

THE SPY STORY OF PEARL HARBOR!

# ESPIONAGE<sup>®</sup>

June 1986

MAGAZINE

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Seaman Jack

**JOSH PACHTER**  
The Defenestration  
of Prague

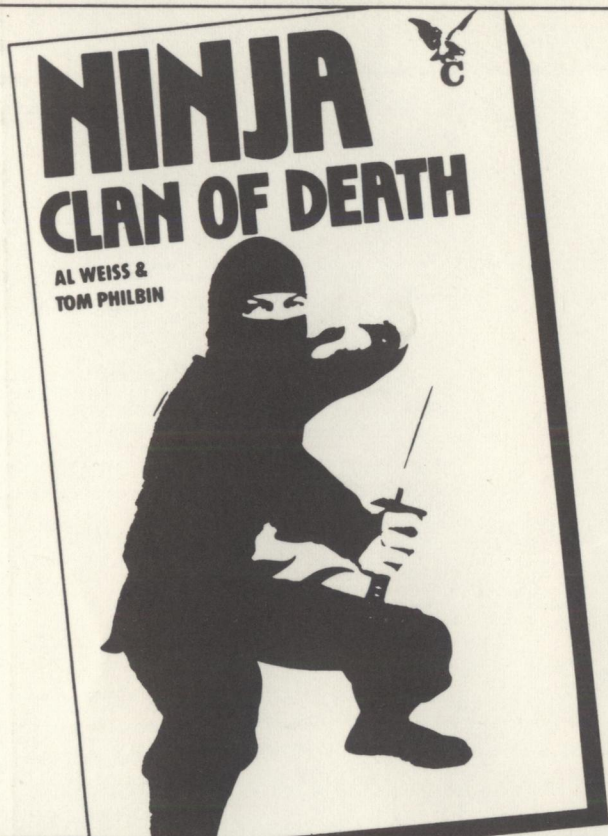
**HERBERT HARRIS**  
Incident in Cuba

**EDWARD WELLEN**  
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# Publisher's Page

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As some of you might have noticed in the past couple of months, our columnist, Ernest Volkman, has been more than highly visible in the media. As the result of a press release we sent out announcing Mr. Volkman's new column and frequent contributions to ESPIONAGE, he's been interviewed on radio, television, and by the newspapers. Great for Mr. Volkman, who is an acknowledged expert on espionage—his books shake up the blue-suiters; and great for us: publicity sells magazines.

On second thought, however, this kind of publicity might lead prospective readers to believe that ESPIONAGE is 100 per cent non-fiction . . . a problem for the subscriber (in particular) who thinks he's ordering one thing and gets something else instead. I spoke to Mr. Volkman about this, and he assured me he's very careful to inform his interviewers that we are a fiction *and* non-fiction magazine, *primarily* fiction. Still, we agreed that people hear or see what they expect, not necessarily what's really there. What to do . . .

Well, finally, it occurred to us that he (and I, in our advertising) ought to make a point of including with fiction and non-fiction, *fictionalized fact* when describing the contents of our magazine. ESPIONAGE includes it, and it's time we told people it does. *Fictionalized fact* is the result of writers sending me manuscripts described thusly: "As an ex-military (or other) intelligence officer, I know the truth about the X-situation, but of course I can't write it exactly as it happened, so I've *fictionalized* it. I've changed the names, and some of the places, and a few details have been switched around, but this situation really occurred."

Now, we all know that ex or otherwise-intelligence agents are not permitted to write what they want about espionage in which they've been involved or witnessed during their careers, but many of them want to anyway. So they fictionalize it. And they sell it to us and to other publications. And we print it as part of our "fiction package." But is it really fiction? Frankly, even we can't be positive, not when you get right down to it. We'd have had to be there to know if something is true or not—right? But the point is that we've been remiss in not telling you about this before. You should know that what you're reading, at least in general terms, is more than just fact or fiction: sometimes it's both.

# ESPIONAGE®

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# TAKE A NEWLOOK



AT THE  
PHENOMENA  
OF LIFE.  
THE GOOD,  
BAD, BEAUTIFUL,  
AND UGLY.  
THE NATURAL,  
UNNATURAL,  
AND  
SUPERNATURAL.  
THE HEROIC,  
AND VILLAINOUS.  
THE  
ADVENTUROUS,  
BIZARRE,  
AND THE  
GLAMOROUS.

# NEWLOOK

AN  
EXTRAORDINARY  
NEW MAGAZINE  
FROM  
BOB GUCCIONE.



# ABOUT . . .

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## People

J.F. PEIRCE, "Frank" to his friends and editors, is an emeritus professor of English at Texas A & M University, where he taught writing for over 35 years. A frequent contributor to all the mystery magazines—ten of his stories have been on the *Honor Roll of Best Mystery Stories of the Year*—he writes puzzles and quizzes for GAMES and DIVERSION, a travel leisure magazine for doctors (talk about specialization!), and is a contributing editor to THE NATIONAL KNIFE MAGAZINE. I'd say ESPIONAGE rather rounds out Frank's experience, wouldn't you?

JULES ARCHER, about whom we know practically nothing except that he's a world traveler (really), has written more books than we can count—primarily about law/politics/government/the military — and is a frequent contributor to many famous magazines, including our own favorite, OMNI.

WALTER DEAN MYERS hails from New Jersey—not far from Teaneck—and is a frequent contributor to AHMM, men's adult magazines, and others, including ESSENCE. He makes his living writing young adult fiction (books) and belongs not only to the *Mystery Writers of America* but to the *Harlem Writers Guild* and several other professional writing organizations.

P.E. HALYCON, a young lawyer from Maryland who prefers writing but is the 11th consecutive male member of his family to be a practicing lawyer, is constantly on the look-out for an opportunity to travel to south Florida and the Caribbean where he stocks up on ideas, backgrounds, settings, etc., for his stories. He has been writing for ten years, selling his work for five, and has over 200 short story credits.

PERCY SPURLARK PARKER is a freelance, short-story writer from the Midwest, known for his ability to tell a rousing, amusing, charming story in just a few short paragraphs. Percy is a one-time director of the *Mystery Writers of America, Midwest Chapter* and currently belongs as well to the *Private Eye Writers of America*.



# ABOUT . . .

---

## Books

by Brian L. Burley

**THE FRATERNITY OF THE STONE**, by David Morrell. St. Martin's/Marek, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 375 pp.

Former agent Drew MacLain, to expiate feelings of guilt, had sought refuge with the Carthusians, the strictest ermetic order in the Catholic Church. After 6 years, his sanctuary was brutally invaded and all of the other members of the Order were murdered. With nowhere else to go, Drew turns to the only network he feels comfortable to contact, the Church itself. He finds, to his surprise, that the Church has a covert "wet work" department, the Fraternity of the Stone, founded in the Middle Ages. With the aid of Father Stanislaw of the Fraternity, he sets out to uncover the reason behind the massacre.

Once you get past the initially surprising idea of the Church as an espionage agency, this turns into a fast-paced adventure story with satisfactory character development (of the tormented protagonist, at least). There is a well-defined mystery to solve, and competent people to work on it. I found some similarities between this book and Morrell's earlier **BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE**, reviewed favorably in the February 1985 issue, to wit, Morrell seems to have a fascination with "twins" and the role of the evil mentor. I also caught the author in some minor technical goofs; most notably, in the place where the plot depends on MacLain's having rapid access to a car, he easily hotwires a recent model Cadillac—something the ignition lock would have prevented. Such minor quibbles aside, I enjoyed the book, and recommend it.

\* \* \*

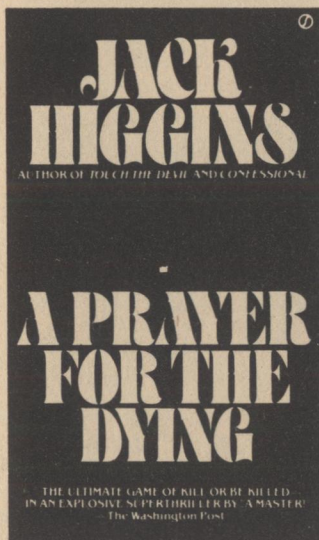
**BERLIN BREAKOUT**, by Julian Romanes. St. Martin's Press, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 238 pp.

(This is a reprint of a British hardback.) *Berlin Breakout* is set in Berlin in 1948, and concerns the effort of former SS officer Bernd Stocker to get his hands on the list of all his former colleagues before any of the occupying powers do. Early in the book, he is arrested by the Russians. He and a chance-met comrade escape, purportedly with Russian collusion, then after the escape,



they discover that the person who has the papers is in the prison they left. Our hero and his friend break back in, rescue the wrong man, and break out again. Discovering their error, they go back and do it again.

Somehow, I can't imagine the Russian occupation troops being so inept. There is no character development to speak of, and the mysteries surrounding Stocker's companion, Kranz, are never resolved. The book does not do anything for me at all. Not recommended.



\* \* \*  
**A PRAYER FOR THE DYING**, by Jack Higgins. New American Library, a Signet book, New York, NY, September, 1985. PB, 288 pp.

(This is a reprint of a 1973 British edition.) The man who called himself Martin Fallon had many names, and many causes. His acts of terrorism in the name of the Irish Republican Army had made him one of the most wanted men on Earth. Someone offered him a way out: a bad one, murder for hire, and he had no choice but to take it. In the process, he met Dandy Jack Meehan, a man who killed for spite and for profit, and not for cause at all.

It is said that the most difficult contest is not between good and evil, but between good and good. Here we have the opposite, the contest between evil and greater evil. The powerless people who became Fallon's cause and for whom he fought Meehan did not consider him a hero. Yet under the guise of the walking dead man, the man with no soul, they found a complex human being and not the incarnation of total evil. Fallon's character is well drawn. So, too, is that of Father de Costa and many of the other supporting characters. This is a powerful novel, not only of character and philosophy, but of adventure as well. It is easily the best of the bunch this month. Highly recommended.

\* \* \*  
**NIGHTCAP**, by J.C.S. Smith. New American Library, a Signet Book, New York, NY, August, 1985. PB, 252 pp.

Quentin Jacoby thinks he's only doing a favor for an old friend, but he soon finds himself enmeshed in a classic locked-skyscraper murder case—as prime suspect—and sets about to resolve the situation. Slowly facts come into view. The method by which the



crime was committed is telegraphed to the reader about half-way through, but not the identity of the murderer or the motive. When all is revealed at the smashing conclusion, the solution is logical and unexpected.

This is a well-written book. The characters are interesting and understandable, and the side plots lead the reader on many a happy wild-goose chase. Smith has a genuine feel for New York City, avoiding the exaggerations so common in stories set there. Many of his turns of phrase, such as referring to the New York subway system as the "public limousine," bring a chuckle. This book is a pleasant evening's reading. Recommended.

\* \* \*

**KELLY COUNTRY**, by A. Bertram Chandler. DAW Books, New York, NY, August, 1985. PB, 348 pp.

This is an *alternate history* novel by the late Australian writer, A. Bertram Chandler. The premise is, if things had been just a little different the famous Australian outlaw Ned Kelly might have gone on to lead an Australian independence movement in the 1880's. The viewpoint character is John Grimes, greatgrandson of an earlier John Grimes who participated in some of Kelly's exploits. Through the mechanism of an eccentric scientist's machine, the twentieth century Grimes is able to view events through his ancestor's eyes.

The early history of the rebellion is interesting and plausible. As events proceed, however, plausibility deteriorates. The story evolves into a 19th century fantasy writer's view of future warfare, complete with fighting dirigibles and armored trains. The vision of the Australian Republic's late 20th century status as a world power also strains credibility. Despite these flaws, the book is well-written, has interesting characters, and demonstrates considerable research into the period. Recommended, but read it with a healthy dose of suspension-of-disbelief.

\* \* \*

**A BLOODY SCANDAL**, by George Milner. St. Martin's Press, New York, NY, September, 1985. HB, 133 pp.

Admiral Peter Farquarson of the Royal Navy had committed the ultimate sin: He had won a brilliant victory in a manner other than that suggested by the Lords of the Admiralty, and his career was in ruins. So, frustrated, he conceives a *Grand Design*: Wealth and status could be his if his older brother, the Laird of Corriehallie, and the Laird's ex-wife and her two sisters should die in the proper sequence. Choosing as his weapons scandal, arson, betrayal, and



a trunk full of Mars bars, he sets out on the madcap pursuit of his goal.

This is a slim book, an hour or so's reading time at most, with its tongue firmly planted in its cheek. In addition to the jolly scoundrel Farquarson, it pokes fun at a rogue's gallery of satirical stereotypes of members of the British upper class. And of course, at the end, when the evil admiral finally meets his match, he marries her, and they live happily and wealthily ever after. Jolly good fun. Recommended.

\* \* \*

**BERLIN FUGUE**, by *J.C. Winters*. Avon Books, New York, NY, October, 1985. PB, 469 pp.

This is another there-is-a-mole-high-in-British-intelligence novel. Joshua Davies, head of Department D, has statistical evidence pointing to the existence of the mole, but no hard data. Naturally, the other members of the Defense Intelligence Committee are skeptical of this claim. Meanwhile, the Israelis have a high ranking KGB defector who is politically too hot to handle. Although the defector is not willing to supply any information about current KGB

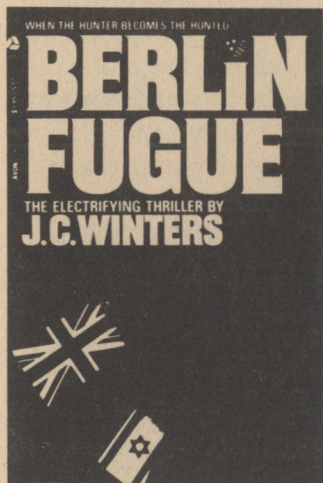
activities, Davies concocts a plan to use him to find the mole.

The character of Davies, a very eccentric British gentleman, is well-drawn, as is "the way of life," his strange relationship with his sister. Minor characters, however, are primarily cardboard, and the behavior of Drakov, the KGB defector is not convincing. We are introduced to the mole early on, but there is nothing to single him out as a special character, and his revelation comes as a boring surprise. However, the detective work is adequate, and the scenes set in Berlin provide some action. I can't give this book any special recommendation, but it is better than having nothing at all to read.

\* \* \*

**THE SET-UP**, by *Vladimir Volkoff*. Arbor House, New York, NY, October, 1985. HB, 397 pp.

This is a translation from the French of the 1982 novel, *LE MONTAGE*. Aleksandr Psar, like the author of this novel, was born in Paris to Russian parents. The book opens with Psar's father deciding to return to Mother Russia. He fails, but passes the dream to his son, who, in order to further it, allows himself to be





recruited by the KGB as a disinformation agent. The first third of the book describes Psar's recruitment and details a presentation to Psar by his Soviet recruiter of the theory of the Soviet technique of political control, or at least what this theory is popularly believed to be in the West. Most of the rest of the book is filled with accounts of two major projects undertaken by his Soviet controllers. In the pursuit of these projects, Psar is himself fed disinformation to manipulate and discredit him. His predictable rebellion results in the predictable discovery that THEY are everywhere.

This book is slow reading, and very intellectual in tone. It paints a methodical picture of Soviet destabilization practices, which contain layer upon layer of disinformation like a metaphorical onion, and it graphically portrays the cynical use of Russian emigres. Although the book contains occasional interesting ideas, a few laughs, and a certain amount of failed satire, it reminds me more of a textbook than a novel. It was a hit in French literary circles. If you fit there, it's probably your cup of tea. If not, look for something a little faster paced.

\* \* \*

### THE MIERNIK DOSSIER, *Charles McCarry*.

Published by New American Library (a Signet book), New York, NY, July, 1985. PB, 316 pp.

"It is in the nature of our work that we never know how matters are going to turn out. We begin and end in the dark." So concludes agent Paul Christopher in his final report on the Miernik affair. And this book does end with some of its mysteries unsolved. At the same time, it leaves the reader with a sense of omniscience, of knowing all that any human agency can know of a particular affair. This is an artifact of the format of the story.

The novel consists of a series of reports, letters, intercepted transmissions, diary excerpts, etc, which suggest the feeling of leafing through the final file of a closed case. Even with this format, however, personalities of the characters come through strongly, perhaps the more so because we see each character and event in the story from multiple viewpoints, a valuable contribution to the enjoyment of the novel.

This book is a reprint of a 1973 classic, and is part of a series featuring Paul Christopher. It well deserves being reprinted. I recommend it.

FROM THE BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF  
THE LAST SUPPER  
**CHARLES MCCARRY**  
**THE MIERNIK**  
**DOSSIER**



"FIRST-RATE...  
IN THE TRADITION  
OF THE BEST  
ESPIONAGE FICTION."  
—LOS ANGELES TIMES



# ABOUT . . .

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## Video

by Carl Martin

World War Two has been over for better than forty years, but, for whatever reason, the Nazi era holds a strong fascination for us and continues to provide material for film, no matter that history and reason have been distorted in the interest of entertainment so often that the real horror and chaos of the time are usually ignored. Happily, however, there are a number of fine videocassettes—documentaries—that put World War Two and the Nazi era back into proper perspective:

**THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** (MGM/UA Home Video; 1968; approx. 120 min.) is a documentary based upon the bestseller by William L. Shirer. In words and pictures, it follows Hitler's rise to power, the war in Europe, and details many of the incidents that have become symbols of the insanity and sadism of the time. Two hours isn't enough time for a thorough examination of the subject, but this award-winning film provides an overview for those with little knowledge of those years and is a fine introduction for anyone planning to explore them further.

\* \* \*

**MEIN KAMPF** (Embassy Home Entertainment; 1960; 117 min.) is a modestly priced cassette that covers some of the same action as *The Rise and Fall of The Third Reich*. Like the other, much of the film comes from German archives. We see the chaos in Germany between the first and second world wars, the factors that made the fascist ideology so appealing to the German people, how the war



began, and finally, how it was fought, "won" and lost. Again, there is too much material to cover in two hours, but none of the horror is lost in the editing and the tape serves to remind us of how close the world came to catastrophe.

\* \* \*

**THE WAR CHRONICLES** (USA Home Video; 1983; 60 min. per volume) is the story of WWII in its entirety, a monumental undertaking. As of this writing, four volumes have been released: Vol. 1—The Battle of the Bulge and The Bloody Ridges of Peleliu. Vol. 2—The Beachhead at Anzio and Return to the Philippines. Vol. 3—North Africa: The Desert War and The Invasion of Okinawa. Vol. 4—The Invasion of Normandy. Narrated by actor Patrick O'Neal, this series contains some of the most exciting and graphic battle scenes ever filmed, along with excerpts from old newsreels. With emphasis on military strategy rather than politics, these films give a chilling picture of the war's scope and devastation. If future volumes match the first exciting four, this series will be worth owning as well as viewing.

