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WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE

## THE RETURN OF LANNY BUDD

A LANNY BUDD NOVEL





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# The Return of Lanny Budd

## A Lanny Budd Novel

Upton Sinclair



*To the many 'Lanny Budd' lovers all over  
the world who have written letters  
asking me to write this book*

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## Saying, Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace

### 1 THE CONSTANT SERVICE

#### I

A philosopher stood at the microphone of a radio station, a place to which philosophers are not often enough invited. He was a rather small man, slender and spry despite the fact that he was approaching his seventy-fifth birthday; he had a brick-red complexion, an elfish expression, and an abundance of white hair brushed back. He was, by accident, an English earl; he did not believe in aristocracy and preferred to drop the title, but among the Americans who dearly love a lord, he could not escape from it.

He was telling some millions of Americans the ideas which his seventy-five years had brought him. He said, 'So long as the human race is divided into two halves, each of which thinks the other half wicked, it can be plausibly maintained that it is everybody's duty to cause suffering. If such a view is not to prevail, it will be necessary that our moral outlook should become more kindly than it has hitherto been, and that we should cease to find pleasure in thinking of this world as a vale of tears'.

He went on to explain, 'We live in a moment of strange conflict. The human heart has changed little since the dawn of history, but the human mastery over nature has changed completely. Our passions, our desires, our fears are still those of the cave man, but our power to realise our wishes is something radically new. Man must face the painful truth: that disaster to his neighbour whom he hates is more likely to bring happiness to himself whom he loves. If a man is to live with the new powers that he has acquired he must grow up not only in his mind but in his heart'.

The speaker concluded and stepped aside; another and younger man took his place and spoke into the microphone. 'This concludes the Peace Programme. This programme is conducted by the Peace Group, an endowed institution that aims at the prevention of the next world war. Our speaker was Bertrand Russell, Nobel Prize-winning philosopher and mathematician. Turn to this programme one week from tonight at the same hour. The address of the Peace Group is Box one thousand, Edgewater, New Jersey. This is Lanny Budd speaking. Good night'.

The operator in the control room shut off the microphone, and the middle-aged announcer turned to the elderly guest. 'A most interesting talk, Lord Russell', he began. But that was as far as he got; a secretary came, saying, 'Telephone, Lord Russell', and then, 'Telephone, Mr Budd'. It was always the same way the moment a programme ended. There were half a dozen telephones in booths, and they would all begin ringing at once.

But it wasn't a fan this time, at least not on Lanny's call. A voice said, 'Is this Mr Lanning Prescott Budd?' When he answered, the voice said, 'This is John Turner of the U.S. Secret Service, Washington office. Do you recognise the name Braun, spelled B-r-a-u-n?'

Lanny said, 'I know such a man. He has other names'.

'I will give one of them, Vetterl'.

'Yes, that is the man. I know him'.

‘We have just received a code cablegram asking us to contact you about a matter of importance. Would it be convenient for you to come to Washington?’

‘I have always honoured his requests’, Lanny said. ‘Will tomorrow afternoon be time enough?’

‘We will expect you tomorrow afternoon’, was the reply. ‘We will, of course, take care of your expense account. I will make a reservation for you at the Shoreham’.

Lanny hung up; and right away there was another call for him, and then another and another. The fans never let up for an hour or two. The announcer was busy, the speaker was busy, the announcer’s wife was busy, and so were several of the assistants. People wanted to congratulate, they wanted to ask what they could do, they wanted to order copies of the little weekly paper called *Peace*; they wanted to ask questions or tell their ideas about how to bring peace to the world and keep it. They were all well meaning, but not all were competent, and you had to be of a patient disposition in order to keep at the crusader’s job, as Lanny and Laurel Budd and their friends had been doing for what seemed a long time. They had started in the autumn of 1945, and now it was October of 1946.

Laurel was expecting her second baby in a couple of months, but that had not kept her from sitting most of the day at a desk or lying on a daybed reading mail, dictating replies, and receiving visitors from all over the country and from other parts of the world. An unused factory building had been made over into a radio studio, the publishing and editorial rooms of a weekly paper, and the office of a newspaper syndicate. There was always more work than the staff could do. The harvest was plentiful and the labourers were few.

## II

They drove the honoured guest to their home, where he was to spend the night; and only after they had bestowed him did Lanny tell about the special telephone call. Laurel’s face fell and she exclaimed, ‘Oh dear!’ They are going to take you away again!’

‘I can’t tell’, Lanny said, ‘until I have talked with the man. Perhaps it’s only information he wants. He said no more, for a confidential agent does not talk about his affairs even to the wife he loves and trusts; the wife spares him the embarrassment of having to refuse. ‘I thought of motoring’, he added, ‘so you can come along. You need a change, and we can talk about our problems’. They were kept so busy with routine jobs that they had little time for the larger planning.

Laurel assented; she would rest and read in the hotel while he went about his errand. She told her secretary, and Lanny told his. They arranged to have their distinguished guest driven back to New York in the morning. There was no end to the details you had to attend to when you were running a radio programme, a small weekly paper, and a newspaper syndicate; but the task had its compensations, for you met the great minds of your time and it helped to sustain your hopes for the human race.

They packed their bags and set their alarm clock for six in the morning. The month being October the sun would barely be up, but by an early start they would escape some of the traffic on the highway. They delayed only long enough for a glass of orange juice and some bread and fruit, and then they were off, on a road which took them into the highway known as US 1, the main route to the south.

Already at that hour the highway was full of speeding trucks and cars. It passed through a string of cities—Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore. There were smaller towns in between, and lines of filling stations and eating places. There were great factories here and there, brick buildings with tall chimneys scattered over the landscape, and all of them discharging their products into the truck route and the railroad which paralleled it. Goods were carried to the port

where the ships came and went incessantly. For five years America had been loading them with the means of destruction and now for more years would be supplying the means of undoing the destruction.

Lanny Budd had been driving a car since his early youth, now more than thirty years in the past, and had never had a serious accident. When he was caught in a line of speeding traffic he left a space between himself and the car in front, so that if he were hit in the back there wouldn't be a doubt of a crash. If some too eager driver crowded in front of him he would put out his hand and slow up and let the reckless one have his way. He was more than ever careful now because of that extra freight he was carrying, the second child whom he and Laurel so desired.

On the way they talked about the state of the world; like a pair of Atlases, male and female, they carried it upon their shoulders. In this year of 1946 it was a restless and quaking world, not a comfortable burden. The dreadful war in Europe had ended seventeen months ago. The nations of the earth had got together and formed an organisation to establish order and keep the peace, but it appeared that the organisation wasn't working too well. The Kremlin had vetoed three of its proposals in one afternoon, and the Soviet delegate had walked out from the meeting of the Security Council in New York. Did that mean that Russia was going to withdraw altogether? Winston Churchill had travelled to Missouri and under the auspices of President Truman had accused Russia of setting up a 'iron curtain' to shut out the Western world. Stalin had replied by calling Churchill 'a firebrand of war'.

The most alarming development of all had been in the far South Sea island of Bikini, where the United States had given the world a demonstration of what the new atomic power could do. Eleven of the war vessels had been destroyed and twenty-five more crippled. A second explosion, this time under water, had sunk a battleship, an aircraft carrier, and eight other vessels of war. The United States had proposed to the United Nations a plan to ban the manufacture of such weapons and provide that all nations should permit inspection to make sure of the keeping of the agreement. But Russia had announced that she would never accept such a plan; and it was hard to think of anything more disconcerting to a husband and wife who were spending all their time talking and writing about world peace.

