way.”

At that the three stepped toward the audience, and took a bow. The Gray looked over at Werther, and then back at the audience and gave a smile.

The inner group all came to their feet in applause, as the actor left the room.

“Brilliantly done Doktor Werther.”

“Thank you Mein Führer, and I'd like to introduce everyone to the star of the show, Iggy.”

“Are you really communicating with him telepathically?” Asked Jaensch.

“No of course not, the little shit hasn't got a clue as to what's going on. I just talk for him while giving him command signals, and he does the rest. Isn't that right Iggy?” The little Gray looked away from Werther, then at the group, nodded his head in the affirmative, opened his arms wide, and shrugged his shoulders. All to the delight of everyone.

“Gentlemen, if this angle works we wont have to go looking for the powers that be, they will come crawling to us, wanting to make a deal. So with no further ado I bid you all, farewell, until we meet again. Heinrich I need you to stay a minute if you will.”

“Of course.”

As everyone filed out of the room, Heinrich called after Doktor Werther: "Are you ready to board Heir Doktor?"

"Yes, Heir Mueller, Iggy, and I will be onboard by 3:00 am."

"Very well."

"Now, said Hitler as he turned his back on those leaving. What is the situation with these disgruntled Kriegsmarine crews as it stands now?"

"My intelligence people tell me that since the UnterEden returned from her maiden voyage the situation has gotten worse. Her crews stories of bathing in the open air hot springs, and their party cruises on the lakes is almost more than some that are not getting to go can stand. We will need to set an example soon, or we could loose control of the harbor."

"Well, enlist some of the workers from the harbor to build the gallows tomorrow. And not a word as to who it is being built for let them guess. That should give the dissidents pause as soon as the word gets out. And send the word out to these three X people, let those they trust be the ones to warn them of their impending deaths."

"It will be done just as we planed, by tomorrow afternoon the two in Agricultural Research will have been accused of being caught in a homosexual encounter together. Then we will chase them throughout the complex before we arrest them. As for this Wehrmacht Officer, he will be accused of raping a young girl, we will descend in force upon several of his work stations that we know he isn't at, accusing his workers of hiding him. This should give him time to get the word, and make his escape. Fritz will give him an hour head start, then call his crew to the Research Harbor, to give chase destroying him with the new hunter/killer submarine. Should we dispatch any U-boats from the main harbor as well?"

"Yes, that might be good. Send out two U-Boats after him also, and tell Fritz to sink one of them without warning as well. That should put a stop to this business."

## Chapter 22

### The Sly Fox

Hermann sat in his quarters once again reevaluating the situation at hand. He had heard, and overheard the disgruntled talk from all over the complex about being stuck down here, while others were going south to bask in the sun, and fresh air. He had seen the lack of effort that many of the sailors were putting into their work in the main harbor. Things were coming to a head, and he knew that if an example wasn't set very soon to cause fear among the ranks, all hell was going to break loose. He also knew from his impromptu submarine training, that he was going to be that example.

He had wondered at first why he had been chosen to be an example. Then it came to him. He was a person with a reputation of being somewhat shrewd, he had managed, by the grace of God, to slip out of just about every trap that had been laid for him. Who better to take the fall?" He could hear the grapevine now; "Well, if Hermann couldn't pull it off what chance would we have?"

But he had fixed things so that that wouldn't be as likely to happen. He had the night before taken one of the 3 ton Opel Blitz trucks, and loaded it with all sorts of items that might be needed for his escape, and then parked it in the rear of a dead end rail siding near the research harbor, then he had humped a few rail wagons back into the tunnel to block it from view.

He had located the electrical transmission lines to the rail switching stations, as well as all the trams, and lighting for all Central UR, and devised a plan to disable all rail transport for days.

Now he had been mulling over in his mind as to whether it would be best to make his flight to freedom alone, or to take these other two victims Reginhard, and Binus with him. And although he had packed extra food, and civilian clothes in the truck for them he hadn't made up his mind completely as to whether they would prove to be an asset, or a dangerous hindrance to his mission.

When you start dealing with people that are untrained, undisciplined, and given to emotional decisions your asking for trouble. One thing he was sure of though they were going to give him all the time he needed to make his escape, after all that was the whole point wasn't it. As for the other two they would be hunted down, and killed without much fanfare.

“Well, crap!” Said Hermann out loud as he thought more, and more about the perils of the sea, and the long, and arduous voyage to America that lay ahead of him. He couldn't avoid the fact that he was going to need a crew, he couldn't pilot the sub, and fix a mechanical problem at the same time. And he couldn't go for two, or three days without sleep, then stop, and take a chance on being spotted while he bobbed around on the surface like a setting duck every time he needed to catch up on his sleep. Any other country was out of the question. No papers, no money, and with a German accent, how long would that last? He did have a cousin in America that he knew could get him everything he needed. He wasn't worth two dead flies, but Hermann knew he could strike a deal with him. Well, let me take a walk, thought Hermann to himself, maybe I can talk to the sane one.

As he rounded the corner to Rudy's street he heard the jeers of some of the Hitler Youth that were throwing rocks at Rudy's door. “You pervert! Is your lover with you? Are you madly inflamed with him even now Jew Boy?” Just then one of the youths threw a rock, and broke out the window in Rudy's apartment.

“Here! Stop disturbing the night with all your yelling!” Called out Hermann as he walked briskly toward them. On seeing the uniform they all ran down the street, and out of sight. When Hermann was almost to the door Rudy opened it, and stepped out onto the sidewalk.

“I heard what you said to them, and I thank you.”

“I'm going to treat you like you disgust me in case anyone is watching. So listen carefully.”

“Uh, huh!”

“Now pay attention! I am going to escape from this place soon, and I need you, and that Zootie to help me make it to America. Said Hermann as he pushed Rudy back a step, then shook his fist at him. “If you want to go with me just go to rail spur 29 in the research section when things start getting hot for you. There's a truck with supplies parked at the end behind some rail wagons. Get in it, and wait for me. Hermann pushed him back again, this time harder. Now I am going to swing at you so don't forget to duck, then run in, and slam the door.”

“I don't understand?”

“Oh, you will when the time comes.” Said Hermann as he took a swing at Rudy, who ducked almost enough to avoid the punch, then spun around, and ran in the apartment. Hermann yelled a few obscenities, and then kicked the door hard before leaving.

On the way back home Hermann thought about how fortunate to have been there at the perfect moment so that he could use the situation to talk to Rudy without it looking suspicious. As he walked along he looked up at the top of the tunnel for a second, and said under his breath; “Thank you Lord.”

## Chapter 23

### If You can't Control It, then Kill Somebody

The next morning the work had begun on the gallows out in the Grand Square. Several sailors were digging the holes for the upright posts, and a few others were gathered around the carpenter that was giving them instructions from a blueprint.

In the Grand Chancellery Heinrich Mueller was setting behind his desk going over the days activities.

“Scholz, are these lists you gave me complete?”

“Absolutely, we took the lists provided from Doktor Jaensch's Monitors, and combined them with those of our own, and then followed up with our own surveillance for any group activities among those who showed favor toward the loose conduct of the X Project subjects, except of course for this Officer who displayed none at all.”

“Yes, I'm not surprised, he's a very efficient, and disciplined Officer. Jaensch tried to provoke him in every way possible, and failed. Some kind of nonsense about bringing out the warrior in the Aryan blood. Maybe his ability to withstand being tricked into some loose conduct was the real strength of his Aryan blood, but did Jaensch think about that? No because he is an idiot. A useful idiot, but an idiot all the same.” Remarkd Mueller.

“Yes, well I give you no argument there. Why do they keep him around then?”

“He's kind of like Hess, his stupid ideas have a way of spawning valid ideas in others of the Inner group. I can't really explain it but I've seen it work. Since the Inner group will no longer meet here at UR, I'm not sure he's needed here anymore, but I'll have to think about that some more.”

“Also the UR Criminal Police Department, has provided us with the Kriminalpolizei units that we requested, and they have been briefed on the way in which they are to conduct themselves this afternoon. I gave them special orders myself that they were not to capture Hermann Bruder, even if they had to trip, and fall over one another to allow him to escape. And I understand that WeltGrossadmiral Günther Prien is telling Konteradmiral Kurt Addler about Bruder's supposed fate right about now.”

“I thought Addler was scheduled to sail on the UnterEden?”

“Well, he was but we held him over for this, He'll sail tomorrow.”

“And what about the other two?”

“Well, we are calling Günther Reginhard's Secretary, Amalia Ellrodt, down to the Personnel Department this afternoon saying there is a problem with her work permit. Once she is there she will overhear the news about Reginhardt, and Binus. That, and her sudden reassignment to a better paying secretarial job at I.G. Farben Industrial, starting tomorrow, should be enough to convince her. All the parts to this little play have been rehearsed, and the people dealing with her will be from our staff of course.”

“Well, let's make this work, especially with Bruder.”

That afternoon the plan was set into action. First Addler managed to find Hermann as he was about to leave for the staged derailment site, about 10 miles southbound on the foundry spur. Hermann had given the signal to the new engineer that they had sent him that morning, and then gotten into his coach, but the train wasn't moving, “Well now what?” He said as he got out, and walked out onto the platform to get a good look at the engineer, but he saw that he was no longer there. He walked up beside the engine, and asked one of his men on the platform if he'd seen where the engineer had gone. “He went passed me in a rush, and said that he had to go to the toilet.” Said the man.

Hermann was back in the coach to waiting when Addler suddenly rushed in, and sat down across from him. “Where are you going?”



“Wherever you are.” Said Kurt. As he caught his breath.

“Your going with me to hell?”

“Maybe if they find out that I've been here to warn you. Said Addler as the train began to move.

“Look if this is about that girl down at the Red Tiger Beer Garden, she doesn't have Syphilis.”

“What girl? No I'm talking about.... Will you listen to me! I just came from Grossadmiral Prien's Office.”

“I thought it was WeltGrossadmiral Prien now?”

“Oh, whatever, damn you will you listen to me.”

“Alright go ahead.”

“They are about to kill you.”

“Well, hell they have been about to kill me since before I got here.”

“Well, this time they are going to do it for sure. You are about to be arrested on the trumped up charge, of having raped a young girl, and then you are to be hanged along with two others in the Grand Square before the day is over. They are going to arrest you, and bring you before the girl, and she is going to say you did it.”

“Is she pretty? I'd hate being hanged over an ugly girl, can you imagine the shame I'd feel?”

“Oh yes, just make a joke out of it, it's just like you.” Said Kurt as he fumbled to get a cigarette out and light it.

“You know the Führer doesn't like people smoking.”

“Well, he isn't here any longer is he?”

“What do you mean he isn't here any longer, did someone accuse him of something too?”

“Fine laugh it up. I just thought, well, WeltGrossadmiral Prien, and I both thought that being a military man you might choose to die with some dignity, and self respect, but never mind. How do you stop this thing?”

“Just pull that cord, but it's over a mile to the next platform.”

Addler reached up, and yanked the cord. “I don't care!” He got out, and slammed the door, then started walking past the engineer. “Well, what the hell are you looking at? Go on!”

As the coach passed Kurt up, Hermann stuck his head out the window, and watched him for a few seconds. He had turned out to be a true friend, and Hermann believed that he had done nothing short of protected him by letting it end this way. He knew that Kurt had been used, and he knew that the train delay allowing Kurt to catch up to him was no coincidence. But because of what he was about to do, ending it any other way would only have thrown suspicion back on Kurt later on.

Amalia, had made it to the Personnel Department an hour before closing time, and as she sat there in the small cubical filled with mixed emotions waiting for the girl to come back with her new work permit to I.G. Farben. She couldn't help but think that on the one hand she liked her new assignment, there would be other women there to talk to, and she liked the higher pay she would receive, but on the other hand, she had grown close to both Günther, and Rudy, and would miss them dearly.

“Well, Hedi, I congratulate you on your new promotion to Sargent.” Came the voice from the cubicle next to Amalia's.

“Thank you, I'm just so excited.”

“Well, how are thing these days down at the Justice Division?”

“Oh, there's about to be a lot of trouble I'm afraid.” Said Hedi as she lowered her voice. Amalia leaned a little closer toward the thin partition in order to hear better. “Promise me that you won't breath a word of what I'm about to tell you.”

“Oh, I promise.”

“Well, when I left a while ago, they were processing three death warrants for a Jew named Binus or something, and that Zootie Suit guy Reginhard, and some other Colonel named Bruder. They are going to round them up this evening and hang them.”

“They are going to hang the Zootie man? I have seen him dancing before. I think he is so cute in his little Zootie, he is so sexy.”

As the girl came back with her paperwork Amalia suddenly straightened back up in her chair. “Sorry it took so long Amalia, but one of our girls is on vacation, and she usually makes these out, and records these permits so it took us a little longer. Well, your all set. I hope you enjoy your new job, so go clean out your desk, and report to Industrial at 8:00 o'clock in the morning.”

“Thank you.” Said Amalia as she got up, holding back her tears.

By the time she had gotten back to the office, and sat down at her desk she was crying, and shaking uncontrollably. Günther who had seen what was happening through the open door of his office, rushed out to see about her. “Amalia, what in the world is the matter? Amalia tried to tell him, but was crying so hard he couldn't understand her. Günther ran over to the front door to find help but as he stepped out he saw that Bamber, and the prisoners had left for the day. “Rudy! Rudy!!”

Rudy opened the door of the lab, and stood there holding a test tube in his hand. “What?”

“Come quick something is wrong with Amalia!”

Rudy dropped the test tube to the ground, and ran into the office.

“Amalia, what's the matter?” Asked Rudy as he rushed over to the cooler, and got a glass of water, and put it in her hand. Once he was sure she had it he put his hand on her shoulder. “Now whatever it is that's hurting you can't be that bad, can it?”

Amalia reached across with her left hand, and patted Rudy's hand. “It is. Oh Rudy it is.”

“Calm down now, and tell us all about it.” Said Rudy as he pulled a chair up, and sat beside her holding, and stroking her hand.

Amalia, managed to gain enough composure to tell them about her reassignment, and all that she had overheard concerning their fate. “You both need to go, and hide some place before they come for you.”

“Hide where?” Said Günther as he walked back into his office picked up his Zootie that he had just gotten back from the cleaners that morning, folded it the best he could crammed it in his briefcase, buckled it shut, then sat down at his desk.

In the mean time Rudy had helped Amalia clean out her desk, and had seen to that she had gotten safely into her tram for her ride home. Then he came back in to see about Günther. “Amalia said to tell you goodbye.”

“Oh yes, tell her I said goodbye too.”

“She's already gone Günther.”

“Oh, of course.”

“Come on Günther let's take a ride.”

“Why do you want to take a ride?”

“Why not?”

Once in the car Rudy told him about his encounter the night before with Hermann, and how that it was the only chance they had of surviving what was about to happen. So they ditched the car in the Commercial District, and changed trams several different times until they got back into the research sector, then walked the next two blocks, or so to where Hermann had told Rudy to be. At sidetrack 29, they walked in passed the rail wagons where they saw the 3 ton truck pulled in facing the rock wall at the end of the tunnel. Both men got in the passenger side door, and sat down. "Now we wait." Advised Rudy as he checked his pocket watch, it was 6:45pm.

## Chapter 24

### Why Psychologists are Dangerous Critters

Hermann had returned from the train derailment, and had just gotten into his office when Vicktor came in, and closed the door behind him. “Hermann, I have horrible news, several of the station manager's have called me in the last few minutes, and told me that the Kriminalpolizei are searching for you with a death warrant. You should not let them take you like this if you know what I mean.”

“Thank you Vicktor, I shall go somewhere quit, and prepare myself. I don't want you, or the men to see me after this.”

Vicktor, came to attention, clicked his heels, and saluted Hermann. “I speak for myself, and all the men in saying it's been a privilege serving under you Sir!”

Hermann stood up, and returned the salute. “I likewise have never worked with a finer crew Vicktor, please pass that on to the men.”

“I will Sir.”

“Very good, well if you will excuse me I will be going now.” Said Hermann as he picked up his briefcase from the floor, shook Victor's hand, and walked off down the center of the tracks toward the power station.

Once he was at the access tunnel he entered the door, closed it behind him, and switched on the lighting. He sat his briefcase down, then took two M39 grenades out, and walked back to the end, turned the corner to the right, and walked several paces to the two junction boxes fixed to the walls directly across from each other. These held the electrical transmission lines. One power grid went to all the lighting in the Grand Cavern. The other powered all the rail traffic in this sector. After opening both doors he unscrewed the caps on both the grenades, turned around toward the exit route, and reaching out on each side, he slid their metal carrying rings down over the vertical handles of the knife switches in each box.

He stood there for a second holding the strings on both grenades, took a deep breath, then jerked his arms forward pulling the pins, as he ran around the corner, he scooped up his briefcase from the floor, and managed to exit the doorway just as the grenades went off. At the same time all the lights in the rail tunnel went out. After locating his Daimon Flashlight in his briefcase he made his way the quarter mile to the Research Spur, then followed it out into the lighted streets of the Research Section, and down to sidetrack 29. He threw the switch over from the main track onto the side track, and ventured in.

“Anybody here!” Said Hermann as he walked in passed the rail wagons to where the truck was.

“We were beginning to think you weren't coming.” Said Rudy.

“No need to rush. Explained Hermann, as he walked passed the cab, and opened the hood on the passenger side of the truck. Believe me we have all the time we need to make our escape. Said Hermann as he took the rotor button from his pocket, and put it back in the distributor, closed the hood, and grabbed the hand crank. Kick it out of gear, give it some gas, and pull the choke out.” After a couple of cranks the engine roared to life. Hermann got in behind the wheel, and pushed the choke back in, and the little six cylinder smoothed right out. At that he crammed it into reverse, and started pushing the rail wagons out behind him. As they turned, and went up the slight grade Hermann turned with them pushing them about thirty feet back, then took off forward down the street.

Rudy looked back as all the rail wagons humped there way right back into the sidetrack. “That was pretty slick.”

“Yeah, I thought so. Said Hermann as he screeched to a halt just before the gates leading back to the Underwater Research loading dock. Hermann reach in his pocket and took out a key, then handed it to Rudy. Here, take this, and open the gates, then lock them back behind you.”

Hermann took the truck on in, and backed it up to the dock. “Come on Günther lets get this door up out of the way. They both then climbed up in the back of the truck. Hermann grabbed a long railroad pry bar with a curved end, and stuck it under the door, then set a small block of wood in front of it, and both men put their weight on it. The door was creaking, and groaning, but nothing was happening until Rudy caught up to them, and added his weight to it, and that's when the latch inside broke, and the door raised up.

“Give me a place to stand, and with a lever I will move the whole world. Exclaimed Günther. Rudy, and Hermann both stopped, and looked at Günther. Archimedes, you know the mathematician.” They hadn't stopped to look at him because he'd said something smart, they were just surprised by how positive he'd sounded when he'd said it.

“Good man that Archimedes. Said Hermann. Now let's see if we can move a submarine”

As they ran into the harbor area Hermann sent Günther into the maintenance room to see if he could find a couple of wedges to drive under the only other access door that led out to the rest of the project. He gave Rudy the job of unloading the truck, while he went over to inspect the UR-73a.

He walked up the gangway, and lifted the hatch cover, beneath it was the usual wheel, except that this one had been designed to be locked with a large padlock, and it was. Günther came up the gangway and stood beside Hermann as he crouched down over the hatch. “I fixed the door with the wedges like you said.”

“Good, now I need you to get the cutting torch, so we can cut the locks off these hatches both fore, and aft.”

“Um, boy, I looked around the shop real good while I was in there, and I'm afraid there isn't one, the tanks, and regulators are there but there's no torch for the end of the hoses.”

“There's a cutting outfit in the truck, get that one.”



Within minutes they had access to the UR-73a, and were loading their supplies onboard. Hermann had brought the battery power up, and the console seemed to be working properly. He gave the props a few turns, and the sub strained against the mooring lines, then settle back down.

“Günther! Where's your hammer?”

“I left it up on deck.”

“Well, get it, and go to that other sub up in front of us, and smash all the gauges, and consoles that you can find, but first go in the shop, and get some safety goggles, the last thing I need right now is a blind crewman.”

“Well, it's all stowed away” Advised Rudy as he walked up eating a can of peaches.

“Well I see you found the food.”

“Yeah, these are really good, want one?”

“No, I have something a little more important to check on at the moment.”

Hermann climbed out on deck, and made his way to the manual lock console that sat next to the UR-72. He noticed several wires that ran along the floor, and through the wall that weren't there before. So he went to the shop, and got the tools he needed, and took the bottom cover panel off, then shined his flashlight up underneath the console. “Good.” He said. There were no explosives, and the wires only ran to the activation lights. Someone somewhere was monitoring his progress, but it was not rigged so they would have any control over it. This confirmed what he had thought all along, they wanted him to go. Just not in the way he was leaving.

“I've busted about everything in there that there is to bust. Said Günther, as he walked up behind the lock console. What are you doing down there?”

“Checking for traps.”

“Find anything?”

“No, I think we are good to go, so let's get to it.”

“You'll get no argument from me.” Replied Günther as he walked back, and started untying the mooring lines to the U-73a, then Hermann, and Günther sat down on deck, and used their feet to push the gangway off the boat.

After they were all inside Hermann took the starboard pilot's chair, and Günther took the one next to him. Rudy was up in the open hatch giving him updates on where they were in relation to the harbor.

“Alright, the bow has moved away from the pier, but the stern is almost touching it.”

Hermann, turned the yoke all the way to port, and then engaged the engines dead slow.

“Good, now straighten out. Alright, we're moving passed the other sub, now get us further out in the harbor.”

“We need to get it headed straight for that marker on the wall ahead!” Reminded Hermann.

“I know, I can see the Lock down below it. Just hold your course. Instructed Rudy. Now about 25 degrees to port. Alright straighten her up. We are coming up on that hole in the ceiling, you might want to try stopping.”

Hermann reversed the engines, the sub began to slow.

“She's not going to stop in time, try giving the signal as we pass under it.”

Hermann did, and the noise from the first lock gate as it began to open made everyone cheer.

“Batten down the hatch Rudy we're on our way. Exclaimed Hermann. Or not!”

“What do you mean, or not.” Asked Günther.

“The other sub had windows that I could see the locks through, but in this one I'm flying blind.”

“What are these scope screen for?” Asked Rudy as he took his seat behind his console, They must have some way of seeing what's ahead.”

“Of course, said Hermann, the forward looking sonar. As he switched it on, the cathode ray tube slowly came to life Hermann could see that it was different in that it had a grid screen that gave a more accurate method of location finding. Alright let's do this!” Declared Hermann as he blew the ballast tanks a little so that the sub began its descent. Before long they were clear of UR, and heading out of the canyon.

“This damned thing is wallowing around in these currents like it's wanting to flip over. If we don't get those wings down we're screwed.” Barked Hermann.

“Think they are called bow planes.” Said Günther.

“Well whatever they are their giving me fits.”

