

The pub, sparsely lit, was filled with smoke from pipes, cigarettes and such and was about as loud as Caleb had ever heard. That would help. They chose a table near the back and side of the pub where they had a good view of what was going on and they ordered a round of drinks.

At the table to their right, Caleb was listening to a German Colonel talk very openly about what the Fuhrer was going to provide him for the defense of France from the Allies. Caleb started making some notes as privately as he could. He knew he needed to get this information to Gen. Eisenhower.

After a few hours of trying to blend in and join some conversations, they got up to follow a group of Germans out that looked like would be good fits for uniforms. As they got up to leave, the Colonel asked them to halt.