### III

In Washington, Lanny had his car put in the hotel garage, for in large cities there is no use driving your own car—you spend too much time looking for a parking place. He had lunch with Laurel and saw her settled in a comfortable room; then he took a taxi to the immense Treasury Building in which the mysterious John Turner had his office.

Lanny was ushered into the presence of one of those bureaucrats concerning whom one reads so much unfavourable comment in the newspapers. They are supposed to sit with their feet up on the desks, but Lanny had never seen one in that position. This one rose to greet his visitor and invited him to a seat alongside the desk. He was a man in his middle years, serious and quiet in manner; his business suit had been newly pressed, and his necktie was of the proper pattern. The same being true of Lanny, they understood that they belonged in the same social stratum and so knew how to deal with each other. Mr Turner offered him a cigarette, and when he did not take it Mr Turner did not smoke either.

'Mr Budd', he said, 'from the state of our files I gather that you have never had much to do with the Secret Service. One of the tasks laid upon us from the beginning has been the detection and prevention

of counterfeiting. We thought we had our hands full in the United States, but now a good part of Europe has been added, and a few thousand Pacific islands’.

‘Do they counterfeit cowrie shells?’ asked the visitor with a smile.

‘They counterfeit anything that they can put off on some poor sucker. Tell me, in the course of your researches among the Nazis did you run into any evidences of counterfeiting?’

‘I heard a good deal of talk about it off and on, but it wasn’t my job and I didn’t ask questions. I know that Adolf Hitler had all his plans made for the invasion of Britain, and a part of this was the printing of great quantities of English money, so that he could take possession of everything in the country without plain outright confiscation. I was told that he had set up a regular engraving establishment at the Sachsenhausen concentration camp’.

‘Our information is that at one time he had as prisoners there more than a hundred and forty expert engravers as well as convicted forgers from several countries; they were set to making plates for reproducing the currency of the Allied countries. The neutral nations were refusing to accept Hitler’s marks, they demanded sterling or American dollars. And if these dollars were successfully counterfeited the market would be flooded and prices would be forced up for the Allies. The enemy would get the goods and we would be driven into bankruptcy. The forgeries were so good that they went undetected for some time’.

‘“Himmler money” we used to call it’, Lanny put in.

‘Our information is that they printed some two hundred million British pounds, nearly a billion dollars. When the invading armies neared Sachsenhausen the Nazis transferred their machinery and slave labour to the Mauthausen concentration camp, on the Danube. When the final collapse came the stuff was scattered over the German-speaking lands. We have recently found a stock of it in a factory at Freising, and another lot sealed up in metal containers and sunk in a lake near Bad Ischl in Austria. What we want most of all is to find the plates. So long as they exist the floods of phoney money may be continuous. We have not been able to find any trace of them so far, and they may be in the hands of the Neo-Nazis, who are awaiting their time to seize power; or they may have fallen into the hands of gangsters—many of the Nazis have become that, as you doubtless know. Or again, the Communists may have got them. They too have their plans for the future. At least there is good reason to think that they might not be entirely displeased if something were to wreck the economy of the Western world’.

‘I can see that you have your hands full, Mr Turner’, said Lanny. ‘But tell me, where do I come in in this?’

‘First, I want to ask you about this man who calls himself Braun and Vetterl and sometimes Bernhardt Monck’.

‘Monck is his real name’.

‘You know him well?’

‘I have known him for some thirteen or fourteen years’.

‘And you trust him?’

‘Completely. I have put him to many tests. He is an old-time sailor and labour leader, a Social Democrat, an active member and onetime official of that party’.

‘That means that he is not a Communist?’

‘It means he is the kind of man whom the Communists shoot in the back of the neck whenever they get power. I worked with Monck at the time of the Spanish War and all through the Nazi terror. You can count on him.’



From a drawer in his desk Turner took out a roll of white paper which had come off a teletype machine. 'I cannot give you this to read', he said, 'because it is classified; but I will read you a bit from it'. He unrolled to a marked place and explained, 'A code number is given—that is, Monck number—and the text goes on, "advises that Lanning Prescott Budd of Edgemere, New Jersey, may be of assistance in this matter. He was former President Roosevelt's confidential agent in Europe and may be trusted. If he is not at Edgemere he may be reached through his father, who is Robert Budd, president of Budd-Erling Aircraft Corporation of Newcastle, Connecticut. He knows Stubendorf since boyhood; he knows the Graf, and also Kurt Meissner, the music composer"'. Is that true, Mr Budd?'

'That is all true. You mean that you have some clue that leads to Stubendorf?'

'There are important clues leading there. But let me ask you questions first. How well do you know Graf Stubendorf?'

'He is General Graf Stubendorf. I have known him since I was a boy, and I have attended several of his social functions in Berlin. I would not say that I know him intimately, but I know him well'.

'And this other man, Kurt Meissner?'

'I have known Kurt also since boyhood, when we attended the Dalcroze Dancing School at Hellerau in Germany. After the First World War he was a guest at my mother's home on the French Riviera. We provided him with a studio in which he lived for eight years, and that enabled him to become the famous composer he is. But there is nothing left of our friendship now, alas. The last time he saw me he spat in my face'.

'The matter is important', said Turner, 'and if you don't mind telling me the story—'

'Not at all', replied the other. 'Kurt Meissner fell under the influence of nazism early after the First World War. He introduced me to his Führer, and I didn't think much of him. However, about ten years ago when President Roosevelt asked me to help him, I pretended to Kurt that I had begun to understand Hitler better, and I was admitted to the great man's circle of intimates. Kurt didn't find out that I was deceiving him until the American armies were close to the Rhine; and naturally he was furious. I don't know where he is now'.

'Here is what Monck thinks about it', said Turner and read again from the teletype. "'Number so and-so reports that Meissner was released from an American prison camp and is believed to be in Stubendorf, now Stielszcz, in Poland"'. What do you think of the chances?'

'I do not know. I have wondered if he would wish to go back, and if he would be tolerated there. He has a Nazi philosophy is much closer to the Reds than it is to us, and it may be they would accept him. They make a great pretence of culture, you know—it is a part of their propaganda. They might even subsidise him and set him to composing music for them'.

'Do you suppose that you could make friends with him and get information from him?'

'I can't be sure, Mr Turner. Boyhood friendships make a deep impression upon our minds, and we never get rid of them entirely. Kurt is a couple of years older than I, and as a boy he was much more learned and conscientious. He took a sort of fatherly attitude toward me. He taught me about German idealism, which uses long abstract words, and he probably has a tender spot for me in his heart. He might still be willing to make up with me'.

'Having been a secret agent, Mr Budd, you know that we never talk unnecessarily. If you would be willing to do us this favour, then of course I will tell you what is necessary to the undertaking; you will get more from our agent on the spot who knows all the details. We would, of course, expect to pay all your expenses and a reasonable compensation'.

'I have never accepted any compensation from the government, Mr Turner, and usually I paid my own expenses. You see, before I became a peace propagandist I was an art expert, and I used that a

my camouflage all the time I was a P.A., as we called a presidential agent. I once purchased a valuable old master from Graf Stubendorf's aunt. I didn't buy it for myself but for a client. I might be able to do more business in Stubendorf if I could manage to smuggle paintings out'.