“There's nothing on this console that says anything about wings, or bow planes. Maybe if I pushed this button.”

“No, stop Günther! Don't start pushing buttons, and flipping switches if you don't know what they're for! Damn! Where the hell is Rudy? Why isn't he helping us.”

“Oh, don't mind me I'm just sitting back here watching the chaos, and confusion. It's somewhat entertaining actually.”

“Damn you Rudy, said Hermann as he wrestled with the control yoke, if this damned sub doesn't kill us first, I'm going to kill you later.”

“Well, if you are going to be like that, then I'll just leave.” Said Rudy as he flipped the U-73a Schnell Hai's (Quick Shark) Operations Manual shut, and disappeared back into the stern of the sub.

In less than a minute the fins started to lower, and lock into position. When that happened the subs controls settled down, and the ride became smooth and even. Rudy soon came back forward, and stood beside of Hermann.

“What did you do?” Asked Hermann as he look up at Rudy.

“Oh I just went to the panel back near the reactor, and engaged the Ceratotrichial Actuator's, that lowered, and locked the Pectoral Fins into place, that's all. You know it's all right here in this operations manual. You both really should read it sometime, it would make both of your lives a lot less stressful. Said Rudy as he took the manual, and started fanning the air in their direction. You know it's not really that hot in here. Why are you both sweating? “

“Yeah, just keep on Rudy.”

“Well, I'm going back here, and see if I can figure this reactor out, it would probably be good if we can get it up, and running before we run the batteries down too far.”

“Don't worry about the reactor right now, we need you to see if you can get us power to the Schauberger Turbines, and The Slipstream Drive. They know that we have made our escape by now, and some of those subs may be showing up on our regular sonar any minute.”

“That's right!” Said Günther as he bent down over the other sonar scope, and started wringing his hands.

“ All right I'll see what I can do. Said Rudy as he started to chuckle. But, I can see that you two girls are about to get all nervous, and sweaty again so I'd really rather stay, and watch.

“That's it I'm kicking your ass right now!” Barked Hermann as he fumbled with his seat belt trying to get it unbuckled.

“Uh, by the way Captain where are we on the map right now?”

“Oh crap!” Said Hermann as he stopped what he was doing, checked the forward scanning sonar quickly, then grabbed the navigation chart from one of the pigeon holes made into the underside of the console, unrolled it, and started trying to figure out where they were.

“See you guys later.” Said Rudy as he pulled out his pocket watch, then swaggered back into the stern again. It was 9:05pm

“Smart ass.” Said Günther.

“Yep, he may be all that, but he pulled our fat out of the fire didn't he.”

“Well he doesn't have to be so damned cocky about it.”

“Sure he does, and besides that, your not the only one that's allowed to act stupid from time to time Günther.”

“Were you really going to kick his ass?”

“What do you think?”

“I really don't have a clue.”

“HmMMM, imagine that, no Günther I was just trying to run him off.”

“I'm glad, Rudy didn't know it was wrong to talk to a Captain like that. He didn't know it was wrong.”

Hermann looked over at Günther like he was from another planet, then back to the controls.

Hermann's words had renewed the painful memories of his brother Klaus, and the last time he had seen him, because the hurt had gone so deep, for a moment without realizing it he had even started to talk, and act like him.

Just hearing his own voice mimicking Klaus's voice, and speech patterns, had seemed to calm his emotions somehow. Of course, Hermann not knowing what had brought this on was beginning to wonder if he was about half nuts.

"I'm getting a bunch of stationary blips on the sonar. Said Herman as he turned the sub about 30 degrees starboard. I think we are too close to the coast. Günther do you think you can bring us up, and hold her there for a few minutes while I get some kind of bearing off the periscope?"

"How do I do that?"

"Well, I don't want to charge the ballast tanks, I'm hoping she can climb up to the surface under power, so just pull back on the yoke until she starts to climb at about 20 degrees, and try to keep her up until I can get a reading."

"How do I know what 20 degrees is?"

"See that gauge on the left of your console with the little submarine on it?"

"Yes."

"Well, pull back on the yoke a little now."

"Oh I see, you read them off the top."

"Good take us up. Said Hermann as he unbuckled his seat belt, and went back to the periscope. Hang on Rudy we're going up."

"Hey, the lights for the Schauburger, and Slipstream drives just lit up on my console." Said Günther

"Alright, that's what I like to hear." Said Hermann as he brought the periscope up to eye level.

"Well I really wish you two would talk these things over with me before you decide to surrender. I could have made a white flag." Said Rudy as he stepped back into the Comm.

“Rudy shut up, and help me triangulate our position on that navigation map. Günther put us on a heading of due north.”

“How do I do that?”

“Turn the wheel on the yoke until the compass reads 0 or 360 degrees.”

“All right going to a heading of due north Captain!”

Hermann took his head away from the periscope long enough to look at Rudy, and roll his eyes. “Now, let's see, the center of Mellum Island is Hmm! Dead north, that's easy enough. And at a range of about 6 miles. Then, said Hermann as he turned the periscope to port side, the northwest point of the mainland is, about 293 degrees at a range of 10 and a half miles. And finally the southwestern point is at 253 degrees at about 5 and three quarter miles. Take us back down Günther at 15 degrees down plane.”

“Aye, aye, Captain!”

Hermann was looking at Rudy again as he brought the periscope down, and shaking his head from side to side. Rudy was all smiles when Hermann got over to the table. “What do we have Rudy?”

“I make us about here at 53 degrees, 40 minutes North, and 8 degrees, 8 minutes East.”

Hermann studied Rudy's plot's on the map for a minute, and then said; “Yep, that's close enough.”

“Leveling her back off at 150 ft.! Weren't you suppose to order me to do that, I mean we could have hit the bottom or something.”

“Well, you'll have to overlook me Günther, I've only been a Captain for about twenty minutes now. Buckle yourselves in the upright position gentlemen we're fixing to get the hell out of here.”

Hermann brought her around to 090 degrees, and engaged the Schauburger Drive, then when she came up to 50 knots, he engaged the Slipstream. The G-forces indicator immediately shot up to 16 G's.

“Woe! Said Günther as the back of his head dug into the padding. Then he made the mistake of turning his head over toward Hermann, “Ah, my heads stuck!”

“What do you mean it's stuck?” Asked Hermann as he rolled his eyes over in that direction.

“I turned my head, and now I can't get it back. What's that mean Rudy?” As he rolled his eyes back over to where Rudy was setting.

“That means two things Günther. That means the Slipstream Drive is working just fine, and it means don't ever turn your head until we get up to speed, and the G forces subside.”

In a few seconds the G forces had dropped enough for everyone to move freely again. “179 knots, said Hermann, that's about 200 miles per hour underwater. Hang on we're turning.” Said Hermann as he listed the sub over to almost 80 degrees port, and pulled back hard on the yoke. Trying with everything he had to bring her around to 030 degrees before they smacked into the coastline north of Bremerhaven. The G force was now downward at 5 G's, with such force that Hermann was starting to get tunnel vision.

“Ah, aape! Ny yaw yees ah-pped o-awn I an't et it sut ack!”

“Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha!” Laughed Rudy.

“Ell it ud-en't e so amned unny if it ha-und ooh ou.”

“Ah! Ha! Ha!, Oh stop my sides are hurting. Ah! Ha!, Ah! Ha!.



Hermann let up on the yoke at 40 degrees North northeast, he just couldn't hold it there any longer without passing out. He corrected the list to 30 degrees, and brought her up to 75 ft. depth, then continued the turn at about 2 G's until his head cleared. He could see the coast coming up on the sonar screen. Just as he was about to shut down the Slipstream drive he noticed that the blips were slowly moving off to the right of the screen. Then two blips popped onto the top of the screen. This he knew was Neuwerk Island. He adjusted the course to 028 degrees, and relaxed. Soon they were passed the mouth of the Elbe, and had settled the sub down on the shoal north of Trischen Sandbank.

“Boy that was some ride huh boys?” Said Hermann as he shut down everything on the console except the regular passive sonar.

“How long are we going to be here?” asked Günther.

“Well, the batteries have one forth charge left. So I guess we're here until we can figure out how to get them recharged.”

“There's no diesel engines on board. Said Rudy, not even a small pony engine. That means unless we get the reactor up, and running we aren't going very far.”

“Well, we should be able to lay here undetected as long as we need too. This shoal is likely strewn with shipwrecks from past storms, so if we keep as quiet as possibly we should be fine. Anyone searching would have trouble picking us out as anything other than just another shipwreck. Rudy what's back there passed that hatchway?”

”Two bunks that can be let down, a kitchenette galley, a table with booth seats, and some storage cabinets with food stocks, and oh, an empty refrigerator.”

“Alright, let's see if we can get a pot of coffee going, and Rudy can teach us what he already knows about the manual.”

“We may need to bring some of the crates we brought out here, and stack them. The floor is absolutely full of crates, even under the table.”

“Alright but just a few, and those under the table, we will just have to walk bent over across the tops of the others for now. We can't have all that loose cargo out here in case we have to get under way quickly.”

## Chapter 25

### When the Chickens come Home to Roost

“Damn it, get me some lighting in here! Yelled Mueller. And find out what is going on.”

“I have gotten through to the Power Station Heinrich, and they say that the main transmission lines to the Grand Cavern, and the Rail System have been severed by explosives. They estimate a repair time of two days, on each line. Then I finally got through to Central Supply, and they said that all of the emergency lanterns were not where they were suppose to be in the stock bins, but they're trying to locate them now. Then I tried to get through to Erwin Bumke at the Kriminalpolizei but never could.”

“What do you mean you never could, the phones are working aren't they?”

“Yes but I understand that the switchboard operators are being deluged with calls, and they are working only by candle light. As a result calls are inadvertently getting plugged into the wrong connections.”

“Alright, this is the work of that damned X subject Bruder. Get me my car, no better yet, have someone other than you get me my car. I wouldn't be surprised if the damned thing didn't blowup when you try to start it. We're going to see Fritz, and make sure that that son of a bitch is out of here.”

When they got to Underwater Research they found Fritz sitting at his desk with a gun shot wound to the head. Once, he'd seen that Hermann had left, he came out of hiding from the monitoring room, and tried to enter the harbor through the door in the Research area. After seeing that it was blocked he had gone around by way of the loading dock only to find the UR-73a missing, and the interior of the UR-72 destroyed. After realizing what had happened he had come back to his desk, and taken the only honorable way out.

“Let's get to the Main Harbor! Ordered Mueller, Sholtz you are with me. You driver, you stay behind, and get on that phone. I want his Research Supervisor, and WeltGrossadmiral Prien at the Main Harbor Schnell!”

When they got to the harbor they found Officer Leo Wolfbauer in charge of the night shift.

“What subs do you have for immediate deployment?”

“Let's see Sir, we have two on standby, the U-530, and the U-977 and we can....”

“I only need two Captain, have them ready by the time Prien gets here.”

“As you wish. Said Wolfbauer, as he reached behind him, and fisted the scramble button on the wall. Destination?”

“Ah yes, I will need a map of the local area that includes the North Sea.”

“Right away Sir. Said Wolfbauer, as he picked up the phone, and called the Briefing Room, then the Sentry Post below. If your ready Sir, the Sentry below will direct you to the Briefing Room.”

When the Supervisor from research showed up, he informed all present of two main things. One that it would be almost impossible for any one man to have even gotten the UR-73a out into the bay without a crew. And two that it would take a layman days to figure out how to operate the nuclear reactor on board. Until then they would only have battery power, and no means to recharge them.

“Alright. Said Mueller, you have been assigned your search areas. Sholtz you go with U-530, and Bumke with U-977. Now let's find them, and destroy them gentlemen.

“My God Heinrich let's hope this works out.” Said Prien, as the men filed out of the briefing room.

## Chapter 26

### What Goes Around Comes Around

Unbeknownst to the three fugitives, the two U-boats that were sent out to find them hadn't returned, and Mueller had had explosive charges placed in the walls of the canyon in front of the Main Harbors underwater locks. The only U-boat left in the Main Harbor with a Schauburger Drive was sent around to the Research Port for safe keeping. Then late at night during the first heavy storm he had given the order to permanently close the main port underneath hundreds of tons of rock, and silt. For those in Wilhelmshaven, and the surrounding areas the explosion was just another rumble of thunder in the night.

After finding out what had been done the sailor's had tried to overrun the Grand Chancellery, and take control of the complex. Only to be shot down in their tracks by the SS Elite Guard. Jaensch, and several of his staff had been unceremoniously hanged in the Grand Square. It had gotten so bad that the HJ-Streifendienst of the Hitler Youth instead of reporting people as they had done before, were now issued side arms, and were subsequently executing people on the spot. UR had become a killing field.

The Nazi propagandist seemed to be prepared for every contingency though, and this was no exception. Nor was it a surprise to most when one evening the loud speakers in the streets came to life with the words:

“This recording contains the words of our beloved Führer, that he has sent to you the good people of UnterReich. Listen closely to his heartfelt words, and you will feel the love, and great compassion that he has for you.”

“It is with the deepest sorrow that the news has come to me below the bitter cold, and icy tundra of the antarctic. It is with a heavy heart that I now speak to you, flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood. For it saddens me that you have had to suffer this hardship only because of the weakness, and impatience of others. But those that have shown themselves to be halfhearted to our cause need not have tried to mix themselves in among us.

As for you that have remained faithful, there stands before you a grand future, and glorious advancement in the New World Order! For it is because of your loyalty, and steadfast devotion to the cause that we will bring you out to rule as gods, amongst lesser men!! Because it will soon become apparent that this unruly world that we see now before us, can only, be ruled! By the strength of you! The Master Race!!! I tell you it is true! As you yourselves well know! You were born for greatness!!! And we shall have greatness!!!! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!”

It was only after the Speech that things became orderly, and normal life began to return to the underworld of UR.

## Chapter 26

Hitler had arrived at New Berlin with great pomp, and ceremony. After the fanfare had ended, he had been confronted with the news about the turmoil that had broken out at UR. The Inner group had met, and decided to send an envoy back with two XXIII subs equipped with the Schauberger Drive for use as transports between UR, and New Berlin.

The little news that they did have was sketchy at best because all they had to go by was a short coded radio message that had been relayed down the European, and African Continents by low power transmitters like so many Roman signaling towers. It had only said:

'3 fugitives - Schnell Hai missing, 2 chase hounds not returned. V-Men informed. Lock H1 buried, H2 functioning. HM lost control, mutiny, turmoil, - calmed. Dead F. Haydn, E. Jaensch. Advise WGA Prien.'

The one thing that they were sure of was that they were not very happy with the way that Heinrich had handled the situation after they had left. UR had to be brought under control because since May 23, 1945 it remained the only legally existing German civilian Government left on German soil. The reason for this was because of a legal, and political blunder by the British liaison officer sent to what the Allies thought was the last vestiges of the German Civilian Government at Flensburg where Karl Dönitz continued to preside as the German head of state. Although the government was declared to be dissolved by Eisenhower's order, and all its members arrested. The liaison officer had neglected to use the key document created by the "European Advisory Commission." As a result the civilian German Government had not legally surrendered unconditionally at all, it had just been declared dissolved by Eisenhower. Who on his own had no authority to do so. This left UnterReich as the sole remaining legitimate civil authority on German soil, and left the way open for UR to rightfully orchestrate the reorganization of all of Germany's civil affairs. Once this fact was covertly pointed out to the surviving remnants of Nazi Germany's civilian ministers, they had all came back onboard, and began working for UR.

Hitler had even been so elated by Patton's refusal to remove Nazi's from their posts in Bavaria that he had held a ceremony where he had presented Patton in absentia with The Order of the German Eagle, Germany's highest civilian medal, which he draped around a portrait picture of the good general that hangs in the Hall of Hero's along side all the portraits of all the Reich's honored men.

But now after all this Mueller had jeopardized all the progress made, by allowing three fugitives to escape that knew UR's location, and all of its above ground access points, then if that were not enough, they had been allowed to gain control of a submarine that contained the latest in German technological advancements.

Luckily though due to operation Paperclip Reinhard Gehlen had been released from custody by the CIA, and installed as an operative, and head of an undercover operation, and spy ring operating out of a business front called the South German Industrial Development Organization in Pullach, Germany. He had in turn recruited over 350 of UR's German intelligence agents called V-Men to monitor, and conduct operations in the Soviet Bloc. This proved to be a windfall for UR since the CIA was now unknowingly also supplying all the materials needed for UR's clandestine operations, such as money, boats, and airplanes.

Mueller had done something right in informing Gehlen to use his connections in the CIA to monitor any news regarding the three fugitives, or sightings of the Quick Shark Sub from Russian, U.S., British, and Canadian Intelligence Services. Perhaps the threat could still be neutralized, but so far nothing.



## Chapter 27

### **An Ounce Of Prevention Is Worth A Pound of Cure**

It had been ten days since they had come to rest on the shoals of the sandbar. They had heard a few engines in the distance, but none had come close.

Hermann had given both Rudy, and Günther the sermon about not going off half cocked for the umpteenth time as they sat at the mess table going over the Operations Manuals one last time before getting underway.

In the last ten days they had all pretty much mastered the understanding of how to operate the sub, and the nuclear reactor to the point that God forbid anything should happen to anyone of them the other two could still operate the sub successfully without them.

The reactor is a strange contraption in that it operates by having its 6 control rods connected to a plate on a sliding frame that in turn is connected to two very large pushrods, and a motor driven flywheel. The whole system is air cooled much like a Volkswagen engine. As the rods advance in their separate sleeves deep into the reactor's core the heat will spike causing the ambient air in the closely fitting air jacket to become rapidly heated and expand, this causes the pressure inside the containment area to cycle up, and as the rods withdraw into the cylinder barrels the exhaust, and intake valves are opened whereupon two large blowers suck the hot air out, and passed two heat exchangers that vent the heat into the sea, before bringing the cooled air once again into the chamber. This pressure/cooling cycle is enough to activate the four reciprocal diaphragm actuator's in the rear by producing adequate volumetric positive displacement to drive the four generator's connected by pushrods to their respective crankshafts. The oiling system is very much like an automotive engine also, in that the core employs a trickle down method to lubricate the sleeves of the rods as they reciprocated back, and forth, while the flywheels, and pushrods use the splash system to lubricate their respective parts. Their cooling system also operates by also using a heat exchanger system.

In that the rear generating section is separated from the shielded containment area, a muffler is employed to quiet the consistent noise of the diaphragms, and reciprocal breathing of that sections housing.

As a unit everything except the generator's are contained within a housing no bigger than a double door refrigerator turned on its side.

It was obvious to all three of them that this was a prototype designed to be repairable by just about anyone that could turn a wrench. It was likewise obvious from the emergency radiation procedures outlined in the manual that anyone attempting such a repair within the closed containment area would likely be performing their last repair job in this life. But thank heavens it had been up, and running without problems now for the last three days, and the batteries were fully charged.

Everything had gone well except that the garbage they had generated over the last three days was now producing such a rancid smell that it was starting to make everyone about half sick. They had originally thought of firing the garbage out of one of the torpedo tubes only to find that they were all loaded with torpedo's that were probably armed, so they had decided to leave well enough alone. For seven of the ten days they had shoved the garbage up into the escape trunk back passed the reactor until it became impossible to get it to stay up in there, and still get the hatch closed. Yesterday the charcoal filters on the air circulation system had played out, and because they only had a few replacement filters in stock they had decided to save them for the journey. So now it was time to go before they all fell ill due to their own devices.

They had agreed that the first leg of their journey would be a straight run at speed to the Treitel Ridge some 600 miles away. Where they planed to surface in among the atolls, and lay off the southern point of Sumba on the Danish Islands of Faroe. The atolls there would break up any radar images, and protect them from sonar scans as well. They just needed sometime topside, and a little fresh air was rapidly becoming a must.

After everyone had checked, and double checked all the instruments on their consoles, and were satisfied that the sub, and Slipstream drive were working properly Hermann took the helm, and charged the ballast tanks some, to give her a positive buoyancy, then brought her up out of the sand, and up to a depth of 10 ft. Günther extended the antenna, snorkeled in some fresh air, and flipped on the radio.

“What are you doing now Günther?” Asked Hermann.

“I'm trying to get some music.”

“Well it better be a short song, because as soon as we're clear of this sandbar we're leaving here quick, fast, and in a hurry.”

The radio, squealed, and whistled a few times then a waltz came in loud and clear. “This program is being interrupted for a special announcement. The first atomic bomb has been dropped by a United States aircraft on the Japanese city of Hiroshima.

President Harry S Truman, announcing the news from the cruiser, USS Augusta, in the mid-Atlantic, said the device was more than 2,000 times more powerful than the largest bomb used to date.

An accurate assessment of the damage caused has so far been impossible due to a huge cloud of impenetrable dust covering the target. Hiroshima is one of the chief supply depots for the Japanese army.”

They all three turned at the same time and looked back toward the reactor through the open hatchway. “Oh Shit!” Said Rudy as he turned back around with a frightened look on his face.

“The bomb was dropped from an American B-29 Superfortress, known as Enola Gay, at 0815 local time. The plane's crew say they saw a column of smoke rising and intense fires springing up.

The President said the atomic bomb heralded the "harnessing of the basic power of the universe". It also marked a victory over the Germans in the race to be first to develop a weapon using atomic energy.

President Truman went on to warn the Japanese..... “

“Turn that damned thing off Günther, and get that snorkel back down.” Ordered Hermann as he maneuvered the sub at dead slow until they were well clear of the sandbar, then took her down to 200 ft., and establishing neutral buoyancy. He then brought her around to a heading of 283 degrees 20 minutes North northwest, and engaged the Schauburger Drive as before.

“A-unther, ow's oor yaw elling?”

“Oh, shut up Rudy, stop being so damned juvenile.”

“I'm juvenile, look at the way you've been acting for the last month.”

“Both of you keep your mouth's shut, literally, because here we go boy's!”

One thing they had learned from the manual was that by keeping the reactor engaged while underway they could extend the Slipstream's range from 600 to 800 miles before the batteries were pulled down to a 30 percent charge. Rudy was operating the reactor from the rear console, and as soon as the batteries were down to a 95 percent charge he engaged the reactor, and brought it up to full power.

Three hours later they were looking through the periscope at the lighthouse high upon the rocky coast of the southern most point of the Faroe Island chain. From there they continued south under regular propulsion the two miles, or so to where the atolls were, then surfaced. Günther was the first topside setting in the hatch shivering from the 20 degree temperature outside. Rudy had brought the reactor down to 50 percent, then gone aft to make sure it was stable. Günther quickly came back down, and walked over to where Hermann was sitting studying the sonar scope.

“How are we going to do this?” Inquired Günther as he stood rubbing one arm, and then the other trying to warm them.

“Tell me what you saw while you were up there?”

“Well, there is what looks like a buoy about maybe 500 ft. east and behind us, and there are two porous looking rocks maybe a hundred feet apart a little north of here their both standing maybe five to six feet out of the water, and in front of them there is like a little reef that breaks up the swells before they get to them. If we could get back in there, I think it might be a good place to tie up.”