\* \* \*

**WORLD WAR II** (CBS Video Library; approx. 90 min. per volume) is a series about which I haven't been able to learn much. Narrated by Walter Cronkite, the two volumes (of 15) I've seen were loaned to me by a friend who had borrowed them from someone else. I don't know if the series is available in stores or only through a video club. It merits mention because of the quality and care of the production: first rate in every way. If you can find it, it's well worth seeing.

\* \* \*

**PRELUDE TO WAR** (Budget Video; 1942; 54 min.) is an interesting curiosity. Produced by Frank Capra as part of his *Why We Fight* documentary series, it details in simplified terms the events leading up to WWII. Film has always been more successful at creating emotion than in relaying information, and this classic propaganda film still has the power to manipulate an audience. It's a good example of what one of our great filmmakers did when he took his art to war.

\* \* \*

**TRIUMPH OF THE WILL** (Video Images; 1941; 110 min.) is the other side of the coin. This German propaganda film by Leni Riefenstahl is a film masterpiece despite its racist message. It proves that it is possible to do very well something that shouldn't have been done at all. This one should probably be viewed along with the Capra cassette to help dilute the venom. Very strong stuff, indeed.



# ABOUT . . .

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## Other Things

by Ernest Volkman

### The Pollard Case's Irony

In all the breast-beating touched off by the Pollard case and attendant outrage about Israeli spying in this country, there lies obscured an ironic, but salient, fact: the pot is calling the kettle black.

In this case, the U.S. is guilty of some serious hypocrisy, for unnoticed in all the controversy is the fact that the FBI got onto Pollard in the first place by means of what is politely called "electronic surveillance." That means the FBI had the Israeli embassy in Washington, D.C., bugged, including the telephone. And when Pollard stupidly called the embassy directly, it was no great feat of counterespionage for the FBI sleuths to track down the caller to discover what American citizen was selling American secrets.

Whatever the U.S. government chooses to call the FBI surveillance—and the Bureau could be accused of laxity if it did not carry out such operations—the fact of the matter is that it amounts to spying. Whether we choose to call it that or not doesn't change anything.

### The Prime Minister, Spy

On the Israeli side, the Pollard case betrayed some serious deficiencies in overall direction of Israeli intelligence, notably among them the boneheadedness of using a man who was not only a notorious braggart, but a fool, as well. Certainly, there was a serious shortcoming in not impressing upon Pollard the necessity of never coming anywhere near the Israeli embassy, since any such contact is *prima facie* evidence connecting a nation's diplomats to espionage.

Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres has sought, on two fronts, to dampen the messy little scandal. First, he is carrying out a purge of Israeli intelligence, in particular the LEKEM, the quasi-official arm that collects scientific and technical intelligence. Second, he has bent over backwards to mollify official Washington, including dispatch of an unprecedented letter of apology. Eventually, Peres hopes, the whole storm will blow over.

Peres, it should be noted, is no stranger to intelligence failure. In



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1945, then a 22-year-old operative for the Hagannah (Zionist underground) intelligence service, Peres carried out a detailed reconnaissance of the Negev, at the time a British military zone tightly guarded against outsiders. Disguised as an Arab and riding a camel, Peres was in the middle of his trip with several other operatives when the British arrested them. Fortunately for Peres and his Hagannah colleagues, the British were relatively lenient in those days toward Zionist spies: Peres was given a two-week jail sentence.

## **The German Spy Story (Continued)**

There seems no end to the ongoing spy scandal engulfing West Germany. In the drumroll of arrests and revelations — most of them touched off when one of the leading executives of the BfV (West Germany's FBI) defected to East Germany — some of the most unlikely spies keep turning up. One of the more unbelievable was the thus far unidentified official of the German National Democratic Party who is now accused of being an East German and KGB mole for the past 10 years. His arrest was extraordinary by any measure: the party, widely considered neo-Nazi, is so anti-Communist, its members consider all liberal and even right-of-center politicians to be outright Communists. Many members have openly advocated something along the line of a



Fourth Reich that would march eastwards and exterminate every Communist they could get their hands on.

Thus, the fact that one of its leading lights was, in reality, a Communist spy is nearly unbelievable (an equivalent American situation would be the discovery that the head of the John Birch Society was a KGB mole). Still, there is cause to wonder what possible benefit the East Germans and the KGB might have derived from their mole: the party is so right wing, it has not been able to win even a single seat in the West German parliament.

\* \* \*

On a more serious note, it turns out that the defector from the BfV, who served a period as an East German mole himself for quite some time, caused grave damage to West German intelligence. The most serious loss, it is learned, was a team of high-level East German officials who were serving as West German moles. Their position was so secure in East Germany, they radioed their reports westward via the facilities of the East German Ministry of Security, right from inside the building.

Needless to say, heads are rolling in that building now.

### **L'Affaire Greenpeace**

You'll recall that in the last chapter of this ongoing spy saga, two French intelligence agents sent to New Zealand to blow up a ship threatening to disrupt French

nuclear tests were arrested. Their cover as ordinary tourists was blown rather quickly, and the authorities soon discovered that the "tourists" were in fact crack French intelligence agents.

The agents were slapped with 10-year prison sentences (a man was killed in the bomb explosion they set off), and although they denied their guilt, it develops that they should have been sentenced to even longer terms for *stupidity*. Among other things, investigators revealed that while resting in their hotel rooms, the two spies reported to their home office by the incredible expedient of picking up the telephone, dialing Paris long distance, then openly discussing their operation in French. The investigators were amazed to discover that telephone toll records showed the pair had dialed the listed telephone number for the DGSE, France's CIA. One wonders what kind of lunkheads the DGSE is using these days.

### **The Piccadilly Circus**

Pay attention now, for this will be a lesson on the hazards of spying, especially in an age of moles and counter-moles.

Your name is Michael Bettaney. Disaffected, desperate for money, you find your job in Section K of MI5, the British FBI, to be both financially and intellectually unrewarding. You make a desperate decision: you will sell what you know to the Russians. Surely they will be most interested, for



Section K handles counterespionage against the KGB in Great Britain.

Your chosen contact is a man your section is most fascinated with: Arkadi Gouk, a Soviet diplomat in London who is actually a KGB master spy, overseeing KGB operations all over Western Europe. You send Gouk a letter. Gouk is interested, of course, but he's worried; could this be an MI5 plant? He discusses it with his chief aide, Oleg A. Gordievski, who agrees it's worth a shot: *Who knows, this man Bettaney might be the next Philby.*

Covert contact is made with Bettaney. On a chilly April morning in 1983, Bettaney climbs the subway stairs at the Piccadilly Underground station in the section of London known as "the Circus." At the top of the stairs, he looks for a map pin stuck in the banister, the signal from Gouk that two weeks hence, Bettaney is to tape a canister of microfilm containing MI5 top-secret documents to the underside of a toilet seat in an Oxford Street men's room.

But Bettaney finds no pin. A week later, he tries again. This time, Gouk was to park his car in a certain way in a parking garage, the signal that the coast was clear for Bettaney to deliver a crushed beer can full of microfilm. Again, there is some kind of foul-up: Gouk's car never appears.

Now, a third attempt. A letter to Gouk outlines the precise day, hour and second of a coded

telephone call. Bettaney makes the call, but there is no answer. By now beside himself, Bettaney cannot believe the KGB is that inefficient; how have they managed to foul up three separate arrangements?

He is still trying to figure things out when a half-dozen MI5 agents arrive at his home and arrest him for espionage. To Bettaney's amazement, the MI5 men know every little detail of his attempts to contact the KGB. They do not tell Bettaney how they know, and Bettaney himself has no clue.

He does not know that Gouk's chief assistant, who was in charge of the arrangements for the KGB contact with Bettaney, is a mole for British intelligence. In that capacity, he has made certain that the spymaster Gouk and the traitor Bettaney never meet. All Gouk knows is that Bettaney never seems to make the proper contact; *a moron*, the chief assistant informs his boss, *so it's just as well we never made contact with him.*

Shortly thereafter, his role completed, the chief assistant — Oleg Gordievski—defects to the British. He has completed nearly a decade of faithful service as an MI6 mole. His last act was to deliberately foul up the Bettaney contact, an act that makes his departure from the KGB vitally necessary. For it is only a matter of time before the very smart Gouk begins to wonder if this man Bettaney was quite as

*Continued on page 152*



# LETTERS

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## TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed ESPIONAGE immensely over the past year. Please keep up the good work. It is the only magazine I get that I read cover to cover. Except for one or two, I have loved every story I've read between those front and back covers.

Thanks again for giving me many hours of enjoyment.

Norma L. Bright  
Upper Sandusky, Ohio

*You're more than welcome!*

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Dear Jackie Lewis:

You had a story in the November 1985 issue that I just have to comment on—I'm sorry it has taken me so long to get to you on this but I'm a terrible procrastinator when it comes to writing letters. It was called "Only Heroes Die," and was written by Michael Bracken. Well, what I wanted to tell you is that I thought that story was fabulous for a couple of reasons: 1—it changed the tempo of the magazine, being so

low-key and "sad" in the midst of high adventure, and gave the entire issue more solidity, and 2—it showed another side to this spy business. It's not all action and guts and shooting it out and deciphering codes—people sometimes die slowly and painfully, or, like in "Only Heroes Die" or your later "Tortoise and The Hare," sometimes they live tortured lives instead. It's good to be reminded occasionally that espionage is not so much a life of glamor and excitement as it is a life that includes sadness and terror, loneliness and pain, boredom and a terrible sameness, as well.

Thanks for a good little magazine that I enjoy reading, most particularly when I would otherwise waste my time: in the doctor's waiting room, when I wake up in the middle of the night and can't go right back to sleep, and when I'm in the bathroom!

I wish you lots of success!

Jen Cavanaugh  
Hollywood, California

*My word! The first admitted  
bathroom reader we've heard*



*from! Thanks for your letter, Ms. C., even if it did take you a while to get it written.*

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*An excerpt from a letter I received from a writer who has become a friend:*

Dear Jackie:

Let me start off with something I know you'll love. I'm subbing at Vicki's school this week, sitting in for a 6th-grade teacher who's off at a workshop. She reads aloud to them while they're eating lunch every day, and this afternoon I decided to read them "Message from Lowanda" (ESPIONAGE: August 1985). They ate it up! I've never seen a group of grade-school kids that attentive before. I read the first half of the story today, and suggested that they try to figure out the date of the surprise attack on Lowanda before I read the rest tomorrow. For the rest of the day, they kept sneaking up to my desk and whispering dates in my ear, positive they'd finally tabbed it. None of them had it right, but they went right on guessing. They were more involved in that damn story than in anything else we've done so far.

Josh Pachter  
Germany

*Of course I've already answered Josh's letter, in part wondering "aloud" how much more involved we'd get our kids*

*in reading if they just had exciting, imagination-stirring things to read. The classics are all well and good but more down-to-earth, relevant to their every-day world reading material might get them interested in reading in the first place. . . once they've been captured and become "readers," they can get to the classics later, on their own. No?*

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Dear Editor:

I think you have a great magazine and really really enjoy it. Keep up the good work and good luck in the future.

Michael Cross  
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

*Thanks. We always need a pat on the back.*

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Dear Ms. Lewis:

Before I register my comments on the long-awaited February issue of ESPIONAGE, permit me to congratulate you for one year's worth of excellent espionage fiction, as well as some fine non-fiction spy stories. You and your creative contributors have worked together to establish a varied format of fine entertainment. It is the best of all "pulp" magazines, with the exception of the classic BLACK MASK magazine, the pages of which boosted the fiction of Dashiell



Hammett, Raymond Chandler and Erle Stanley Gardner. . .

. . . "An All American Hero" by Joe R. Lansdale rivals his previous story in the May 1985 issue.

. . . Josh Pachter winds up "Assignment: Vienna" in a most satisfactory way. This story is the best of the two-part tales yet. . .

. . . Joe Gill's debut in *ESPIONAGE* is above average, most of his story's value derived from the contrast between the arrogant Jibal and the relaxed, yet totally efficient protagonist, Barre. . .

. . . Van de Wetering's "Non-Interference" is off to an excellent and absorbing beginning. . .

. . . for me, the best tale of all is Isak Romun's "Letter from Moscow." Romun proves his versatility as a writer with this story, in his portrayal of inept military bureaucracy with a sharp, satirical pen. The characters rang true-to-life. As frustration mounts in this story, so, too, does the tension. This tension is not relaxed until the last sentence and the last turn of the mad dance. Finally, he shows the Russians to be similarly arbitrary in their policy-making process. It's an acid comment on the conflict between the United States and the USSR. It shows both nations trapped by foolish policy-making techniques. I hope very much that Romun will be telling more yarns in future issues and that he'll eventually turn to the longer novel form. . .

As I write this, the holiday season is well upon us. I extend to

you and your co-workers the warmest greetings of the season and a most Happy New Year.

David Miller  
Bethel Park, PA

*I've had to condense Mr. Miller's letter, reluctantly cutting out many of his other comments and his suggestions for inclusions in ESPIONAGE. But I wanted to publish as much of his letter as possible, in appreciation for the time and thought and energy he puts into assessing our issues and then in describing them to us in detail. Mr. Miller is a fan par excellence.*

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Gentlemen:

(Honest, folks, no gentlemen here; only us ladies!)

. . . For myself, I feel your publication is very well packaged, reasonably priced, and has a definite niche in the marketplace.

John Oakley  
Raleigh, N.C.

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Dear Editor:

I thought I'd write and tell you that I like the new look of the magazine. The columns up front are terrific; quick to read, informative, and fun — in particular, I refer to Ernest Volkman's column. What an asset that guy is! I really like the way he *handles* what's



really going on in our world today, sort of as if he had his thumb to his nose, if you know what I mean.

The cover on your February 1986 issue is terrific, too. I've noticed you use that artist often . . . in fact, I've noticed that you seem to have what might be called a "stable" of artists. Good for you. I like the continuity from issue to issue. Otherwise, I guess all I want to say is thanks for a great little magazine for reading while commuting. It's a life-saver!

Elizabeth Tedesco  
Dayton, Ohio

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Dear Editor:

I take exception to something your interviewee, David Morrell, said in the February issue of ESPIONAGE. On page 76, in defending his work against charges that he writes "Carnography" (the pornography of carnage), Mr. Morrell says "I'm aware of my social responsibility, yet I've got to be true to the logic of my story." What a crock! Not only does he not define that term, "my social responsibility," so that we know to what he refers exactly—one wonders indeed what he thinks his social responsibility is—but he neglects to realize that his stories have no logic except that which he gives them. Contrary to the romantic notion that stories write themselves, or that characters run away with the stories in which they appear (so many idiot-

excuses-for-real-writers say either or both of these things), the writer indeed constructs and creates and plots and plans and writes every damn word of every damn book or story he has published in his name. If his social responsibility lies in limiting graphic descriptions of violence, then he will create a logic in his stories that reflects that responsibility. If not, then not.

I think Mr. Morrell should admit that he writes what he enjoys writing for the sheer pleasure of getting a particular story down on paper, as well as the special pleasure of making a whole lot of money for having done just that, and he should let people who would make judgments on his work based on anything other than their entertainment value run off at the mouth until they get tired of hearing themselves speak. Usually those who point fingers are those whose fingers couldn't possibly do the work at which they're pointing, and they're envious.

Thanks for letting me sound off.

Ted Lester  
Perth Amboy, NJ

*Not bad, Mr. Lester. I think I rather like seeing some "action" in this column. Plaudits are all very well—actually, they're fantastic!—but maybe our readers get bored with them. Maybe our readers would like to see more real criticism in this letters column. I think I would. . .*



Dear Sir:

I've never written to a magazine before, primarily because I was sure such letters never actually got read, but I've been encouraged by the appearance and reappearance of David Miller's letters in your "Letters to The Editor" column, issue after issue. Apparently readers' letters not only get read but they get published, too!

What I most particularly want to say is that I have been enjoying your magazine since its inception. A lot of years ago, too many to count, I was involved in espionage, myself. Reading your magazine—no matter that *some* of the fiction seems a little "fantastic"—brings back moments of the real thing for me; reminds me of some places I've been, of some women I've met in those places, and so on. In some cases, one portion of one story will bring back one bit of memory and that one bit will trigger the most incredible memories imaginable. I can usually recall things I would not have been able to bring to mind in a hundred years of *trying* to remember. And I have you to thank for this!

John K. Tuttle  
Washington, D.C.

*Thanks, Mr. T. You've suggested a whole new point of interest for our magazine. I wonder how many of our other former-intelligence-officer readers have had the same experience. . .*

Dear Jackie Lewis:

First of all, I would like to say that you have started a great new concept in spy fiction. I do have a couple of suggestions concerning ESPIONAGE Magazine: why not have a special section in each issue called "New Spy Heroes" and "Old Spy Heroes?" I love Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Spider and John Buchaneer, Richard Hannery — why not a short story concerning them? Think of all the wider exposure to these types of fans you'd get!

Why not a story concerning The Executioner, The Destroyer, The Death Merchant, James Bond, Nick Carter? I'm sure their publishers would let you feature one of their spies in an exclusive story. You would then pick up all these fans for your magazine and would increase your sales greatly.

The final suggestion is that you start serials in your magazine, and increase the size of your magazine by 50 pages and charge \$3.95.

Fred Dearborn  
New Britain, CT

*Thanks for all the suggestions, one or two of which we are already considering. While we've discussed putting serials in our magazines, however, we've decided to put that venture off until we're a monthly. Asking readers to spend a year or so reading one serialization is a bit much, don't you think?*



# TAKEO YOS

## Success At Pearl Harbor

by Jules Archer

**T**akeo Yoshikawa was just sitting down to breakfast at the Japanese Consulate on the outskirts of Honolulu when he heard the first rumbling blasts from nearby Pearl Harbor. Some kind of maneuver, he reflected, yawning. He felt a little bleary-eyed from his late work the night before. Suddenly his narrow eyes came fully awake with an electrifying thought. Jumping up, he rushed to his office. Through powerful binoculars he peered eagerly out of the open window at the great American naval base.

*At last, he exulted. At last!*

Twenty-seven Japanese dive bombers were hurtling out of the blue tropic skies toward Ford Island and Hickam Field. Another 40 torpedo planes were swooping down upon Battleship Row. Pressing home the attack behind them were 50 horizontal bombers, followed by 45 fighters. Every important naval and air installation on Oahu was under simultaneous attack.

