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Prologue

Hannover, Germany: October, 1948

Somewhere in the distance a church clock struck two, the bell pealing out mournfully into the night. The sound made McCluskey check his watch absently, but he did not look up; he was standing on the canal towpath, his hands pushed deep into the pockets of his trench coat, his attention seemingly focused on the distorted reflection of the moon bobbing up and down in the dark water below him. Slowly, he drew in a deep breath, then turned to face the man standing in the shadows five yards away from him. 'You're sure about this, Easton?' he asked quietly.

'I didn't say I was sure, sir,' Easton replied; like McCluskey, his accent revealed him to be an American. 'I'm just telling you what I saw in that document. It could be a purely theoretical exercise, for all I know, but if it isn't...' His voice trailed away meaningfully.

'Yeah. I know what you mean,' McCluskey replied quietly. He turned back to face Easton. 'You've got photos?'

'Yes, sir. Two of each sheet.'

'Good, good.' McCluskey said absently. Suddenly, he shook his head. 'This really will stir things up - if it's kosher. I can't honestly believe they'd carry it out. They could start another war if they did, for Chrissake.'

'Maybe that's what they want, sir. Given what some of them think about the Reds...'

'True, true,' McCluskey agreed, still with that preoccupied air, then shook his head again. 'Jee-sus,' he said softly, then began walking slowly back towards Easton. 'You could be right, Easton, I'm afraid.'

'I hope not, sir,'

'Amen to that, pal. Amen to that.' McCluskey stared across the canal for a moment, then said, his voice suddenly brisk, businesslike, 'OK, let's get this sorted out. You're sure nobody knows you've seen

those documents?’

‘I didn’t see anyone at all, either on the way in or out.’

McCluskey nodded approvingly. ‘And you got straight in touch with me?’

‘Of course, sir,’ Easton replied, a note of bewilderment in his voice: who else would he contact? The next moment, his eyes widened in stunned surprise as McCluskey’s right hand came out of the coat pocket holding a silenced pistol. Easton began to react, to throw himself to one side, but he had barely begun to shift his weight when the gun coughed three times in rapid succession. The impact of the bullets threw Easton backwards, his chest a sudden mass of blood: he fell heavily onto his back, arms outflung. For a moment, his eyes focused on McCluskey and his mouth opened as if to ask one last question - *why?* - then his head lolled to one side and he lay utterly still.

McCluskey stood looking down at the motionless body for perhaps three or four seconds, then walked over to it, bent down and quickly searched it, taking a Walther pistol from a jacket pocket and spinning it out into the canal. As he straightened up, a man emerged from the shadows further along the towpath and walked towards him. The newcomer also looked down at Easton.

‘Do you believe him? You’re sure nobody else knows?’ His accent was unmistakably British.

‘He won’t have told anyone else,’ McCluskey said firmly. ‘He is - *was* a pro. I was his field officer - he’d only report to me.’

‘Pity you didn’t have a better idea what he was up to, then, wasn’t it?’

McCluskey glared at the Englishman, then shook his head. ‘Easton was an independent bastard at the best of times. But, like I said, he was a pro. He would only have reported to me,’ he repeated.

‘So the leak’s plugged?’

‘Yes.’

‘Just as well, for both our sakes.’ The Englishman nodded. ‘Very well. I’ll notify them that there has been no breach of security. “Carronade” can still go ahead.’

Chapter 1

BERLIN: November, 1948

'Hallo,' the pilot said suddenly, bringing Cormack awake with a start; he looked around the Dakota's cockpit, a startled expression on his face as if this were the first time he had been aware of being on an aircraft at all. He was just about to stretch and yawn hugely when the pilot craned his head round - Cormack was sitting in the spare seat behind the Flight Engineer - and continued, 'Looks like trouble.' He nodded to his left and Cormack looked out of the side perspex window, following the direction of the pilot's gesture.