“Well, the buoy's out of the question, we'd be too exposed out there in the open. I tell you what, go back there, and get us some cold weather gear out of one of those unopened crates we brought, and in the meantime I'll move us north a little so we can get a better look at those rocks.”

Within an hour the three of them had managed to maneuver in behind the barrier rocks, and had used two ropes with grappling hooks both fore, and aft to string the sub loosely between the two highest rocks. Then once the antenna was raised, and the Radar Detection Receiver turned on Herman, and Rudy sat down at the table to decide on possible routes for the next leg of their trip. Günther had grabbed a pillow, and blanket from one of the bunks, and gone up on deck again.

After exploring several routes for about forty five minutes Hermann said: “You think Günther is alright?”

“Let me go have a look. Said Rudy as he got up, and walked softly into the Command section. Within thirty seconds he was back. He's setting up in the hatch with his feet on the ladder, his butt on the pillow, and the blanket wrapped around him.”

“Well that explains why it's getting warmer in here. His big butt's keeping the hot air in.”

“Yeah, he's finally found a way to make himself useful. Chuckled Rudy. Oh by the way I checked the batteries while I was out there, and they were up to 43 percent from 41 earlier. I can turn up the reactor if you think we need too.”

“No that's fine, the manual states that they charge better at a slower pace, just leave it there till morning, and we'll go from there.”

“Go from where?” Asked Günther as he slung the pillow, and blanket back onto the bunk.

“From here. We have only been able to decide on three routes out of here. South, South southwest, and just plain Southwest.” Said Rudy.

“Yes, yes, very funny.” Remarked Günther.

“No, I'm serious. We can't see where any of them holds that much advantage over the others, and the dangers are about the same.”

Hermann reach out, and put his fingers on two points on the map. “We figured that if UR does still have subs out looking for us they are somewhere within an arc starting at the Southern tip of Spain, and running over to somewhere South of the Grand Banks. Now I know through the contacts that I had at UR, that the Nazi's still have agents in Britain, so they know that we haven't turned ourselves over to them. That means in their eyes we are either dead, or making a run for it to a safe haven like North America. And because as you are well aware, the reactor manual cautions against operating this reactor in the warm waters of a tropical region, and since this is August they know we are not going to venture too far South. That's why Rudy, and myself have developed this arc scenario.”

“Alright I can see where South, and also Southwest could cause us to run into Allied, or UR subs on both sides of the Atlantic, but what's wrong with going down somewhere here in the middle?”

“We were asking ourselves the same question, and kept getting the same answer. What if New Berlin has sent subs looking for us that have Schauburger Drives, or even subs like this one. They could already be moving north within this arc just waiting for us to come stumbling along.” Said Rudy as he raised eyebrows.

“I see your point, but what about this. We could set out on a heading of about 244 degrees West southwest, and come in behind the Island of Newfoundland under some of the shipping going to the Great Lakes, by following right up behind them with the forward scanning sonar being turned down as low as it will go, but still giving us a good screen, the range finding ability out to say 80 feet, or so.

Then when we get down to where the freighter traffic is on its way out. We can lay on the bottom, and wait, then drop in behind another one, and follow it out the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Even if it's not going southbound we can still sprint along the continental shelf all the way to the United States.”

“Who the hell are you? And what have you done with Günther? Asked Hermann. That's brilliant!”

“Yeah, said Rudy, what happened to you up there?”

“I just finally realized that when you truly love someone, or in my case two someones, a lot of the time you see good things in them that just aren't there. And at the same time turn a blind eye to the badness that you do see. I think that we have a tendency to think that the people we love, love, and feel the same way about us as we feel about them. I can see now that that is not always the case. I tried to be the best husband, and father that I knew how to be, and that was the best I could do. I also told myself that all of my hours spent at work I was doing for them. Well, I realize now that that was bullshit. But trying to re-live my youth helped me eventually to start thinking like I once had. Without being blinded by love, and all the rationalizations we make up for ourselves as we get older. It took me back to a time when I still had some common sense, and a fresh outlook on life. It was the only straw that I could reach, and so I grabbed it. Anyway up there in the hatch a while ago it just all seemed to suddenly come together, and make sense.”

“Well, lets give thanks to the Lord!” Said Hermann.

“I already have.” Said Günther with all seriousness.

“Good man.” Replied Hermann.

“Yeah.” Added Rudy.

## Chapter 28

### Dealing off the Bottom of the Deck

A high amount of radio traffic was being sent via the Romanischen Türmen Relais (RTR) between UR, and New Berlin. As a result a full understanding of the situation had come to fruition between the two parties. And all members of the Inner Group on each end of the RTR had agreed on a plan of action. They had been informed of the fate of both the U-530, and the U-977. And through the efforts of Reinhard Gehlen they had been provided with word for word commentaries of the official intelligence reports on the Interrogation of Prisoners From U-977, and U-530 that had actually surrendered to the Lieutenant of Frigate Rodolfo Brave Sáenz. On August 7<sup>th</sup>, it wasn't until 10 days later with Lt Saenz on the bridge that U977 had entered the Argentine naval base the Naval de Mar del Plata. The Captain's, and Crew's had said nothing about their mission, or UR, and were no longer considered to be a treat.

However, there was still the matter of the missing U-73a. The Inner Group had decided to run an operation through the CIA on the false information that a Soviet Notional Brush Contact had provided documented proof that the Soviets were about to initiate an intrusion operation code named; *клоп* (Bedbug). The operation supposedly involved their deployment of several S-13 Class Submarines to infiltrate the Great Lakes, and other U.S. Navigable Waterways. The funny paper documents that were produced, and sent through CIA channels gave the impression by their dates that this operation was already well under way.

As a result of the American Intelligence Agency's swallowing this hook, line, and sinker, the now newly repaired, and fully armed U-72 under the command of the newly trained hands of the old, and trusted Naval Officer, Party Member Manfred Killinger. Was currently on its way to a refueling point with the UR's CIA funded Auxiliary Cruiser Bielsko at 48 degrees 28 minutes 23.87 seconds North, and 28 degrees 28 minutes 36.93 seconds West.



The other sub in the Research Harbor had been equipped with radiation detection equipment, and had been sent out to search the North Sea, and its coastal waters for any signs of the shipwrecked U-73a. Both submarines were given Blue-on-Blue radio codes to prevent any confrontations between UR, and Allied Forces.

In answer to this bogus Soviet threat the U.S. Navy had supposedly begun simulated maneuvers with a task force out of Norfolk, Va., and other Naval Ships had likewise been called away from ports all up and down the Eastern Seaboard.

The hunt was on for the Quick Shark, now all she had to do was show up.

## Chapter 29

### **Knowledge without Experience Is Like A Hamstrung Dog**

“Wake up fellows it's 5:00am, and breakfast is on the table”  
Declared Hermann jubilantly.

They both got up rubbing their eyes, pulled their boots on, and sat down at the booth. “What's this stuff?” Asked Günther.

“It's scrambled Powdered Eggs, Crackers, and some Marmalade.”

“People actually eat this stuff?” Questioned Rudy, as he spun some scrambled eggs around on his fork carefully looking it over.

“That's what I've heard.” Said Hermann.

After they had finished breakfast, and Rudy had finished the dishes, he came back, and sat down to finish his coffee.

“I got to snooping around on the last watch, and I found two things that I think you guys should see. Instructed Hermann as he reached down on the seat beside him, and brought up a handsomely finished wooded box, set it in front of the other two, and opened it. Anyone know how to use this Sextant? After a moment of silence he continued. No, I thought not, and neither do I. If we get too far away from land we could be lost for sometime, and then when we did site land to the west, we wouldn't have any idea where we were.”

“Well why are you making such a big deal out of getting lost? We have a compass don't we? If we follow it like Günther said we'll come out at the entrance to the Island of Newfoundland, right?”

Hermann reached behind him, and got the Ocean Currents Chart from the counter, and spread it out before them. “No, take a look at these ocean currents that we will have to contend with. If we go southwest from here we are going to be bucking the North Atlantic, and the Irminger Currents, besides that, these are close to the shipping lanes, and warships travel those lanes as well.

The currents themselves can pull us way off course, and we won't have any way of knowing it. I just think it's a bad idea to just start out with no experience on a compass heading. Just getting here the North Atlantic Current pulled us off course by 4 miles, and we crossed it at a right angle doing 200 miles an hour. I meant for us to come out 2 miles south of this atoll, not 2 miles north."

"So what's a better idea? I know you didn't stop there." Asked Rudy.

"No I didn't. If we go due west from here for about 800 miles Slipstream, go to Schauburger Drive to the coast of Greenland where we can catch the East Greenland Current. And I think that once we are in that current all we will have to do is keep the rudder amidships, and watch the compass. The current should carry us south, and around the horn. If I'm right all we should have to do to know when we are there is watch for the compass to start turning west then we can head southwest unhindered, to Günther's Island passage."

"Sounds like the safest way." Said Günther.

"I'm fine with it." Agreed Rudy.

"But before we get underway there's a little matter of an escape trunk that's still full of garbage. Added Hermann. Unless you want to take a chance on having to use it like that?"

"Not hardly." Said Günther.

Within the hour they were strapped in, and underway.

## Chapter 30

### Watching For A Sign

The U-72 had made her rendezvous with the Auxiliary Cruiser Bielsko, and was on her way to setup station below the Corvette HMCS Pictou that had just been decommissioned from the RCN on 12 July 1945, but the CSE (Canada's signal intelligence agency) had quickly rigged her as an Antenna Ship for this operation. She was now anchored in the Gulf of St. Lawrence at coordinates 48 degrees 40 minutes 21.18 seconds North, and 61 degrees 30 minutes 45.57 seconds West.

Because they had taken on extra fuel from the Bielsko in the form of petrol cans that were stored in, and around the crew area. They were forced to leave for Newfoundland at snorkel depth using only the Schauburger Drive until they were able to surface, and refill the tanks by hand. This would make the first leg of their journey of 1,000 miles roughly 42 hours in length. Then another 10, and a half after refueling to where the Pictou lay anchored.

Back at UR's research dry dock a submersible dredge was being built for use in reopening the entrance to the main harbor's lock's should it be deemed safe to do so at some point in time.

The position that Fritz had held as Project Leader had not been filled simply because there was no one qualified to take his place within the resources of UR. The supervisor was more than proficient at running the everyday tasks of the operation, but somewhat lacking in new innovative ideas. So the search was on to simply kidnap someone better.

The Envoy from New Berlin had investigated the situation, and the unforeseen turn of events that had taken place causing the 3 escapees to be able to make off with the U-73a, and it was found that the lions share of the blame fell on Dr. Jaensch, and Fritz Haydn, for underestimating Hermann Bruder. And although Heinrich Mueller had shared in some of that blame, it was determined that he had been justified in relying on the information given to him by Dr. Jaensch, and Fritz Haydn, and was too far removed from the initial blunders to be held accountable.

He had however been served with a reprimand that was permanently placed in his service records for having likewise underestimated the offensive abilities of Colonel Hermann Bruder.

The Envoy had brought with him new directives for the UR population as well. Non-essential personnel from each district would begin to be rotated for 6 month duty in New Berlin, as soon as their replacements arrived at UR. The first rotation would start immediately on the subs returning to New Berlin. Party members, and other essential personnel would now be afforded the luxury of spending vacations via rail service on the Uberzug Express to the new 2,000 acre, CIA funded UR Resort Mountain Lodge just outside beautiful Schaffhausen, Switzerland. Where surreptitious recreational activities will always be protected.

Günther's position had been filled by a scientist that had begun work in Gene Splicing based on the experiments of an Austrian monk, named Gregor Mendel.

And lastly the Chief of Supply, and Logistics position was changed to the Chief Office of Supply, and Logistics, and a staff of three assigned to handle the workload.

## Chapter 31

### Going With The Flow

The U-73a had been in the East Greenland Current for the last three days under regular propulsion so as not to run so fast as to pull away from the normal flow. The compass had been slowly fluctuating as the currents meandered their way down the coastline. A sleep schedule had been set up for two men on, and one man off on a four hour rotation cycle. But Günther came running back to awaken Hermann after only two hours into his sleeping time.

“It's turning! The compass is at 260 degrees and staying there!”

“Alright you, and Rudy use the bow fins to take her up, and see if you can still see Greenland on the periscope. I'm going to get a cup of coffee, and wake up some.”

“Aye, aye, Mon Capitaine!” Said Günther as he charged back into the Comm.

About 15 minutes later Rudy came back, and sat down across from Hermann.

“She still turning, we're now at 262 degrees, and there's land all along our starboard side, and nothing that I can see in front of us, or behind.”

“Well, let's get everything stowed away, and get this show on the road then.”

“Whatever you say, Mon Capitaine.”

“Don't you start with that crap too, one irritant is enough to wake up too. Hey Black Beard! Bring her around to port on a heading of 225 Southwest, and ease the Schauburger Drive up to full, and don't forget to do it slowly, we're still walking around back here you know!”

“Aye Cap'n! Point'n her bow toward the American Main. We soon be three sheets in the wind!”

“Yeah well, I think your already three sheets in the wind.” Hollered Rudy.

“Well, said Hermann, we wondered what happened to the old Günther. Looks like he's back.”

It was almost 11:15 when they first sighted land. They brought her up so everyone could go topside, and get a good look at their first sighting of America.

“I think we should take a chance on going ashore tonight, and camping out on terra firma. What do you say?” Asked Hermann.

“I'm all for it.” Said Rudy.

“I wouldn't mind sleeping on something that didn't move” Said Günther.

After navigating 2, or 3 miles up one of the many inlets until they were out of sight from the sea, and trying three landing sites to no avail, they finally came upon a flat rock outcropping on the port about 2 feet higher than the deck. They tied two ropes both fore, and aft on the port side, gave them to Günther, and put him ashore holding the ends. Then Hermann, and Rudy pushed off from the ledge until the sub was about 15 feet away, and began throwing their grappling hooks out from their positions on the bow, and the stern trying to snag an anchor point underwater. After that was done they had Günther pull them back to within 3 feet of the ledge where they tied her off. The rock ledge ran about 20 feet back to the tree line, and was roughly 25 feet in length. They decided that it would do as a campsite, so after tying the other lines off to the base of two trees, they set about establishing their camp. In short order Rudy had gathered wood, and built a fire. Hermann had gathered enough pine boughs to make three beds, and had his done. And Günther had brought some food, and kitchen utensils from the sub, and started supper.

“You know, said Günther, if some Nazi sniper son of a bitch were to shoot me right now. I'd die a free, and happy man.”

The next morning.

“You know I was thinking, we might be better off cruising further up this inlet looking for a branch, or a spring that empties right into these waters.” Said Hermann as they finished their breakfast.

“Well, that would beat carrying those canvas buckets back, and forth out of these woods.” Reasoned Günther.

“Fine, let's break camp then.” Said Rudy.

Within the next hour they had found fresh water coming from a stream of rapids descending down a number of rocky pools, and then dumping itself off a rock shelf about a foot above water level. And all on board couldn't believe their luck when they saw the mass of Atlantic Salmon hurling themselves up over the rapids, on their way to their spawning grounds.

“Boy this is too good to be true. Said Günther. Look at all those fish!”

“Find us a place to tie up! Said Rudy as he bent down over the hatch. Hermann, stop here.”

“Got yeah.” Replied Hermann as he reversed the engines.

“This looks like it is all mud over here.” Said Günther as he pointed about 30 degrees starboard.

“30 degrees starboard Hermann, dead slow.”

In a moment, or two the sub had nudged her nose into the mud, and Günther had jumped to shore, and tied the mooring lines off to two saplings along the bank. Hermann had found three dead pine logs about the size of a man's arm, and lashed them together to make a gangway for the bucket brigade. All went well for the first half hour, and everyone was pulling his weight, until Günther started talking to the fish.



“Come on little fellow, you are going to have to try harder if you are going to make it all the way up these rapids. Okay maybe this will help you;

♪ Three little fishes, and a moma fish too, oop oop eiddy ditty wadum choo. ♪”

“Günther, what in the hell are you doing?” asked Hermann as he stood in the stream holding his bucket under the miniature waterfall.

“I'm trying to help him to see that if he's going to make it he's going to have to pull himself up by his own boot straps.”

After Hermann dumped his bucket into the water tank he got a cup of coffee off the stove, and sat down at the table.

“Break time?” Asked Rudy as he came past, and went back to dump his bucket.

“I don't know how much more of this I can take without saying something to Günther. He makes me want to choke him sometimes.”

“Why's that?” Asked Rudy as he sat down across from him.

“Why's that? He's out there singing to the damned fish.”

“Did you ever have a dog when you were growing up?”

“Well, sure, and I can see where you are going with this. Yeah I talked to him. But I was a kid then.”

“And now if he was setting right there beside you for the rest of your life, your telling me you would not say another word to him? Look, Günther's had a nervous breakdown, and he's dealing with it the only way he knows how. By reverting back to his youth, and a time when he felt whole inside. Would you rather have him like he was that day we rode with you in the coach, crying, and shaking?”

“I see your point, but still his outlook on life goes against all my military training, and the discipline that I have cultivated over a lifetime. It's not that I hate him, to the contrary, I like him.

But, he's like a test to me, hell he's damned funny at times. So much so that I want to join in. But, as soon as I catch myself letting go even a little, it makes me angry.”

“Then maybe you should do one of two things. Either use this time to bolster your discipline, and use him to make you stronger, and more impervious to his folly. Or, draw a line that you won't cross, and let go a little. You know your not a soldier anymore.” Schooled Rudy as he got up, and went out again to fill another bucket.

As Hermann walked up to the waterfall Günther was busy filling his bucket. “Where's your fish Günther?”

“Ah man, he drifted back there to the edge of the pool, and then suddenly shot up over these falls, and just kept going until he was out of sight. I think he made it.”

Hermann chuckled a little, and then said; “I think you will too.”

“Thanks Hermann!” Replied Günther as he started back to the sub.

Hermann filled his bucket, and went back into the sub, as he was leaving to get another bucket of water he noticed Günther fiddling with the radio, and stopped a minute to listen. “Screech, whistle, THIS IS WLBZ RADIO BANGOR, MAINE, AND NOW, THE CLASSIC SWING TUNE - HIT THAT JIVE JACK, BY THE TRAMP BAND;

♪Hit that jive jack!  
Put it in your pocket till I get back  
I'm going down town to see a man  
And I ain't got time to shake your hand.♪”

“I wonder if they really talk like that?” Ask Günther as he looked over to Hermann for an answer.

Hermann just stood there with a blank look on his face, as Rudy walked up behind him. “Another test?” Said Rudy.

“No, he just made me realize something.”

“And what's that?”

“He just helped me realize that we won't last five minutes in America with these German accents. Günther speaks the American Language, and knows more slang than the rest of us from singing those swing songs all those years, and I've heard him sound just like them. Günther how would you like to be the Dean of the U-73a's School of Slang Talking?”

“Yeowser, man I'm hip to that jive.”

“What did he say?” Asked Hermann to Rudy.

“He said Yes.”

“Oh good.” Replied Hermann as he stepped up on the ladder, and made his way out.

Because of this major short coming they had decided that it would be imprudent for them to go one step closer toward civilization before the situation had been worked on to some extent.

From that moment on everyone stayed focused on their speech. And throughout the day Günther had always been there to correct them, and he loved to rub it in. Not only that but he had a way of always ending his criticisms by driving home the point, and asking; “What are you anyways, some kinda Nazi Spy, or somethin'?”

WLBZ was now fading in, and out but they had managed to always bring in some kind of station throughout the day, they began listening, and repeating whatever had been said, and this became a necessary practice among the crew.

Rudy was checking the batteries, and adding distilled water to any cells that needed it. Günther had taken the tactical manual that no one had bothered to read so far, and had gone ashore to find a quiet place while he kept watch. And Hermann was giving himself a crash course in front of the radio where he would listen for a moment, then turn the volume off, repeat what had been said until he was satisfied with it then turn the volume up again.

For the next two days they stayed, and practiced their speech etiquette. During that time Günther had showed them the Anti-Detection Device that was built into the belly of the U-73a, and how to use it. Then when he tried to show them how to open the outer doors, and fire the torpedo's from the tactical panel on the console neither Hermann, nor Rudy would have anything to do with it.

“Well now what's uh matter?” Whined Günther.

“There's only a few things that I've wanted to accomplish in this life, and one of them is getting through it without having to kill anybody.” Stated Hermann emphatically.

“But, you were a soldier most of your life, you mean you've never killed a man?”

“Nope, and I don't intend to start now.”

“But how can you say that?”

“Because I've seen what it does to a man. I've seen them suddenly jump up out of bed in the middle of the night, all broken out in a cold sweat. I've known some of them before they went to the front, and when they came back, and their not the same people I knew before. Don't you know that 70 percent of the bullets fired by green recruits are fired over the heads of the enemy. And it's not until their friends start getting killed, or they are confronted with a 'It's him, or me situation', or they get themselves wounded, that they start aiming at their targets. But in the past years I've seen the Nazi's turn killing into a sport, even into entertainment. No, I'm not even starting down that path! Thank you very much.”

“I had a friend once that knifed a guy he hated, and afterward he was telling me how he couldn't get the blood off his hands, he held them out to show me, but I saw nothing there. So yeah, it must do something to you.” Said Rudy.

## Chapter 32

### Like Sardines in a Can

The U-72 had surfaced in the early morning just south of Newfoundland Island, and refueled her tanks. And was now approaching the Canadian Corvette HMCS Pictou. Admiral Killinger at 59 years old was worn out after the long trip, and had turned the rest of the stationing over to the two V-Men to set her down on the 44 foot bottom, below the Corvette, and float the Antenna buoy for the Pictou's crew to connect to their ship. Once established it would provide a telegraph connection to the CIA network, and also a telegraph connection to the ships bridge. Strict orders had been issued that there would be no voice, or visual exchange between UR, or Allied Forces, save for snorkel, and periscope revealings of the sub at a minimum distance of 1500 ft.

“They have made the connections Admiral, and we are receiving transmissions from both parties.”

“Very well, report to CIA that we are on station, if you need me I'll be lying down.” Said the Admiral as he unrolled the cotton mattress, and wedged it down in the floor of the narrow passageway leading back to the engine.

The U-72 being the prototype that it was, had no crew accommodations, not even a way to make coffee. The only toilet facilities aboard was a galvanized bucket that could be set up on the seat in the air lock after use, and then by flooding the lock, and draining it that liquid waste could be discharged out into the sea. Solid waste though would likely remain. They had been issued combat rations, but for obvious reasons, no one had wanted to eat more than a bite, or two at a time. There was no wooded paneling between the crew , and the hull, so all the condensation from the hull built up inside the sub, and made everything damp, even their cloths. They had been given an electric space heater but it couldn't keep up with the buildup of humidity. Thus the living conditions inside the sub were miserable to say the least.