'That would, of course, be perfectly agreeable to us; but you really must let us take care of your expenses going and coming. As to Meissner, what are his financial circumstances?'

'He would be poor, I imagine. He has a large family. He was crippled by a war wound and can no longer play the piano. I suppose he can compose, but who could pay him for it now in Germany? His last composition that I know of was a Hitler march modelled on Wagner's "Kaisermarsch."'

'You would be at liberty to offer him money within reason. It might be that he would enter our service—of course after you have made sure he could be trusted. It might occur to him that since you had deceived him for a number of years he would be justified in deceiving you for an equal number'.

'All Nazis believe in deceiving people. The only question would be whether they would rather deceive Communists or Americans. I would have to find out about that before I made any offer of money. But explain this to me. Mr Turner: Stubendorf is now in Poland, and my understanding is that the Poles have an independent government, or supposed to be independent. Aren't they the ones to handle this?'

'We are doing our best to think of Poland as a friendly government, Mr Budd. We understand that the Soviets are still exercising military authority there, and we wish to think of them also as friendly. We have reported the matter a number of times, and we expected the co-operation that one gets from civilised governments; but we have met only with evasions and delays. The matter has been hanging in the air for a year now, and meantime this queer money, as we call it, continues to be smuggled into Berlin and into Western Germany and to be put into circulation there. We have to face the possibility that the local authorities, whether Polish or Soviet, may be in league with the criminals, and perhaps sharing the profits. If so, that is indeed a serious breach of good faith and of international fair dealing. We have decided that we must get some information for ourselves, and it occurred to us that you, being known as an art expert and an advocate of peace, might be able to get permission to visit Stubendorf—whether to look for some paintings to purchase, or perhaps to meet your old friend, Kurt Meissner, whatever seemed best in your judgment'.

'It would not be easy for me to go. My wife is pregnant, and her time is due in a couple of months. A husband likes to be around at that time; also, we have a considerable business on our hands. It would be a question of making plans ahead and giving instructions to our staff'.

'I don't think this would be a long assignment, Mr Budd, and it is a matter of really top importance. We have reason to think that some of the priceless plates may be hidden in Stubendorf; or at any rate that persons in Stubendorf know about them. Would you think it a possibility that Meissner himself might be concerned in that?'

'You have named three sorts of persons who might be involved, Mr Turner—Nazis, gangsters and Communists. Which do you suspect in this case?'

'It is hard to be sure, Mr Budd, because the three groups shade into one another. Some of the Nazis have turned into gangsters and many have entered the service of the Communists—some of the highest and the most capable have done so. Gangsters, of course, pose as Communists, or as Nazis whichever suits their purpose at the moment. Would it not be possible for you to approach Meissner on the basis of your old friendship? It hurts you to think of his hating you, and you are anxious to heal the old wound.'

'I could do that, of course. But he will be certain to suspect that I have some hidden motive'.

Said Turner, 'Approach him carefully, discuss the situation of Germany with him, and make sure of'

his point of view. Then, even if you cannot fool him, at least you can be sure he is not fooling you’.

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## V

Lanny spent the next couple of hours learning the ABCs of the counterfeiting industry, hitherto unfamiliar to him. He made notes and promised to memorise them and then destroy them. He was shown specimens of British five-pound notes printed on white paper and of American five-dollar notes, known by such affectionate titles as ‘the long green’ and ‘folding money’. He could see nothing wrong with them and would have taken them gladly. Then Turner took him to a microscope near the window and told him what minute errors to look for; even then it was not easy to find them.

Men had died for the commission of those small mistakes. Turner told him how a group of three or four of these engraver-slaves had conspired to hide minute marks in the plates, whereby the notes could subsequently be identified. This was discovered, and the conspirators were sent to the gas chamber—that is, they were poisoned by cyanogen, their bodies burned in the furnace, and their bones ground up for fertiliser. All the engraver-slaves at Sachsenhausen had worked with this menace hanging over them; if they made a mistake it would be taken for granted that they had done it on purpose; mistakes were simply not permitted.

Turner did not go into the details of the case that Lanny was to investigate. All that would be supplied by the Treasury agents he would meet in Berlin—the Secret Service being a branch of the Treasury. Turner said, ‘Something might happen so that you couldn’t go;’ and Lanny understood that without explanation. Agents were told only what they needed to know and only when they needed to know it. Their dealings with the rest of the world were upon that same basis.

Lanny agreed to fly three days from date and was told that his passport and tickets would be brought to his home. He was taken into a photographing room and his face was ‘shot’; a pleasant face it was usually, but somehow people always look solemn for this special occasion. The developing took only a few minutes, and the new agent received a leather folder with his accrediting as an agent of the United States Secret Service.

The official said, ‘Credentials can be lost or stolen, so you must have a password which you can speak to the proper man when you meet him. You may choose a word’.

Lanny hadn’t the remotest idea why the name Christopher Columbus popped into his head, but he said it, and the other smiled and said, ‘Okay’. During the war years Lanny had often wondered how such names as ‘Operation Overlord’, ‘Anvil’, and ‘Torch’ had come to be chosen. Now he could guess.

## VI

Lanny left the Treasury Building and went walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, swarming with traffic. He had his notes in hand and was diligently learning them. Suddenly another idea popped into his mind; he went to the first telephone kiosk he could find and called the White House. He asked for the President’s first secretary, knowing that he wouldn’t get that busy and important individual but one of the assistants. He explained that some three months previously he had been flown to Moscow as a personal representative of President Truman, to interview Marshal Stalin on the President’s behalf. Maybe the assistant had not heard of this, but the first secretary had undoubtedly heard of it. Mr Budd was going back to Europe, leaving in three days, and the President had suggested that if Lanny ever was planning such a trip he, the President, should be informed.

The assistant, properly impressed, promised to bring the matter to the first secretary’s attention.

The impressive Mr Budd said that he was staying at the Shoreham Hotel for this night only and was intending to motor to his home in New Jersey early in the morning, unless he heard that the President desired to see him before he left.

Having thus spoken, Lanny went walking again, and when he came to the hotel he found his wife lying on the bed, working on a portfolio of manuscripts she had brought along. He said to her, 'Darling, I have promised to fly to Berlin to give somebody some advice. There is nothing dangerous about it, and I want you please not to worry. I expect to stay only a few days'.

He said no more, and Laurel asked no more, being a well-trained wife. Worry she would have knowing that he would be flying over the same route in which he had had both his legs broken in a dreadful accident. It amused him to point out to her that only because of those broken bones had she got a chance to lure him into matrimony. You can say things like that in matrimony, provided that you smile while you say them. Lanny smiled frequently at this alert little woman who had taken charge of his affairs; she was a most conscientious person, with a sharp tongue, but she used it as a rule only on the warmakers.

Hardly had he taken a seat and unfolded the afternoon paper before the telephone rang. There was the assistant secretary, saying that the President requested Mr Budd to be at the White House at nine that evening. Lanny said, 'I will be there'.

It was hard not to tell Laurel that item of news, but he would have to wait until he had made sure whether this also would be a confidential mission. He had promised to take her to a movie that evening, but instead he had to tell her, 'This is part of the job'. All she answered was, 'It will give me a chance to do my homework'.

