**FROM P. 45 IN CURRY’S CASEMENT BOOK AND HIS ARTICLES** IN THE **NATION** (M**OSTLY ABOUT ADLER CHRISTENSEN AND FINDLAY).**

**(Not used in my German Diary Book)**

October 1914

After a voyage of fourteen days and a half the Oscar II reached Christiania at midnight on Wednesday, 28 October, 1914.

I went on shore about 1.30 a.m. and drove to the Grand Hotel.

The next morning, or that morning rather, Thursday, 29 October, I sent Adler with a cablegram to “my cousin” James Landy, New York, telling of my arrival, and then I went to the German Legation about 11 a.m., stopping on the way to buy a few things I needed. When leaving the shop I noticed a man watching me and found out that he was following. I told Adler I thought there was a spy on my tracks. I carried a letter for Count v. Oberndorff[[1]](#footnote-1) from the German Ambassador in Washington. This letter was one of introduction and to request that facilities to enter Germany should be furnished me. It took time to decipher, and Count v. Oberndorff asked me to return the next morning, when he hoped the necessary papers for my journey to Berlin might be ready.

That afternoon I devoted to writing letters in my room, and told my man to go out and buy some things I wanted and to return at 5.30 p.m. He came back earlier, in some excitement, and told me that it was quite true that I was being followed as I had suspected by the British authorities and that he thought I was in danger. He then told the following story: On leaving my room at 2 p.m. he had gone down to the hall of the hotel, where very soon a strange man accosted him in good English, asking if he had not “come from America” that morning and proposing that they should “take a stroll together” Adler consented, his suspicions being aroused. Leaving the hotel, the man “hailed a taxi” (as he said), but a large touring car, with a chauffeur in private livery, came at once and the man invited Adler to step in and told the chauffeur to go to 79 Drammensveien. Arrived there, a footman opened the door and the conductor went to a side room off the hall, whence a short “gentleman,” slightly bald, with grayish black hair emerged. The conductor said to him, “This is the man” and the gentleman asked Adler to come upstairs with him. Adler noticed that both the man who had brought him to the house and the manservant treated this gentleman with great deference. They went up two flights of stairs, across a dining room to a “study” with a thick door, which the gentleman locked and then courteously asked Adler to sit down. He then began asking a few questions about the voyage, and said, “There is a tall, dark gentleman, an Englishman, on board; you know him?” To this my man answered that he knew no “Englishman” but only an American gentleman whom he had known slightly in New York. The gentleman pretended to know the name, and said, “Mr. –, Mr. –?” leaving the blank for Adler to fill in. Adler assumed an equal momentary forgetfulness, and said he had forgotten the gentleman’s name – it was “a queer one.” His interlocutor, pressing him to try and remember it, asked where this gentleman now was, to which my man replied that he was “gone away.” The gentleman then inquired pointedly after Adler’s financial situation; asking if he had “done well in America” and following this inquiry by the repeated request for the “tall dark gentleman’s name and address.” Failing to get any satisfaction from my man, he brought the interview to a close by another expression of his hope that Adler had “done well in the States” and the remark, “I should certainly like to know that gentleman’s name and address.” He asked finally, “I suppose you will not leave me your name and address?” to which my man replied, “No, certainly not.” This terminated the interview and gentleman dismissed Adler, who was shown out, whereupon he returned to the hotel to tell me. On consulting the directory I found that 79 Drammensveien was the British Legation in Christiania.

