

## PROLOGUE

"GERMANS SLASH DEEP INTO FRANCE," *Daily Mirror*, May 6, 1940

"SURRENDER! Belgium capitulates, leaves Allies on spot," *The News*, Los Angeles, May, 28, 1940

"PARIS FALLS! 'France Doomed, Britain Next'—Nazis," *Chicago Daily News*, June 14, 1940

## PART I

### SPY HUNT

#### Chapter 1

##### The Wayfarers Club

Jonas Shaw reached the corner out of breath, his lungs burning from hurrying. He paused, glanced over his shoulder, still didn't see anyone tailing him along the narrow, cobbled passage. He must have imagined the man in that crowd. He checked his wrist watch; he just might be on time for the announcement. Then he studied the scrap of paper for directions. The cheese shop and the Matterhorn Ski Rentals off to his right. The store selling mountain climbing gear facing them. Straight past them then to the first cross street.

He trotted ahead, paperboys nearby shouting news about Hitler's upcoming radio address. He crossed the intersection and stopped abruptly near the entrance, his eyes wide in surprise. This is it? he wondered...an unassuming one-story address, not a hotel? A single door painted primly white. Narrow arched windows, the sashed curtains tightly drawn. Only the golden heraldic knocker with its royal lion head hinted at some vague mysterious importance within. He rapped the golden ring twice, while he smoothed down his hair and straightened his clip-on tie with his free hand.

Shortly the front door eased open. An elderly man with a pinkish complexion and white prickly brows peered through the crack and frowned. "May I help you, sir?"

"I hope so," Jonas said after introducing himself. "I understand the Wayfarers offers aid for travelers visiting Zurich. Newspapers. Maps. Train schedules. And a shortwave radio," he added with a smile.

The doorman flicked his gray eyes from Jonas's brown scuffed shoes, then up to his clip-on tie, where they momentarily lingered, before finally gazing across to him. "We do, sir. For members."

"For members? My hotel told me you were open to the public."

"Most certainly not, sir. This is a *private* establishment."

Jonas glanced at his wristwatch. "Look, the British Broadcasting Company will be on the air any moment with an important program about Herr Hitler. If I could catch it at my hotel I would, but the reception is just terrible."

The doorman simply blinked back. News about the murderous dictator meant nothing to him. "That, sir, is not a concern of the Wayfarers," he said and began to push the door shut.

Jonas planted his palm firmly on the door. "Wait. Please. Could I speak with management?"

The doorman cast his startled eyes at the hand, then to Jonas. "Very well, sir. Wait here." Leaving the front door slightly ajar, he retreated into the depths of the club for consultation.

Not *Would you wait here, sir*, but *Wait here*, as though ordering an inferior. Jonas tapped the door slightly further open with the tip of his shoe, leaving a muddy smear near the bottom of the sill. Past the carpeted vestibule, a man in banker's gray in an armchair read the *Financial Times*. Next to him a skeletal octogenarian, an ascot wrapped around his thin neck, browsed through the *Daily Telegraph*. A servant in black waited nearby to clip his cigar. Out of sight more members chatted. The clear voice of a British newsreader, sounding as if he stood in that room, came from a shortwave radio off to the side.

The man in banker's gray lowered his newspaper and called for quiet. The BBC broadcaster announced a bulletin. The French government would sign an armistice with representatives of Adolf Hitler's Nazi government in the Compiègne Forest at 18:30 hours that day. That clearing, he continued, was the same spot where twenty-one years before Germany had signed its own armistice with France ending World War I. History had come full circle, he added. The Herr Chancellor on behalf of his people had gotten his revenge. Jonas leaned forward to hear more.

But the doorman had returned, caught him listening, and pushed the door nearly shut. "Mr. Vancourt," he said through the crack, "wishes to convey the Wayfarers' member-only policy. We are a *private* club, sir, and, may I add, with a dress code *strictly* enforced."

He shut the door with a loud shove. And turned the lock with a loud click. Refused. Again. Like that New York City gym job opening once. No Irish need apply. Like that Lower East Side pool hall sign, Irish and dogs keep out. "Fucking limey bastard," Jonas shouted. He kicked the bottom of the door, leaving yet another muddy mark.

With a hand, shaky with rage, he shoved a cigarette into the side of his mouth. He struck a match slowly against the primly white paintwork, smiling through clenched teeth, as it flared. He had left a yellowish streak.

He stepped back onto the sidewalk and paced in front of the Wayfarers, blowing smoke out the corner of his mouth, head tilted up to the warm June morning. When he had smoked most of his cigarette, he stepped back to the doorstep. He stubbed out the remains of his Camel on the golden doorknocker until

the only evidence of his pleasure was the ashes scattered onto the doormat with its gold *WC* monogram.

Somewhere a church bell sounded the hour of eleven. There must be a hotel or bar close by with a radio. He counted out enough Swiss franc coins to buy a drink as any entry price. He walked a short way back to Bahnhofstrasse when he caught in a shop's window the reflection of a solitary man across the street watching him.