A Soviet fighter plane was paralleling their course, seemingly almost touching the Dakota's port wingtip, but Cormack guessed - hoped - that it wasn't as close as it seemed. All the same, he could still see the pale blur of the Russian pilot's face staring back at him - the other plane was not that far away either... 'What's he doing?' Cormack demanded; he had to shout to make himself heard above the constant roar of the engines.

'Playing silly buggers,' the young Flying Officer yelled back. 'They do that from time to time,' he explained. 'More to put the wind up us than anything else - although this one is closer than most,' he added. He grinned across at Cormack as if in reassurance. 'Don't worry, sir. I don't think he'll try anything really daft. They've just about given up buzzing us these days. This is about all they do, sit on one wingtip, which cramps your style a bit, but he'll probably peel off when we get lower.'

'Still looks too bloody close to me.'

'Don't worry, sir - the RAF will see you to your destination in style and comfort,' the pilot said, grinning boyishly. 'Well, maybe not in comfort,' he added, then looked briefly around the cockpit interior. 'Not very much in the way of style either,' he finished, switching his attention back to the Soviet fighter, which was still

keeping station on them. 'Silly sod,' he commented. 'He must be damn near stalling that thing.'

'Aren't you going to report it?' Cormack asked, vaguely surprised.

'Not much point, old boy,' the pilot replied, in an RAF drawl that Cormack was convinced was carefully cultivated. 'Nothing the Ground Controllers can do, is there? I'll let them know when we get down. All that'll happen will be another protest to the Russkies, which they'll ignore, and we'll all carry on as normal.'

Cormack stifled a grin. 'As normal' - Jesus Christ, that was an expression that could never be applied to the present situation in Berlin, not after four and a half months of the Blockade. He looked at the pilot, who could not have been more than twenty-two or three, yet whose face was gaunt and hollow-eyed, clearly on the edge of exhaustion - but he was still keeping going. How many times had he carried out this flight now? And how many more times would he have to do it before this was all over?

'There he goes,' the pilot said, with a note of evident satisfaction in his voice as the Soviet plane tipped over to port and dived away. 'We're almost there,' he added, as if in explanation.

Cormack looked out through the windscreen and saw the city sprawled out ahead of him. Berlin. Hitler's capital, that had been devastated firstly by RAF and American bombers, then by the savage assault of the Soviet Red Army; large areas of it, he knew, were still in ruins, but none of that was visible at this height or distance. He could just make out a grey expanse of water that had to be the Havel See; their destination, the airfield at Gatow, was just short of that.

The pilot was saying something to Gatow Tower, but Cormack hardly heard him; he was totally absorbed in the view of the approaching city. He must have come in along virtually the same route, three and a half years ago, he realised, only it had been night time then, of course... It was probably round about here that the Soviet fighter had damn nearly shot them out of the sky, for Christ's sake...

With an effort, Cormack wrenched his mind back to the present as the pilot made his descent, his languid air belied by the way his

eyes kept flickering from the gauges to the runway ahead in total concentration. Then, with only a moderate jolt, they were down and taxi-ing almost to a halt at the end of the runway before the Dakota turned and headed towards the unloading area. Four overalled men were waiting on the concrete apron, directing the plane to its berth.

Almost before the Dakota had come to a halt, a lorry had been backed up to the cargo hatch and, as soon as the hatch was opened, six men jumped into the plane to begin unloading the crates of tinned food, dried milk and medical supplies. The men worked rapidly, efficiently, with only a minimum of conversation; it was evident to Cormack that they knew their business. Mind you, he thought as he jumped down from the cockpit hatch, they ought to be by now...

'Thanks,' he called out to the pilot, who was watching the unloading with an undeniably proprietorial air.

'Any time, old boy,' the pilot grinned nonchalantly, then spoilt the effect by having to stifle a yawn. 'See you around.'