I wrote to Count v. Oberndorff a few lines, telling him my man would personally inform him of what had taken place and begging him to expedite the papers for my departure and to try and see me at some place other than the German Legation that evening. I sent this note by Adler telling him to use every precaution against being followed; This he did, changing his tram car three times finally reaching Count v. Oberndorff, as he believed, without being observed. The Count replied with a message to meet me that evening at the German Consulate at 7. I went there at that hour, adopting a ruse to throw the persons I knew then to be watching me off my track. My taxicab was followed by a car in which was the very man who had conducted Adler to the British Legation, along with another man. Owing to the trick I played, this car followed Adler alone, and I, jumping out in a side street, went by another taxi to the German Consulate. There Count v. Oberndorff told me that he had telegraphed to Berlin for instructions in my regard and that until a reply from the Foreign Office came nothing more could be done but that he expected this reply hourly. I explained the situation in which I found myself, pointing out that I knew the British Government’s methods toward Irish Nationalists very well, and that, while I did not regard the danger to myself, I did regard the danger to the cause I represented if they should succeed in kidnapping or waylaying me while I was kept waiting in Christiania. I feared chiefly, I said, that they might succeed in getting me detained on suspicion through the American Legation when it was known that I had false papers. Delay might thus lead to detention, detention to fuller inquiry, and then, with all the local agencies of a powerful Government at work determined at all costs to arrest my journey into Germany, I might fail to carry out my purpose. Count v. Oberndorff promised to let me know immediately any word came from Berlin.

On returning to the hotel, Adler told me that there were men at watch round the hotel and that he believed another man who had spoken to him in the restaurant where he was dining and had offered him two, bottles of beer and had assured him that “English gold had never been quoted at such a high rate of exchange as now,” was another of the agents put on watch. Feeling that it would be better to leave Christiania, even without the necessary papers for entering Germany and to await these at some arranged point in Sweden, en route to Sassnitz (or Copenhagen), I decided that night, in consultation with my man, on a plan to get away on the morrow, and to go over the Norwegian frontier into Sweden on the line to Traelleborg by a motor car Adler was to hire for me early in the morning. I need not give the details of this plan here. I should probably have succeeded in evading the body of men I knew were then watching my hotel had I carried out this intention. About midnight the manager of the hotel announced that a Mr. Hilmers “from the German Legation” wished to see me.

This gentleman, whom I had not previously met, told me that Count v. Oberndorff had sent him to “reassure” me and to beg me to stay quietly in my hotel during the next day, when the necessary permit from Berlin was sure to come, and then to proceed by the 5.45 p.m. train either by Sassnitz or Copenhagen. I agreed to this course and countermanded the orders given to Adler for the motor car in the morning.

Next morning (Friday, 31 October) I was up very early and in the dawn saw one of the individuals I suspected watching the hotel. I watched him for a long time. He only shifted his ground sufficiently not to attract attention by staying at one spot. At 6.30 or 7 a.m. Mr. Hilmers came with the message that a telegram had been received from Berlin and that Count v. Oberndorff would come to the hotel at noon to see me and arrange the details for my departure that evening by train. I was greatly relieved at this intelligence. During the morning I saw the “night watcher” and another man keeping the hotel under view. Adler went down to breakfast about 9 with instructions to “walk about” and keep his eyes open. He returned to me about 11.45 a.m. in a state of great excitement and threw down some Norwegian paper money (25 kronen in notes), saying he had just come from the British Legation where the Minister himself had given him these notes and had made certain proposals to him about me that were, as I said when he told me, “absolutely incredible.” There was, however, no doubt of the sincerity of my man or of his anger and resentment, and as he told his story in simple and forcible words I could do nothing but believe him. I knew the man to begin with. His fidelity to and his affection for me had already been amply proved on board the Oscar I1 when we were captured by the British battleship Hibernia and in custody at Stornoway.

He had then become fully aware of my name and identity. He had papers concealed for me he knew were of importance, and he had (for him) a large sum of money in American gold coin (about £500) in his keeping – all this in case I should have been recognized and taken away at Stornoway.

Moreover, I knew the British Government and its want of conscience in dealing with Irishmen in particular and with all men where vital “British interests” were at stake. Here was a hereditary “British interest” – Ireland in the person of myself, travelling into unknown regions, on an unknown quest, where the British Providence would not be able to follow! I knew that a British Minister, in these circumstances, would not use kid gloves in dealing with the man bent on such a journey as mine. [p. 49]

[To be continued]

‘En route the ship was overhauled by the British vessel Hibernia, and taken into port at Stornoway for search. but Sir Roger Casement destroyed all his papers and was not discovered. His only record of the event i.e. in a carefully disguised letter written but not sent, to his, sister.]