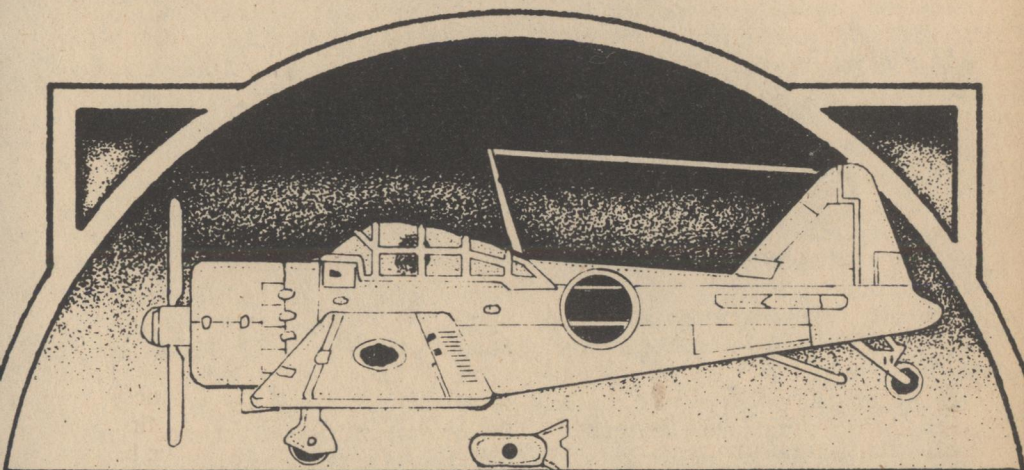
Yoshikawa's eyes glowed as he watched the proud harbor taken by surprise and turned into a scene out of Dante's *Inferno*. The big PBY hanger on Ford Island blew up suddenly, its 29 patrol planes blazing and exploding. Nipponese torpedo planes skimmed across the harbor, dropping their deadly loads at the helpless naval giants whose crews stared up in disbelief and horror.

The battleship *Arizona* exploded, engulfed in giant oil fires and black smoke. South of her the *West Virginia* began to burn brilliantly amidships, sinking. Four fiery flashes leaped up from the hull of the *Oklahoma*, which keeled helplessly over on her side. The *California* burst into flames and began settling at its moorings.

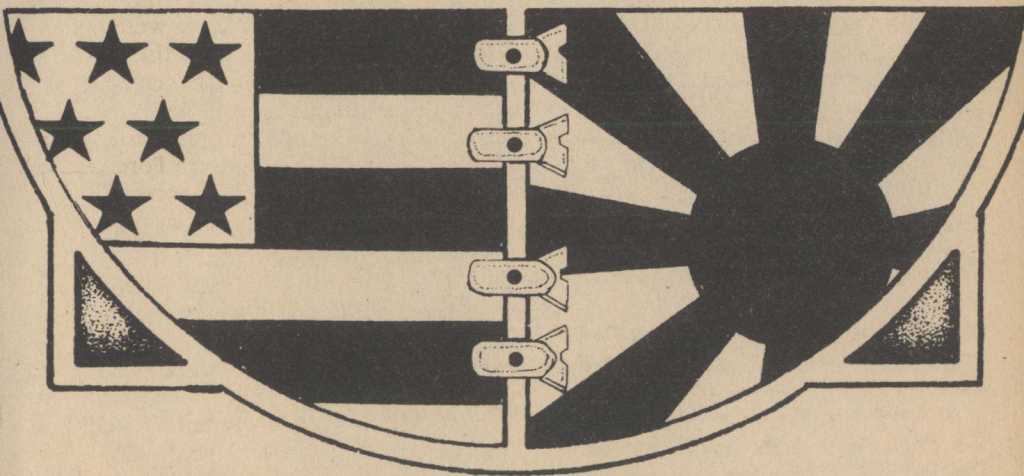
At last stunned crews of many of the 96 U.S. ships in the harbor started firing away at the Oriental hornets in the sky. Some of the attackers were hit; these made spectacular torches until extinguished by the hissing blue waters of the harbor. But the retaliatory fire came too late. Most of the damage had



# HIKAWA:



大空力子・可生子空ス



DECEMBER 7, 1941



been done in just 15 swift minutes of a totally successful surprise attack.

Yoshikawa watched, heart leaping excitedly, as ship after ship became a flaming funeral pyre. Swinging his binoculars around, he could see other spectacular sights that warmed his heart. Westward, the Marine air field at Ewa was alight with 49 torches that moments ago had been planes. Wheeler and Hickam Fields were smoking, blazing shambles. And raising his glasses to the sky, Yoshikawa could watch a second wave of 171 Japanese planes roar in to put the finishing touches on America's greatest military disaster.

"*Banzai!*" Yoshikawa said with great pride. Because he, *and he alone*, had been the architect of the stunning surprise attack which would make every American remember December 7, 1941 for as long as he lived.

**T**akeo Yoshikawa was the sole intelligence agent in Hawaii for the Imperial Japanese Navy General Staff in Tokyo. In official Honolulu circles, he was known as Ito Morimura, Vice Consul of the Japanese Consulate under Consul Nagao Kita.

It was this amazingly clever spy who, singlehanded, actually blue-printed the attack on Pearl for Japan's Admiral Yamamoto. It was Yoshikawa who told Tokyo that the battleships in Pearl Harbor were always moored in pairs, so that any torpedo attacks would not damage the inboard ships. This had led Yamamoto to plan the assault on Pearl Harbor largely as a raid of dive bombers, using 16-inch armor-piercing shells.

Yoshikawa's reports on the restricted and shallow waters of Pearl Harbor led the Japanese to develop special torpedoes with short vanes, to

prevent their diving to the bottom when dropped. Yoshikawa also advised Tokyo that, if the attack were a complete surprise, the planes could come in very close to the water, making the torpedoes doubly effective.

And it was Yoshikawa who answered Tokyo's question: "On what day of the week would the largest number of ships be in Pearl Harbor?"

His one-word reply: "Sunday."

Who was this almost-unknown Japanese, who admitted, two decades after Pearl Harbor, "In truth, if only for a moment in time, I held history in the palm of my hand!"

Takeo Yoshikawa was born on March 7, 1914, on the island of Shikoku, south-east of Tokyo. His father, a policeman, held a highly respected position in the days when police were the personification of imperial law. He grew up in an era of expanding Japanese imperialism, when the greatest glory a boy could aspire to was to die young in battle for the emperor.

In the tradition of the island of Shikoku, which produced some of Japan's most famous sea fighters, Yoshikawa was given a military upbringing by his father and teachers. In high school, he became a champion at *kendo*, or staff dueling, and was able to swim eight miles in the choppy seas off the rock-bound coast.

He was further molded to his destiny by the rigid mind training which gave Japan a nation of perfect pawns to deploy craftily on the international chessboard. Yoshikawa learned *bushido*, the medieval code of the samurai prescribing unquestionable, absolute loyalty; and he mastered Zen, the Buddhist sect teaching self-discipline and ruthless selflessness.

This education was completed at



the Imperial Japanese Naval Academy in Eta Jima, which Yoshikawa entered in 1929. Upon graduating four years later, he was given special training cruises on a battleship, a light cruiser and a submarine. He also qualified as a naval aviator in 1934.

The envy of his classmates, Yoshikawa dreamed of a steady, rapid ascent to the highest levels of the Imperial Navy. But his dreams suddenly turned to ashes one day when he was seized by excruciating pains in the abdomen while coming back from the flight line. Rushed to the hospital, he was found to have a serious ailment which kept him off active duty for two years.

During this time, Yoshikawa spent 12 hours a day poring over studies of sea power and naval strategy. He even committed to memory large portions of the works of Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, the U.S. Navy's classic strategist, "to know and outguess the enemy mind." For even then he knew that Japan was planning a naval war against the United States.

At the Naval Academy, he had been taught that the Navy stood for commercial expansion southward to include the Philippines, Dutch East Indies and Australia. To make this possible it was first necessary to paralyze the naval forces of the United States, a nation unalterably opposed to Japanese expansion.

Yoshikawa suffered a crushing blow when, after seven years of fanatical devotion to mastering naval strategy in classrooms, ships, planes and books, he was forced to retire as an ensign from the Imperial Japanese Navy because of broken health. For a while he gloomily contemplated hari kiri. Then he was visited in his home on Shikoku by a staff captain from Navy Regional Headquarters in Kagawa.

"How would you like to get back in the service?"

"But that isn't possible," Yoshikawa said. "I still couldn't pass the physical requirements for combat service."

"Not combat service," he was told, "Naval intelligence!"

Yoshikawa jumped at the chance. Sent to Tokyo, he was assigned to the highly secret 3rd Division, an Intelligence Corps made up of only 29 officers. Here he was given the American Desk, and ordered to study the U.S. Pacific Fleet and its bases at Guam, Manila and Pearl Harbor. There was relief for all his 28 brother officers in tours of sea and shore duty. But for four years, Yoshikawa burned the midnight oil at the American Desk unrelentingly, becoming an expert on the U.S. Navy.

He pored over millions of words in obscure American newspapers, trade magazines, military and scientific journals, unclassified brochures, popular periodicals and naval memoirs. He visited regularly at the offices of foreign naval attachés, picking up their available publications.

Reports from naval attachés in Japanese embassies and consulates abroad found their way to Yoshikawa's desk. He kept up on changes in U.S. naval armament and equipment through the reports and photos of Japanese agents in foreign ports who boarded American ships under commercial pretexts.

So skillfully did he put together all pieces of this involved jigsaw that by 1940 he knew every U.S. warship and aircraft type by name, hull number, configuration and technical characteristics. He was also Japan's top expert on U.S. naval bases in the Pacific. His superior officer summoned him and declared, "Yoshikawa, you are ready



now."

"*Hai*," he assented happily with a low bow. He knew that he would soon be serving Japan as an espionage agent.

"Although I was by then 25 years old and had 10 years service in the Navy," Yoshikawa recalls, "I had given no thought to marriage and little to social life. . . . My whole being was dedicated to the mission on which I would shortly be sent."

During the winter of 1940, he was given his official cover — an appointment as a junior diplomat in the Foreign Ministry. He worked there mornings, continuing his studies afternoons and evenings. He also attended functions in other embassies to pick up missing pieces of his jigsaw in seemingly innocent bits of social conversation.

While with the ministry, he intercepted a shortwave radio broadcast in English from Australia, revealing that 17 Australian troop transports had cleared Fremantle for England. He relayed this information to the German Embassy. Shortly afterwards, he received a personal letter of appreciation from Adolf Hitler.

**I**n January, 1941, Admiral Yamamoto, commander of the Combined Fleet, conceived of the plan of a carrier-based air attack on Pearl Harbor, and put his staff to work on scheming it out. Ironically, it was a poorly-kept secret; America had its first warning as early as January 27, 1941 — practically a full year before the disaster at Pearl.

"A member of my embassy," Ambassador Joseph C. Grew radioed Washington in code, "was told by my Peruvian colleague that from many quarters, including a Japanese one, he

had heard that a surprise mass attack on Pearl Harbor was planned by the Japanese military forces, in case of 'trouble' between Japan and the U.S. . . ."

**I**n April, Yoshikawa was called into his chief's office and told: "You are going to Honolulu as vice-consul. Your name will be Ito Morimura, and your task will be to report on the daily readiness of the American fleet and bases. Do not use secret shortwave radio transmitters because these would quickly be spotted by radio direction finders. Instead, use the consulate's regular short-wave communication in diplomatic code.

"You will be our only agent in Honolulu. Trust absolutely no one you don't have to, and remember this: the fate of Japan is likely to rest in your hands!"

**F**lying out of Tokyo, Yoshikawa stared, for what he was convinced would be the last time, at the beloved cone of Mt. Fuji and the multi-colored farm patches of Honshu. He was not afraid of the death that inevitably awaited him at the end of his dangerous assignment, or before. But it made him sad to think that he would never again see his homeland.

Landing in Honolulu, he was driven at once through the palm-lined avenue leading to the Japanese Consulate, a stately-pillared building lined with taro trees. He was shown immediately into the airy office of Consul-General Nagao Kita, an amiable bachelor. Yoshikawa liked and trusted him at once.

"You're aware of my mission?" Yoshikawa asked tactfully.

Kita nodded. "I know you will be



reporting directly to Tokyo. You need not worry about any interference from me. I've arranged for you to have full use of the consulate code room for transmission of your reports."

Yoshikawa bowed correctly and politely declined a drink Kita offered him. Then the spy was told, "By the way, photo exposures are considerably different here than in Tokyo. If you'd like me to, I can brief you for the most satisfactory camera results."

"You are kind. But it won't be necessary. My field trips will usually be made without photographs or sketches."

Kita looked surprised.

"I've trained my memory," the spy explained. "I prefer to keep any details of installations I observe in my head until I return to the consulate. If the Americans arrest me on suspicion, they will never be able to find any evidence on me which could embarrass or compromise the consulate."

Kita nodded, pleased. Lighting an American cigarette, he asked. "Do you plan to use any Hawaiian Japanese as agents?"

"No. I can't afford to trust anyone. Except you."

Kita nodded again. "Honolulu is full of Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines, Japanese papers and schools. You'll even see funds raised for our forces in China, and the Imperial Army's relief fund. But don't be deceived. Most Hawaiian Japanese are also strongly pro-American. In fact, lots of them come to the consulate to renounce their Japanese nationality."

"How much freedom will I have to move around?"

"Plenty." Kita chuckled. "The Americans are so confident that Pearl Harbor is impregnable that they hardly take any security precautions. Your

diplomatic status will get you just about anywhere. If you prefer to dress inconspicuously, you'll simply be taken for one of Hawaii's several hundred thousand Japanese or Filipinos."

Yoshikawa quickly learned how true this was. He first oriented himself to Honolulu by walking through its streets and outskirts, familiarizing himself with the gathering places of American sailors and restaurants with commanding views of the harbor and coastline. He roamed the Iwilei red-light district, the crowded Oriental quarter around Aala Park, the hills of Alewa and Maunalani Heights.

Disguising himself as a Filipino laborer — unshaven, barefoot and in an aloha shirt — he walked along the entrance to Pearl Harbor near Fort Kamehameha until challenged and turned back. He tried getting through on several occasions, making sure first that each time a different guard was on duty. Frustrated, Yoshikawa vowed the secrets of Pearl Harbor would not remain secret much longer. . .

\* \* \*

One morning a U.S. Army anti-sabotage guard stopped walking his beat near the harbor entrance. His gaze inched suspiciously along the rolling breakers. Something had flashed out there. Probably a fish jumping. It was hardly likely that anyone would be swimming in the heavy surf.

He started to resume his patrol. But just as he was turning away, he saw the man's head break the surface. The swimmer took a deep breath, then plunged again.

The guard wheeled, whipping out his revolver. He waited for the swimmer to surface again. When the man did, about 10 yards further on toward the Pearl Harbor entrance, the guard aimed his gun and yelled for the swim-



mer to come out of the water. The man promptly dove again.

Lips set, the guard kept his revolver aimed at the breakers. His hand quavered. He had never shot anyone before, but he knew his orders. It seemed an eternity before the swimmer surfaced again. The guard squeezed off a shot.

The bullet missed. However, the roar of the gun seemed to scare the wits out of the man in the water. He turned his head toward the beach, mouth open in surprise. The guard furiously waved him in with the gun, then re-aimed it grimly.

The swimmer hastily raised his right arm and shook it in a gesture that obviously meant, "Don't shoot!" In a few powerful strokes he coasted over the breakers into the beach shallows. Rising, he ran in hastily toward the guard. He carried a spear, and around his waist was tied a string of butterfly fish, awelas, laipalas and zebra fish.

"Whassamatta me?" he quavered in Hawaiian pidgin. He was an exceptionally good-looking man of about 27, taller than most of the Filipino fishermen who haunted the beaches.

"This place *kapu*!" roared the guard, pointing with his gun to Army warnings posted behind him. "*Kapu, sabe?* Keep out! You come again — *pilikia!* Plenty trouble!"

"No *pilikia!*" the fisherman squealed in alarm. "Me go!"

In a feeble attempt to placate the glowering American soldier, he unhooked one of the butterfly fish from his string and held it out hopefully. The GI made a wry face and snarled, "Get the hell out of here — quick!"

The fisherman hastened to obey, grateful at not being detained for questioning. He had, of course, plenty of

reason to be grateful. As Japan's master spy, Vice-Consul "Morimura" — really Yoshikawa — had been making a study of underwater obstructions, tides, beach gradients and other vital navigational facts which later were to let midget Japanese subs sneak into the harbor during the big attack. He had also been hoping to find out whether there were anti-sub nets stretched across the harbor entrance.

If the American guard patrolling the harbor entrance that morning had taken Yoshikawa into custody, there might never have been a Pearl Harbor disaster.

**Y**oshikawa's other acts of espionage were more fruitful. High in the heights of Alewa, beyond Pearl, he discovered the Shunch-ro Restaurant, a perfect observatory. Here, from a private Tokyo-style dining room overlooking the harbor, he studied U.S. fleet movements. Uncle Sam helpfully kept his ships lighted at night. They were also highly visible in the Hawaiian dawn.

To find out where the carriers went when they left Pearl, Yoshikawa frequently gave sailors a lift in his car. Posing as a Japanese playboy fond of Americans, he also stood drinks for servicemen in the bars of Waikiki. He asked no questions until his affability had inspired an answering warmth. Then, during conversational chit-chat, he would drop a casual, seemingly harmless question or two.

Most Americans were prudent, or didn't know the answers. Occasionally one of them, too much liquor under his belt, would boastfully tell Yoshikawa what he wanted.

Yoshikawa also observed geishas when they entertained American sailors or fliers fresh off the ships.



Afterwards he would engage the girls for his own "entertainment." He never revealed his true identity. Only an idiot confided important state secrets to women! With the geishas unaware that he was pumping them, he often extracted bits of valuable information they had gleaned from the Americans.

**Y**oshikawa's weekly reports to Tokyo helped bring naval operations at Pearl Harbor into sharp focus for Admiral Yamamoto. By August, Yamamoto was able to present a completed operation plan to the Naval General Staff. It was tested in "table-top maneuvers" at Tokyo Naval War College between September 10th and 13th.

The exercise showed that a Pearl Harbor strike was practicable. But many of Yamamoto's colleagues felt it was too risky. . . . that the U.S. Pacific Fleet might not be in port on the day of the attack. . . . and that the danger of discovery during the long voyage to Hawaii was too great.

