

Twenty-two.

Charlie and Fiona left their little hotel early in the morning and walked to Penzance. A full gale was blowing and the waters of the bay were broken and tumultuous. In Gwavas Lake a score of small boats lay at anchor while their yellow-oilskinned crews waited for the wind to change direction before they were washed ashore and smashed.

A steam-hauled train was waiting at the station. But it was unable to move on account of a shortage of fuel. A unit of Yeomanry had been ordered to secure fuel from local houses, by any means possible. A mountain of broken furniture already lay at the entrance to the station, but it would be hours until there was enough wood to get steam up and power the train even as far as Redruth and Truro.

One of the lads said there had been another outbreak of violence and disorder throughout the country over the weekend; but he didn't have details. The radio had been off the air in the south west for the last twenty four hours, and newspapers hadn't been delivered either. Nobody was too sure about what was going on in the rest of the country. But he was sure that the Yeomanry could contain any trouble in the south-west, even though a lot of their units had been ordered to head towards Birmingham, which was a centre of agitation. He thought he was lucky that he did not have to go there. He had never been further east than the Tamar, and didn't fancy it at all.

Eventually, a bus was procured by one of the Yeomanry officers, complete with driver. It was an ancient Bedford, and the driver said he would have fuel to get as far as Truro. But he would

be unable to come back. The Yeomanry officer unslung a rifle, and ordererd the passengers off the bus. He ordered the old driver to take it to Truro: how he got back was his problem. Otherwise, he would be arrested and the bus requisitioned on the spot.

Charlie and Fiona were the only passengers. They sat at the front, close to the old and silent driver. It seemed warmer that way, if nothing else. When the wind caught the bus, the whole vehicle shuddered. They drove very slowly into the countryside. Hills swooped on every hand, and trees lashed sideways. The old man broke his silence only to say that the main roads were closed. Motorised Yeomanry units had been ordered out of the county, and told to head for the cities. Their bus would have to take the back roads if they wanted to reach Truro in time for the train. If there was going to be one at all.

A little to the east of Praze-an-Beeble they were stopped by a dozen men at a makeshift roadblock. They were all dressed in rags, and were armed with sickles and scythes. The leader carried a pair of butcher's cleavers at his belt. The men demanded that they be taken to Redruth. Each was heavily bearded and wore his hair long; some had hair to their waists. And each was possessed of a supernatural style of of serenity and certitude.

When Fiona asked him, the leader said with the same style of serenity, 'Yes, we are Daniels. They have hunted us like vermin but now our time is coming'.

The Daniel leader said that soon a sign would be seen and taken as a wonder. That would be their signal. All across the land, Daniel bands were making their way to assembly points. When a comet rose high in the night sky, then they would rise in rebellion and declare the Commonwealth in readiness for the great events

that would follow. The Daniel leader's eyes were grey and calm. He did not ask Fiona anything at all: it seemed to her, indeed, that he already knew.

'We are afraid of nothing', he said. 'And that is why they are afraid of us. We have many martyrs already, and we will have many more. None of it matters. We are indestructible'.

At Redruth the Daniels left the bus. The old driver cursed them as Unitarian devils with too much education for their own good.

'Just wait', he said, 'and they will get their martyrs all right. They think the Yeomanry is pulling out and they can do what they like now. But a whole division of Militia is on its way. It should be here tonight. Then we'll see them squeal'.

He left them at the station in Truro. The train was almost ready to go, and they just got aboard. It was jammed with Yeomanry being taken up to the fighting in Bristol. Some of the lads had never been in a big city like Bristol and were looking forward to the fighting. Their officers had told them that looting would be allowed, and they could take any girls they liked and shoot any that refused. But not till the fighting was over, of course.