[14 December 1921

Last week’s instalment of the Diary closed by telling how Sir Roger’s confidential man, Adler Christensen, returned to the hotel in Christiania and threw down some money which he said had been given to him at the British Legation. The Diary itself does not tell more of this incident, but it is set forth in detail below from memoranda written by Sir Roger late in 1914 and early in 1915.

**CHAPTER 3**

The story, in brief, was this: When Adler had had his breakfast after leaving me about 9 a.m., he had been in the large hall of the hotel, when a stranger brushed against him and said quickly: “Go to the telephone booth and call up No. 11460 and you will hear something good.”

Adler did as directed, but before ringing up 11460 he requested the Central Office of the Telephone – a government department – to “Listen to the following conversation.” He then called up the number given and was told in answer: “Take a taxicab and come up to 79 Drammensveien.” This he did, and noted the number of the taxicab for future reference: viz., No. 0.4085. On reaching the Legation he was shown up by the servant and by a “gentleman with gray hair” whom he believed to be the Secretary to the same room where the previous day’s interview had taken place.

Here he found a new gentleman – “a very tall man, clean–shaven except for a short grayish moustache, with his hair brushed back straight, and dressed in a tweed suit.” This gentleman at once began proceedings by announcing “I am the British Minister” and locking the door. He instantly plunged *in medias res*, and unfolded his intentions toward myself with a boldness that, as Adler said, quite won his admiration – but not his sympathy. He began by telling my man he knew all about him and me. “You are Adler Christensen, from Moss, and you sent a telegram from Christiansand to your father, and yesterday you sent a cablegram from your friend Mr. James to New York; now I want the original of that cablegram to have his handwriting.”

He went on to say that he knew all about me; that I was “Sir Roger” and that I was going to Germany, he was sure, to conspire with the Germans about Ireland. He said the Irish had rebelled before but “Did he tell you they ever succeeded?” “They will not succeed this time either. He is going to be fooled by the Germans; they don’t care anything about Ireland and only want to make trouble for England.” This and more, in an extreme frankness and boldness. Adler made no protest when my right name was mentioned and as the Minister proceeded he appeared to be influenced by his argument and to sympathize with the Minister’s point of view as between England and Germany.

After this dissertation on the state of Ireland, past and present, Mr. Findlay[[2]](#footnote-2) came to the point, on the clear assumption that the man before him was a mercenary ruffian who would carry out his wishes for a suitable reward. He said he wished greatly to stop my getting to Germany and suggested it might be man

**[The original documentary source of this text is unclear]**

**14 December 1921**

**1 The Nation 699**

Adler said I had been “very good” to him and had “befriended him when in trouble” and that I “trusted him implicitly.” Mr. Findlay met this by pointing out that I was entirely defenceless in Norway, with no friends to appeal to and no government to raise inquiry if I “disappeared.” “He cannot claim to be Mr. –, because his papers are false and the true Mr. – is in New York. The American Legation cannot intervene, because he doesn’t belong to them; the German Minister dare not; and we should protect and help whoever got him for us.” He then suggested my being made away with in a cold-blooded hint on which Adler Christensen is quite clear. The Minister did not say to Adler, “You do it,” but suggested what he wanted thus: He said, “I suppose you would not mind having an easy time all the rest of your life, with nothing to do? Well now, this man could be got out of the way, and no one will know. If someone one knocked him on the head he would get well paid for it.”

Adler protested that whoever did that would get into trouble and pay the penalty, but Mr. Findlay pointed out that there could be no inquiry, as “no one would disappear.” Sir Roger was not in Norway – and “Mr. – was in New York.” He went on to say that anything done to me would be very well paid for indeed – and that I might be “got hold of” and handed over to the British Government. He terminated the interview, of which the foregoing is only a compressed synopsis, by giving Adler twenty-five kronen in notes, “for your taxicab fares,” and telling him to think it all over and “if you agree, come here at three o’clock this afternoon.”