"My intelligence in Honolulu," Yamamoto replied coldly, "is such that I can guarantee the success of the operation. I can only tell you that if you do not respect my judgment in this matter, I will feel compelled to offer my resignation."

That sealed the doom of Pearl Harbor.

On September 24th, Yoshikawa received a coded message from Tokyo ordering him to concentrate on reporting information of immediate tactical significance. His reports of shipping in the harbor now had to pinpoint the ships' grouping in five distinctly mapped areas.

Yoshikawa increasingly spent his time walking around Pearl City and Hospital Point, to observe every new

"My intelligence in Honolulu is such that I can guarantee the success of the operation."

—Admiral Yamamoto

development in Battleship Row and the various lochs. He kept a careful eye on any unusual movement which might indicate provisioning the fleet for combat.

To avoid the possibility of calling attention to himself by being seen too often in the same places, he also strolled through the hills of Aiea beyond Pearl Harbor, and on Tantalus Mountain above Honolulu. Both heights offered excellent vantage points to observe the practice sorties of the fleet's units through field glasses.

He wound up his vigils on most evenings by dining at the Shuncho-ro, where the Japanese management reserved for him a room with a magnificent view of the harbor. Here, sitting on rice-straw *tatami* mats with a geisha, he would play at relaxing as he kept ship movements in the lochs under sharp observation. He often stayed past dawn, when most sorties usually began.

In addition to what he could see for himself, Yoshikawa paid careful attention to news items concerning the U.S. forces in garrison. These appeared liberally in the Honolulu press and on local broadcasts. Piecing together a scrap here and a scrap there, he was able to develop shrewd guesses as to which U.S. air and sea forces were outward or inward bound.

It was during this period that he



warned Yamamoto of the U.S. Navy's practice of mooring battleships in pairs, a stratagem designed to save 50 per cent of the big wagons from torpedo attack.

To check the number of aircraft present on the military fields in the main Hawaiian islands, and their dispersal patterns, Yoshikawa simply rented planes from the John Rodgers Airport in Honolulu. He flew freely and frequently around the islands, taking aerial photographs, and even flying low enough to study structural detail on the hangers at Hickam and Wheeler Fields.

His flights also provided Tokyo with a bonus in the form of comprehensive maps Yoshikawa sketched showing the location of all the fuel and ammunition depots on the Islands.

**O**n November 11, 10 long-range "I"-type Japanese subs from Yokosuka set a course toward Hawaii, planning to arrive off Pearl Harbor not later than the evening before the attack. Five of them carried two-man midget subs on their backs, to be launched in a suicidal attempt to get through the harbor entrance. The big subs would lie outside the harbor to torpedo the surviving American ships as they fled from the planned air attack.

On November 20, Yoshikawa received this message at the consulate: STRICTLY SECRET. PLEASE INVESTIGATE COMPREHENSIVELY THE FLEET, BASES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE HAWAIIAN MILITARY RESERVATION. He hastened to comply and sent them a full report within 24 hours. Tokyo then demanded: SEND EXACT REPORT ON SHIPS ANCHORED IN AREA N, PEARL HARBOR. Once more Yoshikawa delivered

the goods promptly.

But unknown to him or to Tokyo, U.S. Intelligence had cracked the top Japanese diplomatic code. Every coded message broadcast by Tokyo was being monitored, flashed to Washington, and decoded. Had Admiral Yamamoto realized this, the Pearl Harbor operation would undoubtedly have been called off.

Unfortunately, however, the Army and Navy cryptanalytic divisions in Washington were so swamped with work that translations of the messages to Yoshikawa did not reach the desks of U.S. Intelligence brass until December 5. That still would have given them 48 hours to press the panic button for an instant Hawaii-wide alert, and to get the battleships steaming out of the harbor.

Incredible as it seems, Washington did not even bother to notify Oahu of these intercepted messages. Army and Naval Intelligence were convinced that the Japanese were mounting an attack against Indo-China.

Yoshikawa, realizing that *The Day* was rapidly approaching, stepped up his reports on shipping in the harbor to once every 3 days. He knew Admiral Yamamoto would try to spring his surprise on the Americans at a time when he would catch as much of the U.S. Pacific Fleet in the harbor as possible.

**O**n November 24, Admiral Harold E. Stark, chief of Naval Operations, finally became alarmed at the rapid deterioration of Japanese-American diplomatic relations. He rushed a warning to Admiral Kimmel at Pearl Harbor:

THIS SITUATION COUPLED WITH STATEMENTS OF JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AND MOVEMENTS OF THEIR



NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES INDICATE IN OUR OPINION THAT A SURPRISE AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENT IN ANY DIRECTION INCLUDING ATTACK ON PHILIPPINES OR GUAM IS A POSSIBILITY.

Admiral Kimmel still didn't think it meant him. Two days later, the Japanese Pearl Harbor Striking Force left its assembly area in the remote, snowbound Kurils and sailed due east on its way to sunny Hawaii. It consisted of six carriers with 360 planes; two battleships; three cruisers and nine destroyers.

All counting on one man: Takeo Yoshikawa.

On Oahu, meanwhile, Admiral Kimmel's staff assured General Walter C. Short, in charge of the Army garrison, that there was no chance of a surprise attack on Honolulu. Short decided not to issue any all-out alert, or an alert against air attack, but simply to issue an alert against sabotage.

He did this on November 27. Ironically, on the same day, the Japanese liner *Taiyo Maru* arrived in Honolulu, bringing a "ship's steward" who called on Consul-General Kita for some advice on sight-seeing. During the course of the chat, Suzuki slipped a tiny ball of crumpled rice paper into Kita's hand.

Lieutenant Commander Suguru Suzuki—for that was his correct name and rank—was taking no chances that any Japanese employed at the consulate might also be picking up a second paycheck from American Intelligence.

When Suzuki left, Kita passed the rice paper to Yoshikawa. It contained no less than 97 questions, giving Japan's master spy exactly one day to come up with detailed answers, along with maps, sketches and photographs

— the very latest possible information on which Admiral Yamamoto would base his strike.

Yoshikawa got busy. Most questions he could answer without stirring from the consulate. For example: "How many large seaplanes patrol from Pearl at dawn and sunset?" He wrote confidently, "About 10 both times." He'd anticipated this question by spending many nights on the consulate lawn at dawn and sunset — the usual times when patrols went out and returned — observing the size of the flights and their vectors.

When he'd finished replying to most of the questions, he scouted the harbor once more from Pearl City and Hospital Point for a late report on ship groupings, and to make sure they were not being made battle-ready. He was standing on a pier at Pearl City, the peninsula which juts southward into the middle of the anchorage, when he felt a pistol pressed into the small of his back. A quiet voice said, "FBI. Come with us."

Fright paralyzed Yoshikawa. Face ashen, he turned and saw two stern-lipped Americans in civilian clothes.

"There must be some mistake," he stammered.

"Maybe," one of the men said dryly. "If you can explain why you went to the expense of making a trans-ocean phone call to Tokyo two days ago, to talk about flying conditions in Oahu, and the number of troops and sailors in the streets."

Yoshikawa was genuinely bewildered. "You — you must have the wrong person!" he sputtered. "Just whom do you want?"

"You're Dr. Mori, aren't you?"

"Mori? Oh, no, sir! Morimura. Ito Morimura. I'm the Japanese vice-consul." He took out his wallet and



showed his credentials. "If you prefer further proof, gentlemen, come with me to the consulate. They will identify me."

The two FBI men looked at each other. The man with the gun returned it to his shoulder holster. "Sorry, Mr. Morimura," he said curtly. "I'm afraid the wrong man was pointed out to us."

"Quite all right, gentlemen."

Trembling with relief, Yoshikawa watched them go. He was amazed by the incident because it suggested that Tokyo had another spy in Honolulu beside himself. The fact was—a Japanese dentist named Dr. Mori had made an oceanic phone call to someone in Tokyo. The call had been monitored and translated, and the gist of the conversation had made R.L. Shivers, local head of the FBI, suspicious; he had ordered Dr. Mori located and questioned at once.

It turned out later that the call had been an innocent one. Ironically, it had almost resulted in the arrest of the real master spy, whose assumed name had been confusingly similar to the dentist's.

Returning to the consulate, Yoshikawa hastily finished his report for Commander Suzuki. He added last-minute maps and sketches, along with aerial photographs, then offered his opinion that Sunday would be the ideal day to destroy the most ships in Pearl Harbor.

Consul-General Kita saw to it that this all-important blueprint of the impending Pearl Harbor attack was discreetly delivered to Commander Suzuki aboard the *Taiyo Maru*.

**O**n November 29, Tokyo notified Yoshikawa in code: WE HAVE BEEN RECEIVING REPORTS FROM YOU ON SHIP

MOVEMENTS, BUT IN THE FUTURE WILL YOU ALSO REPORT EVEN WHEN THERE ARE NO MOVEMENTS.

This message, too, was intercepted and decoded by U.S. Naval Intelligence on December 5th. But even such an obvious red flag failed to alert Washington or arouse any suspicions.

Yoshikawa had no way of knowing that a Japanese task force was already at sea; that on December 2nd it received the code order to attack Pearl Harbor — CLIMB MOUNT NITAKA; or that the date had been set for the morning of December 7. "To entrust knowledge of such a vital decision to an expendable espionage agent," he said years later, "would have been foolish."

On December 5, the master spy reported that the carrier *Lexington*, accompanied by three heavy cruisers and a division of destroyers, had steamed out of Pearl Harbor. Departure of the carrier-based planes, he estimated, reduced the air defense of Oahu to under a hundred operative fighters.

On December 6, Yoshikawa visited the harbor and counted 39 U.S. warships. What a bagful, he thought with a thrill. It was the first time since the Fourth of July that all nine American battleships were tied up in port together.

He hurried back to the consulate to notify Tokyo. At the end of the message he added: NO BARRAGE BALLOONS SIGHTED. BATTLESHIPS ARE WITHOUT CRINOLINES, NO INDICATIONS OF AIR OR SEA ALERT WIRED TO NEARBY ISLANDS.

Pressing his desk buzzer for the radio room clerk, Yoshikawa felt a sense of deep weariness. The eight months at Pearl had been a great strain. He had never allowed himself



more than a few hours' sleep a night. Yet even now his devotion to duty was so rigid that he felt impelled to ride up to the Shuncho-ro Restaurant for a final study of harbor movements.

"Remain on duty until I return," he told the code clerk.

\* \* \*

Several hours later, he hurried back through the clear, balmy tropical night. Slumping at his desk in exhaustion, he wrote what was to be his final message to Tokyo: ENTERPRISE AND LEXINGTON HAVE BOTH SAILED FROM PEARL HARBOR.

Then the catalyst of the tremendous drama about to take place took his usual stroll about the consulate grounds before turning in. The bright haze in the distance told him the lights were on at the Pearl Harbor naval base. No patrol planes droned overhead. Just another Saturday night, he thought with a sigh, and wearily went to bed.

Startling things happened as he slept. . .

\* \* \*

At 3:30 A.M., an American minesweeper, the *Condor*, thought she spotted a submerged submarine a mile or two south of the Pearl Harbor entrance buoy. She notified the nearby patrolling destroyer *Ward*, which went to general quarters and searched the area. When no trace of the sub could be found, the sighting was considered dubious and neither ship reported the incident.

At 7:00 A.M., Opana Radar Station shut down their training operation. But Private George Elliott wanted practice operating the oscilloscope, and Private Joseph Lockard agreed to teach him until the breakfast truck came for them. At 7:02 Lockard was stunned at the sight of a blip flashing

"Takeo Yoshikawa was having breakfast at the consulate when the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. It was exactly 7:55 A.M."

on the screen bigger than anything he had ever seen in radar before. The privates excitedly phoned the information through to a bored lieutenant, who told them to forget it. "Unquestionably a friendly flight."

As the minutes ticked off to 7:55, both the *Ward* and a Navy patrol PBV sighted subs and sank them. Both of these messages were reported to shore in code. By the time they were encoded, deliberated over, and passed up the ladder of command, the first 27 dive bombers with red ball markings were plunging toward Ford Island and Hickam, and the first 40 torpedo planes were swinging into position for their run at the big ships.

**T**akeo Yoshikawa was having breakfast at the consulate when the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. It was exactly 7:55 A.M. After rushing to his office to watch the holocaust of flame and black smoke rising over the harbor, he eagerly switched on the shortwave radio. Consul Kita — who also had been kept in the dark about the impending attack — hurried in, his eyes glowing.

They tuned in the 8:00 A.M. news from Tokyo. The broadcast was routine except for a single phrase, twice repeated. Giving the weather, the announcer carefully forecasted, "East wind, rain." That was the code message to notify all embassies and



consulates that the Imperial Council of Japan had declared war against the United States.

"At last," Yoshikawa murmured. "At last!"

"Quickly," Kita said. "There is work to be done."

The two men hurried to the consulate offices, where they worked feverishly at burning code books and secret diplomatic and intelligence instructions. The growing, deafening thunder of bombs and the wailing of sirens told them that they didn't have a moment to lose.

Yoshikawa noticed that the consulate grounds were already surrounded by volunteer soldiers. But the evidence had already been destroyed. And thanks to the skillful espionage of Takeo Yoshikawa, 18 American warships were either sunk or seriously damaged in the harbor; 2,403 American servicemen were killed, almost half of them when the *Arizona* blew up; and 188 planes were destroyed on the ground at Hickam, Kaneohe and Ewa.

At 8:30, the Honolulu police arrived and put everyone in the consulate under guard. FBI men searched the offices and living quarters for evidence of espionage. They found nothing except a half-finished sketch of Pearl Harbor in Yoshikawa's wastebasket. He had forgotten it in the urgency of burning the secret code books.

He stiffened, stoically ready to pay for the slip with his life as his last measure of devotion to the emperor.


But the FBI did not consider this one item of evidence incriminating, especially in view of Yoshikawa's diplomatic status. The two consular officials and their staff were taken into custody. Ten days later, a U.S. Coast Guard ship took them from Honolulu

to San Diego. From there the *Gripsholm* brought them back to Tokyo in August, 1942, in a diplomatic exchange.

**Y**oshikawa returned to duty with the 3rd Division of the Naval General Staff, ending the war as a staff intelligence officer. When the war was lost, and the Navy no longer held any future for him, Yoshikawa went home to Ehime and entered private business. His secret remained undisclosed for 12 years, until an ex-officer of the Imperial Japanese Navy revealed it in an interview published in the *Ehime Shim-bun*, a weekly newspaper.

Yoshikawa still refused to talk for another seven years, until most of his old comrades were dead and the Imperial Japanese Navy had ceased to exist. He then revealed the truth about his astonishing top secret assignment to Lieutenant Colonel Norman Stanford, our Assistant Naval Attaché in Tokyo, for publication in *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*.

"It is my hope that in telling it now I will harm no one still alive," Yoshikawa declared, "and perhaps contribute something to the naval history of the war in the Pacific. . . . So it was that I, who was reared as a naval officer, never came to serve in action, but look back on my single top-secret assignment as the *raison d'être* of the long years of training in my youth and early manhood."

Thanks to what was perhaps the most amazing job of one-man espionage in history, aided by appalling bumbling and fumbling of the American generals and admirals he outwitted, the United States has good reason to long remember Takeo Yoshikawa — and Pearl Harbor. 



## Did you know...

One of the most popular cameras used by spies during the past fifty years was the *Minox*, a cigarette lighter-sized instrument developed by Professor Zapp — who later developed the micro dot — in Latvia, during the thirties. This tiny camera offered push pull advance, 50 exposures, built-in filters, and an 8" to infinity field of vision, and came with a host of accessories: a binocular attachment to give it telescopic possibilities, a right-angled viewfinder, and measuring chain for copying documents, to name just a few. The *Minox* was so definitively the "spy's camera" that it was featured in almost every spy movie ever made, including the recent "The Falcon and The Snowman."

Another camera popular with spies was the *Zippo* cigarette lighter camera, captured during the mop-up at Pearl Harbor in 1941. Created and used by Japanese Naval Intelligence before and during World War II, it was introduced after the war by the Capital Camera Company of Washington, D.C. as the *Echo 8* camera, and became a big seller in this country.

Not all spy cameras were small, of course, and not all were especially designed for espionage purposes. Cicero, a driver for the First Secretary of the British Embassy in Ankara, and later valet to the British Ambassador in that city, used an old *Leica* (whose only attachment was a close-up lens) to steal the plans for an allied invasion.

Perhaps the all-time favorite camera for spies, however, was the *twin lens reflex*, an inconspicuous camera that could be slung around the neck and operated from beneath a trench coat, could be turned sideways to take right-angled photographs (the winding knobs resembling lens made it appear the camera was pointing forward), or covered with a lens cap in which a small hole had been punched. The aperture opened all the way up allowed pictures to be taken with the lens cap securely in place.

Many interesting cameras appeared in the fifties that may have been used in the "Cold War," including the *Steineck, A.B.C.*, a handsome wristwatch camera and forerunner of the current disc camera, and the *Tessina 35*, a neat, square, 2½"x2½" job with automatic advance. More recently, the Soviets have issued agents a wallet-style camera that can be "wiped" across a document to photograph it.

If your interest in the cameras that spies use has been piqued, or is already greater than we've been able to satisfy, you might want to refer to Joseph Cooper's *New Ultra Miniature Photography* (Universal Photo Books, New York) for more information.

by Roy Green

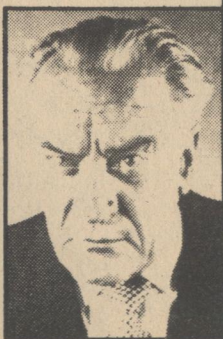


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# THE MAGIC PEBBLE

by Matt Curtis Waldroop

I came out of Sanborn's about three-thirty in the afternoon, my belly contentedly filled with enchiladas and plenty of *cafe especial*, and was halfway down the stone steps facing Avenida Vallarta, when I stopped dead in my tracks.

Nikolai Bolkonsky, his short, chunky body enveloped in the usual ill-fitting brown suit and sporting his customary snapbrim hat, was standing by the phone booth at the curb.

"Harry Ransom!" he boomed at the top of his lungs. "Fancy meeting you in Guadalajara!"

"Uh-huh." I resisted the urge to turn away from him and beat it back to my hotel. This KGB guy had something up his sleeve, and I didn't want it to interfere with the private little arms deal I had going at six-thirty with a junta of generals from a certain South American country. But I did have a few minutes to kill, and I was curious, so I walked down the rest of the steps and stood beside the Russian. "What's up?"