## VII

It is not considered good form to approach the White House except in a vehicle; but Lanny felt like walking on this crisp fall evening. When he came to the gates the naval sentry on duty accepted his statement that he had an appointment with the President; but a man in civilian clothes stepped out from behind the sentry box and followed close behind him. Two other such men stepped forward at the portico, and it amused Lanny greatly to produce the card in a little folder that Turner had given him that afternoon. The three men looked surprised and promised they would know him next time.

Inside an elderly Negro took his hat, and the secretary led him to the elevator. This stately and dignified building was less than a hundred and fifty years old, but it was rapidly giving way to decay. The floor of the President's bathroom was so creaky that he was afraid he was going to fall into the room below. Before long they would have to spend five and a half million dollars to take the building to pieces and put it together more soundly. But none of that showed, and there was nothing to mar the visitor's impressions of these historic rooms.

In the old days Lanny had been taken to the third floor to Franklin Roosevelt's bedroom and had found the Boss in bed, wearing an old crew-neck sweater upon which moths had got in their evil work. Now on the second floor he found Harry Truman sitting at a large desk, looking like one of the best-dressed Americans, with a stack of papers before him. He had to sign his name six hundred times every day of his life, and sometimes he got up at half-past five in the morning to finish the previous day's stint.

He was a man of medium size, a couple of inches shorter than Lanny. He was quick in his movements and impulsive in his speech. He got up when he saw the visitor, shook hands cordially, and told him how glad he was to see him again. He signed him to a seat and said, 'Mr Budd, I listen

your programmes whenever I can get a half-hour. I envy you the judgment and taste you show. You have been bringing forward the best minds in our country, and I only wish I could spend my time with such people’.

‘The judgment and taste are mostly my wife’s’, replied the visitor. ‘She is the boss of the programme’.

‘You must bring her to see me some time. Tell her I envy her the ability to work for peace and to believe in it’.

‘She will ask me if you do not believe in it, Mr President’, said Lanny, smiling.

But the President did not smile. ‘I am truly a man of peace, Mr Budd. I would give my life to be able to prevent another world war. But reports come to me, and I am forced to face the fact that there are people who don’t share my feelings. You know the old saying, “It takes two to make a quarrel” but that is just not true. A drunken man can make a quarrel, a bully can make it, a fanatic can make it. I think it would be more correct to say that it takes two to keep the peace’.

‘A wise and careful statement’, said Lanny. ‘I will tell you frankly, I am coming to share your uneasiness’.

‘I understand that you are going abroad, Mr Budd. How long do you plan to stay?’

‘I can’t be sure about that. It depends upon what I find. I am going on a government errand’. He would not tell even the President unless the President specifically asked—and the President didn’t. What he said was, ‘I wish you would make it an errand for me also. I know that you have sources of information and I wish you would keep your eyes and ears open and tell me what you think I can do to persuade the Politburo to keep its agreements’.

‘I will be glad to do what I can, Mr Truman’.

‘I know what you did for President Roosevelt, and truly I need your help’.

## VIII

This accidental President of the U.S.A. was a sociable man, and he was often lonely in that great mansion where he couldn’t enjoy the company of any man without making a score of others jealous. Just now he was in a mood to pour out his heart, and this visitor was a man whom the newspaper reporters hadn’t yet found out about.

Said the President, ‘I need not tell you, Mr Budd, that I was not trained for this job. I was surprised that I was invited to become a senator; I was still more surprised when I was made a candidate for vice-president, and when this terrific load was dumped on me I was really in a panic. I knew little about international affairs—I had spent my time as senator trying to keep big business people from cheating the government. But now, it seems, I have the whole world on my shoulders—and so much of it going wrong!’

Franklin Roosevelt led me to believe and hope that when we had given the Soviet government eleven billion dollars of lend-lease aid and the help of all our Armed Forces to put Hitler out of his evil business—that then we would have Russia for a friend and an ally; we would be able to work out a friendly solution of all our problems. I felt sure we had no real reason for rivalry or quarrel with that country. I thought that Roosevelt had given every evidence of friendship in the Yalta Agreements, and that I had done the same at Potsdam. But now look! They wouldn’t get out of Northern Iran until they had a government there that suited them. They are in Dairen and Port Arthur and are under pledge to evacuate them, but they don’t. They are supposed to agree to the setting up of democratic governments in Poland, Hungary, and those other countries, and apparently they just mean to take them over. The

are threatening some provinces of Turkey and trying to set up a revolution in Greece. And when I go before Congress and urge military aid to those threatened countries I am blasted before the whole world as a warmonger. Tell me, what am I to make of that? What am I to do?’

Lanny said, ‘The way to answer that, Mr Truman, is to tell you my experience with Adolf Hitler. It was just about a quarter of a century ago that I heard him make a speech in a Munich beer-hall. Before long I met him, and then I watched his career year after year until he seized power and began to threaten the rest of the world. When I travelled in France and England people would ask me in dismay the same question that you have asked: What are we to make of him? My answer was always one thing, “Read his book”. He had told the whole story in *Mein Kampf*. He portrayed himself, his life, his ideas, his purposes, in detail; yet I doubt if one person out of ten to whom I gave the advice ever took the trouble to look into *Mein Kampf*—it was hard reading, I admit. But here is the same situation with Stalin. He is a voluminous writer, and any one of his books would do. Unlike you, Mr Truman, he was trained for his job; he spent his whole life training for it—in prison, in hiding, or wherever he was. He has a perfectly definite and precise programme, and he tells you all about it. Of course he is writing for his own kind of people, and he assumes that no other kind will take the trouble to read him—and they don’t’.

‘Speaking confidentially, Mr Budd’, replied the President, ‘I asked for the opinion of our ambassador on this subject, and our charge in Moscow, George Kennan, has read the books. He sent me an elaborate cablegram in which he agreed pretty much with you. But he ended up with the advice that the “face” is all important to Moscow, as it is to the Chinese; so if we expect to get any agreement with them it is essential to put the proposition in such a way as not to humiliate them’.

‘That’s all very well, Mr President, provided they want an agreement; but suppose they don’t want an agreement? Suppose they want what they want?’

‘That is the question that keeps me awake at night, Mr Budd. But I am surprised to hear it from you, the conductor of a peace programme’.

‘Ah, me, Mr Truman!’ said the conductor. ‘That keeps me awake at night also. You must understand: an old friend of my mother died and left her fortune to be used for this purpose. The war was just over, and we had won it and were in a fine glow of enthusiasm. Everything was going to be different now; the boys were being brought home on points and the world was going to be made over with your help. We believed Stalin, because we *had* to believe him; it was too terrible not to. All sorts of people took fire, and it was wonderful—the beginning of a new world. The United Nations was going to be run on a basis of world friendship. But now come these developments, one after another, and we discover that the United Nations is to be nothing but a platform from which Stalin can pour out his propaganda of hate’.

‘What will you do—change the programme?’

‘It is a foundation, and we have the problem of keeping faith with the dead. Emily Chattersworth was my friend from my cradle up, and I know that she was no Communist and would have no idea of turning the world over to violent revolutionists. I haven’t broached the idea to my associates, but I have the thought to turn the programme and the paper into an open forum and let the questions be argued out. The problem is more difficult because my wife is with child, and I shrink from putting any strain upon her in the next couple of months’.

‘I can understand your position’, said the President. ‘My own wife has no love for politics and would like nothing better than to go back to Independence, Missouri, where she could have some friends without concerning herself with social precedence, and without having to be worried about people trying to make use of her’.