All they could do now would be to set, and listen for any radio traffic that might be their target. The Admiral had thought that putting them on the watch-list was fine. But if command of the target were ever established the follow, and floating box operations would only have any chance of success if done from the air. But he was told that only spotter planes would be used in the air, and with planes that couldn't even go 200 miles per hour. They didn't want any air bombardment, or anyone picking up the pieces afterward. So he had been sent on a cannon operation to take back the sub.

There was only two ways he figured he could do that. The Canadians had ships swarming all over the Gulf of St. Lawrence pinging the hell out of everything that moved. So if they were to venture in, he had a good chance of getting a shot off at them. If they tried to make a run for the Great Lakes the only thing that he could do would be to follow in their wake until they left the ship at some point, and then send the V-Men out to recover it. Then it would be up to UR to figure out how to convince the Allies to escort the sub out into blue water, and let her go.

Or second, if they came through the Gulf, and headed down the Eastern Seaboard he could do a follow until they got into warmer waters where the reactor would no longer cool itself, and they were forced to abandoned her because of low batteries. In which case he could have the search called off, run power lines over to her from his generators, and recharge her batteries. Since both of the V-Men were divers this could be accomplished by using the outer hull access plug in's even if submerged.

The U-72 had been fitted with two new untested G-18r rocket propelled torpedo's with wire bola warheads. Fast enough to catch the U-73a, and with a small explosive charge designed to effectively deploy the 100 ft. of wire coiled in a sabot, along with the two 3 lb. lead spheres affixed to the ends into the rotating propeller's of the target. The rockets were designed to rotate at 1,500 revolutions per minute giving the torpedo stability in its run, as well as the centrifugal force it needed to spin the bola on contact detonation. It was simply a point, and shoot device, so if he was going to use it effectively to disable the U-73a he would have to get in close.

The Admiral suddenly got up from the mattress, and walked to the food lockers that had been installed as an after thought, and took out three boxes of rations, then went forward, and handed each of the V-Men a box.

“Eat!”

“But, what do we do when the bucket gets full?”

“Your damned frogmen aren't you? Then, one of you will take the bucket out and dump it!”

## Chapter 33

### The Three blind Mice

They had practiced their English religiously for the last two days, and Günther had taught them to call strangers either Mack, or Jack, to the men, and Sister, or Sugar to the ladies. He'd had them practice a whole battery of word whisker's, and cliché's, and their meaning like; The Raw end of the deal, All bets are off, and No skin off my nose. So by the time they came out of the inlet, and Slipstreamed the 100 miles out into the heart of the Labrador Currents. They were all starting to get the hang of it.

Their freshwater tanks were full, and Rudy had caught, and cleaned three nice Atlantic Salmon before they had left, that were now being cut into steaks, and refrigerated by Hermann back in the galley.

“Hey Hermann you want I should turn on this Schauberger Drive a little? This gadget here says we're only doin' 17 knots.”

“Nah, just leave it. Our batteries are down to 80 percent, and we need to recharge them, gotta keep them topped off. We never know, we might need every volt in them to get out of harms way. Besides, the currents are carryin' us along. It may only say 17, but it's probably more like 28, or 30.”

“So how fast is 30 knots?”

“About 35 miles an hour.”

“Well why don't they just say 35 miles an hour?”

“I don't know Günther probably because they had ships before they had trains, and cars.”

“Huh, I never thought of that.”

“Damn,” Said Hermann quietly as he slammed the knife down through the next cut.



“Being tested again?” Asked Rudy as he picked up one of the salmon steaks, and placed it in the saute pan.”

“You bet yeah!” Grumbled Hermann

“Which way did you decide to go. If you don't mind me asking?”

“Just keep her on a heading of 140 Southeast for now my friend, and we'll be fine.” Said Hermann calling out to Günther.

“Good answer.” Said Rudy”

After the batteries had recharged, and everyone had stuffed themselves on salmon, they had engaged the Schauburger Drive, and adjusted the Reactor to keep pace. By midnight they were 200 miles down into the northeastern entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. And that's when they heard Ping! - Ping! - Ping!

“That not us boy's. Said Rudy. I've heard our pings come back at us, and that not us causing it, the pitch is too high.”

“There's nothing on our scopes.” Said Günther.

“Steady boy's let's see where the cat is before we try to get away from him. Strap yourselves in, and let's get ready to Boogie.”  
Instructed Hermann.

“There she blows! Cried Günther, as the escort ship dropped in behind them. Their on our tail, and closing fast!”

“Deploy the decoy canister. Ordered Hermann, and now if you will maestro, increase the Schauburger, and get us the hell outta here!”

The decoy canister was spinning in circles as it discharged thousands of small strips of copper, and aluminum foil into the wake of the U-73a. To the Canadian's it looked as if the target had stopped. So they likewise slowed to a stop, and radioed the information in. Immediately both telegraphs on the U-72 started clicking.

“Antenna Ship reports submarine contact by HMCS Eastview at coordinates 49 degrees 25 minutes 29.14 seconds North, 59 degrees 1 minute 15.36 seconds West.”

“CIA Network is reporting the same Sir.”

“Very well.” Said the Admiral as he sat back down on the mattress.

About 30 minutes later another message came through from HMCS Eastview reporting that the sonar signature was scattering, and requesting orders.

“A decoy.” Said Killinger. Tell the Eastview to resume patrol, and have the HMCS Pictou, direct all available ships to patrol the West Coast of Newfoundland Island, and all the way down to the Laurentian Trough.”

While one of the V-Men sent the orders, the other one frowned down at the Admiral sitting on his mattress, and said; “Shouldn't we go, and investigate Admiral it could be them.”

“Yes, and it could actually be a Russian Sub nosing around. Would you have me start a fight by firing a rocket at a Russian Submarine just to have them blow us out of the water? And wasting what chance at our target in the process?” The V-Man just turned back around in his seat. Take the pot out through the escape trunk, and dump it if you want something to do. The Admiral didn't like these V-Men, and he didn't care for the ones they worked for either. “I'm still running this operation.” Said the Admiral as he stood up, and pulled the mattress out of the way so the V-Man could pass. He never called them by the names they had given him since he figured that it wasn't their real names anyway.

A half hour later the V-Man was back shivering uncontrollably as he shed his wet suit, and dried himself with a towel while standing over the electric heater. Once again the telegraph from the Antenna Ship came to life.

“Sir they are reporting that the HMCS Glace Bay has been fired upon by two long range torpedo's 32 miles west of Long point, and has come to a heading of 22 degrees North northeast, in pursuit.”

As the other telegraph started to chatter the Admiral got up, and took his seat at his console. He checked his wristwatch, and then unrolled the area chart, and spread it over his console. After calculating the time, and distance between the two sightings, he concluded that there was no way that this was a Russian sub. The distance was too great, and the time too short for them to have come that far, and fired two torpedo's. That was no torpedo's that the HMCS Glace Bay had picked up on their sonar, it had to be the two screws of the U73a as it sailed past them. Also if the HMCS Glace Bay had turned to a heading of 22 degrees North northeast looking for the phantom sub that means the U-73a was on a heading of 202 degrees South southwest at the time.

“Sir, Langley is ordering us to patrol an area between Anticosti Island, and the Main Land in case they try to slip through that way.”

“Very well tell them we are proceeding to that location, then have the Pictou disconnect us, and you, frog boy, put some damned clothes on.”

Within 15 minutes they had moved off station, and were at snorkel depth, heading due east when they were out of the Pictou's sonar range they turned to a heading of 112 East southeast, and raced forward with the Slipstream Drive for the next 30 minutes to a point off the West Coast of Newfoundland Island that would put them ahead of the Quick Shark. At snorkel depth they ran in Schauburger Drive in a crisscross pattern while the diesel recharged their batteries. The tricky part now for the Admiral would be to make contact, and then keep command of the target once they had bolted.

“Helmsman, keep our speed down to 30 knots, with wide sweeping turns. If we do run across her I want them to think we are a patrol boat, and not just bolt into Slipstream Drive, otherwise we could lose them before we can get in behind them.”

Meanwhile.

“Man this is a piece of cake.” Said Günther.

“Which means?” Asked Hermann.

“Which means, A straightforward task that can easily be accomplished.”

“Yeah, well we'll see Jack.” Said Rudy

“Hey, what's with callin' Jack?” Said Günther

“And now a word from our sponsor, Said Hermann, and then in a slow, and sickly voice. I'm sad Sadie the BO lady. Everytime the phone rings it's the wrong number, yeah, I'm the wrong number. I'm sad Sadie the BO lady.”

“Don't be a BO hermit! Stop BO now! Take a daily bath with the new 1945 Lifebuoy! Remember it's new, it's different, here's why!” Said Rudy in a booming voice.

“New added ingredient!” Said Günther.

“New vanishing scent!” Said Hermann.

“Same protective lather!” Said Rudy again as they went around in circles.

“ The new 1945 Lifebuoy is the only well known soap especially made to stop BO, so don't get to be like this!” Said Günther.

“ I'm sad Sadie the BO lady, my futures dark, but my past ain't cagey.”

“Don't be a BO hermit! Get several cakes of the brand new 1945 Lifebuoy right away! Remember there's nothing more dismal than,”

“B.....O....., sounded out Günther like a fog horn. That was much better, we almost sounded like complete fools! Good job boy's.”

“We got something on the forward scope.” Said Rudy.

“Yeah, it's coming from port side ahead of us, and swinging around heading the same way we're going, she's going to be right in our path.” Remarked Günther.

“17 knots now, and on, or near the surface, increasing speed, It's probably just a patrol boat.” Said Hermann.

“What do I do?” Asked Günther.

“We're deep enough just hold your course, and we'll run under her.”

Rudy had put on the head phones, and was listening on the hydrophone. Just as they started to pass under them Rudy said; “Something's not right!”

“What do you mean?” Asked Hermann.

“Whoever they are they just shut down the diesel, and their still holding their speed at 36 knots. That's no patrol boat up there it's a sub.”

“Yeah, a sub that can do 36 knots at snorkel depth. Said Hermann as he pushed the Schauburger up to 44 knots. Buckle up boy's because....”

“Because the shit's about to hit the fan! Interrupted Günther. That means.....”

“Yeah we get.” Said Hermann as they pulled out in front of the other vessel.

“Fish in the water!!!” Barked Rudy.

Hermann rolled her over to port, and pulled back hard on the yoke, then rolled her to starboard, and did the same until she came back on course.

“Noise is moving off.” Said Rudy.

“Good, hang on fellows, we're about to do the same.”

Just before Hermann engaged the Slipstream, Günther reached up, and flipped on the tactical panel, then fired one of the rear torpedo's back at their pursuer's.

“What did you do that for?”

“Just giving them something to think about.”

Back in the U-72, they were laughing as the homing torpedo that had been fired blind had swung around, and dropped in behind them only to loose ground to the Schauberger Drive. Once they were both into Slipstream the Admiral instructed the helmsman to stay out from behind the U-73a unless he wanted the next torpedo right down his throat.

Hermann pulled the chart out from the pigeon hole, and stretched it out before him. Then he looked over at the compass readout that was coming from the gyro compass high up on the subs vertical rudder so far it had shown no anomalies the whole trip, and he was beginning to trust it. “Rudy, adjust our heading to 160 South southeast, we'll hold that course for an hour, and a half.”

“What if they shoot another one of those things at us?” Asked Günther.

“Well, that's not likely right now Günther. It's pretty obvious that that thing as you call it had no tracking ability, or we wouldn't be here talking about it. Besides, that little trick you pulled with the torpedo may have done some good. It's pretty apparent that they are leery of getting in directly behind again. That's why they have been running a parallel course, behind, but off to our starboard. And another thing that you did my friend was to force them to stay just out far enough that we can pick them up on the bottom left hand side of our sonar scope.”

“Well what do you figure their next move will be?” Asked Rudy.

“To run out of batteries before we do I hope. Said Hermann. One good thing is that when their batteries go dead they have to go to snorkel depth, and run their diesel to recharge. Where we on the other hand can keep going in Slipstream for another 200 miles before we have to find a safe haven, and charge ours up again.”

## Chapter 34

In Washington the Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko had been summoned to the Office of the Commander in Chief, United States Fleet, and Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Ernest J. King. And had been questioned about the apparent intrusion into Canadian Coastal waters by one of their long range submarines. Of course he denied any knowledge of any operations involving Soviet submarines, and insisted that the Canadian Reports must be mistaken in the identification of the submarine as being Soviet. And further insisted that no Soviet submarine would ever fire on a Canadian ship under any present circumstances.

Because of Reinhard Gehlen's early success in stirring up suspicions between the U.S., and the Soviet Union, a committee of dirty tricks called the Überlieferung Loki, after the Teutonic god of fire, and mischief, was formed at UR to come up with better ways of agitating greater, and greater animosity between the two nations. Now that this Bedbug incident had begun to show promise. The Schauburger sub at UR's research harbor had received orders to enter the Baltic Sea, and sink the first Russian submarine that it came in contact with.

The committee was now focusing greater emphasis on this new Bedbug operation than it had to date. They wanted to fortify in the Americans minds that the Russians had indeed tried to infiltrate Allied defenses on the East Coast. And in spite of Russia's consistent denials, that they were continuing to do so. So far the cat, and mice games in the Gulf of St. Lawrence had done just that. The U-72 that Langley only knew as one of Gehlen's subs codenamed Rockingham, had now been unresponsive, and had been listed as missing, and presumed sunk. As a result several ships had taken up station in the narrows near Quebec to prevent access to the Great Lakes. From here on out the U-72 would have only passive contact with the Allied fleets.



## Chapter 35

### Think Like A Nazi

After changing course, and clearing the eastern tip of Cape Breton Island, the U-73a had led their pursuers' south down the coast of Nova Scotia. Where they suddenly dropped off the sonar screen about 40 miles East of Halifax.

“Well that's it for them, for now anyways.” Remarked Hermann.

“♪Hit that jive Jack! Put that rocket in your pocket till you come back.

I'm goin' down south to see a man. And I ain't got time to be in your plans.♪ Sung Günther, as he used his fingers to tap the beat out on his console. You think he'll be back?”

“Oh, I'm sure he'll try. Said Hermann. The question is can we avoid him, and slip away.”

“Well, just what are we up against?” Asked Rudy.

“That's just it, we don't know. The only thing that we know for sure is that that was a Nazi sub, and that it's diesel powered. We need to be able to out think him.”

“But how can we do that?” Asked Günther.

“By having me play the devil's advocate.” Said Hermann. Okay, let's say I'm them right now. My batteries are low, and I'm at snorkel depth recharging them. I'm determined, and worried that you are getting away, so I'm still coming using Schauburger. I can't charge my batteries very fast that way, but necessity dictates that that's my only option at this point. Another disadvantage is that I'm burning precious fuel. And even if I have a refueling ship somewhere close I'm not losing valuable time right now by taking advantage of it. At the same time I'm wondering what your status is. Are you still using Slipstream, or in Schauburger like I am, or have you just went to regular propulsion, and gone deep, hoping if I do come along that I'll just pass you over. So what are you doing?”

“Well, we're still on the same course for now, in Slipstream, but our batteries are at 32 percent, so we can't keep this up much longer.”  
Said Rudy.

“We could change course a few degrees, knowing that it would throw you off by as much as 50, or 75 miles by the time you did catch up.” Said Günther.

“Or, we could change course altogether, and make our way around the southern end of Nova Scotia, then up into all these little inlets on the western side, and just stay there while you are out here using up all your resources. So what are you going to do?”

“Well, said Hermann, I'm staying on course, and listening to both maritime radio, navy, and coastguard radio, for any sign of you guy's. Then I'll make plans from there. If I don't hear anything within a week, I'll break off, and go home wherever that is.”

“So, which course of action do we take?” Inquired Günther.

“My vote is for a vacation in the beautiful inlets of the Tusket Islands.” Said Rudy.

“Yeah, let's get outta this tub a while.” Was Günther's vote.

“Well okay, let's plot a course.” Said Hermann.

Within an hour, and a half they were stopped 6 miles East of Tusket Island in only 24 ft. of water. It was 6:47am, and Hermann was scanning the area through the periscope.

“Well, it looked good on paper anyway. Said Hermann disappointedly. Take a look boy's.”

To everyone's disappointment there were several fishing boats moving around at a distance, in the 12 mile wide Gulf, and three lighthouses, with them setting right in the middle of them.

“That's just great! Said Günther as he lowered the periscope. We can't go any farther, and we can't even surface at night without being lit up like a roman candle. Now what?”

“Well, we messed up. Said Hermann. We can either back out of here into deeper water, and set on the bottom for a week, or we can make a new plan.”

“I'm not going to sit in here with a bunch of smelly garbage like last time.” Declared Rudy.

“You won't have too. Said Günther, I cleared one of the torpedo tubes, remember? We can just shoot it out threw there.”

“Well that's a relief I guess.” Said Rudy.

“I think right now that we should find a place to set her on the bottom somewhere south of here, and we should all get some sleep. We can figure all this out later.” Recommended Hermann.

He knew what was coming. These two were sick, and tired of being on this submarine. Their hopes, and desires to get off this boat had been raised high, and then like a raw egg dropped on the floor, they had been shattered. And because they lacked the discipline to set here quietly for a week until our pursuer's had given up, they were going to bring the mission into harm's way prematurely, so Hermann had to think of something fast to at least try, and guide them in the right direction when their reasoning became overruled by their impatient desires.

After they had moved the sub farther southwest, about 2 miles northwest of Seal Island, and sat her down level on the 43 ft. bottom, they shut down everything on the consoles except the passive sonar.

“You guy's get some sleep. Said Hermann. I'll take the first watch.”

After they were in their bunks, Hermann got the Tactical Manual, sat down at his station, and put the headphones on. Within an hour he had some ideas, and had decided that it was best not to rotate the watch between those two just now. Better to let them sleep. So he turned the volume all the way up on the hydrophone, and dosed off himself.

“Thud, bump!”

“Aha!” Yelled Hermann, as he jerked the headphones off his head, and sat up straight in his chair.

“What was that?” Asked Rudy.

“I don't know.” Answered Hermann, while he quickly turned the volume down on the hydrophones, and put the headphones back on.

“Wake up sugar, someones at the door!” Chided Rudy, as he took his feet, and bounced Günther around on the top bunk.

“Knock it off you son of a bitch, or I'll kick your ass for you.”

“I didn't know you knew my mother, and besides, I don't think your tough enough to kick my ass, Goonther!”

“Well let's just find out!” Challenged Günther as he jumped down from his bunk, and punched Rudy square in the mouth.

Hermann pressed the headphones in closer to his ears to try, and drowned out the noise of the pots, and pans that were being kicked around on the floor by the two Middleweights that were still going at it in the aft compartment. At first he heard nothing, and then he heard what sounded like oars stroking the water. That's what it is thought Hermann, a small Artisan fishing boat. And it was moving away. Hermann checked his wristwatch. It was 9:00pm, and starting to get dark up there, and the fisherman was probably heading in for the night. The sounds could have been from him dragging his anchor across their deck.

Günther hit Rudy on the forehead, throwing his head back, and then pushed him back through the hatch, and onto the floor of the Comm. He then jumped on Rudy's chest with his left foot, and kicked him up under his chin with his right.

Hermann cringed when he heard Rudy's teeth snap together with a pop. “All right that's enough!” Declared Hermann.

“Well, who made you Captain?” Snarled Rudy, as he sat up on the floor.

“Well he did!” Said Hermann, while pointing at Günther.

“Yeah, you want to make something of it?”

“I think you broke my jaw, you son of a bitch.”

“Funny, I didn't know you knew my mother, and beside you asked for it.”

“Where did you learn to fight like that?”

“What did you think us Swing Boy's did to the Hitler Youth in Frankfurt, play patty cake with them?”

“Well, what time I was with the Hamburg Boy's we got into a few scuffles but nothing like this.”

“Maybe you should have stuck around longer.”

“I would have but they eventually booted me out because I was a Jew.”

“I'd never do that.” Said Günther as he walk back into the other compartment, and started putting on his shoes.

Hermann put his foot in front of Rudy's right foot, and held out his hand to help Rudy up.

“Damn, I wasn't expecting that.” Said Rudy as he came to his feet, while wiping some of the blood off his face with the sleeve of his shirt.

“Would you rather he was acting like before?”

“No, I guess not.”

Hermann had devised a temporary plan where they could run on the surface at night, and travel submerged during the day. That would give them sometime on deck as well as keep them concealed during the day, and they were now talking it over during breakfast.

“Well, it sounds fine to me, Said Günther, but aren't we suppose to have some kind of lights while running at night? You know this thing hasn't got any.”

“Yes, your right. While you were both sleeping,…”

“You all! While you all were snoozing.” Corrected Günther.

“Fine, while you all were snoozing, I was looking through this here Manual…”

“I found this section on ship recognition rules for lighting on different kinds of vessels. Some of them require mast lights, but for a sailing ship it only requires three. A red, and green on the bow, and a white light on the stern. And the best part is, that a sailing ship always has the right of way, unless the sail boat is overtaking a slower power boat.”

“Well which side does the red light go on?”

“What color is Port Wine?”

“Gotcha.” Said Rudy.

“Okay, but what do we do for lights?” Asked Günther.

Hermann pulled the Daimon Flashlight out of his pocket, turned it on, and laid it on the table. “White, then he pushed the button up on the front of it until the red lens covered the bulb, red, and he did it a third time, Green.” He finished by plopping down a roll of tape on the table. And there's more flashlights in the crates.

“Good, said Rudy, I recommend that we start getting ready, as he took out his pocket watch, and checked the time, it's 10:32pm so it should be dark up there by now. Well if everyone is in agreement I say we get started.”

Within 15 minutes they had moved slowly away from Seal Island, and had surfaced some miles away to the west. Hermann grabbed the blow torch from the engine room, pumped it up, and took it up on deck to dry sections of the bow, and vertical tail fin so the tape would stick. As an after thought they had decided to put two more white lights on each side of the aft vertical fin so a light could be seen even after passing another ship.

“Hey, you remember that bumping noise!” Declared Rudy, as he maneuvered the tangled rope of the Lobster Trap off the starboard horizontal tailfin then hoisted it up on deck.”

“Yeah, and it's got lobster's in it!” Said Günther.

“Well, don't just let them suffer like that, take them down below, and give them a nice hot bath on the stove.” Said Hermann.

Once the marker lights were lit, and the lobster's were cooking, they had set their heading to 225 Southwest, and rigged the sub for silent running by shutting down the reactor, all blowers, and pumps, and the ventilation system, then they disengaged the clutches on the regular drive motors, and engaged the 2 × BBC CCR188 electric 35 hp creeping motors to the screws. And now they were proceeding southwest at 6 knots.

## Chapter 36

### The Spook Pirates

The U-72 was running at snorkel depth on regular propulsion at 43 degrees 18 minutes 38.83 seconds North, 66 degrees 2 minutes 03.09 seconds West.