"Can we talk confidentially?" Bolkonsky smiled, pulled a Dunhill menthol from his coat pocket, and clamped it between big, strong, white teeth. "Let's walk to the arch at Minerva Circle. This won't take long. . . ."

I shrugged. "Okay." Warily, I studied the weak, blurry brown eyes that lay behind his thick-lensed glasses. Harry Sinclair Ransom is nobody's fool. Bolkonsky had a dangerous job for me this time; I could tell that for sure.



“Let me tell you, Ransom,” said Bolkonsky as we neared the east entrance to the Champs Elysées-like arch, through which we watched the cars whizzing around the fountain and the gigantic statue of Minerva in the circle’s center, “this assassination plan is foolproof. Whether we kill our target or not, it will look like an accident. A fluke. A one-in-a-million chance which—”

“Assassination?”

“Yes. Georges Marchand, the Canadian Finance Minister.”

“Huh? But—he’s in Canada!”

“That he is,” Bolkonsky agreed. “But Pierre, his sixteen-year-old son, attends the American School here. Plays center forward on the school soccer team. They have a big game coming up with another high school, two weeks from today, out at the field adjoining San José del Tajo trailer park, three miles south of the city on Highway 15. Georges Marchand will be flying down to see his son play.”

“Why do you want him killed?”

“Grain embargo. He’s trying to get his government to collaborate with the United States in a plot against the Soviet Union. Naturally, he must be stopped.”

I grunted, unimpressed. “What’s in it for me?”

“Fifteen thousand U.S. dollars, Ransom. In advance.”

“That’s a lot of money. What’s it buying?”

“You’ll be the assassin’s handler, Harry. I’d do it myself, if I didn’t have paperwork to catch up on at the embassy in Mexico City. But I’ll be here for the kill. I plan to be sitting in the front seat of that limousine—heh!—I’m an avid soccer fan, myself, you know. Ulysses Thaxton will be in the back seat, cozying up to Marchand. We’re pulling this off right under Thaxton’s nose!”

“Thaxton—you mean Thaxton, as in CIA?”

“Of course.” Bolkonsky smiled. “Our assassin,” he said, pronouncing the word cautiously, “is Juanito Santa Cruz de Alarcón, a poor young medical student. Your job will be to stay with him at the safe house we’ve established on Marselas Street. Make sure he practices in the backyard every day. Keep him in good spirits. And then, get him properly concealed at the assassination site on time. Oh, yes—don’t tell him your real name, either.”

“How will he kill Marchand?”

“With a crossbow pistol. It is equipped with a 1.5 x 15 power scope. The fiberglass bow is strung with fifty pounds of ten-



sion. Has a heavy gauge die-cast aluminum frame. The thing is accurate at sixty feet, hurls a projectile at forty-five miles per hour. It's deadly, believe me."

"You call that an accident? Why, a dart or a bolt would—"

"The projectile will be a pebble."

"A pebble!"

"Certainly," replied the KGB man. "A pebble will fit nicely in the crossbow's groove. Here's our scenario: The limousine, a convertible, heads south on Highway 15 towards San José del Tajo, with the top down. It slows for the turn onto the gravel drive leading to the soccer field. A lot of bushes are at this intersection, just behind a small fence. Juanito will hide in those bushes. When the driver brakes for his turn, Juanito lets loose with a pebble, aiming for Marchand's right temple."

"And," I said, grinning, "it looks accidental because there's gravel all over the place, right? You'll play up that angle in a planted news story—some doctor claiming that the limousine's tires churned up a tiny rock which just *happened* to skitter through the air and plow right into this Canadian's head."

"That is the general idea."

"Uh. . . what about a fall guy?" I asked. "Just in case."

"We've lined up an American tourist who's perfect for the part. Rudy Kleinschmitt, a ballet teacher from Omaha who's living in the trailer park for the summer. A volunteer medic in Vietnam. We could portray him as suffering from delayed combat stress. He's contingency, though. We won't need him."

"Not bad. I like it."

"Plus," Bolkonsky added, "I'll be carrying a few pebbles in my pocket, which I shall plant on the back seat by Marchand's body, to bolster our cover story."

"That's even better."

"Isn't it positively wicked, Harry? A mere stray pebble!"

"Yeah. It's like the *Magic Bullet Theory*, isn't it?"

"Magic Bullet Theory? I—I don't follow you."

"That bullet Lee Harvey Oswald *supposedly* fired through both Kennedy and Connally, causing seven wounds. The bullet found planted on a stretcher, looking as good as new. The one-in-a-million shot. The Magic Bullet. Our scheme is basically the same, only I guess we should call it the *Magic Pebble Theory*."

"Ahah! I see. The Magic Pebble Theory—that's precious!"

"Okay," I said, "I'll handle the kid." I stopped walking. "Say—where were *you* on November 22, 1963, Bolkonsky?"

Nickolai's brown eyes rolled and swerved around like two flies



trying to land where they wouldn't get swatted.

"No comment!" he blustered. "And that's off the record."

"Uh-huh. I thought so."

**W**ell, Juanito was a likable kid with dark curly hair, mischievous brown eyes, and a free-and-easy smile. He was a real playboy type, addicted to Izod shirts, khaki Bermuda shorts, and Adidas running shoes.

I told him I was Warren Smith, an economist from London. The way I had it doped, if he got caught and started blabbing, the Mexican police would blame it all on the Brits.

Bolkonsky's call roused us out of bed at seven-thirty on the morning of the hit.

"Is everything ready?" the Russian asked.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled into the phone.

"Good! We should arrive at around ten minutes past noon. I want Juanito in position by no later than a quarter till."

"Sure," I grunted. "We'll be there."

**I**t was a bright, sunny day.

We reached San José del Tajo on schedule. Juanito hid behind the bushes at the corner of the highway and the gravel road, while I parked the rental car on the shoulder, a few feet away. I took a tire iron out of the trunk and pretended to work on the right rear hubcap.

Minutes later, a long black limousine with its top down appeared in the distance, speeding towards us. . . .

My KGB pal was sitting in the front passenger's seat. Behind him was Georges Marchand. Ulysses Thaxton, the man sitting to the left of Marchand, was wearing a tan coconut straw hat with a madras band and dark wraparound sunglasses.

The limousine slowed and began the ninety-degree turn. I could see Bolkonsky's left shoulder hunching up as he reached into his pocket for the pebbles to plant in the back seat.

And then—nothing happened. The limousine completed the turn unscathed and purred on down the road towards the soccer field, as pretty as you please! Somehow, our assassination had gone wrong.

**T**he young assassin was sprawled out on his back, unconscious, with a small bruise puffing up in the center of his forehead. His right hand was clutching the




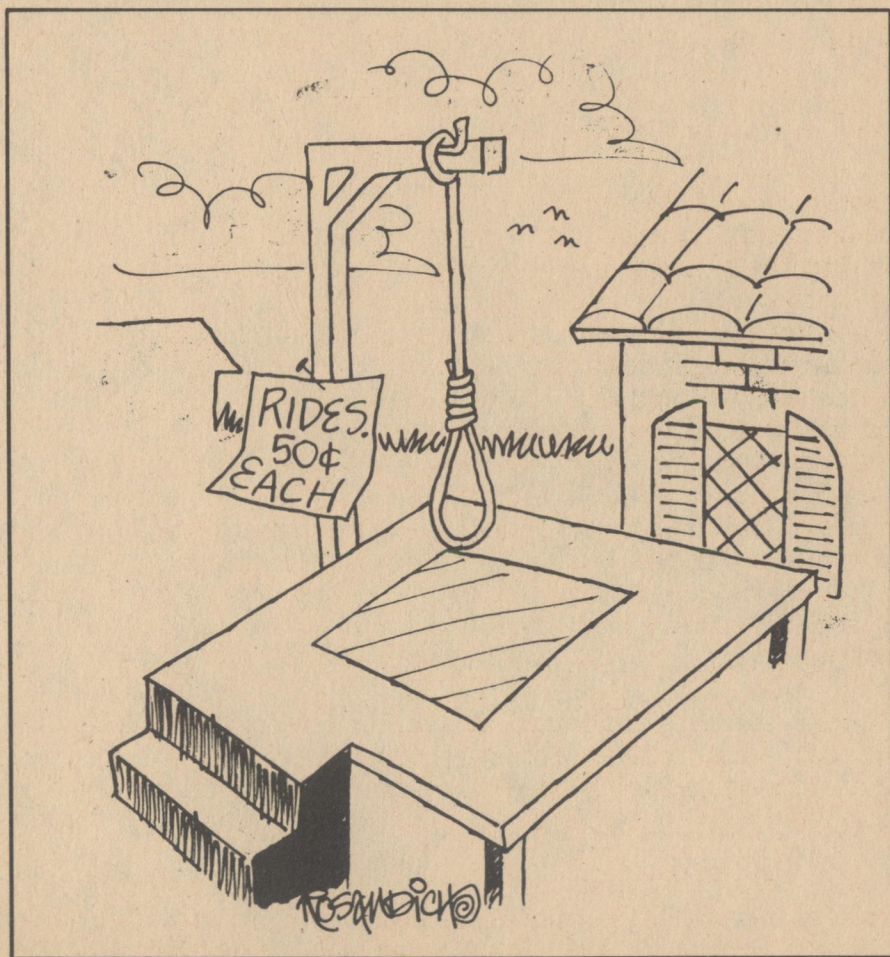
crossbow pistol, which still had a hard round pebble resting in its groove.

I crouched down, felt his wrist, and was relieved to find a steady pulse. He would be fine in a few minutes.

A pebble, about as big around as a dime, lay upon Juanito's chest, standing out like a sore thumb against the white background of his Izod shirt.

Juanito had been beaten to the punch. The tires of the limousine had churned up some gravel, all right, sending that one tiny pebble skittering on a beeline towards our lurking assassin.

The Magic Pebble Theory really did work. Sort of. 









# ORAGE

*By P.E. Halycon*

**A**nne Quinn pulled her wool coat tightly around herself, waiting at the campus bus-stop for the 5:10 that would take her out of downtown Boston. The street was unusually dark; the sun falling faster every day.

A dark-blue sedan braked to a hard stop at the curb next to Anne and a man came quickly out of its rear compartment. He took two determined strides towards Anne, grabbed her by the arm, and pushed her into the backseat. Kicking her dropped textbooks into the gutter, he then closed himself in tightly beside her.

Before she could scream or react in any way, a second man, already in the backseat, gagged her mouth with thick adhesive tape and blindfolded her in the same way. Anne felt shock overtaking her, and shiv-



ered at how quickly and professionally she'd been taken; how her life had changed so swiftly and without warning.

Now she stood naked, shivering in a cold room, listening to the men move around her. They seemed to be positioning something, talking quietly as metal posts were placed along the floor, then repositioned. They mumbled, speaking in low, gruff tones; the conversation limited to two or three word phrases.

One man said, "Let's do it," and a bright light came on. Anne felt its warmth on her skin.

Her blindfold was torn off. She screamed, the adhesive pulling her skin. She winced into the brightness, unable to see the men who hid outside the bright circle the light flashed within the empty room.

The man who'd unbound her eyes came from behind her. He was naked. An immense man whose muscles rippled down his arms and across his chest like steel rods. He grabbed her hair and whispered threateningly into her ears that she *would* live if she went along with them. Did she understand? Through tearing eyes, Anne nodded a strangled Yes.

Four men wearing stocking masks came from the shadows and pinned her arms and legs into a spread-eagle position across the dirt-strewn floor.

Anne whimpered audibly, unable to hold back her sobs.

Then they started taking the photographs.

**S**omething was wrong with the F-104. Its pilot skidded her through the night sky, her wing lights jumping like shivering lightning bugs as she drew nearer to the deck of the carrier, lining up all wrong. The deck crew felt the urge to run, to take cover, but they stayed, sure that the pilot would realize his error, fly over, and come back for a second sweep. But he didn't.

Lt. Thomas Crenshaw's Starfighter slammed into the deck, exploding on impact, flames and debris slashing wildly in every direction. It threw half a dozen hangered planes into the ship's bulkhead, bursting them frantically, wings and fuselages careening into the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, remaining aglow as they washed with the currents.

On deck, hoses were pulled from their holds; pumps pulling water from the ocean splashed it towards the burning deck. Medical personnel came running to search through the wounded and the dead to find those in immediate need.

Five hours later, the fires were out. Nine planes had been destroyed; twenty men had died; thirty-three men were wounded, some of whom would



not survive. And Crenshaw's body was never found.

The investigation that followed was kept quiet. The official word was that "pilot error" had caused the "mishap." It would be a blemish against the Navy, but one, it was hoped, that would pass with time if ignored.

There were, however, too many unanswered questions, the most important of which, was: Why would a top-ranking pilot like Crenshaw, a man with thousands of flight hours to his credit, and many of those on aircraft carrier duty, suddenly make such a rookie-like error, such a disastrous mistake?

It wasn't until two weeks later, when a field agent from CIA Cairo could be brought through deep-cover to file his report in person, that the first hint of truth came to light.

**W**illiam Simpson met alone with Raymond Cheever, head of Naval Intelligence, in a safehouse on the eastern shore of Virginia. He sat quietly, his hands resting easily on his thighs as he watched his jittery counterpart pacing. The CIA agent had known what kind of response his report would bring. It was more than unsettling to learn that the underground was buzzing with word that the Soviets were "toying" with America's Mid-Eastern fleet.

There would be no direct confrontations, nothing so overt; instead, small ploys, minor sabotage, would be used; moves so discreet that detection would be nearly impossible. The crash of Crenshaw's fighter plane was just the beginning.

"How reliable are your sources?" Cheever asked, his pacing abruptly halted.

"Good. Not excellent."

"But you believe them?"

"It deserves verification. When I get word from two sources, each separated by a month's time and a thousand miles, I begin to get suspicious."

Cheever fingered his open collar, turned in place and walked the length of the sparsely-furnished room.

"What were you doing in Beirut?" Cheever asked.

"Confidential." Simpson's tone remained even, although he was taken aback at so obvious a breach of security. Naval Intelligence had no clearance for CIA matters.

Cheever passed over Simpson's refusal, unruffled. "Do you realize how vulnerable we are to this sort of subterfuge? We're an open mark. The only thing that's kept the Soviets off our back is the fact that any sabotaging efforts would be so easily linked to them...but if they've found a way inside, a way that would free them from



***"The training mission in the Caribbean is being tampered with. The pilots will be drugged when they go ashore the night before the flight."***

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prima facie blame..."

"The implications are clear. What we need is a solution," Simpson concluded. "And I suggest you come up with one fast, because with Crenshaw a successful covert operation, they're bound to try it again."

"We'd appreciate the Company's help on this," Cheever tugged at his shirt sleeve. "The Indian Ocean crash cost us nearly \$40 million."

"I'll be in touch," Simpson said, standing. "It'll take me ten to twelve days to get back under again, so you should have word within three weeks."

"Three weeks! My God! What if we're hit again in that time?"

"The ante's up," Simpson smiled.

**D**ays after his meeting with Cheever, William Simpson was aboard a fishing boat, being transported from Batroun, Lebanon, to Anamur, a small village at the southern foothills of Turkey. He was to rendezvous with a contact who had information about another sabotage at-

tempt to be aimed at the U.S. Fleet. Hidden below deck on the fishing trawler, amid bundles of olive-drab fishing nets, was a cipher that Simpson would use to relay his Anamur message as soon as he received it.

His orders were to relay the information at any cost, including exposing his own cover and that of the contact. Washington had taken solace in the fact that the past week and a half had passed routinely; if the Soviets had been up to anything, they'd been unsuccessful. Maybe they'd abandoned the idea, satisfied with one "kill."

Simpson's sea pilot threw anchor one hundred feet from shore. Everything was quiet. Lights scattered along the hills and up into the mountains seemed to glisten through the thickness of the night air, as water evaporated from the warmth of the season.

Simpson waited, seating himself just below the starboard railing, his eyes peering toward shore.

His captain watched through binoculars from a smeared window below deck. "Something in the water," the native Syrian called to Simpson.

"Where?"

"At eleven o'clock, about fifty yards off the starboard midships. Looks like someone swimming towards us. See him?"



"No." Simpson pulled his two-inch-barrelled .357 magnum from his belt holster. This wasn't the plan. His contact was to have signalled from shore. "Keep an eye on him."

"He's coming right at us. About thirty yards."

Simpson stared into the dark waters. "All right. I've got him now. You look around for anyone else; I'll watch our friend. Check the port side."

Simpson felt the boat shift slightly as the Syrian switched his position, but his eyes continued to watch the approaching figure, an athletic swimmer, who cut easily through the water.

When the man's shoulders came within ten feet of the boat, he put his hands above the water, treading with his feet. "I'm Aquida-Five," he whispered. "I've been followed. Stay down, we're being watched from shore; don't let them see where you are." His breathing became heavy from the strain of treading water without the use of his arms.

"The training mission in the Caribbean is being tampered with. The pilots will be drugged when they go ashore the night before the flight. They will feel no effects until they're above 30,000 feet; then, the altitude will cause the drug to take hold."

Simpson said nothing.

"Now," the man in the water

groaned, "you must take me from here. I can't return to shore. Just throw a rope and tug me through the water until we're out of their range."

Simpson crawled to find his Syrian boatmate and signalled for him to start the engines. He found a heavy, coarse-feeling rope and threw it over the side, then heard his contact swim toward the line after it had splashed down. Simpson cut the anchor — there was no time to pull it up — then, wrapping the heavy cipher machine in a waterproof bag, Simpson opened a hatch in the bow and slid into the warm water.

Swimming ashore with a thirty-pound load would be grueling, but it beat staying on board and dying. If the contact had been followed, the boat would never leave the area; it probably wouldn't even make a full turn.

He was fifty yards away when the whistling mortar shell streamed through the sky. It exploded on the water, just off the trawler's starboard bow, throwing water into the air like fired arrows. Its sound was muffled, almost unnoticed as it reverberated in the sea. The second shot was a direct hit that burst the wooden boat into splinters, arcing fiery debris high above the sea.

The sea was still smoldering when Simpson pulled himself ashore. Dragging the cipher by



his side, he ran, water-logged pants and the weight of the cipher holding him back but not stopping him. Finally, he collapsed into a small bend in the rocky shore. He pulled the coding machine from its casing and sent off a general message to Cairo, Haifa, Damascus, Aleppo, and Konya.