At all the stations east of Truro there was evidence of the turmoil shaking the country. A battalion of Yeomanry came aboard at St Austell. At Lostwithiel two cattle trucks were added to the rear of the train. One of the Yeomanry lads said they contained the survivors of Daniel prisoners who had been held in a camp outside the village since before Christmas in an open enclosure. Now they were being taken to Plymouth, to a special facility there run by the security arm of the Militia. He did not know what would happen to them afterwards. From time to time, the Daniel prisoners could be

heard singing. Then, the sound of the singing was drowned by the rattle of wheels as the train moved onwards for Plymouth.

At the Tamar crossing, there was a long delay.

‘Grand-daughter of Judah’, Fiona said.

‘What are you talking about?’

‘I have been doing some research’, she said, ‘on the Daniels’.

Bandits had tried to knock down the rail bridge with explosives. The bridge had survived the attack but very heavily armed Soviet marines were on patrol. Groups of them searched the train, very thoroughly. An English liaison officer said that there had been heavy fighting in much of Plymouth, but order had now been restored. Then they were allowed across the river and into the town.

The Daniels were unloaded and forced down the platform by Specials with clubs and dogs. They were all barefoot and shackled with chains. They were all extremely dirty and emaciated, as if they had not eaten for a long time. Every one had been branded or amputated. Someone said they were all third offenders, and there was no hope for them.

Many of the buildings around the station had been destroyed in the fighting. Some were still smouldering. Soviet marines were everywhere to be seen. The centre of the town was still a wilderness of bomb damage from wartime. Little effort had been made to repair it, though gangs of prison and camp labourers were clearing rubble. Some dug in the rubble with their bare hands, while others carried stone and rock to a convoy of farm-waggons. They too were hauled by camp labourers in canvas uniforms. From the outskirts of the town, sporadic gunfire could be heard from time to time.

At lunchtime the train left for London with armed guards on the footplate and in every carriage. One of the cattle-cars which had carried the Daniels had been taken over by heavily armed Militia. If the train came under attack, they would endeavour to ensure that it got through to its destination. But there was no guarantee that it would - for nobody could be sure if the line was still operational and the stations undamaged. Someone said London was the last city in the country still under complete government control. Almost all of the cities in the midlands and north had fallen to insurgents of a dozen sorts. Someone else said there had been a general rebellion in the camps, and that perhaps as many as a quarter of a million prisoners were now at liberty. And in large areas of the countryside, the Yeomanry had been massacred and the farmers had taken repossession of their fields.

In Exeter more troops boarded the train, bound for London to reinforce the city's defences. In Salisbury there was a long delay while the line, damaged in partisan attacks, was repaired. Throughout it, Fiona studied Johnson's diary in silence. Then, she turned it upside down, and studied it very closely indeed.

She looked up and said, 'It's shorthand, I think. Upsides down and pretty cryptic. He turned the diary upside down and wrote in shorthand. It looks like he was having an affair'.

'Where?', Charlie snapped.

She said, 'Edinburgh, by the look of it'.

'Address?'

'I am afraid not'.

'Phone number?'

'Not so far'.

The train finally arrived in London. Armed soldiers were everywhere to be seen. The Protectorate was preparing to defend the city. Destroyers were patrolling the river, for it had to be kept open at all costs. The rail lines to the north were still open too, though nobody knew for how far. All night intermittent gunfire could be heard across London, but in the morning the radio news reported that complete calm had been restored to the capital. Glasgow and Liverpool and Manchester were in the hands of bandit insurgents. But they would be retaken; indeed, much of Newcastle had been retaken already and York was expected to be re-taken by lunchtime. Citizens were urged to go about their usual business, and a range of stabilisation measures would shortly come into force. The radio did not, however, say what these measure would comprise.