“Our diesel is almost out of fuel Admiral, and our batteries are only 80 percent recharged.” Said one of the V-men.

“Very well, cut your engine to 1/3 helmsman, and bring us to the surface.”

The one at the helm now had served sometime in the wheelhouse of a German freighter before he was enlisted to infiltrate Soviet intelligence, and had a little understanding of the sea, but the other one didn't know shit about anything except spying on the Russians. He had named them V-1, and V-2 respectively. They didn't like it, but he didn't give a damn what they liked.

“We are on the surface Admiral, and there are no radar paints on the receiver.” Said V-2.

“Fine, turn us due north, go to all stop. Get our radar up, and running V-Men.”

Since the U-72, nor the U-73a had a conning tower because the Schauburger Drive would not work with one. The U-72 had been fitted before they had left with a sectional radar mast that needed to be erected on deck, and stabilized with guy wires before they could use the radar. This was the only advantage that the U-72 had over the Quick Shark in these northern waters.

The Admiral took his North Atlantic Chart, and went back over to claim the mattress once again. He guessed that they were up around Tusket trying to wait him out. And figured that if that was what they were doing, that it just might work.

The Admiral had laid back on the mattress, and almost drifted off to sleep when V-1 came back down the hatch.



“The radar is up, and running Admiral, and I have two contacts starboard, the closest one is about two miles out on a southwesterly course at 6 knots, they should pass 1 mile off our beam. And the other is still 12 miles out, and closing on a course that will take them about 3 miles off our stern, and it's doing 17 knots sir.”

“Keep me apprized.”

After another 13 minutes V-2 up on deck stuck his head down his hatch, and informed everyone that he could only make out one green light on her bow, and a white light on her stern.

“What do you hear on the hydrophones V-1?”

“Nothing Admiral, she completely quiet.”

“A sailing ship. Said the Admiral, where's she now?”

“Two points abaft the starboard beam sir, and about a mile out.”

“Let her go there's nothing there for us.”

The Admiral looked at his wristwatch then told the helmsman to not wake him for 3 hours, and 40 minutes unless something else came up.

“Sir, sir, it's time to wake you! Said V-1, V-2, I mean Karl said that he has them in site, and that it's a fishing trawler that's off our beam.”

“Well, how the hell does he know that?”

“He says it's lit up like a Weihnachten Baum, and the crew is out working on deck.”

“Good, get him back in here, and let's go after that ship.”

Within in a matter of minutes they were bucking the waves right alongside the fishing vessel Raven. V-2 climbed up through the hatch, and sprayed the wheelhouse with machine gun fire from his AK-47, and the vessel came to a stop.

V-1 climbed out with a grappling hook, and snagged one of the boats railings then pulled the sub closer, and tied them off while V-2 climbed aboard, and headed for the wheelhouse to destroy the radio, but the gun fire that erupted from the wheelhouse gave the indication that he had been too late. Within the next 5 minutes they had gathered all the crew on deck, and were yelling at them in Russian about refueling the sub. Of course no one understood a word until V-2 said “diesel!”. Soon the vessels crew were at the railing pumping diesel out of the two fifty five gallon drums, and into the subs tanks. Once that was taken care of they had let the crew go.

After the radar mast had been taken down, and the sub was making it's away east, and out to open sea, the Admiral said: “What's the weather going to be V-1?”

“They have issued gale warnings for this area sir. Right now the winds are still out of the southwest, and are up from what they were 5 hours ago. They are now 20 miles per hour, with gusts up 35.”

“Wait a minute, did you say that the winds were still out of the southwest?”

“Well, yes Sir, they have been coming from the southwest every since we surfaced.”

“Well now, what do you think about that? A sailing vessel that can sail directly into the wind at 6 knots, and without the slightest need to tack to one side or the other. What a marvel. Well, hell if they have been playing sail boat all this time they are still in the area then. Bring us about helmsman, heading 225 Southwest, then go into Schauburger Drive, we have a sub to catch.”

## Chapter 37

### Just When You Thought You Were getting Somewhere

It was 5:37am when the Quick Shark drifted down beneath the waves once again, they disengaged the creeping motors, and engaged the Schauberger once again. Hermann wanted to push on for awhile before starting their sleep rotations. He knew that they had wasted valuable time, but he also knew that they had needed that time on deck even more, before they killed one another.

“Man that lobster was tasty wasn't it?” Said Rudy.

“Yeah, I could do that again.” Added Günther.

“Well, one thing for sure, they don't get any fresher than that.” Said Hermann.

“I just wish we'd had some butter. Say Hermann, where are we going in America anyways?”

“We're headed for St. Louis Boys, where I have a cousin in the mob, that can get us ID's, driver's licenses, and passports, with any names we choose.”

“In the mob, wow, I've heard of Al Capone's mob, I never heard of a St. Louis mob.”

“Well, he was in Al Capone's mob for a while until he did some prison time for killing a reporter, or somebody. But I heard he's back in St. Louis now working as a heavy for some kingpin named Wortman.”

“What's your cousin's name?” Asked Günther eagerly.

“Leo Vincent Brothers, Said Hermann, he's not famous, just cunning, crude, and dangerous.”

“Oh, I get it Brothers, Bruder, is that going to be your American name?”

“Yep, got to keep the family name, haven't decided on the first two though.”

“I'm keeping my name the way it is.” Said Rudy, as he got up from his console, and went back to check on things in the rear compartments.

In the other sub.

“I have them on sonar Admiral, their right where you said they would be, traveling on the same course, at 43 knots.”

“Good drop in behind them, and ease up on them, let's hope they haven't seen us.” Ordered Killinger, as he groaned while getting up from his mattress once again, he hadn't felt good every since they had refueled south of Newfoundland Island. I'm getting to old for this crap.” He said as he sat down at his station, and strapped himself in.

“Give me the helm, and I'll get us in real close this time. V-2 arm the torpedo rocket.”

Meanwhile, Rudy had taken what was left of the lobster parts back, and opened number one torpedo tube, and threw them in. Man he thought, that stuff in there is really starting to reek. So he went back forward to find anything else that needed to be thrown out, and soon came back with an arm load. He opened the door on the torpedo tube again, and tossed a few more glass bottles, two tin cans, and Günther's belt into the tube, and sealed the door. He then charged the tube with compressed air, opened the outer door, and fired.

At the same moment Killinger, had given V-2 the order to fire the rocket torpedo. As the rocket cleared the tube it encountered the garbage. The result was that the torpedo's warhead exploded sending the bola's spinning back at the U-72 where it managed to wrap itself around the hull then as the bola's wire scraped, and screeched its way back to the stern it caught on all four stabilizer fins. Where the two lead weights haphazardly began banging against two of them.

“I thought I heard a noise. Said Günther, as he pressed one of the headphones closer to his ear.”

“Ah, it's probably just Rudy dumping the trash, Said Hermann, but let's not take any chances, as soon as Rudy gets back we'll go to Slipstream just to be safe. ”

## Chapter 38

### When All Else Fails Blame it on Somebody Else

“Those stupid son's of bitches back at research, and their damned rocket torpedo's. Said the Admiral as he dropped the sub back to regular propulsion. “Take the helm V-1, and surface this thing at dead slow. V-2 start that diesel when we reach snorkel depth, and then get some wire cutters, and get that damned thing off my boat.”

“But sir it's daylight up there.”

“I don't care if President Truman is waiting up there with his whole damned Navy! Do what I said!!!” Steamed the Admiral.

“Another thing that they didn't tell me, was that they were equipped with anti-torpedo defenses, did they tell you about it?”

“No, sir not a word.” Said V-1.

“Well, believe me they are going to here about this when we get back!”

As soon as they surfaced V-2 rushed out of the hatch, and back to the stern to try, and get the bola off the boat. The helmsman extended the the antenna, and switched the radar detector on then he sat, and watched the step switch go full circle, as the crystal controlled scanner clicked to a new frequency every 5 seconds.

“So far we are not on anyone's radar Sir.”

“Good, listen in on the CIA's network, and see what they are saying.”

Within the hour V-2 had cleared the fins, and they were back under way in Slipstream trying to catchup to the Quick Shark.

“Do you really think that we will be able to find them again Sir?”  
Asked V-2.

“If the crew of the Quick Shark were real submariners, we wouldn't have a chance. But these novices all though they may be tricky, lack the experience to out smart me. We'll find them, and the sub, most likely on the same course we left them on. But this time we will just do a close follow off their stern.”

Back at UR's Loki Operations everyone was well pleased with the U-72's actions aboard the Raven. Even though they were in International waters the U-72 had sent the message to the World that the Soviets were no better than a bunch of Communist pirates.

Now they were setting about the task of how to have an elliptical conversation with the supposedly non-existent CIA submarine before they had to refuel again. One pirate job was enough, another would only spoil the whole intelligence activity, by giving the impression that these were not the actions, and intentions of the Soviet Government, but possibly just the actions of one rogue Soviet submarine Captain.

Since the Raven had reported that the sub that boarded them was only some 20 ft. in length. The search was now on for a Russian mother ship somewhere out on the high sea's. One Russian Freighter out of Cuba was already being tailed by the Coastguard, and another had been spotted by surveillance aircraft heading toward coastal waters from the East.

The members of the Inner Group at New Berlin, had been fully apprized of the developments, and were well, pleased with the outcome so far. As long as they could keep the Allies looking at each other, they would have no time to be looking at them.

## Chapter 39

### When Your Hot Your Hot

“We've got a problem.” Said Rudy.

“What else is new?” Remarkd Hermann.

“The reactor heat gauge is running up into the red. I'm cutting it back to 50 percent power.”

“What's causing that?” Asked Hermann.

“The water temperature outside is 73 degrees now, you think that's it?” Said Günther.

“Yep, said Rudy, and it's only going to get worse farther south.”

“So what do we do?”

“We find another way to recharge those batteries, or we start walking. Replied Hermann. What we need is a small generator, our at least a small engine to turn the generators that we have.”

Hermann grabbed the chart again, and started to plot a new course. “Well I guess one place is as good as another. Turn us due west Günther we should be able to see land in about half an hour.”

Günther made a wide turn, and brought them around to the new heading, and they were soon starring through the periscope at the lighthouse on Cape May, New Jersey. Hermann looked at his wristwatch it was almost 8:00am. So they moved back away from the coast, and set her down on the bottom awaiting night fall, and began their sleep rotation schedule.

Halfway into the last watch Günther came back, and woke, Hermann, and Rudy up. “It's 9:00pm fellows, time to get up.”

“Why'd you wake me? I was dreaming about this beautiful girl, in an American Bar that was smiling at me with a face like an angel, and a body like wow weee! Said Rudy. I think she really liked me.”



“Of course she really liked you, you dumbass, it was your dream. But in my dream she passed right by you, and came over, and sat on my lap.” said Hermann.

“Hell no, your all mixed up. That was her ugly fat sister that sat on your lap, and broke your leg. Remember?” Chided Rudy with a smile.

“Are you two going to just lay back there yapping?”

“All right, keep your shirt on, we're getting up.”

“Either one of you seen my belt back there anywhere?”

“No.” Said Hermann, as he pulled his boots on.

“No, said Rudy what color was it?”

“Brown.”

Rudy picked up his boot from the floor, then leaned closer to Hermann's ear, and whispered. “Davy Jones Locker I think.”

Hermann just smiled.

By 11:00pm they had a plan. They would move the sub up the western coast of Cape May to a point hopefully where the trees would obscure the light from the lighthouse, then Rudy, and Günther would then go ashore in the inflatable raft to search for something that would allow them to recharge the batteries.

It was 11:55pm by the time they found the best spot on the western side of Cape May, about 2,000 ft. south of the Jetty. Günther, and Rudy had changed into their dark blue UR coveralls, and disembarked from the sub about 40 ft. from shore, then dragged the inflatable up across the beach, and hid it in the sand dunes. Hermann took the submarine down to maximum periscope depth, and waited. After traipsing half a mile through the woods, and open fields; “Look Günther there's a barn. Let's have a look.”

“That's a dairy barn.” Said Günther, as they ran closer.

“Is that a good thing?”

“Yeah if they have a milking machine that's not electric.”

“I don't see any wires running to the barn.”

As they went into the milking parlor Günther caught sight of the pipes that ran the length of the stanchions, and followed them to a little shed out front. And there it was, a 3 1/2 horse power Ottawa water cooled gasoline powered, engine, with belt driven flywheels.

“Man this is too good to be true. Exclaimed Günther, it's even bolted on a wooden sled. Rudy, look in that tool box over there, and get something to take those pillar block bearings loose from that vacuum pump, we'll need to take that whole assembly shaft with those flat pulley's on it too. I'll go find some rope.”

45 minutes later they were dragging the sled up onto the sand dunes, and giving the signal to Hermann who was watching through the periscope. “I said red, green, red. Not white green, red. Well, crap, it's got to be those, two blockheads.” Complained Hermann.

“Ain't she a beauty?” Said Günther as they tied up to the sub.

“Oh yeah, remarked Hermamm, but what is it?”

“It's a milking machine engine.” Said Günther as he handed a 5 gallon can of gasoline up to Hermann.

“Yeah, a damned heavy milking machine engine.” Complained Rudy.

Once on board, they slid it back to the escape trunk hatch, then after a couple of unsuccessful tries, they removed the muffler and lowered it in behind the reactor.

“Let's shove it over against that bulkhead, and lash it down for now. Günther get that inflatable in here, and let's get out of the bay before that Coastguard Cutter comes back around.”

“What Coastguard Cutter?”

“The one that passed not a 1,000 ft. off my stern about a half hour ago.”

Günther had the inflatable raft up on deck, and had about half the air out of it when he seen a search light flash in their direction. So he just jammed the raft down the escape trunk hatch, and hollered down to Rudy “Someone's coming! Shut that bottom hatch!” then he slammed it shut, and locked it down then ran to the forward hatch, and climbed in.

“Get us out of here Hermann I think we're about to have company.”

The USS Owasco had picked them up on radar as soon as they had moved out passed the Jetty north of them. The Captain had turned her starboard so as to bring all his guns to bear.

Hermann had managed to back the sub away from the shallows, and had just gotten the deck awash when the 5” rounds from the Owasco started raining down around the sub.

“Good Grief, that's somewhat of an over reaction for the theft of one damned milking machine engine, don't you think?” Said Rudy.

“I knew better than to mess with a farmer, their always so damned possessive about their equipment.” Said Günther.

As the Sub rocked, and bucked from the shells bursting around them. Hermann engaged the Schauburger, and then the Slipstream. The sub shot out from under the barrage, and disappeared out into the open sea.

“Well, one thing I'd like to know is, why is it that every time we're standing at death's door, you two think it's funny?”

Günther, and Rudy just looked at each other, for a moment. Then, Günther said; “Maybe after all we've been through death just doesn't mean anything anymore.”

“Well, that might explain why your unconcerned with it, but it doesn't explain why you think it's funny.”

“I don't know, said Rudy, maybe it's because it's the opposite emotion from fear, and dread. And thumbing our noses, at the Grim Reaper, is just a way of saying catch me if you can, cause I'm tired of worrying about you. I don't know that may be it, I hadn't really thought about it.”

“I'll buy that.” Said Hermann, as he changed the heading to 170 degrees South southeast.

After everyone had checked, and double checked all the instruments on their consoles, and were satisfied that the sub, and Slipstream drive were working properly Günther took the helm. Then started to talk about an indecent that had happened once between the Swing Kids, and the Hitler Youth, back in 1931. As Rudy had been a part of the early movement though they never knew each other he, and Günther were having a stimulating conversation with Günther often looking back at Rudy when he was making a point. Each time he did this he would pull back a little on the yoke, causing the sub to unnoticeably rise a little closer to the surface each time. Hermann being the odd man out in this conversation. Since although liking Swing music, and even having managed learning to dance the jitterbug in his earlier days, was not part of any movement. So he sat there strapped to the seat with his eyes closed listening as the other two reveled in the past.

Eventually Günther started singing; “♪ Say! Everybody's talking 'bout chicken; Chicken's a popular bird; Everywhere you go, you're bound to find, A chicken ain't nothin' but a bird!♪”

“I remember that song. Said Hermann, as he smiled, and looked over at Günther on his left.

“You have the lyrics all messed up!” Said Rudy.

“Don't tell me! I know what the lyrics are!” Complained Günther as he frowned back over his shoulder at Rudy.

It's Chicken's a popular word, not bird!”

Well hell, thought Hermann now they are going to argue for an hour, as he turned his head back, and glanced down at the forward looking sonar screen. “LOOK OUT!!!!”

Günther snapped his head around only to see that they were right on top of a very large blip on the sonar screen.

“DO SOMETHING!!!” Cried Rudy.

To everyone's horror, Günther pulled the yoke back into his chest like someone trying to stop a horse. And the UR-73a porpoised high out of the water at 200 miles per hour, and launched itself across the deck of the fully loaded U.S. Navy LST 325 that was on a shakedown cruise with a simulated task force to test its new Brodie gear. The Quick Shark then skipped once off the surface before she nosed down below the waves once again. Within seconds they were miles from the incident. Hermann reached over to his console, and switched off the Slipstream drive, then turning his head toward Günther at a steep angle backward, squinted his left eye shut, while staring hard at Günther across the bridge of his nose with the other, and said in a calm, but matter of fact voice; ”Don't do that.”

## Chapter 40

### A Letter From Home

Aboard the U-72 they had about given up hope of finding the Quick Shark, but the Admiral had decided to slow down, and go up to periscope depth, and see if there was any word on the radio about them. Suddenly, V-1 started jotting on his message pad. He then took his headphones off, and dropped them on the console.

“What is it V-1?” Inquired the Admiral.

“It's a message for me Sir, in an old elliptical conversation code used by our agents before the war. It decodes as; 'U R happy, Willow, but don't make me sad. Mind your Mother now. And find your friend.' It means, that UnterReich is pleased by what we have done. I'm Willow, that's my old code name back in 1931. But don't make me sad, means stop what you are doing, and mind you mother now means, you are so ordered right now. And find your friend, means keep look...”

“Yes, yes we know what that means.” Snapped Killinger.

“I need to reply Sir.”

“Go ahead, go ahead.”

V-1 tapped out a few words on the telegraph key, and stopped then listened on the headphones for a moment then took them off. “We need to leave the area Sir. Someone may be triangulating our position.”

“Just out of curiosity, what did you reply?”

“I'm a good boy, meaning complying as ordered.”

“Well, I've been with the service for 5 years, and I didn't know what the hell it meant.” Exclaimed V-2.

“Alright take us down Mr. Willow 150 ft. Schauberger speed.”

“Wait! Said V-2, I'm getting something on the Naval Channel.”

“Now, he's getting a letter from his mother.” Said Killinger.

V-2 grabbed the Naval Code Book from below the console, and started decoding the message. “It just says that they have made contact with a very fast moving object that has harassed one of their ships, and then continued on a southerly course. They give their position as 37 degrees 44 minutes 30.10 seconds North 74 degrees 50 minutes 20.35 seconds West.”

“Their too far ahead for us to catch them now, but their running into warmer waters where their reactor can't operate. If their smart they will go out over the shelf, and run deep in cooler waters. If their stupid they will try to make it to a river say around Roanoke, and get blown out of the water. I think them smart. Helmsman set your course to 157 degrees South southeast, Slipstream. But I wonder why they are still running? They must have a specific place they are running too.”

## Chapter 41

### Putting Your Heads Together

“Batteries down to 50 percent Captain.”

“Yeah, I know. We need to do something.”

“Well we can't go back close to the coast, and repeat what happened last time.” Said Rudy

“And going farther south like this isn't going to work, the reactor is running at 30 percent now.” Said Hermann.

“We could go far out to sea, and get the Ottawa engine hooked up, and working.”

“Ha! You don't even know if it runs, Günther.”

“I can make it run. Countered Günther I use to have one like it back on the farm, it was a Warmer kerosene engine but all most the same thing.”

“You milked cows?” Questioned Rudy

“Look we need to make a decision.” Said Hermann

“I vote we go out somewhere safe, and get the engine working.”  
Said Rudy

“Sure we need it to recharge the batteries, so let's hook it up.” Voted  
Günther.

“Alright then I'm putting her on a heading of 112 degrees East southeast in Schauburger, and once I've brought her around you two can get started. Rudy relieve me at the helm in two hours.”

“Right.”

When Rudy came back to relieve Hermann They decided to change course to 202 degrees South southwest, and maintain speed.



“How's it coming along Günther?” Said Hermann, while he laid his gloves up on the reactor, and finished buttoning his coveralls.

“Well, as you can see, we've lifted the top half of the back housing off of the reactor, and disconnected the pushrods. This made it easier for us since the top two generators are affixed to that section. While I took the cranks off the generators, and put the pulley's on. Rudy, took the top two diaphragms out, and brazed two metal plates over the holes, we figured that would give the other two remaining diaphragms that much more travel to make up for the slower operating speed. The only problem we ran into was that the pulley's were too large for the shafts on the generators, so we cut some shims off of Rudy's belt, and linen the holes. It worked perfectly.

“What goes around comes around.” Remarked Hermann with a wily smile.

“What?”

“Nothing, uh, wont the leather shims cause the pulley's to slip on the shafts?”

“Nope cause their keyed, we just made taller keys to fit the keyways, and problem solved.

“So, where are we at now?”

“Well, now that we have the reactor isolated we need to start it up, and check the travel on those other two diaphragms, make sure there are no radiation leaks from our patch job, and if all's well, we can put this top housing back on.”

It took them about an hour to test the reactor, and bolt the rear housing back in place. The reactor was still running hot at 50 percent load, but they had gotten another  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch of travel out of the diaphragms, and the flywheels were no longer lagging from having to pull the diaphragms forward to make the cycle. The generators were operating at 32 percent efficiency, one cranking out 110 volts AC at 14 amps for auxiliary equipment, and the other cranking out 96 volts DC at 28 amps to the batteries.

“I wish there was some way for us to hook this engine up to one of the propulsion electric engines we could use it to generate a lot more power to the batteries, but there's just no room back there.”  
Lamented Günther.

“Ah, well, be thankful for what we've got my friend.”

“Yeah your right.”

## Chapter 42

### A Needle In A Hay Stake

In 1942, a new shift in strategy was adopted which gave the Army the primary responsibility in defending the Atlantic, while the Navy ruled the waters in the Pacific. As a result of this change, Marine training activities on the East Coast of the United States generally became the responsibility of the Army. By 1945 it had become apparent that the predominance of the Army on the East Coast had deprived the Fleet Marine Force of the lion's share of its training missions in the Atlantic. Needless to say the Marines were not pleased.

Due to the outcome of the recent failures of the Army, Navy, and Coastguard to stem the tide of Operation Bedbug. The Marines had worked out a unilateral plan of their own concerning the supposed infiltration of these Soviet Submariners. From their point of view the Army hadn't done anything. The Coastguard had fired at almost point blank range, and missed. And the Navy had only reported that it had been harassed by them. It was now a post-war world, and the armed forces in general were about to be subjected to the chopping block.