**A**rchie Gowland, CIA Dominica, flew his privately-owned, twin-engine Cessna to Puerto Rico at dawn, two days after Simpson's transmission had been decoded by CIA Haifa. He had orders to persuade Captain Francis Woolcott to keep his pilots from going ashore on the eve of their training mission, tomorrow night. Woolcott would resist the suggestion, but that was assumed; it was the Company's way of getting him to go along with having his boys followed into port. Without further explanation, it would be the best Gowland could hope to achieve.

Mixing with a group of tourists who were allowed to board the *U.S.S. Anchorage* for a goodwill tour of the small aircraft carrier, Gowland slipped out of the crowd, stepped over a rope barrier securing private sections of the vessel, and rapped on the metal door to Captain Woolcott's office.

Woolcott, himself, answered, pulling open a tight, metal latch. Gowland handed the

Captain an old photograph, one that the Captain would recognize as himself as a seven-year-old child in Nebraska.

"I've been expecting you. Come in." Woolcott turned his back to Gowland, seating himself behind his dark-stained wooden desk, where he was outlined by war memorabilia: decorations in boxed frames, certificates of service, photographs, maps of long-ago sea battles.

Gowland sat in the leather chair across from the Captain. He noticed Woolcott's face was more deeply drawn than in the photographs the agent had seen; his eyes seemed darker, his brows more heavily creased. He appeared uneasy, restless.

"I have a favor to ask of you," Gowland began.

"Yes," Woolcott replied non-committally.

"I'm here to request that you deny shore leave tomorrow night to the pilots who are to fly in Thursday afternoon's training mission."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"It's just out of the question, that's why. Our men are used to certain procedures — we've trained them in that way." Woolcott stopped, his jaw vibrating slightly, despite the lock his chin tried to apply.

Gowland said, "We have reason to believe there will be problems in port."



"Like what?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"Well, well. Tell me, what kind of games are you people playing? I've got a ship to run here and I'm not about to let you tamper with the morale I've fought so goddamned hard to build unless you can give me some solid reasons for doing it. Does that seem unreasonable to you, Mr. Gowland?"

Gowland wondered what was holding Woolcott in his seat. "Not at all unreasonable, Captain," he smiled diplomatically. "We do have the alternative of beefing up the MP patrol, I guess."

"Then do it!"

Suddenly, Woolcott seemed to ease off. "I don't mean to appear too rigid, but these men have been looking forward to shore leave in a place like San Juan for months now. We've been locked up, out at sea, and . . . well, I don't have to tell you what that can do to a man."

"No. No, you don't." Gowland stood, reaching across the desk to shake Woolcott's hand. The Captain's fingers were like ice, despite the heat of the day. Maybe Woolcott needed the time ashore as much as anyone.

"I appreciate your understanding," the Captain told Gowland.

"Not at all." Leaving the Captain, Gowland heard the bolt to the metal door being thrown

back into place before he'd gone halfway down the hall. Why, Gowland wondered, was Woolcott so intensely concerned about shore leave for six hours for two dozen pilots? And why shore leave the night before — not after — a training mission?

"His record is spotless," Section Chief Ramenez told Gowland, in response to the agent's query into Captain Woolcott's background. "Not one mark on his record." Ramenez sifted through some loose papers on the desk in his brightly-lit office, just outside San Juan's historic district. "He's a family man. Married twenty-five years. One son in the Academy in Annapolis; two daughters, Oklahoma State and Nebraska students. Maybe he's just under a strain."

"Obviously. The question is, what kind?" Gowland noticed a glass humidor of cigars on the shelf behind Ramenez. "Cuban?"

"Absolutely." Ramenez snapped open the jar, releasing a sweet-smelling aroma.

Gowland smiled, taking one. "Pure heaven."

Puffing his cigar to life, Gowland said, "Can I have a few dozen men to trail Woolcott's pilots ashore?"

"You know this is worse than a wild goose chase?"

"No other options. Any pre-test screening could tip off the



Soviets that we're onto their scam, if it hasn't already gone down."

"I can give you six, seven men."

Gowland stared in disbelief. "I'm supposed to have priority support."

"Tell me about it. There are so many problems in this region, we can't raise the manpower. For four years, Carter told us we didn't have any problems; we didn't need the men. Now Reagan comes around, sees the whole region going to Moscow and wants an overnight cure."

"Seven men?" Gowland asked, not liking it.

"Seven."

"I'll take them." He had no alternative.

Once ashore, First Lieutenant Rod Perry waved goodbye to his mates. A buddy from training school days had told him about this local bar, where the girls were clean, cheap, and willing. There wouldn't be any fighting for tail — like in town, where the NCOs and officers outpopulated the women so greatly that getting anything, no matter what she looked like, was a good night.

Perry hailed a cab two blocks from port and directed the driver into Old San Juan, to a road that turned to cobbled brick and wound around the old, fading, Spanish architecture. A maze of dark alleys and

cut-throughs.

Most of the shops along the road had closed for the evening. The streets were left to the local kids, who blasted the latest songs from America on radios ranging from \$5 transistors to portable stereos with Dolby.

Perry gave the driver \$10 and asked that he return at midnight, find him, and get him back to the dock by one-fifteen.

The dark-haired cabbie smiled at the uniformed pilot and took his money; whether he would return depended more on the shift of the wind than loyalty to the Armed Forces, or ten bucks.

"Hey, Army," a teen-aged kid shouted from a doorstep as Perry walked by.

"Navy," Perry smiled back, pointing to the anchor just above the shiny brim to his white hat.

The kid and a friend broke into song, singing, "From the shores of New York Ci-itee, to the whores of Hollywood..."

Perry smiled and walked down a side street, his way lit by a porch light halfway down the hundred yard block. Just about to approach a line of garbage cans, Perry jumped back when a pair of rats scurried across his path.

"Ugly little bastards," Perry whispered to himself.

At the end of the walled block, he saw the sign hanging



crookedly above the opened doorway. Only the letters "B-A-R" remained intact; the others, that had once spelled out a name for the establishment, having fallen off or been stolen. Perry guessed that the most important word had survived.

Inside the place, it was dark. A railed bar formed an L-shape against the righthand wall, following the back of the building for about five feet at the rear. There was seating for a dozen or so, with only four stools occupied. All by men. They watched as a handful of loosely-dressed women danced by themselves in the clearing that separated the bar from five round tables on the lefthand side of the ginmill. A juke box played a popular, local dance song.

At the bar, Perry's uniform had no noticeable effect — positive or negative — on the men, including the bartender. The girls on the floor, however, took notice. A uniform meant money. The locals usually tried to get freebies; sailors knew better.

Yet, while all the girls watched him, only one broke away to join him. And she did it without so much as a nod to the others. Perhaps it was her turn, Perry thought, watching her approach with interest. Whatever the system, he applauded the result. She was by

***"Perry smiled, eyes un-  
bashfully going  
down the unbuttoned  
front of her dress to  
her small breasts.  
There would be no  
pretense tonight."***

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far the most attractive of the group.

Her hair was jet-black and poker-straight, stopping in an abrupt blunt-cut just below her shoulders. She wore bangs that touched the upper arch of her eyebrows that curved over almond-shaped eyes. Her features were Oriental, yet her coloring and skin-texture were definitely West Indies.

"Buy me a drink?" she asked, the standard opening.

Perry smiled, eyes un-  
bashfully going down the un-  
buttoned front of her dress to her  
small breasts. There would be  
no pretense tonight.

She ordered a mint gin, prop-  
ping her feet on the lower rung  
of her stool, opening her legs  
and pulling up her skirt. "Fifty  
and I'm yours for the night," she  
said business-like, though  
pleasant.

"How about forty? I'm due  
back by one."

"Deal," she said, taking his  
hand, putting it on her bare  
thigh. "Besides," she continued  
as he toyed with her, "you're  
cute."



"Where can we go?" Perry asked.

"There's a room in back. Give Henry ten." She pointed to the bartender.

"Henry," Perry called, standing to take his wallet from the hip pocket of his white pants.

The bartender came slowly towards him, unsmiling.

"Here's ten for your room in the back."

Henry checked the two fives, then checked the sailor's face as though searching for hints of trouble. Finally, without a word, he pocketed the two fives.

"Talkative fellow, isn't he?" Perry asked.

"Doesn't waste words," she said, standing, taking Perry's arm. He started to lead her away. "Aren't you taking your drink?" she asked.

Perry snapped his fingers. "Forgot all about it. Thanks." He picked it off the bar and took a long swallow, carrying the remainder with him, never even tasting the powder the girl had tapped from a silver-foil packet into his glass.

One of the locals had seen it, though, watching through his conversation with the others at the back wall of the bar. As soon as Perry and the girl walked past his group, the man stood, paid his small bill, and walked out of the bar. He was looking for a phone.

"Hey, Mister," A tall, skinny kid, sixteen maybe, called from

behind him. "You want a real girl? Not like those bitches in there?"

"No," the man smiled, "maybe some..."

The knife went into his back so easily he hadn't time to feel the blade's penetration. By the time the slim blade was worked through his ribs, into his heart, all the man could do was realize how simple the distraction had been. It was what the Company always warned them about: how quickly it could happen; how unsuspecting it would all seem; and then it would be over, just like . . . now.

**T**here was nothing in the back room except the rumpled bed and a shuttered window, but the nearly naked girl made it all worthwhile. She stood, her hands fondling Perry's hair as he unbuttoned the rest of her dress and pulled it off, dropping it carelessly to the floor. She adeptly unbuttoned his trousers with three twisting fingers. Touched him. It didn't bother her that he would die tomorrow; but so long as he had to be lost, and would only have one more woman in his lifetime, it might as well be a good one.

**B**efore dawn, Thursday morning, Ramenez and Gowland were panicked. One of their agents hadn't reported in from the night



before: the one assigned to follow Perry.

"What do you think?" Ramenez asked. "Is Perry our man? *Their* target?"

"I don't know," Gowland replied, shaking his head as he looked through Ramenez' window towards Old San Juan.

"We could probably have him grounded."

"How did they get to him? What's the scam?" Gowland worried. "How have they gotten through us this easily?"

The intercom buzzer to Ramenez' phone sounded. He picked up his extension, listened to his secretary, then replied simply, "Send him in."

"Who is it?" Gowland asked.

"I don't know. A man who says he has information for us. Some of the locals know who we are; they're supposed to; we're not deep cover in this building. Every so often someone shows up with something, and right now, with money being so tight, information can feed a family for a month."

When Ramenez' office door opened, Henry walked in. The bartender from the nameless bar in Old San Juan. He didn't think his information was worth much, but he could use \$200.

"It depends on what it is. I can't promise you anything until I hear what you have to say," Ramenez replied to the offer.

Henry was nervous. His stout

frame unsure this was safe. "I saw a girl — a hooker — in my bar last night; she..." Henry stopped. Was the money worth it? The men he faced waited expressionlessly. "The girl put something — some powder — into a sailor's drink."

Ramenez felt his backbone stiffen with interest. He had Henry describe the sailor. From the uniform, the build, the description, it could have been Perry. From out of nowhere, a lead. Henry was paid with two hundred-dollar bills and a polite thank you.

Perry was ordered from his compartment and given a blood test. No one knew of the procedure other than Ramenez, Gowland, the ship's doctor, and Perry himself.

Two hours later, three hours before take-off, the results were back. There were no traces of a foreign substance in Perry's bloodstream.

"We've been conned," Section Chief Ramenez swore.

"It doesn't make sense," Gowland said, rubbing his temples. "It's just too coincidental. Perry's tail doesn't report. Perry's a pilot on the flight to be sabotaged. Perry gets slipped some powder by a hooker the night before the mission."

Ramenez thought silently. "Maybe it was a diversion. A way to make us ground Perry when another pilot is the true



**"Perry's bloodstream was altered. His veins had become filled with an hallucinogenic."**

target."

"And maybe nothing's going to happen. Maybe the Soviets know we're on to them and are just jerking us around."

"Who has the final say for a go-ahead on this mission?" Ramenez asked.

"I forget his name. Naval Intelligence back in Arlington. Cheever...something like that."

Ramenez reached Raymond Cheever through a scrambled line and relayed his information. Cheever said the mission was a go. At four-thirty, the F-104s took off from the deck of the U.S.S. *Anchorage*, and on a routine maneuver, First Lieutenant Rod Perry crashed south of Tortola, just missing a white, sandy beach lined with tourists.

This time, however, they got the body. The ship's doctor from the *Anchorage* assisted with the autopsy. Perry's bloodstream was now altered, abnormal. His veins had suddenly, in the past three hours, become filled with an hallucinogenic.

"Is it possible it was in his bloodstream before?" Gowland asked the doctors in a secluded office at San Juan Hospital.

"Absolutely not," the hospital doctor concluded. "Even if it

were, as has been suggested, a timed-released or altitude-released — and I'm not sure altitude-released is even possible; nothing I've ever seen, anyway — at any rate, in either of those cases, we would have seen some trace of the dormant drug in his body. It couldn't just hide and then suddenly be released. We'd have seen the inactive particles."

"Then," Gowland concluded, "someone slipped it to him between the time of his blood test and the time of his take-off?"

The doctor nodded.

"Someone on board?"

"Obviously," the doctor replied, unmoved by the consequences of his statement.

**E**very pilot's schedule had been the same that morning. Awakened at seven; breakfast at eight; return to their quarters at nine, to stay there until eleven (except Perry who'd been summoned for the blood test during that period); then briefing from eleven until two, with additional briefing after two o'clock lunch. Perry, Gowland learned, had eaten the same food as the other pilots, served from the same warmed bins in the galley.

It was possible he'd been slipped the drug in the lunch line, but doubtful. The process was too fast, too mechanized, for any one plate to be sabo-



tagged; the trays were prepared by the food-service men and placed under hot lamps atop the long row of food. Perry could have taken any one of three to five plates of food. Beverages were served in much the same fashion.

The only other food or liquid intake Perry had had was coffee during the briefing period, when Captain Woolcott gave the pilots their instructions. Someone, Gowland guessed, had fixed Perry's coffee; that was the only thing that made sense.

But what about the hooker in the bar Perry had visited? Was the bartender's information correct? Was it all a bizarre

coincidence or was it just a line to throw them, to keep them from realizing Perry had actually been drugged on board? If so, why go to all the trouble to set up the ruse? Why not just drug Perry on the ship and be done with it?

Because, Gowland guessed, someone fairly unexpendable was being protected; the only reason to divert attention from the guilty party would be if that party could be useful again in the future. Perhaps it was someone rather powerful or influential. Someone like Captain Woolcott. Maybe Woolcott had had good reason to be nervous the morning before, Gowland realized, remembering how





adamant the ship's commander had been that his pilots be given their time ashore. It would be crucial to give them the quick liberty if Woolcott's diversion was taking place in port.

**G**owland knocked on the metal door to Woolcott's office, aboard the *U.S.S. Anchorage*.

"Come in," Woolcott called.

Gowland pushed open the heavy, unlocked door and stepped inside. The shades were drawn; the air was stale, smelling thickly of cigars and alcohol — scotch, if Gowland's senses were not mistaken. Woolcott was leaned back in his swivel chair, behind his desk, the fingertips of his right hand lightly resting against those of his left in front of his face.

The only light in the room was a thin line of red sunset that slipped through the crack between the drawn shade and the windowsill. When Gowland closed the two of them in the office, it was almost too dark to see.

"I've been expecting you," Woolcott said, his voice slow from the scotch.

"Why?" Gowland asked.

"Why not?"

Gowland could hear, but not see Woolcott's hands slap down on his desk like a dropped gavel in an empty courtroom. "A shame about Perry," Gowland

said.

No response at first, then a quiet, "Yes."

It was all too obvious that Woolcott would know the answer to Gowland's next question: "Why did he have to die?"

Woolcott exhaled what appeared to be a sour laugh. "He didn't have to die. There was nothing special about Perry. It just had to be...someone. One of the pilots."

"During a mission?"

"During a mission," Woolcott repeated, turning the theory into fact.

"And you gave him the drug?"

Woolcott paused again. "You're here alone. It would just be your word against mine... Don't misunderstand me, I want to tell you, but I have a...a certain interest in this as well, you understand."

Gowland spoke without emotion. "You'll lose your command, be put up stateside, no doubt in a low-security-clearance position, pushing routine papers across a desk in a room filled with desks. I doubt they'd even allow you in recruiting after this."

"I was thinking more along the lines of early retirement; have the doctors dummy-up some medical reason, nothing that would worry my family, but enough to get me out — with my pension and benefits."

"No promises."



Woolcott drank from an unseen glass; the sound of his swallowing and the heavy drop of the glass back onto the desk were loud in the darkness. A light flicked on: the corner lamp on Woolcott's desk. The Commander pulled open a bottom desk drawer and pulled out a manila envelope. He pushed it across his empty desk-top with enough force to clear the surface and land in Gowland's lap. "I was put to the ultimate test," Woolcott declared, "and failed."

Gowland drew out a series of 8x10 glossy photographs, obviously hand-printed. They featured a small-built, American girl, naked, face filled with fear, about to be violated by a tall, incredibly well-built man, his immense muscles hard.

"Who is this?" Gowland asked.

"Anne Quinn. Rear Admiral Quinn's daughter."

"My God! What the hell's she doing in these pictures?"

"She was kidnapped, right off the street; in Boston, where she goes to school. The Rear Admiral was given these pictures the morning after Anne was kidnapped. A note told him his daughter would be raped repeatedly by this man, beginning in 48 hours, unless Quinn could cause a major accident on board an active military vessel."

Gowland let it sink in. "Cren-

shaw, the crash in the Indian Ocean."


"Yes."

"But where do you fit in? What's this *ultimate test*?"

"I received a similar note, along with these photographs. I was told that my daughters were safe — for now — but if I didn't arrange a similar accident, my girls would be in pictures like this by the end of the week. They knew where they were, had detailed schedules of their activities; they knew all my relatives, everywhere I could hide my daughters. There was no running away from them. So when I received a packet of narcotics and was told to give them to a pilot before today's training mission..." Woolcott drank away the end of his sentence.

The ultimate test: career or family; life or family.