At lunchtime, Charlie and Fiona met in the canteen. She had spent much of the morning on the telephone, locating records for British volunteers in Spain. The records for the Scottish volunteers were thought to be in Edinburgh, however. The full archive was in Moscow. Synopses might be available, but would take at least a week to be researched and sent over. That left the records of the pre-war security services and the volunteers' own association. Within months of the Protectorate being declared, that association had of course been closed down. Many of its members had subsequently been detained and deported. But the Militia's own intelligence wing had boxes of documents stored at its building in King Street. They could be inspected, but only with proper authorisation. That authorisation was not made until three o'clock.

An elderly archivist took Fiona down into the basement. A series of lurid posters called on the public to assist in the apprehension of the Pollitt Plotters. Each poster contained

photographs of the criminals. And below each name was a list of the crimes for which the plotter was sought.

The old archivist said that since the initial request for authorisation had been made, he had looked out the material. There were perhaps twenty boxes. There was a roll of volunteers - but it only gave names, and did not indicate national origin. There were some records for the original recruitment officers, but these were not complete. There were also records, but again incomplete, for the various transport routes by which volunteers were smuggled into Spain. There was a handful of official unit diaries, but they were in poor condition and often partly destroyed. For some leading combatants, there were original records. For some, even, there were very complete political records compiled by what the old archivist called the security services of a friendly power. He did not say which one.

‘Pollitt was in Spain, was he?’, Fiona asked.

The old archivist smiled in a gentle way. ‘We now know that Pollitt was in the pay of Hitler when he was in Spain. This has been proved. He will plead guilty when the matter comes to court. His guilt has been established beyond any doubt’.

The old man asked what she wanted in particular. Fiona said that she was especially interested in the names of Scottish volunteers.

‘We have a roll of names of those who died’, he said. ‘But it will not say where each volunteer had come from’.

He asked if Fiona knew the name of the person she was looking for. She said she did not. He asked if he had died in Spain, or had survived. Again, she did not know this. The old man said it was hardly worth her looking. But she was welcome to try.

If she wanted to have a cup of tea, she need only come up to his lodge on the floor above. She would have to ring the bell by the gate; nobody was allowed into the basement on their own unless they were locked there. It was a security measure to ensure that materials were not stolen or altered in any way that did a dis-service to the history of the movement.

She had no idea how long she stayed in the basement that afternoon and evening. The roll of volunteers offered nothing at all. For some of the names, the reader was directed to a separate file. In some of these were handfuls of amateur snapshots: young men in trenches smiling at the camera, or with a gallant arm around a gallant girl in some dusty town. Sometimes even, there was a name and a date on the back of the photograph: but not often. For some too, there were short biographies: miner, potter, student, unemployed, poet, gone to the front, invalided home, transferred to political duties, removed to the care of the security police, dead somewhere unknown on some murderous sector of the front.

At the bottom of one box, she found a folder marked secret. It contained a number of files. Most were in English: those in Russian or French or Spanish had a synoptic translation attached. The transcripts of interrogations of traitors were in English. In each case they were marked 'for immediate death': in each case an officer had signed the order, and a separate officer had signed that he had witnessed the execution. All bore the superscription that these records were closed for all time.

The old archivist had been correct; it seemed an impossible task to pluck one name from hundreds without anything to go on at all. And after all, it was no more than a suggestion that the man she sought had been Scottish. And had survived the slaughter. There

were separate boxes for files relating to the German Thaelmann brigade, to the American Lincoln brigade, to the ILP contingent and to POUM. A copy of an NKVD file on an English POUM member E. Blair was dated 1939. A note in English, marked top secret, noted the standing order that Blair was to be arrested and shot at the earliest opportunity. But none of it made any sense to Fiona at all.

In the file for the Lincoln brigade were a few sheets of paper from an NKVD security unit. A translation in English had been typed to accompany it. An American volunteer had been arrested and interrogated for nineteen days. He had died of his wounds before he had confessed. He had been buried in a mass-grave in the prison yard at Albacete. His few personal effects were attached. They included a photograph of the same volunteer in earlier and happier days, his arm around a child who might have been a daughter. A child's hand had written on the back of her eternal love.