Photo-reconnaissance, Intel, and even the sinking of one of these subs would do much to bolster the image of the Marines in the minds of the decision makers when the time came for cuts in the armed forces.

As a result sorties were being launched as so called training flights, from the Marine air station at Cherry Point, North Carolina. The Marines were sending out reconnaissance flights into International Waters in a constant search for these elusive Russian Subs. Radar equipped PBV-6A's, known as "Black Cats" which were outfitted with the latest state-of-the-art magnetic anomaly detection gear (MAD), were keeping a constant vigil for these supposed offenders.

The U-72 at its present depth was safe for now from the prying eyes of the PBY's. But aboard the sub an ensuing argument had broken out as to the validity of continuing with the mission once the V-Men's job had been done.

“Look, we are not going to find them way out here in the open ocean, even if their out here.” Complained V-2.

“By god, my mission is to stop that sub. And I'll do it even if I have to ram them! Touted Killinger. I remind you both that you are still under my command, and you will do as I say.”

“Well, all we are saying is that this is just an exercise in futility. And you just have to draw the line somewhere.” Reasoned V-1.

“You have no idea what the ramifications would be if this technology fell into the hands of the enemy do you? No, we'll continue searching, and we'll continue listening for some word of them. In fact let's do that now. Helmsman take us up to periscope depth, regular propulsion, and let's look around before we surface, V-2 since you are bored with nothing to do you can dump the bucket again.”

As the PBY finished the last leg of their sortie, and vectored back to Cherry Point, The radar operator saw something on the radar. “I've got a bogie at 077 degrees, range 3 miles.”

“Ah, come on Corky, we been up here for hours. Said the navigator. It's probably just an old gas tank or something.”

The PBY changed course, and swung back around toward the target, and dropped below the thick cloud cover. Then swooped down low, and applied full flaps so as to make slow pass over the submarine.

“Get some pictures back there port side.” Said the Captain.

As they made a pass at the sub from about 100 feet, the Captain noticed that their antenna's hadn't come up yet. “Corky, turn off the radar, now! Neilson, you get any pictures?”

“Ten, so far, can you bring us back around?”

“That's affirmative!”

On the second pass Neilson snapped away as the U-72 broke the surface, then the PBY was off again up into the cloud cover.

“Sparkie radio our position in to Cherry Point, and advise them that we have made contact with a submarine of unknown origin. Jefferies, can you keep us on their tail using that MAD gear of yours?”

“You betcha, I have a strong electromagnetic reading. I can follow from 30 miles out, at 3,000 ft.”

“You got it buddy, climbing out to 3,000.”

At Cherry Point the operations officer had scrambled the crews for the two Grumman F7F-3 Tigercat's that sat on the tarmac waiting. Each armed with four 20mm cannons, four .50 cal machine guns. One was a photo-reconnaissance version, and the other a torpedo bomber.

At their maximum speed of 435 mph they were in the air, and on station with the PBY in less than a half an hour.

Back at the U-72, V-2 had dumped the waste bucket, and was now hanging to the hand, and foot holds on the side of the sub trying to rinse the bucket while contending with the rocking of the boat in the 3 ft. swells.

The PBY was now headed straight for the U-72 at 179 mph with the two Tigercat's flying formation off her wings. All radars would remain off until they were ten miles out. With only the MAD gear to guide them in.

“Alright V-Men, let's get our radar up and running.” Said the Admiral

Before he had much more than gotten the words out of his mouth the radar detector alarm started to blast.

“Strong signal! They are right on us!”

“Dive! Dive! Yelled the Admiral, Down bow fin's 30 degrees!  
Snell!”

The first F7F-3 photo-recon version made a strafing run with all guns blazing and cameras running. Damaging the U-72's rudder, and hitting, and bending one of its propeller blades. As the second Tigercat made its run it dropped its proximity detonating torpedo, and brought its guns to bear on the vertical, and horizontal tail fins causing considerable damage. The Admiral panicked, and blew all ballast tanks. The result was that the torpedo detonation that would have just caused a major leak had now kept her from recovering, and without the ballast to compensate for the flooding she went straight down. This would be the last anyone would ever hear of the U-72.

## Chapter 43

### Who's on First?

The Marines had gotten the kudos for their intelligence photos, and the sinking of the suspected Russian sub. The Navy was mad as hell that the Marines had pulled this off right under their noses, and were trying to bring charges against those that were responsible, but the Intelligence Community, and the National Politician's would have none of it. With the photos of this strange looking sub they had the proof among themselves to make further threats under the Monroe Doctrine, that any future Soviet activities in the Western Hemisphere would be viewed by the United States of America as acts of aggression requiring US intervention.

Once again the Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko was back in the Office of the Commander in Chief, United States Fleet, and Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Ernest J. King. This time with accusations of his own. One of their subs in the Baltic Sea was missing, and they suspected the U.S. had a hand in it.

“Please excuse me Admiral, but I have a matter of grave importance to discuss with you today. It has to do with what we in the Soviet Union feel is an escalation of aggression toward our naval forces. We are receiving reports of near collisions between our ships, and yours on a daily bases. In addition our surface ships, and submarines are being followed, and harassed in every sphere of our activity. And I also regret to inform you that one of our newest submarines has believed to have been sunk in International Waters. As a Representative of my nation here in Washington, unfortunately it is my duty to convey this formal complaint to you, and await your response.”

“I too have been receiving reports of your vessels harassing our ships. Like I told you before, that at least one of your vessels has even fired torpedo's at one of our Allies coastal ships. But what I haven't told you is that only hours later, a submarine with a Russian speaking crew attacked a fishing vessel off the coast of Maine, killing the Captain, and filling its tanks with her fuel oil. What do you have to say to that?”

“Someone is obviously trying to destroy the relations between our two countries. I have to ask you, do you have any information on the sinking of our submarine?”

“I'm sorry that information is classified. Good day Mr. Gromyko I'm afraid we have nothing more to talk about.”



## Chapter 44

### Davy Jones Locker

Along toward evening the gas engine had been set in place, and bolted down to the deck plates aft of the Reactor. Günther took a resin stick from his pocket, and rubbed it on the inside of the flat belts to prevent slippage, then said; “Now all we have to do is get it running, and test it.”

“Well, come on lets go tell Hermann.”

Hermann was at the helm when he heard them come in to the Comm. “The batteries are down to 35 percent. How you coming with the engine?”

“It's ready to test, but we need to be on the surface with the hatches open before we try to start the motor.” Said Günther.

Hermann looked at his watch it was 9:37pm. “Alright take your seat's, and lets see what the weather is like up there.”

As soon as they surfaced Hermann set the electric engines to dead slow, and locked the yoke in place. Rudy climbed up, opened the hatch, and stuck his head out. “We're in a fog bank. I can't see 10 ft. ahead of me.”

“Alright, said Günther, lets get those hatches on the escape trunk open, see if we can get this thing generating some electricity.”

Once the little gas engine was running, and had gotten up to speed the generator's started cranking out as much as the reactor had when running at 50 percent.

“Boy's this calls for a drink. Said Hermann as he went over to one of the crates, and came back with a fifth of Irish whiskey. This one's for now, and the other one over there is for when we get to St. Louis.”

They all sat down at the table with their coffee mugs. Hermann poured everyone a round then held his mug up, and proposed a toast. "Here's to the poor old farmer that just may have saved our lives, and may the Lord help him to find another engine, so he wont have to keep milking all those cows by hand."

"Here! Here!" Said Rudy, and Günther in unison as they all clicked their mugs together, and downed the first round. Günther took his pocket watch out of his coverall's, and checked the time. Yep, he'll be up in another 6 hours milking them again."

After a few rounds Rudy picked up the bottle, and examined it. Then in an Irish Accent said; "I see laddie's it's Powers Gold Label you'd be drinkin'. Ah, and a fine whiskey it is too. Tell me, would you be minding if I had a we bit more, for my lumbago, you see?"

"You don't have lumbago, you have dumbago!" Chided Günther.

"And what is it that you'd be havin'? That would cause you to be talkin' to me with such an ill manner? Ah, it's a black heart that ya have within ya, and it's shame, that you should be feelin'."

"You took my belt didn't you?"

"And it was I wasn't it that gave ya mine, out of the goodness of me own true heart. And what did ya do, but cut it into pieces, and use it on your smelly little motor. Ti's your own fault, and what difference does it make now whether mine is spinnin around on your thingamajig back there, or that yours is resting in the cold dark depths of Davy Jones Locker?"

"Why you Son of a....."

"Wait! Said Hermann as he reached across the table, and put his hand up between them. What did you say about Günther's belt?"

"I said that it's resting in the cold dark depths of Davy Jones Locker?"

“You might have just solved our Reactor problem. We need to go down into the cold dark depths. Rudy find the Manual, and see how deep this thing can go.”

“You knew didn't you? And you didn't say a word.”

“Look I'm not here to take sides, and start fights by telling on somebody. I've never been that way, and I'm not about to start. Besides, if he hadn't done that, and then gotten drunk, and given his leprechaun's version of a confessed, we may have never realized the answer to our reactor problem. The only question now is, how cold, and how deep.”

Rudy came back, and stood beside the table. “Says here, she has a test depth of 175 meters, that's about what, 570 some ft.?”

“Alright, lets take her down to 570, and see what the temperature difference is.” Said Hermann.

“Well, I need to go up on deck a while. Said Günther. I think I'm gonna puke.”

“Okay it wouldn't hurt for us all to spend sometime up of deck, cause if this works, it may be a while before we come back up.” Said Hermann.

It was 12:15pm before they were ready to take her down to the test depth.

“I'm glad that I'm still about half drunk, otherwise I wouldn't be wanting to do this.” Said Günther.

“You ready Rudy?” Inquired Hermann.

“Ja wenn ich durch das Tal des Todes gehe ich fürchte kein Unheil.”

“I'll take that as an enthusiastic yes.” Said Hermann as he set the three position ballast switches on the console to bleed, increased their speed to two thirds, and kept her level, while Günther scribbled the surface water temperature down on a piece of paper. It was 74.5 degrees.

“Slowly passing 360 ft., and it's only 2 ½ degrees cooler. remarked Hermann.

“Well this doesn't seem to be working.” Said Günther.

“Give it time.” Instructed Hermann.

As they passed beyond 500 ft. the sub started to groan, and screech from the increased pressures.

“550.” Said Hermann as he set the ballast switches back to the hold position.

At 562 ft. the temperature quickly dropped down to 59.7 degrees. Hermann fiddled with the ballast tanks until he could maintain neutral buoyancy at 565 ft. then advanced both screws up to ahead full.

“The Reactor is running cool at 100 percent, but we are getting a 21 percent increase in power out of it. We should have left it the way it was.” Said Rudy.

“Not necessarily, said Hermann, we are in uncharted waters here so to speak, with no experience, and no way to know what to expect next. So we don't know if this cold water is even going to last, or for how long. Hermann glanced over at Günther who looked like he had gone into some type of stupor. Take the helm for me Rudy, and bring us back to a compass heading of 202 degrees, while I check the aft compartments for leaks. If you run into any turbulence, or other trouble use the bow fins to take us back up some.”

“Aye Captain, 202 degrees.”

After a few minutes: “She's dry as a bone. Said Hermann as he stepped back into the Comm.

“Any thing different?”

“Nope, water temperature is stable, and she's running smooth as silk.” Said Günther.

“Well, lets ease her up into Schauberger, and see if she remains stable.”

Hermann noticed Günther starring at something high up to his left. “Günther you alright?”

“What's that brass pipe up there do?”

“It's a voice pipe, haven't you seen in the movies when they pull that plug out, blow in the pipe, and then talk to the engine room?”

“Hey Rudy, I'll go back to the engine room, and you call me!”

“Okay.”

“Not right now we need to.....well hell!” Said Hermann too late.

Rudy pulled the plug out ,and started blowing into the pipe, then he would listen, finally Günther said: “Hello!”

“Hello, Mother, is that you?”

“Is this a collect call?” Said Günther in a shrill, but elderly voice.

“No it's not a damned collect call.”

“Yes, dear, who's this?”

“It's your son you stupid old bitch, who do you think it is?”

“Oh Son, you sound just like like your father, whoever he is!”

“Are you calling me a bastard?”

“Well I have to go now dear there's someone at the door. I wish I could say I love you but you do understand.”

“Yeah, bye Mother.”

“Bye Rufus.”

Günther, and Rudy came back laughing, and took their seats, then strapped themselves in. Hermann was just sitting there starrng out across the console, trying to decide whether to get mad or not. He finally decided to get dangerous. “Heads back, yaws up!” Said Hermann, as he just slammed the throttle into full Schauberger Drive, and before it even got up to speed, he engaged the Slipstream.

“I thought you were just going to ease it into Schauberger Drive?”

“Ah, we used up that time on something else.” Said Hermann while the sub made random cracking, and popping noises from the sudden increased pressure on the hull.

For the first time since they'd met Hermann, they had suddenly become afraid of him, and what he might be capable of when angered.

Hermann kept it in Slipstream for about 30 minutes then switched it off abruptly. When he did the increased density of the water at that depth caused the subs to slow from 200 mph to 50 mph like somebody was just standing on the breaks. As a result, two of the flanges connecting the pipes in the Comm section snapped their bolts, and water started spraying everywhere. “See if you can get some bolts, and fix that would you? Said Hermann as he got up from his seat. I think I'm getting hungry, so I'm going to see if I can find something to eat.”

“Who has the helm?” Questioned Günther, but Hermann just kept walking.

“You take it Günther, said Rudy, and I'll see if I can stop these leaks.”

## Chapter 45

### Playing the System

Leo Vincent Brothers (aka Leo Bader) a small time mobster of German descent from St. Louis, and Hermann's cousin on his father's side. Had made a name for himself at one point by being convicted of the killing of Jake Lingle a Chicago Tribune reporter in 1930. There was much speculation as to whether he even did the murder, or had been hired by Al Capone as simply a 'fall guy' which actually was the case.

Because of Leo's circumstances at the time. It was the perfect setup for him in the long run. He was on the lamb while in Chicago fleeing from a 1929 murder indictment, as well as arrest warrants for robbery, arson, and a bombing in St. Louis. Knowing that this would sooner or later catch up with him, and not wanting to go to prison penniless, he decided to take advantage of the situation by contracting himself out as a patsy for the Lingle killing.

To his way of thinking this was the perfect solution to his problems. After Capone's lawyers got him off with only 14 years, he was elated. 14 years with an annual salary as one of Capone's soldiers accumulating in his bank account. The notoriety that he received in the press, and amongst his peers, plus the charges in St. Louis would be old news by the time he got out. And hopefully the statute of limitations would have already run out on some of them. In his mind he had hit the jackpot.

After serving only 8 years of his sentence Leo went back to St. Louis with enough money to hire a good attorney, and beat the other charges there.

Upon being hauled into court again, Leo looked nothing like his old self. He was well dressed, well groomed, sporting a full mustache, and had his hair combed straight back with enough Vitalis Hair Tonic to fry an egg in. After the charges had been read, and the opening statements were out of the way, the police investigator that had handled the case was called to the stand by the defense. One of the questions asked was addressed to the description of the suspect.

The jurors listened carefully, and then looked at Brothers, it was obvious by their facial expressions that they were having a hard time seeing Leo as the perpetrator of these crimes. This fact had not gone unnoticed by the defense lawyer, the prosecuting attorney, or even Leo for that matter.

As a result of this reaction by the jury the prosecution brought a motion before the court, and insisted that the judge require Leo to shave off his mustache. On hearing this Leo noticing that at least one of the juror's was sporting a full beard, abruptly came to his feet, and demanded that if he had to shave off his facial hair then everyone in the court room should be required to do the same.

After being warned about his outburst, and threatened with contempt of court charges. Leo's lawyer was smart enough to follow Leo's lead, and point out that any such ruling would set a legal precedent requiring every defendant in every case to change their appearance in order to look more like the description of the assailant. "Should my client also be made to change into clothes like that of the perpetrator of this crime? Is the prosecutions case so weak that they have to resort to these type of antics to try, and lead the jury in their thinking?" Then he made his own veiled threat, that such a ruling would most certainly not be allowed to stand when brought before the Supreme Court. Thus effectively preventing the judge from even entertaining the motion, and at the same time making the prosecution appear to have been caught trying to frame his client of these charges.

In the final result Leo was found not guilty on all charges, when in fact he was guilty of committing everyone. Leo laid low for a while after that, living off the money that he had accrued while in prison. The mob scene in St. Louis was now divided up into small factions between gangs, mobs, and the mafia. He had considered going over into Illinois, and working for the Sheldon Brothers, but they were getting too reckless with their machine guns, and armored cars. But by the early 1940s, some of Leo's old gang members from Egan's Rats like Dint Colbeck and most of his imprisoned gang members had came back to town and gone to work for a local mob boss named Frank Wortman.



Prison has a way of making a man a little weary of going back again. Not to a great extent mind you, but enough that it's factored in when making decisions. And with that in mind Leo had taken a long hard look at Wortman's illegal gambling operation, and it seemed to be a safe bet that the most he would be required to do as one of Wortman's soldiers would be to rough up a few welsher's, and maybe break a few bones. So in late January of 1940 he went to work as a bag man for Wortman's Plaza Amusement Company. And that's where Hermann, and the boy's would find him when they got to St. Louis.

## Chapter 46

### Raising Two Boy's to be Men

Hermann sat at the table sipping the last of the Irish whiskey, and eating some of the left overs that he'd found in the refrigerator. While thinking about the immaturity of both Rudy, and Günther.

Rudy was 25, and it was understandable the he still have some foolishness in him at that age. Günther was 43 going on 16, and they both needed to grow up. That's why he had scared the shit out of them, hell he'd even scared the shit out of himself, and his knees were still shaky, but he'd never let them know that. He had pulled their fat out of the fire on several occasions while they had played, and laughed like a couple of 3 year old's, and it was going to have to stop. They needed to start working as a team, or the next time he sat his foot on terra firma he was going to disappear into the underbrush, and not come back. They could have the sub, and all the misfortunes that their folly might bring along with it. You just can't keep making someone else's foolishness come out right. And your not doing them any favor by continuing do it, thought Hermann as he got up to rattle their cage once more before he got some sleep.

“You two get some sleep, and I'll take the helm.”

“I'm not a bit sleepy, said Günther, really, and uh, Rudy's still checking for leaks.”

“Yeah, you go ahead, and take the first rotation. I'm going to be awhile, we're fine really.”

“Well, okay if your sure that's what you want to do, then wake me in two hours.”

“Yeah.” Said Rudy with sigh of relief.

Hermann went back, and took two aspirin, then went to bed. It was 6 hours before Rudy woke him up. “Hermann! Hermann! We're running out of deep water. What do I do?”

“Drop out of Schauburger.”

“I already have, I went to dead slow, and locked the yoke.”

“How far?”

“Two miles to where it looks on the sonar like a cleft.”

“Anything on our starboard side?”

“Nope.”

“Good, then bring her around due west, while I get some coffee.”

Hermann went over and poured himself a mug of coffee, and sat it on the table. Then went back, got a pan, and spoon and started beating on the pan. “Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!”

“Aaaaaah!” Yelled Günther as he was jolted out of his sleep from the noise.

“How can you stand that with a hangover?”

“What hangover? You mean you two didn't take two aspirins before you went to sleep?”

“Nobody said anything about taking any aspirins.”

“Well I thought everybody knew that. See it doesn't bother me! Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!Bang!”

Rudy came walking back from the Comm with his fingers in his ears, “Hermann please don't do that anymore.”

“You mean you two can aggravate me with all your foolishness, but I'm not allowed to aggravate you back? What kind of a deal is that?”

“Look, we're sorry, said Günther, and we wont do it again. Right Rudy?”

“Yeah just give us a break with that pan.”

“Fair enough. Now where do we go from here nautical wise?”

“Well, we look at the charts I guess.” Said Günther.

“Nope, we are off the charts, this sub was never meant to be this far south, and we have no charts from here on. Next idea.”

“We go west in Schauberger until we see another cleft, then we take her up over the shelf, and look around.”

“Okay lets do that, then we'll go from there.” Said Hermann.

Unknown to the crew of the Quick Shark, they had come within 5 miles of the Bahamian Island of Spanish Wells. Their westward turn had taken them through the Great Bahama Canyon, and had forced them to edge a little northward along the ridge northeast of Bimini where they lost the thermal layer entirely, and were forced to shut the Reactor down. After they cleared the ridge they had resumed their westerly course, and by 8:32pm they were up to periscope depth just off the beach at Boca Raton, Florida.

From there they had gone south, and had came up every hour to make sure they were following the contour of the land. And by 11:13pm they were tied up in a mangrove area, about 2,000 ft. south of the Overseas Hwy 1, at 22<sup>nd</sup> St. on Marathon Island in the Keys.

“What kind of charge do we have on the batteries?” Asked Hermann.

“36 percent. Answered Günther. That's not enough to continue on with.”

“No, we're going to have to stay here come hell, or high water until these batteries are recharged some. Where's Rudy?”

“He said he was going to take a walk.”

“Well I hope he doesn't walk in to something he can't get out of.”

It was two hours before Rudy came back, and dropped 3-7ft. pieces of rusty pipe down through the open hatches of the escape trunk to the deck below, scaring the life out of Günther who was standing beside the Ottawa engine.

“Look out below!” Called out Rudy, as he climbed down the ladder.

“Well, it's a little bit late now don't you think?”

“I got these from a pile of junk up near the road. I like to have never got them loose from that old chain link fencing that they were tied too.”

“So why do we need that?”

“As an exhaust pipe

“I figure we can run this pipe up through the escape trunks rear escape hatch. That will bring it down into here at about a 45 degree angle, cut the muffler head off, and braze the pipe to the piece that's left still sticking out.”

“Don't we need an elbow to do that.”

“No, we cut a wide 'V' in the pipe, bend it around 90 degrees then braze the seams shut.”

Günther picked up one of the two lengths of pipe that had been pieced together, and examined the aluminum sleeve coupling in the middle. “And we just loosen these set screws to take it apart, and reassemble it as needed.”

“Right.”

“Okay lets do it.”

By the time Hermann cameback they had finished the job.

“Where you been?” Asked Rudy.

“Out walking around on both sides of this inlet. You know that by daylight anyone coming down close to the waters edge is going to be able to see this sub, it's sticking out like a sore thumb. There's a small clump of mangrove islands back about 100ft. That would give us better cover, if we can get in between them. What's this?”

“We ran an exhaust pipe outside, tied the hatch down as far as it would go, and stuffed some grease rags in the gaps to keep the mosquito's out.”

“Good thinking, they like to have eaten me alive when I was out there. Well, if your done here lets get this sub tied up somewhere else.”

After they had moved the sub, everyone decided to get some sleep. Hermann, and Günther had taken the bunks, and Rudy had stacked a couple of crates next to the bench seat of the table for his legs, and then stretched out as well. When Hermann, and Günther woke up later that morning, they found that Rudy had changed into his civilian clothes, and was gone along with the inflatable raft.