Cormack nodded and headed towards the Control Tower. A stocky, uniformed Lieutenant was standing by the door that led into the Administration Block; as soon as he saw Cormack, he stepped forward and saluted smartly.

'Captain Cormack? I'm Lieutenant Galvin, your assistant. Colonel Pallister told me to meet you.'

'Galvin,' Cormack said absently, shaking the other's hand. Galvin was no more than twenty-five, with the innocent air of a choirboy - how the hell had he found his way into Intelligence Corps?

'I've got a jeep, sir. I've to take you direct to HQ.'

'Right. Carry on, Lieutenant.' Cormack said awkwardly, wondering if he would ever get used to issuing orders. *Or taking them*, he thought suddenly, suppressing a grin.

Inside the Administration Block was a scene of scarcely controlled chaos. There were about a dozen trestle tables crammed into a room that was no more than thirty feet square and, at each one, a harassed looking clerk was taking down details of cargoes and manifests from equally impatient looking pilots or flight crew. Beyond was a

second, similar room - Cormack remembered hearing somewhere that Gatow was now the busiest airport in the world, with three times the daily traffic of La Guardia, the previous record holder. Seeing this frenzied, but purposeful activity (not to mention the rows of aircraft on the concrete apron outside), he could well believe it. He followed Galvin across this sea of bureaucracy and was just about to go out through the door at the far end when a familiar voice called out:

‘Alan! Alan Cormack! What the hell are you doing here?’

Cormack spun round, his face creasing into a broad grin as he saw a tall, brown-haired man in a leather flying jacket striding towards him. ‘Tony Woodward! Where did you spring from, you old bugger?’

‘Less of the old.’ Woodward grinned, taking Cormack’s hand in a firm clasp. ‘Good to see you, old boy.’ Unlike the pilot, Woodward’s use of ‘old boy’ was entirely unaffected; he came from a minor aristocratic background - one day, he would be *Sir* Anthony Woodward - and his accent, refined, cultured, the product of a public school, was normally the sort that set Cormack’s teeth on edge, but he and Woodward had been through so much in the war together that he scarcely noticed it.

‘And you, old son,’ Cormack replied, his own accent, that held more than a trace of his East End origins, contrasting markedly with Woodward’s. He tapped the front of Woodward’s flying jacket. ‘So they roped you into all this as well, did they?’

‘Afraid so. Couldn’t really not get involved, now, could I?’

‘Suppose not. You never could say no, could you, Tony?’ Cormack agreed, looking intently at Woodward. Wild horses would not have prevented him from taking part in the Airlift - even if he had been bombing hell out of Berlin four years ago.

‘Not really, no. And what about you?’ Woodward asked, looking meaningfully at Cormack’s uniform. ‘You were back in civvy street, the same as me, the last time I saw you. Did they rope you in as well?’

'It's a long story, Tony.' Cormack felt suddenly awkward: he ought to be reporting to Colonel Pallister, not standing around chatting, even if it was with Tony Woodward - but then somebody called Woodward's name from across the room.

'Yes?' Woodward replied, looking over at the man who had called to him.

'Your plane will be ready in ten minutes.'

'Right. I'll be along in a minute.' Woodward turned back to Cormack. 'Sorry, old boy. Have to dash, I'm afraid - they don't like us being on the ground at this end any longer than necessary. Look, are you going to be in Berlin long?'

'I've been posted here.'

'Good! What say we get together for a drink or three? I can arrange to have the kite serviced overnight - she's about due for one, anyway - and we can get disgustingly drunk and reminisce about old times. How's that sound?'

'Sounds pretty good to me.'

'You can contact me here, or I'll give you a ring at your HQ - OK?'

'OK.'

Woodward turned to go, then hesitated momentarily. He stared at Cormack, then said gruffly, 'Look after yourself, right?'

'And you, Tony.'