I reported this colloquy to Count v. Oberndorff when he and Mr. Hilmers (joined later by Mr. Richard Meyer, who had just arrived as “fireman” from Baltimore) called at the hotel to see me. I determined that my man should return at 3 o’clock to the British Minister to hear the end of the story, so that I might be made fully aware of the completed plans of the excellent British representative.

After concluding all arrangements for my departure that evening, I bade Count v. Oberndorff goodbye. It was arranged that Mr. Hilmers and some friends should “see” me safely from the hotel to the station where I would join Mr. Meyer on his way to Berlin (at 2.45 p.m.), without themselves being seen in my company. I sent Adler back to 79 Drammensveien after having coached him in the part he was to play. As the man put it himself: “Oh! I can pretend to be as big a blackguard as himself!” Had Mr. Findlay heard the full definition of himself given to me by this Norwegian sailor boy I wonder what his greeting of Adler Christensen would have been!

I waited in some anxiety I must admit. I was exposing this young man, whose life since he was a little boy of twelve had been one of great hardship, to a very great temptation. I knew that, and told him so. I assured him that the British Government would indeed pay a big price for me and that he “could sell me dear.” His role was to pretend that, having considered the Minister’s offer, he was prepared to fall in with his schemes and betray me in return for an ample reward. The price was to be a high one; otherwise the enemy might suspect his compliance was assumed.

Adler was to explain to the Minister that I had booked for Copenhagen in that evening’s train, and that it was my intention to stay there some days, he thought. I was going to leave him at Moss with his parents; but if he and the Minister came to terms he would urge me to take him on with me and as “I liked him and trusted him so much” he was sure, if he begged me, I would do this. Then he would be able to carry out whatever plan against me the Minister proposed. Such was the instruction given him as he went off to his third visit to the British Legation. He took a taxicab, whose number was 0.1525 and as a precaution for further reference he told the car to wait outside for him. (He paid the driver seven kronen.) He was at once shown up to the same room, where Mr. Findlay was employed in calling someone up on the telephone.

The Minister explained he was getting an address he needed for possible correspondence with Adler.

The interview that followed was a lengthy one, for it was nearly five o’clock when Adler returned to my room in the hotel. I had meantime got my sleeping–car ticket for Copenhagen and had given the hotel people my address in Copenhagen as the Hotel Bristol. I had grown more than anxious at the long delay, for I had told Adler to come back quickly; and as five o’clock approached I began to fear either that he had succumbed to an overwhelming temptation, or, more likely, that the Minister was going to keep him locked up, and try some project against me when I should be deprived of my faithful man and ignorant of the nature of the attempt. I accordingly wrote a brief note for v. Oberndorff, which I proposed giving at the station to Mr. Hilmers, in which I explained that my man had gone to the Legation at 3 o’clock and that, as he had not returned before I left, I was in fear that something was wrong and requested that the man’s father at Moss and the Christiania police might be informed.

Just as I was going to leave my room to descend to the hall, Adler returned and handed me a hundred kronen Norwegian note, the “first proceeds” of his new role of assassin extraordinary to the British Envoy Extraordinary.