## Chapter 47

**Monday September 3<sup>rd</sup> 1945**

Rudy came strolling out of 22<sup>nd</sup> St., and crossed Hwy1 like he owned the place, then walked down the shoulder of the road toward the Texaco Station. They needed gas for the Milking Machine, but being penniless he wasn't sure how he was going to get it.

“Good Morning!” Said the man in the Texaco uniform.

“Good Morning.”

“Can I do something for you?”

“I'm looking for work, and I thought maybe you could use somebody temporary around here.”

“What's your name sport?”

“Rudy Binus.”

“Well Rudy if you want to clean the restrooms, I'll give you a Coke, and a Clark Bar, but that's the best I can do.”

After Rudy had finished the restrooms, he was setting on shallow curb next to an oil rack when a 1938 beige colored Packard pulled up to the pumps.

“Good Morning Miss Moore what brings you in here this time of the morning? I thought you'd be teaching school.”

“Well, they have canceled school for the day, so everyone can start boarding up, because a tropical storm is headed right for us. I wanted to ask you if it would be alright if I borrowed your ladder again?”

“Sure Miss Moore anytime. Is there anything else I can do for you this morning?”

“Yes, Ike I'd like you to fill Tinker Belle up, and check the oil if you would, and do you think that young man over there would be interested in a day job?”

“Oh, I'm sure he would he told me he was looking for work. Rudy Binkus, I think's his name. Rudy come over here a minute! Rudy this is Miss Sue Moore one of our local school teacher's. She needs someone to help her board up her house.”

Rudy bowed his head quickly to the distinguished lady seating behind the wheel, and said; “Pleased to meet you.”

“I'm not as young as I used to be young man, and I need to find someone to put the plyboard on the windows of my house. If your interested I'll pay you minimum wage.”

“Yes, that would be fine, and thank you.”

“Very well, Ike can show you where to bring the ladder.” She said right before she pulled off.

“Lets walk out to the road, and I'll show you where she lives. The extension ladder is around back, and here you can borrow these work gloves you'll need them. Said Ike as he pulled them from his back pocket. Now see up this way, well she left the back of the Packard sticking out where you could see it. Now you treat her right Rudy, she's a nice lady, and everyone around here thinks the world of her.”

“I will.” Said Rudy rather sheepishly.

Rudy had no idea what minimum wage, meant, or the value of a dollar for that matter. But he did know that gasoline was 21 cents a gallon because he had read it on the sign. He figured that if this job got him a gallon of gas then he would be happy.

“Rudy I saved the plywood from the last hurricane so it's already cut to fit each window, and door. They're stacked under a tarpaulin out back next to the garden, and the screws for them should be there in a cigar box somewhere.



And my late Father's tools are in the garage. If you have any questions I'll be in the kitchen. Okay?"

"Okay." Said Rudy as he made his way around to the backyard.

He found everything she said would be there, and whoever had done the job before had marked on them where each piece of plywood went. In the garage he found a leather tool pouch, and after grabbing some tools he went to work.

It was about 2 ½ hours later when he was finishing up the front of the house that she came out with a pitcher of Lemonade, and told him to come down from the ladder, and take a break. As he sat down on the steps beside her he said; "Well, I think I'm about half finished. He turned, and looked up at the half glass in the front door, then turned back around. After I get this door the front of the house will be done."

"You know Rudy you have a really different hint of an accent. Do you mind if I ask you where your from?"

"No, not at all. Said Rudy as his heart went up into his throat. I'm from Uzbekistan." Oh, Lord, thought Rudy, I hope she's never heard of it. But of course she had.

"Ah, in Asia around south of the Aral Sea."

"Yes, exactly, is my accent that bad?" He could almost hear Günther in the back of his mind saying: "What are you some kind of Nazi or something?"

"No, I just couldn't place it, I was thinking maybe Russian with a hint of German. But then I've never met anyone from Uzbekistan before so it was kind of out of my league."

"Have you lived here long?" Asked Rudy trying to change the subject.

"Oh yes, and I love it here, everyone knows everyone else, and their all like family to me. It's like heaven on earth."

“Except during a hurricane maybe?” Smile Rudy.

“Well, yes there are those, but they leave as quickly as they came, and we all pickup the pieces, and rebuild. And really how could we fully appreciate the good times, unless we had something to compare them too?”

“A wise statement. Well, I had better get back to work, and finish getting the house boarded up.”

By 1 o'clock Rudy was finished. He climbed the back steps, and knocked on the door. “I'm finished Miss Moore, you want to come, and see if there's anything that I've missed?”

“No Rudy, I'm sure it's fine. Okay, she said as she held out two dollars to him, 5 hours work, at 40 cents an hour makes two dollars, correct?”

“Yes, and thank you.”

“You have a blessed day Rudy, and don't forget to take Ike's ladder back to him.”

“And his gloves. Said Rudy with a big smile. Thanks again. Oh Miss Moore, there's an empty glass gallon jug in the garage, would you be willing to sell it to me, I need to get some gas in it?”

“No, I wouldn't hear of it, she said as she pushed Rudy's hand away holding one of the dollar bills. You just take that jug Rudy it's yours.”

It was bothering him on the way back with the ladder that he had had to lie to her about where he was from, she was such a nice lady, but then again what else could he have done. After buying a gallon of gas, and picking up a couple of free road maps from Ike, he walked Further down the road to a grocery store Ike had directed him toward. It seemed like the whole town was there buying up everything in sight. After he'd finally gotten checked out he took the bag full of groceries, picked up his gallon of gas that he'd sat down in the bushes along the road, and started back to the sub.

## Chapter 48

### Come Hell or High Water

“You don't think he ran off, and left us high, and dry do you?” Asked Günther

“Well, if he did, we're hardly left high, and dry. It's a cinch that he didn't take the raft with him, so it's over on the mainland. Stop worrying he'll be back. What are the batteries doing?”

“Last time I looked, a few minutes ago, they were 26 percent more than when we got here. Their at 57 percent. Pretty slow going huh?”

“Yeah, but without the gas engine it would be no going.”

Boomp! Boomp! Boomp!, Boomp! Boomp! Boomp!

“What in the crap is that?”

“Sounds like somebody beating on the sub with something.” Said Hermann.

Günther rushed into the Comm, climbed up the ladder, and opened the forward hatch.

“Rudy!” we thought that you weren't coming back.”

“Don't start that “We Thought” stuff, your the only one that thought he might not come back.” Corrected Hermann.

“Well anyway I'm Glad your back.”

“Help me get this stuff aboard.”

After the supplies were below deck, and the raft was brought up on deck, and tied down everyone gathered at the table to see what Rudy had to say. Once he'd finished filling them in, he reached in his pocket, and pulled out the rest of the money, and the receipt for the groceries, and laid them on the table.

“I worked 5 hours, and made 2 dollars, spent \$1.70, and have 30 cents left. Gasoline is 21 cents a gallon, so we can get another gallon if we should need to between here, and St. Louis. Oh yeah, and I got these road maps for free. One is for the eastern half of the U.S., and has St. Louis on it.”

Günther picked up the receipt, and starting reading it, while Hermann carefully unfolded the map.”

“Huh! Beef, chopped, .27/lb, Potato's .41/10 lb bag, Flour, .45/10 lb bag, Coffee, Sanka,.36/lb jar, and you said gasoline is 21 cents a gallon, yep that's \$ 1.70.”

“Günther, go up front, and see if you can get us anymore information from the radio, on this storm Rudy's been telling us about.”

“But I.....” Hermann shot him a hard look. “Okay I'll see what I can do.”

“Good.” Replied Hermann. “Did you have any problems while you were out there?”

“Well, just one, I got questioned about my accent, by Sue Moore.”

“What did you tell her?”

“I told her I was from Uzbekistan.”

Ha! What the hell do you know about Uzbekistan?”

“Absolutely nothing, crap she knew more about it than I did, she said: “Ah, in Asia around south of the Aral Sea.” I told her yes, but I've never even heard of the Aral Sea.”

“Well, your alright on that one, but next time say your from somewhere that at least you've been to, good grief. Do you think she believed you?”

Hard to say, she's a pretty smart lady, but she gave me her blessing when I left, so if she didn't I kinda got the impression that it didn't really matter.”

“Well, just to be on the safe side, it might be best if you don't go ashore anymore while we're here.”

“I understand.”

“Well, we should just take it as a warning that our grammar still needs a little work..Günther you find anything?”

“Not much, Said Günther as he came back, and stuck his head through the hatchway, just an announcer in Miami that said the 7<sup>th</sup> tropical storm of the season was headed for the Keys, and is expected to make landfall by morning.”

“Okay, that's good enough for now. - Sit down, - we need to plan the final leg of this boat ride.” Said Hermann, as he unfolded the map for the eastern half of the United States.

“You sounded just like John Wayne the way you broke your sentences up” Remarked Rudy.

“That's because I was tryin' to Rudy. - Would you ever even think of questionin' his persona. - If you was to meet him? - He's an actor Rudy. - People might except a little, - accent, - if they are focusing on, - the voice of Wayne.”

“Yeah, and Hermann's got them squinty eyes like him too. Boy they can stop a conversation in a second. That was a brilliant idea. Remarked Günther. Who you going to be Rudy?”

“I don't think it would be to smart for us to all choose actor's to mimic, so I'm just going to be a smart alec Jew.”

“Well, hell your already that!” Chided Günther.

“So sue me! What you think I should care what you think? Meshugeneh!”

“So what's it going to be for you Günther?” Inquired Hermann.

As usual Günther was indecisive in his answer. “ I don't know, I'll have to give it some thought.”

“I know, you could be Harpo Marx, all you need is a horn.”

“Rudy, - show a little class.” Reprimanded Hermann.

“Oy Vey. I thought I was.”

“Alright, we need a plan, any ideas?” Asked Herman.

“Well, I for one need to get my feet permanently on dry land. How far is it that we still have to go?” Asked Günther.

“I figure, about 600 miles to New Orleans, Then who knows, up the Mississippi River with all it's twists, and turns. At least another 600 miles. But there are most certainly locks on that river that we might not be able to get through, so we may find ourselves on foot the last 600 miles.” Said Hermann.

“Okay then, I suggest that we stay here, until the batteries are fully recharged then Slipstream all the way to New Orleans. It would only take us 3 hours to go there from here.”

“Yeah, but how long will it take us to charge the batteries.” Said Rudy.

“You have a better idea?”

“Nope.”

“Fine, I vote for Günther's idea. If we use Slipstream with a full charge we should still have enough power left to make St. Louis under regular propulsion.”

“Fine.” Said Rudy dejectedly.

“Good it's settled then. Rudy if you will check the fluid levels in the batteries. And Günther if you will, fill the Milking Machine with fuel, and water. I Gentlemen will assume my Captain's duties, and start peeling potato's.”

It had taken them another day, and a half to get the batteries up to 100 percent. But once they had weighed anchor, they were navigating the waters of the Mississippi Delta less than 4 hours later.

Tropical storm 7 had proved to be a Godsend for them because it had gone right up the Mississippi River basin dumping torrential rainfall, and not only flooding the Mississippi, but making it so muddy that you couldn't see a dinner plate if it was held 1 inch below water level. By using their sonar to follow the towboats through the locks the Quick Shark had made its way to within 14 miles of St. Louis. And by following close behind the powerful thrust of the towboats at a shallow depth they had found that the increased current flow passing the heat exchangers allowed them to run the reactor at 50 percent. Everything seemed to be going fine until.

“What the hell!” Yelled Günther as the sub felt like it had just hit a brick wall. She was spinning around to port, and he applied right full rudder as he tried to bring her back on course.

“We're listing Günther!” Voiced Rudy, as he grabbed one of the pipes that ran along the wall to keep from being thrown against the bulkhead of the reactor room.

Hermann who had been sleeping in the lower bunk suddenly awoke with his knees jammed up around his head after sliding forward from the impact. Only then to be dumped out into the floor from the 45 degree list. “Cut your engines, and give her her head! Stop fighting her!”

But it was too late, as the sound of bending metal, and popping rivets suddenly reverberated throughout the hull. As the last rivet popped the sub righted itself, and started to be swept downstream along with the rest of the debris in the flood waters.

Hermann scrambled into the Comm, and shoved the periscope up. As he looked out he saw a large tree, roots, and all roll over in the water with the housing to the Schauburger Drive hanging from one of its limbs.

“We're taking on water exclaimed Rudy, and it's no drip!”

“Start the bilge pumps! Günther rudder amidships, and back 1/3rd on both engines. I'll guide you.”

“The bilge pumps can't handle it! If the water gets up over those batteries we're screwed!” Yelled Rudy.

“Alright bleed some air into the ballast tanks Rudy, and take us up! Günther ahead 2/3rds right full rudder. I hope these aft fins will weather vane some in these currents, we're not really out in midstream far enough to suit me but this is as good as it gets.”

“Okay we're on the surface, said Günther, and she's responding better.”

“Good, take us up stream a couple of hundred feet, there's some kind of village to port, and we need to get in behind these trees before we're spotted, If we haven't already been. Rudy what's the word on that leak?”

“It's slowed down some, but it's still coming in at a pretty good rate. In my opinion we have maybe 15 minutes or so before it gets up on the batteries, and that's if the bilge pumps keep working. This stuff has leaves, and twigs, and who knows what else floating in it. And it could clog the pumps at any moment.”

“Okay, get the raft out on deck, and inflated. And put our personal items in it, and some supplies.”

“Günther there's what looks like a flooded section up on our port, at about 11 o'clock, lets see if we can navigate this thing between some of the trees and get up in there.”



Hermann lowered the periscope, and climbed up so he could see out of the forward hatch. “Okay, here's a place Günther turn to starboard. A little more, okay rudder amidships, ahead 1/3<sup>rd</sup>. Now hard to port. What's your depth?”

“It just went from 25 to 37 ft.”

“Good, all stop. I'll trip the reactor manually, and then flood it, and seal it off. You get up on top, and help Rudy get that raft in the water.

It was just getting daylight although the sun had not shown itself above the horizon. Rudy, and Günther were waiting alongside for Hermann when they saw him trying to shove a crate up through the forward hatch Rudy quickly climbed back on deck, and lifted it out. “What's this?”

“Don't concern yourself seaman, it's just something we may need later on.”

They were no more than 200 ft. from the Quick Shark when the bow rose up out of the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and like a breaching whale in reverse she blew a spray of water into the air as she breathed her last breath before slipping beneath the surface.

“Do you think anyone will ever find her?” Asked Günther.

“Maybe.” Said Hermann almost as if he was sensing some loss. “But I'm inclined to believe that this area is a kind of natural lake, at least most of the time. And when all that silt from the water settles on her she'll get buried over time. The Nazi's have that technology, and I don't know if it would be a good thing if everyone had it. The world could get real crazy real quick.”

“She brought us our freedom, and then carried us half way around the world.” Said Rudy.

“Yes, and she made us into seasoned submariner's, and better men I think.”

“Right! Said Hermann in his best practice John Wayne voice. “And now - gentlemen, - without further ado, - what say we get the hell out of here!”

They worked their way through the maze of flooded trees until they reached the western bank of the river. Then paddled farther north along the bank looking for a good place to hide the raft, and supplies.

“There! Said Rudy, up ahead that brush pile. What do you think?”

“That'll work.”

They took the brush pile apart changed into their civilian clothes, and then put in the supplies, covered those with the deflated raft, and reassembled the brush pile over it. From there they walked up the bank, and followed the railroad tracks north to the first road they came to, then stayed on it until they came to Hwy 231.

“What do we do now?” Asked Günther.

“Walk.” Said Rudy.

They walked the shoulder of the road all the way to Oakville, and stopped at a general store where they spent .15 cents of their money on 3 liver cheese sandwiches.

“Where you fellers headed?” Asked the elderly Grandfather figure behind the counter.

“On into town.” Said Günther, in a soft radio type voice that smacked a little bit of Orson Wells. “Sure is getting hot out there on that road though.”

“Well, maybe you'll catch a ride.”

“Catch a ride, how?”

“You know. Said the old man as he held his thumb up, and moved it to his right. Hitch Hiking.”

“Oh, right. Replied Günther as he tried to think on his feet. I thought you meant that you knew someone that was going our way.”

“No, not right off, but some of these farmer's are taking their produce into market today. If any of them stop in, I'll tell them to keep, an eye out for you along the road.”

Everyone thanked him then went outside under the shade tree to eat their sandwiches. Then they wet their whistles with the water from the spigot on the side of the building, where the owner had been good enough to hang a dipper.

Before they left Hermann went over to the phone booth in front of the store, and thumbed through the phone book for Leo's telephone number, and address. “Melrose 327” he repeated in whispered tones as he dropped a nickel in the slot, and started dialing. “Yeah!” Said the woman's voice on the other end.

“Put Leo on the phone - I need to talk to him.”

“He ain't here. He ain't never here this time of day.”

“Well, - do you know where he's - at?”

“Nah, he could be anywhere for all I know. Why who wants to know?”

“I do – madame! I'm his cousin Hermann - from Germany.”

“He ain't never said nothin' bought havin' no cousin in Germany.”

“Yeah well, - he ain't never said nothin' bought - you either sister.”

“Well, ..... try 'The Paddock Tavern he might be there, or Wortman's Amusement, he works for that bum.”

“Alright thanks.”

“Yeah, anytime sugar.”

Hermann looked up the other two addresses, and phone numbers before he left. Then motioned to the others, as he started off walking down the road again.

It was still hot in September, and the 90 degree heat was starting to take its toll on the three by 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

“Man, I could use a drink of water.” Said Günther as he stuck his thumb out at a passing car, then took off his panama hat, and wiped the sweat from the hat band with his handkerchief. Hermann, and Rudy followed suit, and were all three wiping sweat when they heard the screeching brakes of the old 1938 REO (rio) Speedwagon as it slowed to a halt right beside them.

“Charlie back at the store said you fellows might need a ride. I'm Jim Tucker, and this is the Misses here.”

“Boy do we! - Pleased to meet you Mr. Tucker, - Ma'am.” Rudy tipped his hat by picking it up off his head a little, and Günther nodded, and smiled.

“Hop in the back boy's, and I'll take you right downtown.”

As they climbed in the back and, sat down Hermann said: “Take your shoes off men, and dry your feet out.”

“Nah, my feet are fine, said Rudy, it's my shirt that needs drying out.”

“Well, all I can say is thank God for Charlie, and Mr. & Mrs. Tucker!”

“Thank God for a lot of things.” Added Günther.

“Boy, you've got that right. Said Rudy. How can we come to fully appreciate the good things in life, unless we have experienced the evil things first? How can we appreciate the cool shade of a maple tree, unless we have experienced the hot sun?”

Hermann, and Günther just sat there looking in Rudy's eyes. There was something very profound in those words. Something deeper than the words themselves. It was like when you drop a rock into a very deep dark well. You can't see the water at the bottom, but there is a taste of future fulfillment as the sound of its splash echos back to bring a realization of hope to a parched tongue.

“God knows, we three have been through the fiery test. Each in his own fashion. Each according to his own demeanor, and weaknesses. I because of living in unreality. Rudy, being cursed, and spat on only because God had seen fit to make him a Jew. Hermann, becoming so astute at human nature only because of being trapped over, and over by trickery, and betrayal many times throughout life. “

“It's true enough.” Said Hermann.

“And finally we have been brought out. So that what we thought in the beginning was evil, eventually turned out for the good. And brought out together, and caused, by necessity, to stay together, until we were eventually bound together, closer together than brother's. What say you Rudy?”

“I gotta pee!”

“Oh well, hell! So much for having any meaningful thoughts around here!”

## Chapter 49

### Lets Make a Deal

“Yes Heir Globke, he made a phone call to his cousin's house. No he talked to some woman there, and inquired where he might be found. Yes, right away Sir.”

“What did he say?”

“He said to find out where they are at, and not let them out of our sight. He said the ID's are on the way, and to find out what else they want from Brothers. So we need to put a Friend, and a Swallow in McCoy's Tavern, The Paddock Tavern in East St. Louis, Ill., and continue commit surveillance on Brother's house, and Wortman's Plaza Amusement Company, also the Rite-Way, and W-R Cigarette Companies. And get at least 3 wheel artists.”

“We don't have the manpower to do a floating box without bringing in other agency help. Should I get the FBI to establish the box if we gain command of the targets?”

“Hell no, we don't want any blowback. The FBI couldn't follow a freight train from here to Kansas without ending up in Mexico. Get CIA people, and if they give you any crap tell them that it's not a surveillance operation on domestic soil, it's a training operation on domestic soil.”

“When it's really a V-man operation of domestic soil.”

“Yeah, well don't tell them that. We're not going to be able to do a cannon on this. Undersecretary Globke want's a trade, and not an affair. Just a simple exfiltration operation of the U-73a. These guy's are described as hostile elements, and are to be treated with velvet gloves. Their profiles say that they will likely die rather than be recaptured. So only Globke is going to approach them. He is on his way here now.”

“He's coming all the way from New York for this?”

“Yes, he says that's what New Berlin wants.”

## Chapter 50

### An Invite from an Outrider

When the truck stopped at the place that Mr. & Mrs. Tucker were selling their produce, all three insisted of unloading the truck for them. Then they thanked them again for the ride, and started off down the street.

“I’ve got the addresses that we need to go to, but we need a city map of St. Louis, or maybe a pay phone.”

“There’s a booth on the corner.” said Rudy, as he pointed toward 16<sup>th</sup>, and Market.

The three of them walked up to the corner. Rudy, and Günther spent their time looking at the women, while Hermann used their next to the last nickel to call The Paddock’s Tavern. Leo was there.

“Yeah, this is Leo, who’s this?”

“It’s Hermann Bruder, your cousin.”

“Hermann, Geez, I thought you was dead.”

“Not hardly Vincent. Listen, I have a proposition for you. Can you meet me in Washington Park near the corner of 17<sup>th</sup>, and Market?”

“What kind of proposition?”

“Not one you’ll want to pass up.”

“Alright, give me a half hour to get there. Geez, I thought you was dead.”

When Hermann came out of the booth they all went across the street, and plopped down on a bench under a shade tree to wait. In less than a half an hour Hermann spotted Leo come strolling in from the opposite corner of the park than you would have expected him too. "That's him behind us." Said Hermann as he stood up, put both hands in his pockets, and he turned around. Leo who had done a lot of prison time had developed a keen eye for watching people's hands especially when they went toward a pocket. And had spotted the move from 30 yards away.

Leo smiled real big, and offered his hand as he walked up to the back of the bench. "Geez what happened to your clothes. You look like you been sleeping in them?"

"Never mind that. We need new ID's, passports, and money for the three of us Vincent. As soon as you can get them.

"And what do you plan to give in return cousin?" Asked Vincent.

"I have our grandfathers ring." Said Hermann as he brought his left hand up, and displayed the ring before Vincent's eyes.