Woodward nodded and strode away. Cormack watched him go, then pushed the door open and stepped outside, where Galvin was waiting for him with a jeep. Cormack threw his bag into the back and jumped into the passenger seat, barely noticing as Galvin drove away.

Bloody hell - fancy seeing Tony Woodward again... It had been - how long? Two years? Three? Early '46, that had been it - nearly three years. He hadn't changed, not really, although there had been the shadows under the eyes that seemed almost *de rigueur* for the Airlift pilots, yet they still held the alert enthusiasm that Cormack remembered, the almost boyish innocence that would make Woodward volunteer for almost suicidal operations behind enemy

lines simply because it was the done thing to do... Just like he'd probably volunteered for the Airlift, offering his considerable flying skills for way below what other civilian pilots would be asking - and he'd be loving every minute of it. He should have been born six hundred years ago, Cormack decided, idly - he'd have been a natural as a knight in shining armour. One of the best, though - they'd broken the mould when they'd made him...

A jolt as the jeep hit a pothole brought him out of his reverie and he looked round, suddenly seeing the bomb-damaged streets and buildings for the first time. He remembered reading somewhere that the bombing raids throughout the War had accounted for over fourteen per cent of Germany's total war damage - indeed, during a raid in February, 1945, one and a half square miles of the city centre had been wiped out in a single hour - but, despite this knowledge, he was unprepared for what he saw all around him. He had spent the last year in Hamburg and so, unfortunately, he was used to the skeletal remains of buildings, the piles of rubble and the general air of hopeless squalor, but, as the jeep drove past block after block of devastation, he became aware of a subtle difference. OK, so Hamburg was still in a hell of a mess, but at least there were signs of recovery there, in that some reconstruction was beginning to take place, but there was little indication here of any attempts to repair the damage. Hardly surprising, of course, given the extreme privations caused by the Blockade, but it was depressing, all the same. This was what the Soviets had done to the city...

The Berlin Blockade, as it had come to be called, had started nearly five months before, on the 24th of June, when the Soviet authorities had cut off all road and rail links between Berlin and the Trizone, the part of Germany which was administered by the British, American and French Occupying Powers. The object was to drive the Western Allies out of their respective sectors in Berlin so that the entire city would fall under Soviet control; it was seen as a valuable prize, both from the propaganda viewpoint, but also as a test of how determined the United States would be to maintain a presence in Europe. There was a widespread feeling throughout Western Europe

that if the Americans abandoned Berlin, they would do the same to the rest of Europe if the Red Army decided to march westwards; the Soviet Union presumably felt the same way. If they thought the Americans would be an easy target, however, they had been proved wrong; right from the start of the Blockade the Americans and British had set up an airlift, initially to fly in supplies for their garrisons, but which had rapidly expanded into an operation whose objective was nothing less than to supply the entire population of West Berlin, the name now being given to the combined American, British and French sectors. Despite the fact that when the Airlift had started, there had been only thirty-six days of food stocks and forty-five days' worth of coal in West Berlin, somehow the assortment of USAF, RAF and British civilian aircraft, flying round the clock into Gatow, Tempelhof and (during the past few days) Tegel, had managed to keep two and a half million West Berliners supplied in the face of the Russians' impotent fury. Certainly there were still shortages - the Airlift was supplying just under half of West Berlin's normal daily requirements - but enough was coming into the city to keep people alive. Just. Cormack had seen the figures and knew how finely balanced the situation was, but, for the time being at least, they were holding on, although what things would be like over the winter was anybody's guess. The problem was that nobody really knew how the Soviets would react - would they just stand idly by and let the Western Allies off the hook? Or would they decide to act? An awful lot of people would dearly love to know the answer to those questions, and part of Cormack's job, he was sure, would be to try and find out what the Soviet intentions were.