Suddenly, the old archivist appeared. He had brought Fiona a cup of tea. He looked sadly at the photograph before her.

He said, 'There were many traitors in the movement then as now. My own son volunteered but did not come back. He had to be shot too'.

'For the good of the cause?', Fiona said.

The old man said, 'Of course'. And then he said, 'We will have to close in half an hour. In case the electricity goes off at the start of curfew. Perhaps you can come back tomorrow'.

Fiona said she would not need another half an hour. She would be finished very soon indeed. She ploughed on through the archive.

There were dusty bundles of the combat histories of individual units, and secret reports from un-named hands on the political

reliability of individual volunteers within the unit. All these reports had clearly been copied elsewhere, but the records did not indicate where.

It was late in the evening when she decided that she had had enough. There were two further boxes to explore; perhaps she might come back tomorrow, or perhaps she might not. It hardly seemed worth trying any more. At the top of one of the boxes was a case-file called records of transport. Inside were a dozen files, each for a region of England. Then, she found that an unmarked file contained Welsh records: the careful accounting of expenses for volunteers from the south Wales pits bound for London, and then over the Pyrenees and into action. She looked a little further; and buried in the Welsh records found a few pages which clearly related to Scotland. There had been a dozen separate transports from Glasgow and Lanarkshire in nine months. And from Edinburgh half as many: but of course the records were clearly incomplete. One of these transports had left from the city's Waverley station by the night train to London. Expenses had been paid and were scrupulously documented. The volunteers had arrived in London the following morning, and that night passed by boat train to Paris. Then to the border, and over the mountains. There were a dozen names attached; but there was no way of knowing if they were real names or pseudonyms. It had been a common practice, after all.

One final file drew her attention. It was entitled political reports of recruitment officers - whatever that was. Most of the material was in fading manuscript. They appeared to be from all over the country: London, Liverpool, Cardiff. Then she found one from Edinburgh. A Murray had filed extensive notes on those he had recruited. She leafed through the bundles of sheets: none of it

made any sense, and she could feel the old archivist patiently waiting for her. Her eye fell on one report. To some unknown security officer, Murray had reported that a volunteer was of doubtful social origin and should be marked for special attention when it was necessary. He had paid his own travel expenses, which was clear evidence of suspect loyalty. Meantime, he should be kept apart from the other volunteers, and sent to the most dangerous sections of the front. His name was Lamont.

Fiona skimmed back through the files of records of transport. A Lamont, initial K, had left with a transport from Waverley station. Sometime towards the end of August, 1936. Less than twelve years earlier. It seemed a century ago, somehow. Lamont and his volunteers had taken the night train from Waverley. The Flying Scotsman. They had arrived at King's Cross the following morning, and that same night had taken the boat train at Victoria for Calais and the gare du Nord. In Paris, they had made contact with representatives of the movement at the union house in Mathurin-Moreau. Some days later they had left by train from the Austerlitz station for Perpignan. They had crossed the Pyrenees on foot, and a little later were reported as safe and well in republican Barcelona.

'Have you found what you are looking for?', the old man asked.

'Maybe this one', she said. 'But it doesn't seem likely. It's like pulling names from a hat, really. It could be any of them'.

'Not many of them survived from that transport', the old man said. 'Their battalion was cut up very badly at the beginning'.

'What about Murray?', Fiona asked on an impulse. 'He might still remember who he sent'.

‘Murray was a traitor’, the old man said. ‘He was an important witness in the case of the Pollitt plotters. He sustained injuries during routine questioning, and did not survive them’.

‘Could we find anyone else who might remember him?’

‘You don’t have a name for sure. And you don’t even know for sure that he survived. I don’t think it seems likely’.