Lanny took the occasion to remark, 'For a matter of eight years I gave FDR what help I could, and made it a point never to ask the smallest favour of him. You may count upon me to continue the attitude'.

'Come and see me when you come back from Europe, Mr Budd', said the sorely burdened man.

## IX

Lanny returned to his hotel and found his wife still absorbed in making notes on the margins of manuscripts and letters. All sorts of people sent her material which they hoped to get on the radio, and she felt a sense of obligation to these earnest souls. So many agreed with her on the subject of peace, it seemed strange indeed that there should be so little peace in the world and so many prospects of wars.

'I was with Truman', he told her. He had a right to tell that because Truman had sent her a message. But he didn't deliver it correctly, because it seemed to imply that the President was losing his hope for the success of their programme.

'Did you invite him to talk on the programme?' she asked—the insatiable one. He told her he had overlooked doing so; the President had had a confidential request to make. Lanny said no more than that, and she did not ask. He told how the President looked, and about the six hundred documents he had to sign every day. He had said that he was a man of peace, and this was a consolation to Laurel who had been worried by the speech he had made to Congress, propounding the so-called Truman Doctrine. It had sounded warlike, though it said no more than that the Kremlin would not be allowed to have its way with Greece and Turkey. But obviously there could be no reason for considering it warlike, unless Stalin did mean to do some harm to those two countries. It appeared that persons who were calling the 'doctrine' warlike were persons who didn't mind seeing the harm done.

Lanny reported that he would fly to Berlin by way of London in three days. He could not say just how long he would be gone, but he hoped it would not be more than a week or two. They would have time to discuss matters with the Peace staff and arrange for Laurel not to have too many burdens to carry. She said, 'I won't complain. Do take care of yourself'.

## X

Next morning they drove back to Edgemere, and in the evening there was a session of the whole Peace family. It was quite an impressive family, whether you judged it by standards worldly or intellectual. The oldest member was an English baronet with the distinguished name of Sir Eric Vivian Pomeroy-Nielson. He was a year or so older than Lanny, which had meant a great deal when they were boys together. The two, with Kurt Meissner, had been dancing demons in Gluck's *Orpheus* at the Dalcroze festival away back before World War I. Most of his life he had walked with a limp, having crash-landed as a flier in that war.

Rick had helped to build the Labour party in England and to bring it to power the previous year. He might have gone back and had an important post, but he preferred to stay and feed ideas on the subject of peace and social reconstruction to the American press. He considered these two causes to be one and the same, wars being simply the culmination of unrestricted competition in the world's economic affairs. 'Let there be peace' meant to him 'let there be social planning'. He was a man of exacting literary standards and spent his time wading through manuscripts and looking for hidden talent. Now he sat, taking an occasional puff on his pipe, listening attentively to what the others had to say. When he spoke it was with decision, and they heeded him.

There was his wife, Nina, who had taken care of him as a war nurse and married him soon thereafter. She edited the weekly paper called *Peace*, made up in part of the radio talks, with comments about the speaker and the audience, and the fan letters, full of ideas and arguments. It also used some of the material which the syndicate sent out to the press. It was not a heavy job, so Nina had time to help with reading manuscripts and interviewing would-be talent.

Then there was the eldest son of this pair, who went by the odd pet name of Scrubbie. He had been a flier in the recent war, and had come to Edgemere partly to be with his parents and partly to be with Frances Barnes Budd, Lanny's daughter by his first marriage. Scrubbie didn't say much, and Frances didn't say anything; they sat close together and listened attentively to the wisdom of their elders. She was going to school, and he was making a regular job of the Peace work. The same was true of Fred Robin, a Jewish boy whose father had been murdered by the Nazis. His uncle, Hansi Robin, the violinist, came now and then to play over the radio.

Then there was Gerald de Groot, scion of an old New York family; his mother was in the *Social Register*, but Gerald wasn't apt to make it himself, with the present company he was keeping. It was he who did the radio announcing when Lanny was away. He had a most elegant manner and a cultivated voice, from what he called Havvud. He was proud to be earning his own keep, and lived boarded with an elderly family which did and delivered the town's laundry. The woman was an ardent Socialist, while her husband called himself an Anarchist. The scion of the de Groots found them both delightful.

Such was the Peace group. Freddi's mother would come in an emergency, and there were several other persons in New York and nearby suburban towns who would do the same. Also there were secretaries and other paid employees. They had had to get along without Lanny in the past and could do it again. The scheduling of speakers for the radio was always several weeks ahead, so Laurel, who ran the programmes, did not have to worry. They promised to help her out, for the special reason that all understood.

In the studio from which the Peace Programme went out over the air there hung on the wall in front of the microphone a life-size oil painting of a stately grey-haired lady, Mrs Emily Chattersworth, who had lived on the heights above Cannes on the French Riviera and had been the friend and protectress of Beauty Budd when she had borne a man child and had had him christened Lanning Prescott, though having been the name of Emily's father. Emily had been the daughter of a fashionable but impoverished family and had been married off to a New York banker much older than herself. The gentleman moved to France when it was discovered that he had been using life-insurance funds in his private speculations. Emily stood by him, but always thereafter felt guilty about her money; she suffered both in mind and fortune through two world wars, so when she died she left a million dollars to a foundation in the hope of preventing a third calamity.

That was the way the Peace group had come into being. The programme had been very carefully planned with the best expert advice. It had been budgeted to spend two hundred thousand a year for five years; apparently it might be able to run longer and to spend more, for contributions kept coming in. There were so many people wanting peace!



## 2 KNOW YOUR MONEY

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### I

The Budds were one of the old families of Connecticut, and their name was known all over the world because of the guns they made. Lanny had known about those guns as soon as he was old enough to know anything, and he had learned to use the smaller ones when he was a young boy. His father, Robbie Budd, had been the European salesman of the company, and in Paris he had loved an artist's model whom he had called Beauty because she deserved the compliment. He hadn't married her because his stern old Puritan father back home had received in an anonymous envelope a photograph of her portrait in the nude, and had told his son that if he married such a woman he would be disinherited.

But Robbie had allowed Beauty to say that she was married, and he had set her up in a lovely estate on the French Riviera, where he came to visit her several times every year. When later on, at his father's urging, he had married the daughter of the president of the First National Bank of New Castle, Connecticut, he gave it out that he had divorced the painter's model.

It was not until Lanny was seventeen and America entered the First World War that Robbie took him home to meet the family and be made respectable. Esther Budd, Robbie's wife, was a conscientious daughter of the Puritans; she had done her best to win Lanny's affection and respect and had done so. She had three children of her own: two sons, who were by now middle-aged businessmen taking over their father's affairs little by little; and a daughter, Bessie Remsen Budd, who was called Bess by everyone. When she was seventeen her mother had taken her to Europe, and in Paris at the home of Mrs Chattersworth she had listened to the violin playing of Hansi Robin, then a brilliant and ardent youth. Bess had found it the most wonderful music she had ever heard, and she had been fascinated by this young genius.

A year later he had come to America to make his debut in Carnegie Hall, and he had been invited to Esther's home. She had been really shocked by that uproar in her drawing room—she knew it was great art, but it belonged in the concert hall, not in a private home. But the whole town had been in a frenzy of excitement about it. Bess and Hansi had fallen desperately in love, and what was the daughter of the Puritans to do about it? She wouldn't for the world have admitted to anti-Semitic feeling, but she could certainly admit that she hadn't looked forward to such an exuberant husband for her daughter. Bess had pleaded and wept; she had been giving all her time to improving her piano playing, so that she might some day become Hansi's accompanist as well as his wife. There had been nothing for the mother to do but give way and have the marriage in her home.