He told his story quickly; I can do no more than give the heads of it here. From the first the two appeared to understand each other. Adler said he showed plainly that he was a blackguard himself and took the Minister at the same valuation. The interview should have been historic. The young Norwegian behaved even insolently – smoked his pipe, kept his hands in his pockets, held profane language, and nearly quarrelled with his patron. At one point they reached such high words that Mr. Findlay said: “What is to prevent my keeping you here, and not letting you out?” To which the Norwegian said with a laugh: “That should do you no good, because you can’t find anything on me.” The understanding arrived at was that Adler was to remain in my service and do his best to get me decoyed to some place “anywhere on the Skagerrak or North Sea” where I might be captured by British men–of–war. These, if advice were given beforehand, would rush in to the spot indicated and take me “by force”! Adler was also to try to get my letters, find out with whom I corresponded, especially in Ireland, “so that they may be arrested,” and in general keep the Minister apprised of my plans, movements, and aims – but above all he was to try and get me, in person, handed over to them, and as much “proof” as possible against me and my Irish associates. For this service – the day I was “procured” in body and delivered to the British – Mr. Findlay guaranteed to Adler “on my honour” the sum of £5.000 sterling. This amount he promised faithfully, adding that he would telegraph that day to London to know what further sum “my Government” would offer. To Adler’s requests for assurances as to the sum and its being surely paid him, the Minister said: ‘You must trust me and my word of honour.” It was then they had come to high words and Adler had carried out his part of the encounter with much satisfaction. Finally the bargain was struck and Mr. Findlay, taking a sheet of a Legation writing paper, tore off the printed address at the top and wrote in printed characters, “so as to hide his handwriting” “Herr Sigvald Wiig, Thorvald Meyersgate 78,” the name and address of the person in Christiania to whom Adler was to report progress. This paper he handed to Adler with an explanation of how the correspondence was to be conducted. Adler was to write an apparently harmless letter about anything at all, of which only every fourth word counted in the real message intended. Finally he gave him the hundred kronen note, saying: “Up to this you have done nothing and told me nothing. This is all the money I have on me.” Adler had referred contemptuously to this “five dollar bill” (with an epithet!) and had pointed out that he wanted “good money” and must be paid in sums in advance as he needed money and Wanted to “enjoy himself.” Thus they had parted. My mind at rest I went to the station, seeing the friendly eye of Mr. Hilmers in the hotel hall; and on the Station platform that gentleman with a body of sturdy “friends” seeing Mr. Meyer off. Adler booked for Copenhagen. It was arranged that at Ängelholm Junction where our train was due at 5.40 a.m. I should leave the Copenhagen Section, and change into the Sassnitz section, alongside Mr. Meyer. This was done. I believe that a man from the British Legation, in the belief that I was going to Copenhagen, had taken passage in the same train. If so, he found out only in the morning, either at Helsingborg or across the Sound, the change of plan; and I was then well on the way to Traelleborg. We reached Berlin that evening at 7:30.]

**Unclear source - partial:**

**[**tion is responsible. The Chinese laid down their ten general principles – ten demands, in effect. They desired to follow them up with concrete applications of those ten principles, to get their whole case before the world, the whole indictment of the record of the Powers, the whole bill of indemnification by the world, by payment of which alone can there be a foundation of peace. They were restrained by American advice. They were cautioned to go slowly, to follow the safe and sane course of the agenda, to begin with minor questions and lead up to the big ones; not to make the dramatic flourish and take advantage of the inspiriting world atmosphere that resulted from Mr. Hughes’s great beginning. They were restrained from Mr. Hughes’s own successful tactics. They desired to precipitate the Shantung issue directly and openly, to make it a world issue with a world appeal. Again they were restrained by American advice, cautioned to follow the safe and sane course, to slide Shantung into the Conference by the darkened back door of separate negotiations. They were adjured to “trust to America” – as at Paris. They did so – as at Paris. And now it seems – as at Paris. And I can picture to myself Woodrow Wilson sitting secluded in his Sixteenth Street home smiling grimly and with satisfaction. With Versailles his enemies confounded him; unto them it is returning for their confounding.

One consolation there is. Naval reduction there probably will be at any rate. The causes that lead to war remain untouched, but if it comes to that, we shall at least have circumscribed the possibilities of slaughter.]

1. Alfred Maria Fortunatus Franziskus Casear Oberndorff; b. Edingen 9 Dec. 1870; d. Heidelberg 1963. Doctor of law; ambassador; knight of the order of St John of Malta. m. Paris 1904 Margérite de Stuers (1878-1930), dau. of the Dutch ambassador. Oberndorff was one of four German signatories to the November 1918 armistice that ended the 1st World War. Im Jahr 1912 war Oberndorff außerordentlicher Gesandter in [Oslo](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oslo). [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [Sir Mansfeldt de Cardonnel Findlay] [↑](#footnote-ref-2)