It was time to go. Outside, it was snowing. And it was quite late. Charlie had sent a car and it took her home. As it moved west in the city, the snow thinned and finally stopped. But in the morning it had started again. The same driver collected her, and took her to the little hotel in Victoria by mid-morning. They met in the canteen; in the distance they could hear the hum of industry from the radio and wire room. Then they went upstairs, where their office was suffocatingly hot. Charlie said he had left the fire on all night, though this was strictly against the fire regulations.

‘So what did you get?’, he wanted to know.

She told him. It was not much. ‘I found the names of some of the volunteers who left from Edinburgh. But only some of them. It’s not possible to say if the one we are looking for is in there. We need to cross-reference them somehow’.

Charlie said, ‘Can you speak Spanish? Maybe we could find someone else who was there at the same time.’

But she could not. Neither could he. Police training colleges had better things to do with their time, after all.

‘So what next?’

‘Look’, Fiona said, ‘we are sure the Americans are taking cocaine into Scotland from Ireland. And getting it to Edinburgh. We are sure someone has come in to handle arrangements. Maybe via Cornwall. Maybe someone from Spain. Maybe a Scotsman’.

Charlie said, 'Maybe even from Edinburgh?'

'Maybe', she said. 'Fought in the Spanish civil war. Thought to have been dead - but not any more. He came out by boat from the north of Spain. Where would he go to by boat from there? France. We know someone came into Brittany by boat from Spain, and then left by boat for Cornwall. The man who took him worked in wartime with British intelligence and special forces as a smuggler. Maybe our man was special forces too. We know a French crabber came into Cornwall, and that a stranger was seen in Mousehole. And there's a Turkish connection - a copy of Ottoman Studies found in Johnson's house, and another one in the house in Mousehole. Where the woman killed herself just before we arrived'.

'Is that it?', Charlie said.

'We might be able to track down some special forces record of him', Fiona said. 'He must have been trained somewhere. We might find the records of his training school. If he was special forces in wartime, he was up against the Germans. If we look far enough, we might find some background in drug smuggling. Or there might be some trace of him in Edinburgh'.

'If we are very, very lucky'.

'Luck is all we have', she said, 'and I don't think we have much time left'.

'If he exists', Charlie said.

'And if he is still here', she said. 'But we have to look'.

'I don't have a clue where to start', Charlie said. 'Are records kept for this sort of thing?'

'We have to look all the same'.

And they spent the rest of the morning in looking, without success. Nobody in the police seemed to know anything about

wartime records, except for domestic criminal offences of course. Someone said they should try the Regulars, but the military colleges had all been closed and officer training relocated to the Baltic coast. Then Fiona phoned the War Office, and someone said they would phone her back. It was a fruitless morning.

They stopped at lunchtime, and went downstairs to the canteen. Broken newspapers lay around, all calling for calm. The government was ready to negotiate and preparations were well in hand for a settlement of all outstanding disagreements. A blackboard offered diners steak and kidney pie and greens. With real potatoes.

‘Where’s all this coming from?’

Fiona said special rations had been released from central depots. The government wanted to ensure the loyalty of its employees at a time of national crisis. The woman serving the food said it was real steak and real kidneys in the pie. A rich brown crust lay over it. There were orange carrots and very green peas. And potatoes dusted with parsley and drizzled with butter. The serving woman said they could have more if they wanted, the canteen’s allowance had been doubled for the duration of the emergency.

‘Let’s hope it lasts in that case’, Charlie said, and the woman looked at him as if she might at any time report him for defeatism and espionage.

In the middle of the afternoon, someone from the War Office did phone back. Charlie took the call. It was a Major Mack, seconded to police liaison at the War Office. You could imagine him somewhere in the city, in a warm office, running to fat and planning his next promotion. He hadn’t voted for the Protectorate, of course, but then he certainly hadn’t planned to vote for the government it

had pre-empted either. The major boomed testily down the line, as if he had been interrupted in the course of an important war game with smartly painted tin-toy soldiers. Authorisation would be waived in the case of a police enquiry. There had been a network of training camps for special operations people during the war. Parachute training had been done at Ringway near Manchester, but most of the dirty-tricks stuff had been in the north of Scotland.