He was suddenly aware that Galvin was turning the jeep into a large archway that led into a courtyard within an imposing building: this had to be their Headquarters. Cormack suppressed an ironic smile. The British Military Government was based at the Olympiastadion, where Hitler had held the 1936 Olympics and been upstaged by Jesse Owens, but Army Intelligence had their HQ almost half a mile away, off Heerstrasse; they were being kept well out of the way, very much the black sheep of the family... Galvin parked the jeep, then

led the way to a large doorway, both men acknowledging the salutes of the MPs on guard duty. Inside was a spacious lobby, with a wide marble staircase and a glittering chandelier above, but the effect was ruined by the half dozen or so trestle tables scattered across the floor space, each one covered with documents and filing trays. Whatever the building might have been once, it was now a fully operational administration centre.

'We're through here, sir,' Galvin explained, pointing to an unobtrusive, unmarked door to the left. They passed through into an office, also furnished with the ubiquitous trestle tables, behind which were various uniformed clerks. Cormack was aware of the interested glances that were thrown in his direction and understood why; he was being sized up as their new Unit CO. He saw at least one pair of eyes widen momentarily as they saw the DSO ribbon on his chest, followed by a second penetrating look. Probably guessing my age, he thought sardonically - and perhaps wondering why a man in his middle thirties with a DSO was still only a Captain...

'Your office, sir.' Galvin held open yet another door to allow Cormack to enter a room that was about fifteen feet square, with a desk in front of a window that looked out onto the courtyard - except that the view was almost totally obscured by a damn great Bedford lorry at the moment... Talk about shoving me out of the way, he thought, smiling faintly to himself. He looked around, seeing the filing cabinet to the left of the window, the only other item of furniture, apart from the chair behind the desk, in the room. 'I'm afraid it's a bit Spartan, sir,' Galvin added nervously.

'It's alright - I'll manage.'

'Er - I'll leave you to get settled in, sir. Colonel Pallister would like to see you at eleven hundred. I'll take you up there, sir, then we'll see about your quarters.'

'Lieutenant,' Cormack said firmly, interrupting Galvin's nervous flow, 'I can manage. I'll give you a shout if I need anything, right?'

'Er - yes, sir.' Galvin saluted, then left, leaving Cormack alone in the office. Slowly, he walked around the desk and sat down, looking slowly around. *Right, Cormack, you're here. Your new job, and it's one*

that most Intelligence officers would give their eye teeth for, your big chance to gain promotion...

Big deal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pallister could not possibly have been anything other than an Army officer, Cormack decided: his back was ramrod-straight, his hair cropped almost to the skull, his moustache pencil-thin. The blue eyes were alert and penetrating, however, revealing a shrewd mind behind them and it would be as well to remember that he would not have been appointed the CO of Intelligence Corps in Berlin if he had not had a good deal of ability; it would not be a good idea to under-estimate him.

'Cormack,' Pallister said, in a clipped voice that Cormack was convinced was taught to all Sandhurst graduates. 'Do sit down.' A twitch of the arm indicated the chair in front of his desk; Cormack took his seat. Pallister sat down, his back still rigidly straight, then pushed a packet of cigarettes across the desk towards him. 'Smoke?'

'No, thank you, sir. I don't.'

An expression of surprise flickered briefly across Pallister's face, then he shrugged. 'Very wise,' he commented and pushed the packet aside. 'Right,' he said briskly. 'So you're Major Metcalfe's replacement.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Came as a bit of a surprise to us all, him being recalled back to the UK. Couldn't be helped, of course, but it left us in the lurch, somewhat. Damn good officer, though. You'll find that 'B' Unit is running very efficiently, Cormack. No troubles there. Bit of a tough act to follow, actually - Metcalfe.'

'So I gather, sir.' Cormack's voice was bland, noncommittal; Pallister shot him a sharp glance.

'Ye-es,' Pallister said doubtfully. 'I gather you were running a similar unit in Hamburg?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And your field of activities there?'