That had been nearly a quarter of a century ago, and in that time the fates had dealt to the couple their due quota of good fortune and bad. The Nazis had grabbed Hansi's younger brother, Freddi, and tortured him in the Dachau concentration camp, and handed him over to Lanny Budd only when he was near to death. They had grabbed Hansi's father and robbed him of his fortune, so that now he was working as the sales agent for Budd-Erling Aircraft. Hansi and Bess had played together on tour after tour in every civilised country of the world. They had two sons who were hoping to be musicians like their parents. Those were good things and would have made most people happy; but one thing was not so good—the daughter of Robbie Budd and Esther Remsen Budd of New Castle, Connecticut, had been for many years an active member of the Communist party of America, and was growing more bitter and more outspoken with every year.

Hansi Robin was to play with the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall; and that was a place of memory for the son of Budd-Erling. He had heard Paderewski play here and Chaliapin sing, and seen Isadora Duncan dance on flitting bare feet. To recall them brought melancholy feelings—‘*Eheu fugaces*’. Lanny had the fancy that the molecules which composed these walls must have been affected by the vibrations, and perhaps these effects endured; some day might come a wizard scientist who would devise a way to detect them—and what a time he would have sorting them out!

The name of the hall brought back to Lanny’s mind an elderly Scotsman whom he had met somewhere in London in his early youth: a smallish man with twinkling grey eyes and white beard closely trimmed. True to his type, he had been frugal and had saved his pennies; he had become a steamship master and had saved his dollars, until he had some three or four hundred million of them. In his old age he had sold out his properties for that amount of cash to the only man in the world who could have paid it—J. P. Morgan, who controlled all the credit in Wall Street and wanted to form a steel trust and to fix prices.

Andrew, canny as ever, had looked about him for a way to buy the greatest amount of post mortem publicity. He had built this fine concert hall in New York, thus compelling every music lover to speak his name frequently. He had scattered twenty-five hundred and five libraries over the world, and upon each of them had engraved his name, and inside had hung a portrait of himself. You could say this for Andrew—he was more intelligent than the youth who fired the Ephesian dome or the Egyptian king who set a couple of hundred thousand slaves to dragging huge blocks of stone across the desert to build a pyramid.

It was a decorous audience. They had come to have a gracious inner experience, each one alone. They sat waiting, and if they spoke at all it was in low tones. The musicians came out on the platform one or two at a time, took their seats, and began making their mysterious little noises, each on his own. That was individualism, and presently there was a hush, and the conductor came out and took his stand on the podium, tapped with his little baton, and after that it was co-operation, a social production known as the ‘Oberon Overture’, a creation of the purest delight.

When its melodies died away the conductor walked off the stage and presently came back escorted by a tall black-clad gentleman, carrying a violin. In this year 1946 Hansi Robin was forty-one years old, his hair, which had been black, now showed touches of grey. Lanny had first known him as a lad lost in the wonders of music, flitting from one composition to the next like a humming bird over a bed of flowers. Hansi’s younger brother had played the clarinet, and Lanny had seen them as two shepherd lads out of ancient Judea, chanting the holy psalms of their race: ‘Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth. Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, because he cometh to judge the earth. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever’.

The mercy of the Lord had been manifested in a strange way to Hansi Robin, German-born Jew. The Lord had turned loose a herd of wild beasts in that civilised land, and they had seized some six million of the Lord’s chosen people, poisoned them, and turned their bodies into fertiliser for the fields. The Lord had done this to most of Hansi’s relatives and friends, and had almost done it to his brother and his father. The horror of the experience had graven deep lines in the musician’s face, never to be removed; it had become a mask of sorrow, and he rarely smiled. There was something priestlike about his aspect as he stood acknowledging the welcome of the audience with slow inclinations of his head.

The hall fell silent, the conductor tapped his desk, and the orchestra swept into the opening notes of the Beethoven concerto. Hansi must have played that masterwork many hundreds of times since boyhood. Lanny had heard him play it a score of times and knew every note of it. Hansi's execution was perfect, his tone clear. In the slow movement all his grief wailed, and to those who knew him it was a heart-rending utterance.

But sorrow never lasts to the end of a Beethoven composition. He was the defier of fate, the greyness-sayer, and presently the music was like the wind running over a meadow of flowers, superlatively happy, happiness infinitely multiplied. 'O youths and maidens, in song delighting, come dance and play and pleasure with me'—Hansi and Lanny had agreed upon these words as conforming to the theme. To listen to it was to be reborn in courage, hope, and joy; to be uplifted to a splendid climax and go on with spirit renewed. Such was the meaning of the applause; people were trying to tell Hansi Robin that they loved both him and Beethoven, and that both were to go on living forever. In these modern days the double miracle was commonplace; there were not merely Beethoven's printed notes, but Hansi Robin's recording, which you could buy in a music store for a few dollars.

### III

After the concert was over, Lanny and Laurel and Hansi's nephew Freddi took the musician to a café and tried to get him to eat, because he would never eat anything before a concert, and afterwards he was exhausted, depressed from the reaction of the excitement. There had been a time when Bess had done this service for him; she would never have dreamed of letting him go to a concert alone. But now she had some committee meeting, a higher duty. She was on so many committees that her name had become a sort of Red talisman when you saw it you would say to yourself, 'Aha! Another Communist front!'

The four friends sat at a table in the little café, in the portion of New York known as Yorkville. Hansi had before him a wienerschnitzel and a glass of milk. Now and then he sipped the latter absently and put a piece of the meat into his mouth. He was very sad and did not try to hide it; if your friends cannot help you any other way, at least they can let you be sad.

'Lanny', he said, 'I am afraid I am going to have to get another accompanist. Bess no longer has the time to practise, and we can't learn anything new. You know, a performer nowadays can't get along on just the Beethoven and the Mendelssohn and the Tchaikovsky'.

'Have you told Bess?' inquired Bess's brother, and the answer was, 'Many times, but it only leads to a quarrel. She has her mission, and it is no longer the same as mine. Don't mind if I talk about it; you are the only people I can be frank with'.

Laurel asked, 'Do you suppose it would do any good if I appealed to her?'

'Not a bit. She is saving the world and no longer has any use for people who aren't. She knows how I dislike her friends, so she doesn't bring them to the house very often. She meets them outside—and that means I'm alone a good part of the time'. Hansi sat brooding, then added as if in haste, 'Understand, I don't mean she is having an affair. I don't think she feels the need of love any more; she is satisfied with hate'.

'The Communists live on hate', Lanny assented.

'In the old days, Lanny, I went to several of their conventions with Bess. They were open to the public then. I had read that the old-time Russian peasants were known as the "dark people", but I decided that those Reds I watched were the ones who really deserved the name. I don't refer to their complexions—I am no blond myself. I mean their souls. They are full of suspicion and couldn't care

on any kind of discussion without attributing base motives to one another. I suppose that is why Russia they cannot settle any problem except by killing their opponents’.

‘Or putting them in a concentration camp’, suggested Laurel.

‘It comes to the same thing. I am tormented by the thought that we are going to have another war and that I’m going to have to see my wife in a concentration camp. Do you suppose it is coming Lanny?’