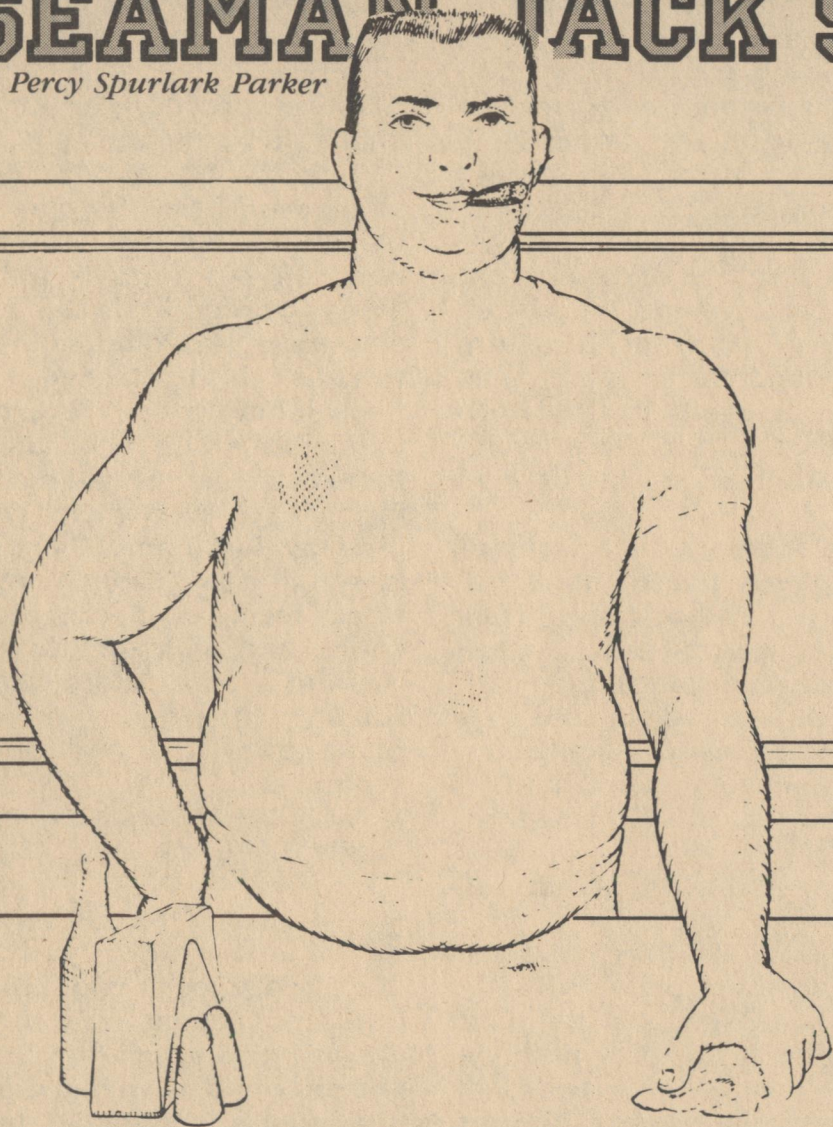
**I**t appeared the battles were no longer limited to those who'd agreed to fight them. Innocent people were being drawn into the confrontation. The price of a pawn had grown; no longer a foot soldier, but a family member; a loved one of someone in charge — and there were damned few men in command who wouldn't buckle under.

Gowland felt a sickening feeling pull at his stomach. The stakes were becoming unbelievably high. 



# SEAMAN JACK'S

by Percy Spurlark Parker



“**W**e in the intelligence-gathering community have our favorite hangouts,” Ralph said, as he turned into the eatery wedged between two tourist trap jewelry stores just off Times Square.

I was a week into my probationary period, and Ralph had been assigned to show me the ropes. He was an inch or so taller than me, with just a whisper of gray playing in his dusk-colored hair.

*Seaman Jack's Grill* was the name of the joint, but the only



reference to the sea was a photo of a freighter hung on the wall, and the tattoo of an anchor on the grillman's biceps. The place was nothing more than a long counter with green topped stools bolted to the floor. A "greasy spoon" if I ever saw one.

"Hey, Ralph, how's it going?" the grillman asked.

"Just fine, Jack," Ralph said, taking a stool at the center of the counter. "I want you to meet somebody. Phil Honer..Seaman Jack.

"Jack and I did some time in the navy together, during the early days of Nam."

It was a toss-up which was dirtier: Jack's T-shirt or the apron he had tied around his generous gut. He had at least a double chin, and there may have been another one hidden beneath the flesh and whisker stubble.

We shook hands. Besides his mitt being bigger than mine, it was also greasy.

"Oh, sorry," Jack said, and he wiped his hand on his apron.

"You having the usual, Ralph?"

"Yeah, sure. The same for Phil, here."

I looked at Ralph and he shrugged. "Ham and eggs," he answered my unasked question.

I guess Jack couldn't do too much damage to them.

The smell of fresh-brewed coffee is the predominant odor you get in most cafeterias. The smell of cakes and breads can cause your mouth to water in some restaurants. And in smaller places, it's the rich smell of garlic and onions that hangs in the air.

Seaman Jack's just smelled.

Jack slid coffee in front of us that had so much of an oil slick floating on top, I thought the freighter in the photo had sprung a leak. But Ralph got to work on his with cream and sugar, plenty of both, and stirred vigorously.

I followed suit. It was hot and that helped it go down, but the flavor of coffee couldn't cut through the grease.

Ralph polished off half of his and pasted a big smile on his face. "How's business been going?"

Jack stuck a nub of a cigar in his mouth and fired it with a stick match. "A little slow. I think it's the weather."

Hell, it had been in the seventies all week. To me, *not* patronizing Seaman Jack's aligned itself more with common sense than anything else.

"Weather's a funny thing," Ralph said. "Maybe the wind'll kick up and blow some more customers your way. Phil and I are here."

We were the only ones in the joint, and I hadn't noticed anyone



so much as slow down as they passed the window.

The ham was already on the grill; Jack swung back, rearranging the meat somewhat, got eggs and cracked them into a plastic bowl. He threw four slices of bread into a grease-smeared toaster, dumped the eggs on the grill, and turned to us with the coffee pot in-hand.

It was something to see: all that fat in motion behind the counter. It wasn't a sight to enhance the appetite, but then I'd lost mine when I walked into the place.

Ralph did his number again with the cream and sugar. Jack's jelly fat shook as he stirred the eggs on the grill. I took a deep breath and tried my coffee again. It was a mistake.

When Jack finally got the food ready, the toast was burnt. The butter was frozen, and the ham and eggs were all but swimming in a plate of grease. He sat a stack of napkins between us, and I noticed a fresh trail of cigar ash decorating his T-shirt, I wondered how much of it had done a nosedive into my eggs. If nothing else, it had to help the flavor.

"What did you do in the navy?" I asked.

"Communications," Jack said. "But I always wanted to be a cook."

Ralph winked at me, then grabbed the salt and pepper and covered everything on his plate.


**"Y**ou can't get a meal like that everywhere," Ralph said, as we walked along Forty-First Street. "Thank God for that," I said, belching. And I could taste the grease and eggs and coffee trying to work their way back up.

"Come on, Phil. An agent of these United States is expected to go through some harrowing experiences."

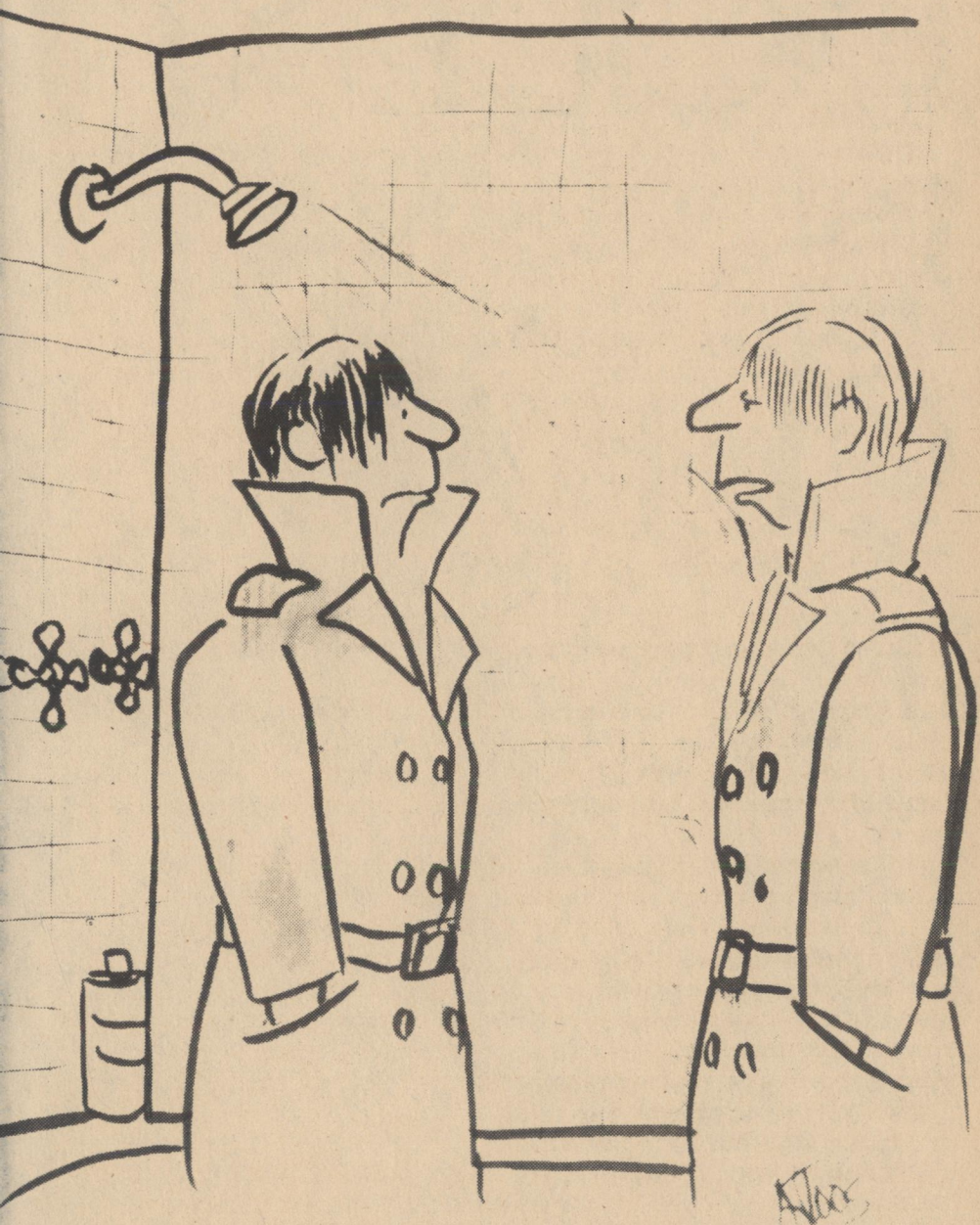
"In the line of duty," I reminded him. "Not because your old navy buddy can't get anybody to patronize his ptomaine shop."

Ralph laughed, belched, and grabbed his stomach. "Who says that wasn't in the line of duty?" He took a napkin out of his shirt pocket and unfolded it to let me see the coded message scribbled there. "Jack's an information drop for us. That's what all the talk about the weather was for."

It was my turn to belch, again.

Ralph smiled, put the napkin away, and dug out a pack of antacid tablets. "Look on the bright side, Phil. You'll only have to eat there three...four times a week, tops." 





*"...the only place in the house that isn't bugged."*



# INCIDENT IN CUBA

© 1970 by Herbert Harris

**J**eff Maitland had already made up his mind to talk to the girl in the deck-chair, but on his way out to the sunbacked terrace of the Hotel Castillo, he paused to address the manager, who stood frowning behind the reception-desk.

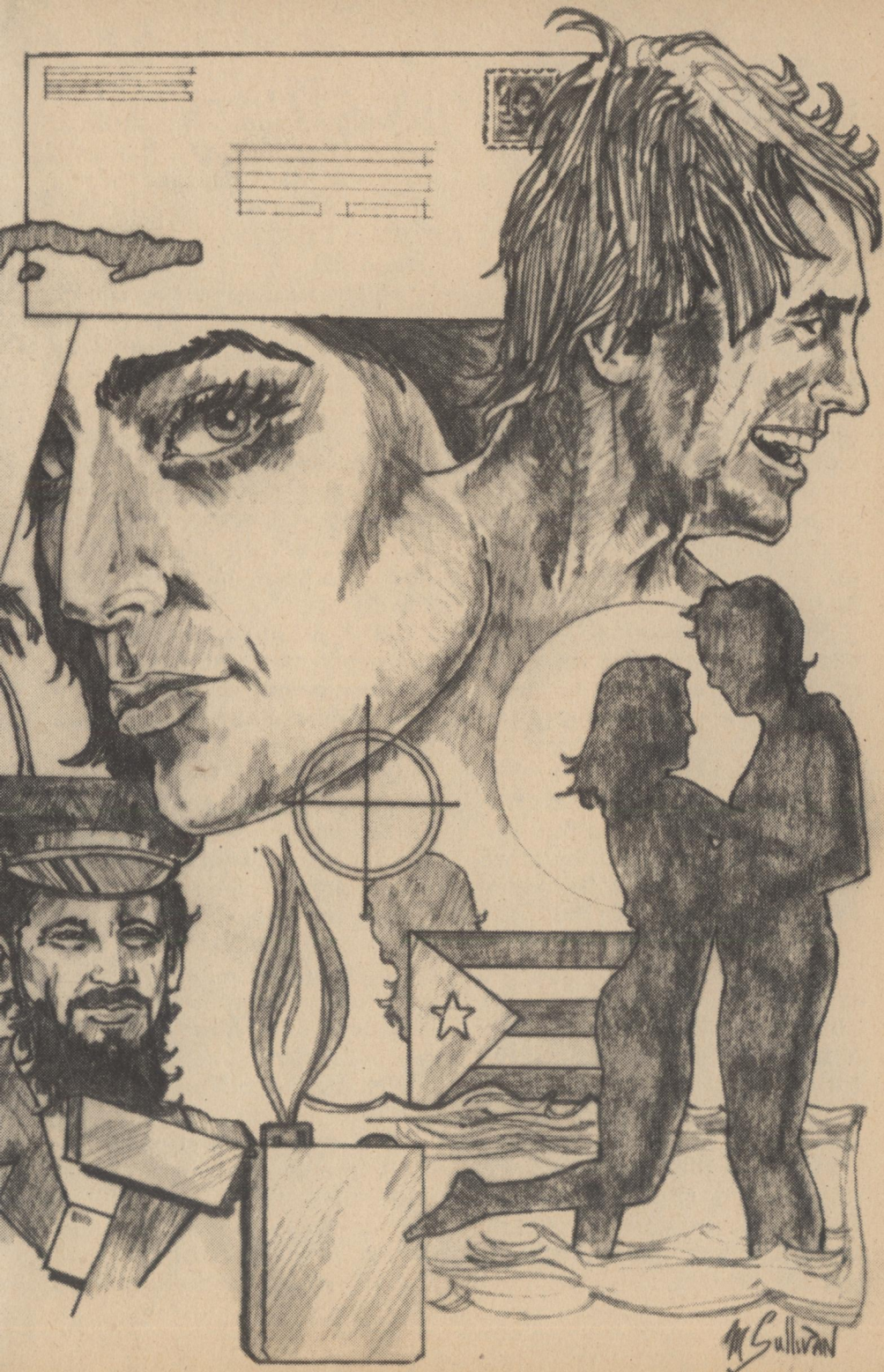
The manager frowned perpetually. Since the Marxist revolution of Dr. Castro, he did not love his native Cuba any more. There were too many spies, too many suspicions, too many security men asking questions. Not very conducive to tourism, he felt.

"Still no letter for me?" Maitland asked.

"Nothing, *senor*."

Illustration by Michael Sullivan







As he turned away, it was Maitland's turn to frown. The air-mail from the "Agency," the coded instructions, was too long overdue to be comfortable.

But his frown was dispelled by the sight of the girl sunning herself on the *terrado* behind the hotel. He realised the risk of sexual involvement in his particular work, but he knew he had to speak to her. He'd gone far too long without a woman, and the sight of her made his stomach tighten with desire.

The name of the Cuban girl was Joya Nenita, and she lived up to her name, for *Joya* is Spanish for Jewel.

She had to be topaz, Maitland thought, for she was the color of pale brown sherry. Seen against the pastel pink of the hotel, with its apricot tiles, the red curtain of rocks fringing the *Playa de Oro* — Golden Beach — and the green of palms and citrus groves and smoky pines beyond, the Cuban girl looked magnificent, causing the blood to throb in his body.

The terrace of the hotel led directly on to the beach. She lay out in a deck-chair, wearing only a bikini. Her legs, crossed at the thin ankles and broadening out to muscular thighs, looked like the tail of a mermaid.

First she had been a topaz. Now she was a long brown shiny fish. A glistening girl. . . glistening black hair, glistening eyes, mouth, body.

She smiled at him — a kind of begging smile, the smile of secret thoughts; a lush, warm, wet smile that shone like the rest of this topaz fish.

"May I get you a drink?" he asked her.

All she wanted was a *jugo de naranja* — orange juice. She greeted his return with that old alluring trick of slow-lifting eyelashes.

"So your name is Joya — Very apt," he said.

"*Gracias*," she answered softly. Her glinting dark eyes ranged insolently over his hard tanned body, clad only in swim-briefs. "And yours?"

Jeff Maitland didn't hesitate. His reply came neat and pat, because he had become used to lying and cheating — it was a part of his job.

"Jim Morris," he told her. Whatever name he chose, it always had the same initials as his real name. That made it unnecessary to throw away any monogrammed articles like suitcases or pyjamas.

Not that he usually needed pyjamas in the spots where the "Agency" sent him — hot climatically as well as politically. San Miguel Bay on the south side of Cuba was no exception.

"I suppose you're another C.I.A. man?" she threw at him suddenly.

There was a tiny cold caress of fear on the back of his neck. Cuban counter-espionage had



been stepped up since the C.I.A. had engineered internal revolts in Cuba and Guatemala.

"What is C.I.A.?" he hedged.

Her wet lips parted in disbelief. "The Central Intelligence Agency, of course! You must know that, as an American?"

Maitland lied glibly again, "I'm not American. . . I'm Canadian. I represent a firm selling agricultural machinery."

Her eyes roamed over him again, and his body reacted to the impudent challenge. "For a businessman, Mr. Morris, you're a very good physical specimen," she told him.

Maitland grinned, matching her insolence by letting his gaze dwell on the salient mounds of the long gleaming topaz fish. "I have to keep fit to work in territories like this," he answered smoothly.

She rose from the chair in one swift movement. "I'm going into the water. Would you like to join me?"

"I'd like nothing better!"

As they ran down the beach and into the turquoise sea, she took his hand in a spontaneous gesture, squeezing it slightly.