'There's been a good deal of Soviet infiltration there, especially in the docks, so we had to do a fair amount of surveillance work. Some black market investigations. Mostly, though, our work involved hunting through whatever records were left from the War to check up on stories being told by refugees. We spent something like half our time responding to requests from all over Germany to check birth certificates and so on.'

'Really?'

'It's one of the favourite towns for ex-Nazis to claim they came from,' Cormack explained. 'Hamburg or Dresden - they know damn well virtually all the records were destroyed there by the bombing, so all they have to do is claim to have been born there and it's just about impossible to disprove it.'

'I see,' Pallister said, staring thoughtfully at Cormack. He cleared his throat, then continued, 'I think you'll find that your field of responsibility will be largely the same as in Hamburg. There is, of course, quite an extensive black market operating in Berlin, as you might expect, given the present situation. However, there is evidence to suggest that the Russians are involved in at least part of it, as an element in their subversion tactics in West Berlin, so the situation becomes rather more complex.'

'In any case, there is a high level of espionage and intelligence-gathering being carried out in Berlin by the Soviets. It's made easy for them because thousands of people travel to and from the Soviet Sector every day. They've set up checkpoints to search people, but they're not going to stop their own agents coming through, are they?'

'Hardly, sir.' Cormack agreed.

'To be honest, we don't know how many Soviet agents there are in our sector, but we do know that both the MGB and GRU are active in all three Western sectors. A large part of your duties will be to deal with such agents and networks.'

Cormack nodded. The MGB - the Soviet Ministry of State Security - was the successor to the NKVD, while the GRU was its

military counterpart. Both were highly efficient - and ruthless if the situation demanded.

Pallister paused, staring appraisingly at Cormack, before he continued, 'I've always allowed 'B' Unit a fair amount of independence, Cormack, mainly because Major Metcalfe produced consistently good results. You've come to us with an impressive record, so if you keep up the good work, you won't find me interfering very much. Unless I think it's necessary.'

'Naturally, sir.'

'I'll expect regular reports, of course, but if you can deliver the goods, I'll have no complaints.'

'Understood, sir.' Which meant Pallister couldn't really be bothered with the counter-intelligence side of things, thought Cormack: he was probably more interested in 'A' Unit, the ones competing with MI6 in that they would be running networks in the Soviet Sector - the Glamour Boys, they'd called them back in Hamburg. That did not worry Cormack; he would far rather be left alone to run 'B' Unit his own way. In fact, it suited him down to the ground.

It was almost noon when Cormack returned to his office, deep in thought after his meeting with Pallister. He came to an abrupt halt in his office doorway as he saw someone standing in front of his desk, a woman dressed in a grey cardigan and skirt. She turned round, startled, and he could see that she was holding a bundle of documents; she had evidently been placing them in his 'In' tray. She was about thirty, slim, with auburn hair pulled back into a loose bun, and blue eyes in a face that was attractive without being stunningly beautiful - but which was registering a combination of surprise and trepidation.

She recovered fast, however. 'You must be Captain Cormack,' she said, in English.

'I am,' he replied levelly. 'So who are you?'

'Elise Langemann,' she said, glancing nervously away to the right for a moment. 'I am your personal typist.'

'You are, are you?' Cormack asked. 'First I've heard of it.'

'Well - not exactly yours, I suppose,' she continued, flustered. 'Major Metcalfe's. I used to type his lower classification material.' Her English was fluent, with only a trace of accent. 'I have a Grade Two security clearance.'

Cormack raised his eyebrows: that was high, for a civilian, especially a German, which meant she must have been checked very thoroughly. 'OK,' he said, shrugging. 'We'll keep that arrangement for the moment - see how it works out.' He caught a momentary flicker of relief on her face, then walked around the desk and sat down. 'So what do we have here?' He indicated the documents she was holding.

'Just some circulation documents, sir, plus other material that's been passed on to us - you. To be honest, all you need to do with most of the papers is to sign and return them.'