He knew that this could be a done deal by the look on Vincent's face. Because ever since they were children, when his uncle's family had come to Germany to visit them, he had noticed that Vincent had a special affection for that ring. He had noticed on many occasions that Vincent would focus on the ring on his grandfathers hand, and even follow it with his eyes as our grandfather would move it about while gesturing during one of his stories. Hermann also knew that family meant little, or nothing to Vincent, he would have chopped off their grandfather's finger to get that ring. Hermann quickly took his hand away, and placed it back in his pocket, with Vincent's eyes following it all the way. With the sound came the slight indication in Vincent's eyes that Hermann immediately detected. Vincent knew the desire that he had always held for that ring, but on the other hand he also knew the sound of a safety being clicked off on a weapon.

"Exactly how much money you talkin' about?" Asked Vincent.



“Four hundred each, plus a hundred extra right now. Said Hermann as Vincent stood there staring at him, “Do you want it or not!”

“Deal, but this will take a few days. Said Vincent as he slowly reached into his pocket, and came out with a bankroll, peeled off a hundred, and handed it to Hermann, Where can I find you?”

“You don't, when you have everything we need, you run this add in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch every week until we get back to you. Then we will find you, the names we want on the ID's are written on the back. Said Hermann as he grabbed the hundred, and released the paper into Vincent's hand. “I'll be seeing you cousin. You can go ahead, and leave first.”

“You mean you don't trust me?” Replied Vincent while trying to feign a hurt look.

“Don't forget I know you cousin. Countered Hermann, Quality ID's, and no funny money.”

“Come on , said Hermann to his companions, we have places to go, work to do, and plans to make.”

As they walked back out on the street, and were waiting for the light to change so they could cross, a brand new 1945 Cadillac Convertible pulled up beside them. And the blond behind the wheel said: “Hey, you guys want to take a ride in my new Caddie?”

“No thanks sister, shove off. Said Hermann. We're busy.”

“Oh, come on baby, I'll take you anywhere you want to go. Even to my house.”

“I said no! Somethin' wrong with your ears.”

“Why are you being so mean to her?” Asked Günther.

“Come on the light's changed.”

After stopping at an Army Surplus Store for equipment, a Service Station to change into their army fatigues, and get a map, then the three took a bus down Market, and transferred to the South Broadway Line, stopping twice once to drop their street clothes off at a laundry, and the last time to shop a local A&P Store, before headed down Lafayette St. to the hobo jungle along the riverfront. At the rail yards they walked Southeast to a wooded section just out of sight of the rail yards switching tower. There they put everything else that they had accumulated into the duffel bags they had bought, then sat, and waited to catch the next southbound freight train.

Just before sundown they heard the highball whistle of a freight coming their way at yard speed. So they grabbed the duffel bags, and spaced themselves about 40 ft. apart back in the woods out of sight. As the train passed Hermann waited until he saw an open boxcar about midway of the train, then he walked out. The other two did the same. Hermann waited for the right moment, then ran toward the open door, threw his duffel bags in, ran alongside, and hopped in, the other two men did the same, and soon all three were aboard.

“Where are we headed?” Asked Günther still panting from the run.

“I have no idea,” Said Hermann, “but somewhere that Vincent's mob friends can't spot us.”

“And judging from the equipment we bought, that would be right out in the middle of nowhere.” Added Rudy.

“Exactly!” Said Hermann “Alright, let's lay all these things out on the floor while we still have some daylight left.”

Each man took a duffel bag, and filled it with, a Swiss army knife, surplus canteen, socks, and under clothing, a flashlight, and enough food to last each of them for three days. The rest of the food, and equipment was loaded into the two remaining bags. Hermann reached in his trench coat, and pulled out the remaining cash, and divided it evenly among them. “Now if we should happen to get separated none of us will be without at least some resources.”

"I can't eat this Spam." Said Rudy, "It's made out of pork."

Hermann took the three cans of Spam, and gave Rudy two cans of corned beef, and and a can of Salmon. "Alright, if we do get separated we all meet back at the woods where we caught the train, and we will go from there."

Before long the train started to slow down, stopped for about two minutes, and started moving slowly again.

"Whats going on?" Asked Günther.

"We're going on to a siding. Said Hermann as he pulled the road map out that he had picked up at the service station, and started tracing the rail line as it moved down along the Mississippi River. Okay, we just passed over a long bridge, and ...."

"There's a dirt road that we're coming up on." Said Rudy

"Well that may be Wicks Rd., If there's an Island on this side. Said Hermann, as he got up holding the map, and walked over to the other side. Yep, there's Chesley Island right there, and the small town of Kimmswick Mo. Is just a couple of miles south of here. Grab your gear gentlemen we're back where we started."

As the train came to a halt the three of them shouldered their loads, and dashed across the main line, and up the steep grade of the hill.

The V-Man in the cupola of the caboose noted the time, and place in his little black book, then sat back, and lit a cigarette, and wrote some more.

About half way up the hill Günther stopped, and said: " Why did we go up? We could have camped down on that river bank, and caught fish out of the river?"

"Because I don't like mosquito's." Said Hermann.

"Man those things would eat you alive down there Günther come on." Said Rudy as he charged ahead.

They made their way up a hollowed out section on the leeward side of the hill until they found a roughly flat area. And decided to pitch camp there. While Hermann gathered wood for a fire, Rudy decided to walk up to the top of the ridge to see if he could see any signs of life. And Günther in his wanderings managed to find a spring that ran out of the hillside, and across a flat shelf of rock for a about 10 ft., and then disappeared down a hole.

As they sat around the campfire that night they started talking about their personal plans.

“Hey Hermann, What names did you give us on our new ID's?”  
Asked Günther.

“Well, Rudy said he wanted to keep his name so I did that. I decided to go with Jack Brothers, and you my friend who are now building a new life from your youth up. What else could it be, Benjamin Dee Goodman. Is it alright if we call you Benny?”

“Yowser man, that's perfect! I was hoping it wasn't Herbert something.” Said Günther as everyone broke into laughter.

“Günther what was all that stuff about you calling all those Nazi's Herbert anyway?” Asked Rudy.

“Well, it started a long time ago when I read a thesis, by Hans-Herbert Krueger, a Nazi Party member who came out against the Swinger boys, and girls setting an official stance against us, so all those Nazi bastards were Herberts to me.”

“Well that explains a lot. I just thought you were about half nuts.”  
Kidded Hermann with a sly smile.

“I wouldn't jump to any conclusions if I were you he pulled that Zoot Suit out of that bulging briefcase that he's been dragging around, and gave it to that laundry lady, along with his hat.”

“Günther don't you know that Zoot Suits have been out of style for years? You're not going to look like a Swinger, your going to look like your looney if you wear that thing.”

“Where's the problem with that?”

“Well crap! I'm going to bed. Here take this pistol Rudy you've got the first watch. Then wake me, and I'll take the second.” Said Hermann as he lay back on his duffel bag, and covered up with his trench coat.

The next morning they all walked down the tracks, and brought their stash up to the camp. Hermann opened the crate, and took out a ground tarp, a hand grenade, the last bottle of liquor, and three cigars.

“Gentlemen, we have confounded, confused, and connived our way to freedom. We've traveled half way around the world. We've taught ourselves English well enough that we weren't even questioned once since we started out from here yesterday. And we have made a deal with my cousin that he's not going to back out of. So, I propose that we declare this trip a success, light these cigars, and get drunk, before somebody kills us. Because we've been followed.”

“The hell you say! Barked Rudy. How do you know that?”

“Trust me I know. Every since we left that park we have been tailed. And it wasn't Vincent's thugs, they were too well organized. Said Hermann as he lit up his cigar. If I'm right a small plane will fly over taking photographs before the day is over. Then they will study them as to the best way to approach us, and then early tomorrow morning they will come.”

“Well we need to leave then, right?” Suggested Günther.

“And go where that they can't find us?”

“Well, if this ain't a hell of a tight spot. Said Rudy. Give me that bottle.”

“The Blond.” said Günther right after he took a swig from the bottle.

“Yep, they were trying to get us onto their territory.”

“And that guy on the bus on Market St., I think I saw him again when we started down Lafayette Street.”

“You did, we were moving in a direction they hadn't anticipated on, and they couldn't get their other men in place in time.”

“That police car that came up Lafayette real slow, and caused us to duck into that bar. Added Rudy.

“Your learning, that was done to slow us down.”

“But they couldn't have followed us here, could they.”

“They most certainly did. Said Hermann, as he pulled the small hand mirror from inside his trench coat, cupped it in his hand, and held it so he could see behind him. The guy in the top of the caboose that kept watching, and writing down stuff, while you two talked about whether to go up the hill, or down to the river to camp.”

Later that day their fears were confirmed by the sound of a small plane flying overhead.

“Well there it is men! Exclaimed Hermann. Say Cheese!”

The next morning at daybreak Hermann, and Rudy awoke to the sounds of three men that were descending from the top of the ridge. All three wore black business suits. The one leading the way more distinguished than his counterparts with black fedora, and black gloves keep looking up in their direction occasionally as they made their way down to the camp. Neither Hermann nor Rudy had shown any sign of being awake, other than the fact that Hermann had rolled from his side to his back as if in a fitful sleep. Rudy who was on his right side facing away from Hermann, and toward the ridge. Had opened only his eye next to the ground, and was watching the feet of the men from under the bridge of his nose, as they came closer.

“Please, please, I know you are not asleep.”

“And who – might you be?” Asked Hermann as sat up with his hands still under the trench coat.

“Let me introduce myself, I am Hans Globke, the Undersecretary of State in Germany now, a man with diplomatic immunity. And these are my two bodyguards, which at the moment are pretty much useless to me. Am I not correct?”

“Pretty much.” Said Hermann as he removed his hands from beneath the trench coat. His left hand holding a safety wire, and his right a Danish M.1923 defensive grenade. Rudy now slowly pulled his trench coat cover away to reveal a Pistol.

“And this one laying here that never moves, is no doubt your sniper.”

“Maybe you should just let him rest.” Said Hermann.

“Oh I intend too!”

“So, why are you here? To kill us?” Asked Rudy.

“Heavens no! We tried that several times, and concluded that that doesn't work with you three, and neither does Narco- therapy apparently. No, actually I have come under direct orders from the Führer, and the Inner Group to offer you a deal.” Said Globke as he scanned the hillside, then slowly raised his brief case up in front of him. May I?”

Hermann without taking his eyes off Globke's, or giving any indication as to where Günther's position might be, raised his left index finger into the air as a signal. “By all means.”

Globke's men were watching Rudy's eyes as well but he never even blinked, as he stared back at them. Globke slowly opened the brief case, and took out three fat manila envelopes he looked at each of them carefully, then tossed one in Hermann's lap. One beside Rudy, and one next to Günther's bedroll. “Aren't you going to look at them?”

“What is it?”

“In each of these envelopes is a copy of your actual birth certificate, a passport showing that you each entered the U.S. 3 years ago. You Hermann, from Switzerland were you migrated to in 1932. Rudolph here moved from Russia to South Africa in 1940 before coming to the U.S., and lastly Günther moved from Germany to Argentina in 1927. In addition you each have documents showing that you became Nationalized Citizens some 2 years ago. A valid driver's license, and a valid Social Security Card, and number. These are not forged documents like you were seeking to obtain from your cousin, these all have the paperwork to back them up.”

“And in return - the Führer wants, - his, - submarine back.”

“Precisely.”

“By the way, - just how is my cousin?”

“Leo, oh he's doing well, it seems he had a little accident where his leg was broken, but he is resting now with a cast on his leg in the Alexian Brothers Hospital. Even after he was convinced to let us handle your Identification Papers, he still went on, and on about some ring he wanted. Of course we are paying for his hospital bills, as we felt somewhat responsible for his accident.”

“Oh, - of course.”

“Now if you will tell us where our submarine is we can conclude our business. The Mississippi is a very long river, and at flood stage it would be an exercise in futility to try and find it ourselves.”

Hermann pointed in the direction where the sub lay. “The southern most part of Chelsey Island, no more than 350ft. in from the river. The Schauburger housing got ripped off by debris, and she was taking on more water than the bilge pumps could handle. And that's where she went down.”

“And what about the Reactor, is it safe to work with?”

“I tripped the safety manually, and flooded it by the book. It's safe to work with.”



“I need to send one of these men out to verify this information if I may?”

“Go ahead.” Said Hermann. As he made some hand signals in the air to his imaginary sniper.

“Max.”

At that the bodyguard turned, and started walking back up the way they had came.

“Why the valid ID's, and the history on the passports?” Asked Rudy without taking his eyes off the other bodyguard.

“Simple, Said Hermann. Interrupting Globke as he was about to answer. We can't go around saying we were living underground in Germany, for the past several years if our papers say otherwise. We'd end up in a sanitarium somewhere.”

## Chapter 51

### The Nazi's are Coming

About 15 minutes before the Undersecretary had shown up. Günther had drank the rest of the whiskey, and wandered off his watch post high up on the ridge, and stumbled down through the woods to Kimmswick. Where he was now buying six beers, a loaf of bread, 4 lbs. of German Bologna, and a small jar of Miracle Whip.

“I want you good people to know that I'm a German! How do ooh, you like that!”

“Theodore Kimm, founded the town of Kimmswick back in 1859. he was from Brunswick, Germany, a lot of people from this town are from German decent Mister. So, how do you like that?”

“Wunderbar, but that's not what I'm talkin' about. I'm talking bout how the stinkin' Nazi's took me, and my hoal, ho-wel, my whole, family one night, and kept all'a us captive under the ground for years. They did, they made me grow corn in their caves, and my wife they made her a hoss- tis in one of their underground nightclubs.”

“You going to pay for this stuff or not?”

“Sure, hears a ten. And I escaped in an atomic powered submarine, well, we had to use a milking machine motor sometimes. “

“Sure buddy.” The proprietor of the market handed Günther back his change, picked up the bag of groceries, came around the counter, grabbed Günther by the arm, and led him out the door.

“There's Nazi's comin' ta kill me!”

“Alright fella, you go on now. I'll keep an eye out for them.”

“You be sure you do, you hear, cause their meaner than a snake on a hot rock!”

The man led Günther passed two old men that were sitting on the bench out front. And helped him get down off of the porch. “You be careful now, and don't fall.”

“Who was that?” Asked one of the old men as he whittled off another shaving with his pocket knife.

“Ah, just another drunken hobo I imagine.”

## Chapter 52

### We're Convinced We Can't Kill You, so Just Go Away

“I've got movement on the ridge.” Said Rudy without taking his eyes off the bodyguard.

Hermann quickly glanced over, and then back. “It's the other goon.”

“Heir Globke, the submarine is where they said it was, and the diver's have confirmed that it is salvageable, and safe to approach. The towboat is moving the crane barge into position. And...” The goon whispered something else into Globke's ear, then looked at Hermann.

Günther sat the sack down just before he topped the ridge. Then stumbled up, and peeked over into the hollow. “There's them sons a bitch Nazi's an their fixin' to kill my good friends. Whined Günther as tears welled up in his eyes. You lousy Nazi kraut bastards. I'll show you.” Promised Günther as he picked up a large rock the size of a grapefruit, and hurled it with all his might down at the three men below. Loosing his balance in the process, and falling backward down the hill several dozen feet.

“My surveillance men inform me that they have not been able to locate your sniper anywhere on the ridge. Challenged Globke. You wouldn't have been bluffing now would you Heir Bruder?”

About that time the rock came flying down, and hit one of the goons square in between the shoulder blades, knocking him flat on his face.

“Maybe you should get some better surveillance men Heir Globke.”

“Yes, I see your point. Now if you will signal your man I will bid you farewell.

Hermann extended his hand palm first in a effort to get Günther to stop, just as he saw him draw back to hurt another rock. Günther saw Hermann's gesture, and froze in position for a second with a puzzled look on his face, then lost his balance, and fell backward down the hill again.

After they had gone, Hermann, and Rudy ran up the hill to see about Günther. They all sat there for the next two hours, eating bologna sandwiches, drinking beer, and laughing about how Günther, had ran the Nazi's off single handed.

They stayed there that night, and the next morning walked the mile, and a half to Hwy 231, and caught the bus to St. Louis. After picking up their clothes from the laundry, the renting a hotel room for the day, they took some much needed baths, shaved, and changed into their clean clothes, then took a cab to the Alexian Brothers Hospital to see Vincent.

“What are you mugs doin', tryin' to get me killed? Who was them guy's, they wasn't no mafia?”

“No Vincent, they wasn't no mafia. They are more powerful than that.” Assured Hermann.

“Gees, Hermann, I didn't know you was so well connected. But look at me, I'm in pain here, because I was loyal to you.”

“Oh please, your in pain because you held out on them, your in pain because of the ring. You still want it?”

“Sure I do, but I got the ID's stashed, and I can't get to them like this.”

“We don't want the ID's anymore. We just want the money then I'll give you the ring.”

Vincent reached over, and picked up the phone from off the table next to the bed, and started dialing. "You know there's somethin' I can't figure. Them guy's ruffed me up, and broke my leg, then the one with the gloves had me brought here, got me a private room, with this phone, and their footin' the bill to boot. Yeah, listen babe, grab my check book, and get down here quick, I got a deal going down. Right!"

"They're probably footin' the bill because they didn't want anymore bad blood between them, and Hermann, you are family Vincent." Said Rudy.

"Yeah I am family, and nobody calls me Vincent but family, you got that? It's Leo to you Mac, so why don't you butt out!"

"Zip it Leo. He didn't mean nothin'. Said Hermann. How long you figure it'll take your honey women to get here?"

"Or did he even call for a check book?" Questioned Günther.

"He did, I watched him dial his home phone number." Replied Hermann.

"Say, what's with the microscope, I can't believe yous guy's distrust."

"The problem with trust Leo, is you don't know it's gone until it's too late." Said Günther

"Vincent, do you remember what you told me onetime when we were youngsters? When you were trying to sell that kid somebody else's bicycle. You said: 'You know you can't take them if they don't trust you.' Well I haven't trusted you from that day forward. So why don't you give it a rest."

Everyone turned their attention to the door as the sound of high heels entered the room. Agnes went over, and gave Leo a peck on the cheek then stroked his hair, and curled a lock of it around her finger. "How you doin' sugar?"

“Guy's this here's Ag -in- es. My bride to be. Now, how much was we talkin' about?”

“12 hundred.” Said Hermann, in a matter of fact tone.

“Geez, Hermann, I don't think I got that much, I'll cut you a check for a thousand, but I'll have to owe you the other two.”

“Goodbye! Said Hermann, I hope your leg heals up real soon.”

The three of them were halfway down the hallway, before Agnes yelled after them. “Wait! I got the extra two!”

“It's four now, if you want to keep playing games on my time!” Yelled back Hermann.

Agnes disappeared back in the door for a moment, then reappeared. “Yeah four!”

When they got back to the room Vincent handed Hermann the check made out for 14 hundred dollars. Hermann in turn handed it to Rudy “Go down to the lobby, and call the bank, to make sure the check is good.”

“It's good.” Said Vincent in a dejected tone, and hung his head.

Hermann took the ring off his finger, and handed it to Vincent. Who immediately put it on his finger, and held his hand out to admire it.

The three of them took a cab to the bank. Hermann gave both Günther, and Rudy 460 dollars apiece, then they took another cab to the train station.

“Well I guess this is where we part company men. Said Hermann with a certain inflection of melancholy in his voice. “I think I'm going to Hollywood, and try out my hand in the moving picture business. What about you Rudy?”

“Lets see. Said Rudy as he walked over to a large framed map of the United States that showed all the rail lines on it. He closed his eyes moved his finger around in front of it then stuck it on the glass, and peered to see what it said. Louisville Kentucky! Yep that's as good a place as any. And, I think that I'll become a lawyer, defending other poor saps like you two.”

“Günther?”

“Well, since the Führer has excommunicated us, I doubt that I'm going to be able to get into hell, so I've decided to go to Paradise. Yep, I'm going to the Hawaiian Islands to live out my days. Give me a year fellas, and then look me up, I'll be in the phone book.”

“Same here. Said Hermann, lets keep in touch.”

Once the three had purchased their tickets they said there goodbyes one last time before Hermann, and Günther boarded their train for the west coast.

“What's he doing?” Asked Günther as the train started to move, pointing at Rudy holding up a pack of gum, gesturing, and shaking his head no over at the concession stand.

“What else, he's just trying to get that gum at wholesale prices.”

“Yep, that's our Rudy!”



## Chapter 53

### Four Years Later

Rudy had done just what he said he would, he had graduated from law school, and begun his practice as a defense lawyer. He had also married, and was raising a son.

Günther had established himself as custodian of a beautiful botanical garden on the Big Island. Soon after his arrival he married a wonderful Hawaiian girl 10 years his junior named Kiki, and she had given him two fine sons, named Hermann, and Rudy.

Hermann had made his debut in Hollywood by becoming the Lot Manager for a major motion picture studio. And it's said that nothing ever enters, our leaves the lot that Hermann doesn't have a hand in it.

They had all kept in touch over the past years, and still had a bond between them closer than brothers but in the end the saying holds true:

We're born alone, we live alone, we die alone. Only through our love, and friendship can we create the illusion for the moment that we're not alone.

Orson Wells

After four years the Führer, had turned back the forces of Admiral Byrd. Dropped the Fantasy Ship on Roswell, and was still searching out the elusive mysteries of the ultimate power.

The ruler of this world, goes by many names, and has gone by many names for millennia. A succession of prodigious personifications who only deals with the desires of men, and rules abstractly through manipulation by lies, and not by direct order. Over a family of no family. A race of no race. A composite man of the ages. Spiritized, and yet solid. A harbinger of justice without mercy. An adversary of men. A master of manipulation by suggestion alone. By circumstance he opens the eyes of men. By revelations of truth he brings men to war. By the push of the heaving masses, he advances then retreats. Through the wheel of progression he exacts justice for their own indiscretions. The power is his through man's on immaturity, and lack of understanding. A master of thoughts, of riddles, of speech from the heart, a wizard of expressions, of body language, a reader of the eyes, and the utterances of the sons of men.

By wisdom he placed the single shot heard around the world. By the imprisonment of a mere corporal he brought on the great conflagration. Through the use of singular chosen men he has divided nations, through both peace, and violence. With exactness, he traces out the paths of men. His own disciples wish to supplant him, but they know not where he is. Who will be his successor? The world will just have to wait and see.

And what about the influence of one of his sons that flies about in the night sky? But then, how can blind men see even in the light? Through his machinations they will think him revealed. For is it not written in the Book of Giants, 4Q531 Frag. 7. And will it not come to be just so?

If one could fly, would he not make his dwelling high up?  
 For what is the Great Flood to one owning wings?  
 And what is the tempest to one who soars before it as if a  
 Thunderbird?  
 Like an eagle would he not fish the waters to sustain himself?  
 Endowed with astral flight, how long could he not stay aloft?  
 Is this son of the devil yet with us?  
 And what work has he yet to accomplish among men?

THE END