‘In Scotland’, Charlie said.

Fiona signalled frantically that he should ask where.

Charlie said, ‘Where?’

‘On the north west coast mainly’, Major Mack said.

‘Yes, but where are the records kept?’

‘The PRO at Kew’, the major boomed.

‘And what about the records of specific operations?’, Charlie asked.

‘Which ones?’, the major wanted to know. Some were kept in the War Office and were not open to anyone, not even the police.

Charlie said, ‘Turkey’.

The major made a joke about Christmas having passed and said he didn’t know that there had been any Turkish operations.

‘And what about Germany?’, Charlie said.

The major was coming to the end of his patience. ‘Pot luck’, he roared. ‘Some of them are there, some of them aren’t. You will have to ask. The Office is closed but I have spoken to them. Get there is an hour and they will let you in’.

The major slammed down the phone and went back to his war games.

‘Kew’, Charlie said, ‘get one of the drivers. Pull rank if you have to. We don’t have long’.

it was still daylight when they reached Kew. The building had long been closed to the public, but an official was waiting. The police were always welcome. And the major had pulled some strings. Formalities were minimal, coffee was offered, and the staff had located the sort of material the War Office had suggested.

An assistant had gathered boxes and files in a reading room. She would fetch anything else that might be needed. And would stay on hand, naturally, to ensure that the records were not in any way defaced or damaged. Ink was strictly forbidden in the reading room, but she made white cotton gloves and pencils available, just as she had to readers in the old days.

'These are the training camps', she said. 'Perhaps you would like to look at these first'.

There seemed to have been a dozen camps in a cluster on the north west coast. One seemed to have specialised in training Norwegians in airborne sabotage operations. When a class had passed through the school, a cool hand had calmly marked it as having left for active service. There was no sense at all of falling through the night into the winter Norwegian mountains, strapped with weapons and explosives. A second camp had trained Spanish republicans, this time in amphibious operations - but there was no clue as to where they had been deployed. A third had trained Czechs or Slovaks, and the names Joseph Gabcik and Jan Kubis appeared on a number of documents. They had been trained as parachutists; but there was no clue as to what might have happened to them. A Dutchman called Dourlein had trained in clandestine radio work; a Fairbairn and a Sykes had come from the China police to teach unarmed combat and silent killing.

‘Look out for the name Ling’, Charlie said. ‘That’s in this part of the world, isn’t it?’

Fiona said, ‘It’s Luing. I checked. But it is a long way to the south’.

And of the island of Luing there was no mention at all. But there was a file marked Shona, which was another island, and Charlie leafed through the file without much hope. There was a single reference to Cairo, and something about the eastern Mediterranean. Then some correspondence relating to language-teaching schools in the London area, obviously misplaced in the file. A draft syllabus for small-arms training was attached to a thin pamphlet on the sabotage of railway lines and fuel stations. Two illustrated pages were given over to the importance of always removing fish-plates on a curved section of line.

A hand-written note about a visit of Americans was signed Kelly Barton; but there was no further information on the visit. Indeed, there was no way of knowing if the note bore any relation to the work of the school at all. It too may have been misplaced by some casual reader in the past. A typewritten sheet contained a list of names, barely legible. But Fiona saw it first.

‘There’, she said, ‘Lamont. That’s him’.

They had exhausted the material on the training schools. There was nothing else on Lamont, whoever he might have been, or on Shona, wherever it might be.

‘This is all we have on Turkish operations’, the assistant said, and put a thin file on the reading-room table. ‘There is a file on Germany underneath. It’s about Cologne, I think. But there is very little in either of them’.

'It's getting dark already', Fiona said. 'We don't have long till they throw us out'.