Said Lanny, ‘The Communists are all for peace, of course; but the capitalists and imperialists of the whole world are going to force war upon them’. Irony is a dangerous form of utterance, but Lanny could be sure that none of these three friends would miss his meaning.

## IV

The development of this conflict had been slow and had passed through various stages. When Hansi and his younger brother had come to visit Lanny at Bienvenu, his home on the French Riviera, Hansi had been sixteen. He had listened to Lanny’s ideas of peace and brotherhood based upon the principles of social justice; a gentle idealist, he had taken fire and thereafter called himself a Socialist. Bess Budd had met him when she was very young, and she had taken fire in her turn and had carried the ideas to her own extreme. She had made up her mind that the capitalist class would never voluntarily give up its mastery of industry, and so she had become a Communist.

Lanny always said that this was because of her Puritan ancestry and upbringing. She had to be fanatical about what she believed, and she had to force others to agree with her. Hansi loved her and had been willing to be forced. He had never joined the party, but he had played at concerts for it and had been willing for Bess to give a good part of their earnings to the cause. Then had come the Spanish Civil War, and this crisis forced the radicals, of all shades of pink and red, to unite against the horrors of nazi-fascism. But, watching that war, Hansi saw the Communists wrecking the cause by their determination to rule and oust all others. Also, he had learned about the dreadful purges in the Soviet Union.

Then had come the deal between Stalin and Hitler. Lanny had got some information and had foreseen it. He had hinted as much to Bess, and she had flown into a rage with him for even suggesting such a vile idea. ‘You talk like a Fascist!’ she had exclaimed—and that was the worst thing she could think of to say. So, when the deal was actually announced, Bess had to turn one of those somersaults which the Communists learn in their intellectual gymnasium. She followed the party line and began making excuses for the deal, saying that Stalin had learned that the Allies were about to make one, and he had been smart and jumped the gun on them.

That was where the real quarrel started; for, to Hansi Robin, Hitler was the murderer, the beast, and to compromise with him was unthinkable. The husband and wife argued until they could no longer stand the sound of each other’s voices. They could live together only upon the basis of never mentioning the subject which was nearest to the hearts of both. But then had come another sudden development, like a sponge wiping the slate clean before their eyes. Hitler had attacked Stalin, and Stalin had automatically become an ally of the Allies. Once more the Soviet Union was the friend of democracy and peace, and once more it became necessary for all shades of red, pink, and lily-white to get together and give aid, both material and intellectual, to the Russians.

Hansi and Bess in their enthusiasm had gone to Russia to give their kind of help—beautiful music. They had lived in Russia for almost two years, but it hadn’t worked out as they expected. Bess, the true party member, could be trusted in part; but Hansi, the Socialist, could not be trusted at all.

Patriotism, nationalism, had become the party line. Put none but Russians on guard! A Socialist heretic could not open his mouth without saying something wrong. In the concert hall the crowd would welcome him with tumultuous applause, but the ordinary Russians would not dare invite him into their homes. To have anything to do with a foreigner was to come under suspicion; and then two or three o'clock in the morning would come the visit of the secret police and the indiscreet person would disappear from sight.

Hansi had learned Russian, and he listened to the conversation of his wife's party friends. He had come back to America convinced that Red communism and Nazi fascism were identical twins, the only difference being in the colour of the shirts they wore. Their doctrines were different, but the techniques, the practices, were the same, and it was these latter which counted in the long run.

'All you have to do', he said to these three trusted friends, 'is to study the goals for which the old-time Tsardom fought its wars. Then in the newspapers you watch Stalin making the very same demands: ports on the Baltic, access to the Adriatic, control of the Dardanelles, possession of the coast in Persia, and warm-water ports on the Pacific—Dairen and Port Arthur. All these the Tsars considered their birthright; and Stalin set Sergei Eisenstein to making a moving picture glorifying Ivan the Terrible, the most murderous of all the old-time Tsars'.

Lanny responded, 'It worries us all'. He was mild about it because he too had a problem in his home. Laurel had become somewhat fanatical on the subject of peace. It was not that she loved the Soviet Union, but that she feared to hate it, or to let anyone else hate it. And Lanny didn't want to say anything to excite her—at least not until that new baby was safely launched into the world. Laurel was thirty-nine and might never be able to have another.

## V

Early the next morning Freddi drove Lanny to La Guardia Airport. Laurel wouldn't go along; she couldn't bear to watch a plane take off, knowing that it was carrying the most precious freight in the whole world. The plane was so slow in starting—so agonizingly slow—and it seemed to wait until the last fraction of a second before lifting itself off the ground. Laurel's heart would stop beating, and that wasn't the proper thing for a double-burdened heart to do. She preferred to stay at home and imagine it all.

But with world-traveller Lanny Budd it was an old story. He settled himself in his seat, strapped himself tight, and hardly bothered to look out of the window; he was more concerned to look in the morning paper and see what Stalin was going to do about Turkey and the Dardanelles. When he was through with that he started on a pamphlet Turner had given him; it was issued by the Treasury Department and was called *Know Your Money*. Lanny had torn off the title page so that no one would know what he was reading, and when he had thoroughly digested the contents he would get rid of the pamphlet. The subject was a new one for him, and he fixed all the details in his memory.

The plane's first stop was at Gander on the island of Newfoundland, a place that would always be marked with a red circle on Lanny's mental map. It was from here that he had set out five years ago over the same flying route and had come so near to losing his life. He shivered when he thought of the strange psychic warnings he had received and had chosen to disregard. Then it had been winter, and now it felt like winter in latitude fifty degrees north.

The traveller wandered about to stretch his legs and admire the growth of a great airport and the technique of its operation. Then a bell summoned him, and he got on board, and they were off again. If the weather was bad they would stop at Iceland, but since it was good they headed straight on

Prestwick in Scotland. Once they sighted a thunderstorm ahead, but they made a wide swing around and it was fascinating to watch the lightning stabbing into the sea. They reached Prestwick supertime, and Lanny took another plane to Croydon Airport near London.

Waiting for him there was Alfred Pomeroy-Nielson, member of Parliament and heir-apparent to a baronetcy. He had been a flier for the Spanish People's Republic during its war for freedom, and Lanny had driven him to his post of duty in Madrid. They had had other adventures together, but the greatest of all, as they both agreed, was the political struggle of the people of Britain. You might say that Alf had been born a member of the British Labour party, and on the basis of his father's long service and his own record in the Royal Air Force he had shared in the electoral victory of a year ago.

Now Lanny had brought messages from his father and his mother and his younger brother and all the news about their activities. Alf, in turn, told about the legislative programme now being pushed through, which would make it possible for every child born in Britain to get enough food to grow into a sound adult, and an opportunity to develop whatever talents he might possess. It would be the first time in the history of that landlord-ridden island, and to the two idealists it would be the beginning of a new stage of civilisation.

Next morning Lanny Budd took off on a plane for Berlin. He had memorised all his notes and had put up the paper into small bits and dropped it down into the sewers of London. The only papers he had in his suitcase were English magazines, and his notebook containing the names and addresses of a number of persons in Germany to whom the U.S. government had returned valuable paintings which the Nazis had stolen. The paintings might be for sale, and Lanny might find time to look at them.