'Frau Langemann,' Cormack said, glancing at her left hand, 'I'll decide what I do with those documents - it's my job, after all. Understand?' He spoke in fluent, accentless German, as if to emphasise the point.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, her lips setting themselves in a grim line. There had been a momentary flash of anger in her eyes, instantly suppressed.

'Good. Send in Lieutenant Galvin, will you? Tell him to bring in the current operational files.'

'Yes, sir.' There were two spots of colour high on her cheeks as she turned on her heel and walked rapidly out. Cormack watched her go, his expression thoughtful, and the moment the door closed behind her, he went to the filing cabinet to see if it was locked.

Galvin came in, carrying a bulky folder but, before he could speak, Cormack said, 'Elise Langemann.'

Galvin smiled briefly, as if at some secret joke. 'Sir?'

'Why is she here?'

Galvin hesitated, then said, 'She's very efficient, sir - and very knowledgeable about ex-German military installations in the Russian sector. She worked for both the German War Ministry and their High Command during the war, so she has a good deal of detailed information at her fingertips. She's also fluent in English, a fast typist, and she has been security vetted... Major Metcalfe thought very highly of her, sir.' Again, there was that secret smile, gone almost before Cormack could be sure it was there, but he decided not to pursue it - yet.

'Right,' he said briskly, changing the subject. 'Let's take a look at the operational files. Is there anything that needs urgent action?' He gestured to Galvin to sit down.

'Well... There *is* one, sir.' Galvin put the folders on the desk and selected one, which he passed to Cormack. 'We were just about to make an arrest when Major Metcalfe was taken ill.'

Cormack nodded and was about to open the folder when he paused, looking thoughtfully at Galvin; now was as good a time as any to get to know the calibre of his assistant. 'Why don't you give me the bare essentials, Lieutenant?'

'Right, sir,' Galvin said promptly, apparently untroubled at the prospect. 'The suspect is a civilian pilot named Logan. We're virtually certain that he's part of a well-organised black market set up. We've established links between him and known black market operators here in Berlin, but the reason why we're particularly interested in him is that one of these contacts is a man named Fogelmann who we believe is working for the MGB in addition to his black market dealings. Major Metcalfe decided that it would be better to leave Fogelmann alone for the moment, but if we could nail Logan for smuggling in contraband then we might be able to get him to talk about Fogelmann. The thing is that we don't have any hard evidence on Logan at the moment. We've got details of meetings between Logan and black market contacts, phone calls, that sort of thing - but we've never actually seen any money changing hands. Nor have we managed to intercept any contraband material on the airfield itself.'

Cormack nodded thoughtfully. 'Has his plane been searched?'

'No, sir, but his shipments have been periodically checked once they've been unloaded. Nothing's been found. The trouble is that we can't spend too long on the search because the shipments have to be shifted off the airfield pretty damned quickly to prevent a bottleneck building up so we can't be as thorough as we'd like.'

Cormack nodded slowly. 'So what exactly do you want to do?'

'Search the plane itself, sir, the minute it lands. The Flight Controllers don't like us doing that because they want to get the planes turned round as quickly as possible, but there's a distinct possibility that some of the unloading personnel are involved. We think they might be diverting the contraband before it ever reaches the storage points where we carry out the searches. We'd like to get to the shipment before they get a chance to do that.'

'And if you find anything, we pull Logan in and find out just what he and Fogelmann were talking about?'

'Yes, sir. Then we turn him over to the civilian authorities so they can throw the book at him for smuggling contraband.'

Cormack nodded again. 'So you need my authority to go ahead?'

Galvin hesitated, then said, 'Actually, Major Metcalfe *had* authorised the search, sir, but I thought it would be improper to proceed without your say-so.'

Very neat, Lieutenant, Cormack thought, suppressing a smile. *Makes it virtually impossible for me to refuse, doesn't it?* He bowed to the inevitable: 'Very well, Lieutenant. Go ahead.'