The Turkish file contained no more than twenty items. The first they looked at appeared to be a restaurant receipt, for it was decorated with printed bottles and plates of nondescript food. The design was intended to convey a jolly spirit of careless comradeship, of easy laughter among old and trusted friends. An address was given in the Roman alphabet. Istanbul could be made out, but no more than another couple of words.

Fiona studied the text and said, 'What's afyon in Turkish, I wonder? Or what about morfin?'

Then there was a long list of figures; the second sheet was missing. They clearly indicated sums of money, in sterling. One figure, for 250, 000 pounds sterling was heavily ringed in red ink.

Fiona said, 'Those are payments for something'.

'They are very big payments in that case', Charlie said.

There were three manuscript letters in Arabic script; it was impossible to make anything of them. And two letters on Wehrmacht notepaper, with the typeface in old Gothic script. Again, they could make nothing of them.

Charlie said, 'From the office of the Cologne army group'.

And then, pure gold. A carbon copy of the typewritten draft of a message for coding in some unknown cipher office. Again, the first sheet only. Considerable sums had been mislaid. Co-operation had been withdrawn. There would be no further supplies made available. The friends in the Ruhr had asked for Lamont, K, to be sent to them as quickly as possible. By the Danube route, if possible. But bombing was disrupting movement in the Ruhr.

'Supplies', Charlie said, 'what were they supplying?'

‘For that sort of money’, Fiona said, ‘they must have been supplying a lot of it anyway’.

Most of the Cologne file was in German. Someone had appended a firefighting leaflet, with an English translation. On account of the extreme heat characteristic of firestorms, children would soon shrivel to the size of dolls. A good half-dozen could easily be stacked in a perambulator of average size, for disposal without recourse to authorised burial grounds. Corpses which had failed to reduce in size should be rolled in a carpet and left neatly in the street for collection by the municipal authorities.

And then, in a flash of inspiration, the significance of the file became brilliantly clear.

Charlie said, ‘Jesus, it was drugs. Look - opium, it’s the same word in German as in English. So is morphine. Morphium - what do you think that is?’

‘Morfin!’, Fiona cried. ‘That’s got to be Turkish for morphine’.

‘Here’s that name Lamont again’, Charlie said. ‘They were running opium into the Ruhr and processing it into morphine. Swapping it for German military intelligence. And paying for it back in Istanbul with sterling. After Spain they trained him in Scotland and send him to Istanbul. Then they got him into Cologne somehow to run the operation. I wonder who came up with this idea? And I wonder where they are now, come to think of it? No wonder all the English stuff has been looted from the file’.

Fiona said, ‘Turkey. That’s Ottoman, isn’t it’.

And Charlie saw the connection at once.

He said, ‘We better take a look at the people who publish the magazine’.

Charlie stood up and stretched. Outside, it was now very dark. Perhaps it was even snowing again.

'We have been looking in the wrong place. He is in Scotland, of course'.

'Why?', Fiona said.

Charlie said, 'It's obvious now. To do there what he did in Cologne. They have called him into Scotland to collect the next run of cocaine'.

Fiona continued to leaf through the file. There really wasn't much left to stay for. Then she stopped and stared.

She said, 'Here is our organiser'.

She had found a cut from a regimental-news magazine from early in the war. Just a paragraph. A colonel had been seconded from special-forces training duties in the Scottish Highlands to intelligence work in Istanbul.

Fiona said, 'He lost a leg at Gallipoli in the first war. At somewhere called Sari Bair, it says. Then he was a prisoner of the Turks till the fall of the Ottoman empire. It says, 'A fluent speaker of the language with a deep and enduring interest in Ottoman culture and history'. That's all there is'.

'Is there any name?', Charlie asked.

'Jack', Fiona said. 'A colonel Jack'.

'There's an MP with that name', Charlie said. 'For an Edinburgh seat', .

'He's a member of the Home Secretary's special liaison committee on drug smuggling'.

'We couldn't', Charlie said, 'be looking at the same person, could we?'