## VI

Once more the art expert flew over the green fields and the bombed towns of Germany and came to that ghastly skeleton of a national capital. Once more his plane slid down on the Tempelhoferfelde. When the war had come to an end the American armies had stopped at the River Elbe, desiring to be polite. They might easily have moved on and taken more territory, but they had not wanted to appear to be grabbing something from their Russian Allies. The Russians had moved into Berlin, and at a conference the city had been divided into four sectors, Russian, French, British and American. The Russians had got the eastern portion. They had already grabbed the machinery from the whole city, torn it loose, and carried it away; but unfortunately they had no place to store it, and a good deal of it was left out in the rain and ruined.

The French, American, and British zones of Germany all lay west of the Elbe, so here was the peculiar situation: each country had a sector of Berlin, a little island, as it were, lying seventy miles so to the east of the Elbe and reached only through Soviet-held territory. It was all right so long as Stalin remained an ally, and in the mood of an ally; but unfortunately he had begun to show an entirely different mood. He had forbidden fraternising between his troops and the Western troops, and he was making more and more difficulties for transport coming by railroad and autobahn.

Lanny had been told that he would be met at the airport, and when he stepped from the plane he was greeted by an alert young American. 'Mr Budd?' said he, and Lanny smiled and answered 'Christopher Columbus'. The young man gave his name, escorted Lanny to a car, and started briefing him even while they were driving to the office. He was one of several Treasury agents who were on the trail of Himmler money throughout Germany, or those parts of Germany in which they were permitted to work. Where the Russians did not permit them they were working under cover, sometimes through foreign agents whom they might or might not be able to trust.

The man had some melodramatic tales to tell, but Lanny was not surprised by them. He had learned to think of the Nazis as criminals, and among the cleverest and least scrupulous. The fact that they had been operating under the label of a government made no difference in his thoughts. To reproduce the money of an invaded country would appeal to them as the obvious way to get possession of whatever they wanted in that country—and they would want everything of value. As for the neutral lands, well, there was no neutrality in the Nazi psychology; if you weren't one of them, you were against them. In the neutral lands the British pound and the American dollar had become international currency, and to manufacture this currency was the obvious and convenient way to get both raw materials and manufactured goods.

## VII

The southwest sector of Berlin, the residential part, had been the least bombed, and the various American services had their headquarters there in fine old mansions. In one of these Lanny was introduced to a couple of the agents, and they got right down to business, knowing that they were dealing with a man who was in a hurry to get back to his affairs. Three different trails—all Polish they reported—had led them to the village of Stubendorf. Polish nationals who were selling counterfeit money at a large discount—'pushers' they were called—had been patiently trailed by a Polish agent in AMG employ, and they had gone to Stubendorf to replenish their supplies. One of the men was under arrest now, but he wouldn't talk.

'Of course if the N.K.V.D. had him', said Morrison, one of the agents, 'they would torture him and perhaps wring the secret out of him; but we can't do that'. He went on to explain, 'We are obliged to work with foreigners because Americans are too conspicuous for this sort of thing. We do our best to check on our agents, but, of course, we can't help making mistakes. And if the criminals, whoever they are, become too alarmed they will move elsewhere. It is no great job to transport a few bales of paper, and the copper plates are small and can be slipped into the pocket of an overcoat. You can see we have no small problem'.

Lanny asked the crucial question, 'Do you have any clue as to whether these operators are Nazis, Communists, or just individual criminals?'

'We have no clues in this Stubendorf case. We have found all three varieties in other cases, and we have learned that it doesn't make much difference; the operations are much the same. The queer money is used to purchase goods, and then the goods are sold on the black market. It doesn't matter whether the profits are spent for Communist propaganda or for women and liquor and nightclub entertainment'.

Lanny replied, 'It makes some difference in the psychology of the operators and the methods of approaching them. It makes a difference in the kind of persons among whom one might expect to pick up clues. From what you tell me it sounds as if there must be a considerable group, and here in Europe such a group usually has an ideology. Have you thought that this crowd might be Vlasovites?'

'You have me there, Mr Budd. I have heard the name, but I don't know about them'.

'Vlasovite is the name for a Russian or Pole who went over to the Nazis and entered their military service. Some did it because they were reactionary; most of them I suppose were just mercenaries. There was a whole division or more of them, commanded by a General Vlasov. Needless to say, to the Reds they are the devil incarnate. Some might have been at Sachsenhausen, as guards or interpreters, even as prisoners if they were engravers or had committed crimes. They might have got away with bales of the money, and the Poles might have fled to Poland; they might have had to change their names and conceal their past, or they might be living as outlaws, hiding in the forest, working as a

underground against the Reds. If Kurt Meissner is there, he would be sympathetic to such a group. You can see that the situation is complicated’.

‘Our men have been getting quite an education, Mr Budd, and you can help it along if you will. Bernhard Monck tells me that you know more about these matters than any other American he has met’.

‘Monck flatters me, Mr Morrison, because he and I think alike on political and social questions. I know Stubendorf pretty well because I began going there to spend Christmas when I was fourteen years old. I visited Kurt Meissner’s family, and later on I came to know the Graf. In 1913, as you know, Stubendorf, in Upper Silesia, was a part of Germany. Then came the First World War, and the Allies turned it over to Poland; Kurt and all the family were bitter against the Allies for that. Germans and Poles have hated each other ever since they existed, I suppose. Then came Hitler, and Stubendorf became German once more. Now it is Polish again—but I suppose that means the same as being Russian’.

‘More and more nearly the same, Mr Budd. As you know, the Soviets agreed to the setting up of a democratic government in Poland, but they are making it more and more farcical all the time’.

‘Do they still let visitors in?’

‘They are making it more and more difficult. They are making Poland over into a satellite state and they don’t want any outsiders watching’.

## VIII

Morrison gave Lanny a briefing on the political situation as it stood at that moment in Poland. At the Yalta Conference, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin had agreed that the Polish people were to be permitted to choose their own form of government. All political parties were to be granted equal rights; but the Socialist, Democratic, and Labour parties had all been suppressed, and their leaders were in prison or in the underground or in exile.

“Free and unfettered elections”—that was the phrase, Mr Budd’, said the agent; and Mr Budd answered that he had been at Yalta with President Roosevelt and had read the text of the agreement before it was submitted to Stalin and approved by him.

‘Now’, said Morrison, ‘the government is being run by three Communists. The only party which they allowed to continue was the Peasant party; they hoped to win this over by their programme of redistributing the land and socialising all industry. They thought they were strong enough to carry a referendum, and it was held. The vote was on the abolition of the senate; and the result, according to the Peasant party leaders, was about eighty-five per cent against the proposal. But the Reds held up the election results for twelve days and then announced that nearly eight million votes had been cast for the abolition of the senate, and fewer than four million votes against it. Such were free and unfettered elections in the Communist understanding of that phrase’.

Lanny was warned that he would find Poland in a pitiable state of disorganisation. Soviet artillery had blasted towns and villages to pieces, and in many of the towns the streets were not yet cleared of rubble sufficiently to drive a vehicle through them. There were unbelievable shifts of population going on. More than eight million Germans had fled from Poland into Germany; to take their places a million and a half Poles had fled from the provinces which the Kremlin had taken over in the East and they had come into the new lands evacuated by the Germans. In addition nearly a million Poles who had fled from the Russians into Germany and Austria and Western Europe were now coming back to their homeland. The population of Warsaw had diminished from a million and a quarter to half



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