Once in the water, waist high, he put an arm around her and bent to kiss the hairline of her forehead. Instantly, she pulled herself against him, clinging all the way, and pressed her lips gently against his. The first kiss was indescribable, Maitland thought — this caress and

melting of her lips, the unbelievable softness and clinging and warmth, the promise of tender savagery. . .

They swam for a while in the warm Caribbean sea, then sat at the water's edge, letting the creamy breakers wash around their feet.

"You haven't asked me anything about myself," she said.

"Asking too many questions could spoil things," Maitland replied, glancing at the fingers spread out on the sand.

"Yes, it's a wedding-ring," she said, interpreting his glance. "I was married. . . I am not any more."

"Divorced?"

"No, widowed. I did not know my husband was involved in underground politics. He was shot."

He glanced at her sympathetically. "Presumably by the present regime. You cannot be any lover of it?"

Joya Nenita hesitated. Then: "The regime supports me. I work for a government department in Havana."

He threw her a quick, sidelong look of uncertainty. A government department. It had an ominous ring. Could this topaz fish be playing *him* on the line. . . ?

"You didn't say if you were sympathetic to the present regime," Maitland reminded her.

She said, "It's safer to talk about love than about politics



in Cuba."

"You want to talk about love?" he smiled.

"Aren't you just as lonely and frustrated as I am?"

"Does it show that much?" Maitland grinned.

"Would you like to come back to my room?" she asked bluntly.

Moved by a dangerous, irrational compulsion, Maitland answered, "What do *you* think?"

**J**oya took a shower first, then emerged wrapped in a belted towelling robe, smelling fresh and clean and perfumed.

She stood for a moment by the bed. The special secret smile had crept back to her face, and her eyes never left Maitland's: nor did his leave hers.

He watched, fascinated, as her fingers dug deep behind the tightly clasped belt and pulled the towelling robe open. She shrugged out of it and threw it aside.

Then Joya the Jewel . . . the brown topaz . . . the shimmering brown fish . . . was lying on the bed, stretching a hand towards him.

Suddenly, there was a loud urgent hammering on the door, the sound of raised angry voices in the passage outside.

Maitland stood immobile, his body growing more tense with every second.

The hammering and shouting continued.

The sense of foreboding which had been slowly simmering inside him, now began to boil over. Even though he was still clad only in his swim-briefs, the heat in the room suddenly seemed intolerable, and the sweat trickled down from his armpits.

Joya's eyes were wide with alarm as she looked at him.

He said, "For God's sake, get your robe on!"

Instantly, she slid off the bed and donned the robe and pulled it tight about her.

As she did so, a key turned in the lock and the door was flung open.

Two men walked in. They were tall, heavily-built, wearing army shirts and untidy peaked caps. They looked oddly alike in their black bushy Castro-type beards, but it was obvious that only one was in command. The other — with a revolver in a holster slung from his trousers-belt — stayed by the door as if on guard.

The worried little manager pushed past him from the passage, flapping his arms in anguish. "I'm very sorry, *senor*, but I was forced to open this door under duress . . . you understand!"

The man with the gun caught hold of the little manager's arm, spun him round as if he were a roulette wheel, and flung him roughly out of the room.

The superior of the two men smiled appreciatively at Joya, letting his eyes linger on the



thrust of hard nipples against the tight towelling.

To Maitland's astonishment and inward fury, the Cuban girl smiled back at him, and allowed the robe to fall open a little to show more of her breasts.

"I think I have seen you before, *senora*?" the man said.

"I think you must have," she answered. "I work for the same Department as yourself. You are Captain Marcello Barrado?"

"Excellent!" he exclaimed, his smile openly lascivious. "You are a bright girl. I can see that! We must get together, eh? Perhaps I can further your career?"

"*Gracias, señor!*" Her teeth flashed whitely.

Maitland listened to the exchange of pleasantries, with mounting anger. Good God, he thought bitterly, she was actually sucking up to this bearded bastard. . . .!

"You are on holiday here, *senora*?" Captain Barrado asked.

"Yes," she answered. Somehow, Maitland noticed, she had placed herself close to the officer, so close that one of her breasts made contact with his arm.

The lips behind the bushy beard curled. "And you seem to know how to enjoy yourself, *senora*. But why did you have to pick this man?"

The expression "this man" was the last straw.

Maitland exploded. "What the hell do you mean by bursting

into the room like this? I shall lodge a very serious complaint with the Canadian Government!"

Captain Barrado said, "I think you mean the American Government. Isn't that so, Mr. . . .er. . . Morris, is it?"

Maitland could taste the salt of his own sweat. "I mean the Canadian Government, Captain. My name is Jim Morris. I represent a firm of agricultural machinery manufacturers in Montreal." He scowled. "You've checked my papers enough!"

"Papers, papers!" Barrado cried. "All the best spies have them, do they not? Tomorrow we shall know for sure just how genuine you are, Mr. Morris! Unless you would like to tell us the truth now! It would go better for you if you did!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

The officer pulled an airmail-letter from his side-pocket, held it aloft in his hand.

"This letter was intended for you, *senor*. We have just intercepted it. We find it is in code."

"All business correspondence is in code," Maitland told him. "We have to protect ourselves from our trade competitors."

"Ah, yes, of course, *senor*," the Captain said with a cynical smile. "So if this letter is harmless, you have nothing to worry about, have you?"

Maitland remained silent, flexing his jaw muscles.

"We have very good cipher ex-



perts in Security," Barrado went on agonizingly, "but it will give them a lot of hard work to decipher the letter."

The sweat ran into Maitland's eyes and he tried to blink away the smarting pain.

"If you would supply the code, so that we may satisfy ourselves regarding the contents. . ."

"Not bloody likely!" Maitland exploded.

"In that case," the officer said, sliding the letter back into his pocket, we shall have to try and crack the code. And if it should prove incriminating, I'm really sorry for you, Mr. . . . er. . . Morris. . ."

"Give me that letter, you. . . gorilla!" Maitland shouted, lunging forward.

Barrado's hand shot out and gripped Maitland's arm. A strong thumb picked out a nerve-point, exerted pressure, and Maitland's face screwed up in a grimace of agony as a shuddering jolt of pain shot through his arm, rendering it numb.

By now, the man by the door had produced a revolver, and Maitland, pale and dripping with sweat, looked at it, knowing that he was helpless.

Okay, he thought. . . so let the bastards read it. . . let them find out all they needed to know. It would be the finish of him with the "Agency," but he was sick and tired of the filthy game anyway. . .

"You will not be able to leave

the country, *senor*, until we have satisfied ourselves that this letter is an innocent commercial communication. . ."

He made one last bid. "Of course, if you were ready to cooperate. . ."

"Go to hell," Maitland said.

The Cuban girl got even closer to the officer, and was looking up at him provocatively, urging her body against him brazenly.

She looked round petulantly at Maitland. "You shouldn't speak to Captain Barrado in such a manner," she said.

"You mind your own business, you little trollop," Maitland said to her.

Barrado took a step forward, made as if to seize Maitland's arm again, and the latter steeled himself for another crippling jab of pain.

But Joya thrust herself between the men, pushing them both apart, letting fly a volley of Spanish. The little strumpet was enjoying herself, Maitland thought, with two men ready to fight over a coarse name flung in her direction.

The big bearded Captain suddenly laughed. Joya cried, "Ah, that's better!" and pulled the hairy mouth down and kissed it.

"We must continue that, *senora*," Barrado said, and turned and went out.

They heard the clatter of boots fade away in the passage. Then Joya rushed forward and shut the door. She stood with her back to the door, looking at him.



Maitland thought she had never looked more desirable, with the shine of sweat on her face and at the cleavage of her breasts and the black hair falling wild over one eye.

Her hand went inside the robe and she brought out the letter. "Here," she said, "read it quickly, then burn it if you have to."

"My God!" Maitland gasped, snatching the letter. "You . . . you picked his pocket!"

"Yes! Yes! Read it quickly!"

"They may have a copy," Maitland said.

"I don't think so," Joya said. "He said they had only just intercepted it. And he was very anxious you shouldn't have that original, so I'm pretty sure no copy has been made. . ."


Maitland read the letter swiftly, memorizing its contents. Then he took out his cigarette-lighter

and lit one corner and watched the letter reduce to black ash. He collected the ash in his hand and scattered it out of the window.

"Barrado will come back. We shall bluff it out - say we have never seen it - make him think he has lost it somewhere. Was it important?"

"Very," Maitland answered. "One of the important things it told me to do was to make contact with a certain Joya Nenita at this hotel."

She said, "So you *were* the right one after all. I couldn't be sure. So now we have made contact at last."

The contact should be very much more thorough," Maitland said, and led her across to the bed and helped her out of the robe. "We should have fun working together, I think." 

## Did you know...

The Sureté, the French precursor and modern counterpart of the FBI, was founded in 1812 by a man who had been *Public Enemy Number One* in France for a number of years. Eugene-Francois Vidocq, a thief and outlaw, evaded the police for years, turned police spy, joined the force as a detective, and used his knowledge of crime to establish a new crime-fighting organization, the Sureté.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation captured eight German saboteurs shortly after they came ashore from a U-boat off eastern Long Island in 1942. Six were executed and two imprisoned. The expedition's leader, an anti-Nazi, had tipped off the FBI. (He was promised he'd be jailed for only six months. He got, instead, ninety years.)



# Sense Of *Justice*

by Robert Cittadino

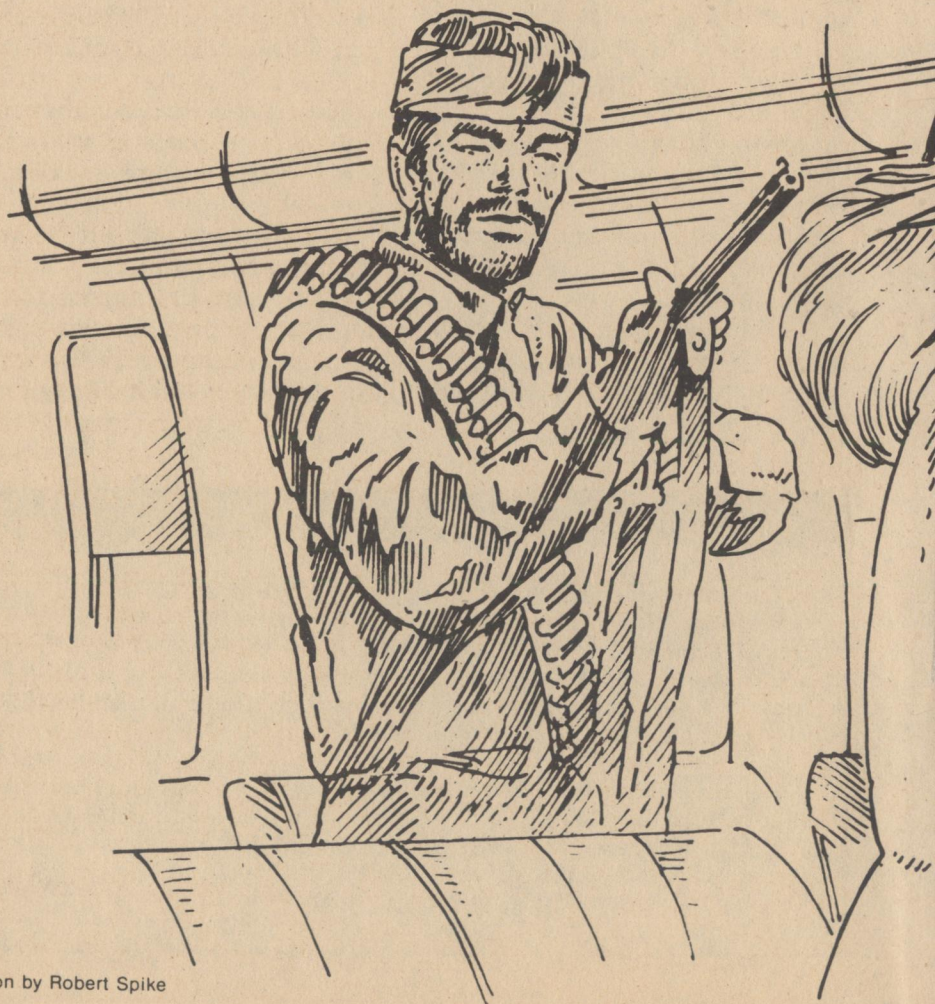


Illustration by Robert Spike





When the guard ponderously opened the heavy cell door to let me enter, Vargas came into immediate view as a short, stocky figure in denim, lounging redolently on a cot situated against the far wall of the drab, box-shaped cell. Nine months had passed since the trial and I noted that inactivity had contributed additional pounds to his already stoutish frame, while the months of confinement had taken away some of his natural swarthiness and given him a slight prison pallor. He looked at me uncertainly for a moment, then, as recognition was achieved, his pouting, rubbery lips broke into a cold, sneering smile.

"Breck, isn't it?" he said in the heavily accented, mocking tone I remembered so well. "I never expected to see you again, but then this is a most auspicious occasion, so it's only fitting that my nemesis from British Intelligence should pay me a visit."

"I see you have already heard the radio broadcasts, so there's no use in being coy about the situation," I replied as, with a scrape of metal on metal, the turnkey noisily locked me in alone with the baby-faced terrorist. I waited until the departing guard's footsteps echoed hollowly down the far end of the corridor before I resumed speaking.

"Yesterday, at approximately 7:15 PM, four of your compatriots, brandishing weapons, stormed



aboard and commandeered a BEA jet preparing to take off from Heathrow Airport for Paris. They must have had foreknowledge that the Prime Minister's niece was going to be on the flight, because they immediately singled her out as a hostage and then quickly released the rest of the people on the jet, with the exception of the flight crew. Of course, the aircraft was quickly surrounded by our security forces and it has remained, since then, trapped on the runway."

"That seems to be in accord with the news reports I have heard this morning," Vargas interjected as he sat up on the cot and eagerly leaned towards me. "Continue on."

I had been on my feet since last night, because of the crisis, and I glanced quickly around the cell, searching for a chair or stool to sit upon in order to ease my weariness. The few pieces of rudimentary furniture in evidence didn't look very inviting, so I had to be content with leaning against the cell door. It eased the pain in my lower back somewhat, so I went on with my briefing.

"Last night, shortly after Midnight, a message was radioed from the plane to the control tower. The gist of the message was that the girl will be freed unharmed in exchange for your release. According to the orders issued by your gang, we are to bring you to the airport, wheel a flight of steps up to the plane's main passenger door, and then conduct you to the top. At this point, the swap will be made and you will enter into the craft at the same moment that the girl emerges from it. After that, the jet is to be allowed to take off and, using the flight crew as insurance, fly away unmolested."

"And what exactly will be the jet's final destination," Vargas asked archly.

"I doubt that it will come as a surprise to you when I say Libya," I replied caustically. "It's common knowledge that Libya supports the terrorist movement and has served as a haven for hijackers in the past. On the heels of the news broadcasts concerning the hijacking, the Libyan government graciously offered to give you and your pack of murderers political asylum as a "humanitarian" gesture to ensure the girl's safety. A neat touch that, I must admit, because it places the Libyan government in a sympathetic light while simultaneously forcing us into a position where we have to submit to the terrorists' scheme."

Vargas, his eyes gleaming in triumph over the sudden turn of events, breathlessly asked, "When is the exchange to take place? This afternoon?"

"Tomorrow at 9 AM," I answered, and seeing a note of alarm darken his face, I hastily continued: "Time is needed to finalize the necessary diplomatic arrangements with Libya concerning your safe-conduct and the return of the plane and crew. The jet will have to take on extra fuel



for its flight to North Africa, get special flight clearance, and so forth. Another consideration we have is getting you safely from the prison to the airport. Acquiring essential personnel, transportation, and communications, and then coordinating the whole lot, is a tricky business and will consume most of today. All these factors would push the exchange into a nighttime effort and it was decided by both sides that there would be less chance of mishap if the swap was made in the daytime. People tend to be more trigger-happy at night and I don't want a bloodbath to occur just because somebody got frightened by a shadow and opened fire. So, it has to be tomorrow morning."

Vargas still eyed me warily, which was only natural as I had been the one person crafty enough to run him down and put him behind bars. I knew he feared I was weaving a trap to ensnare him a second time and he didn't like that idea one bit.

"I think you are stalling for time, Englishman," he said angrily. "You are planning something underhanded. A commando raid on the plane like the one at Entebbe, perhaps."

"For God's sake, don't be ridiculous!" I snapped at him. "Your people hold all the trump cards. The Prime Minister thinks too much of the girl to risk her life in a pointless shoot-out. I admit that I'd like to foil this swap, somehow, but the set-up is so airtight that I can't find any plausible way to prevent it from working. You're just too damn paranoid, that's your problem," I concluded irritably.

Vargas stood up before me and, smirking unpleasantly, acidly replied, "You are losing your famous English reserve, Breck. What's bothering you? Do you find it galling that I will soon be out of this filthy prison? Just think, it took you two years to capture me and, now, after only a year, I will be free once more. Free to plant my bombs once again! Free to assassinate, kidnap, and spread terror once more! Doesn't that upset your English sense of justice?" he goaded.

Stifling a desire to slowly throttle him right then and there, I said icily, "There's no one I would more like to see dead than you. You deserve it. You deserve to die for the Israeli athletes you had massacred at the Munich Olympics. You merit death for the Saudi Arabian diplomat and his family you had blown to bits here in London. You should rot away your days in this cell for the poor secretary in Washington who lost both her hands opening up one of your letter bombs. The list of innocent people you and your kind have killed, maimed, or terrorized, these past few years, is appalling," I seethed.

"Yes, it offends my sense of justice to release you, but my concern for the hostages is paramount. Until the Prime Minister's niece is freed, until you safely land in Libya and release the flight crew, keeping you alive is all-important. That is why I am here, Vargas. Not only do I have



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*“The crucial moment of the exchange was upon us and one wrong move or error in judgment by either side could result in bloodshed.”*

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to direct the exchange, I also have been detailed to protect your life. Ironical, isn't it?" I concluded disgustedly.

Vargas, his face coloring with emotion, sat down heavily on the cot. "You! You have to protect me. . . ." He roared in disbelief as his body shook with uncontrollable laughter. "Fate has really played a terrible trick on you, Englishman," he chortled. "I could almost pity you for the situation you're in, but my contempt for all that you and your country represents will not permit me to give you even that meager consolation."

Mercurially, Vargas' face grew abruptly serious and, staring up at me, he said solemnly, "You had better be on your toes, then, Englishman, for I have made many enemies in this world. There are hotheads and extremists who might risk the precious life of that little girl, in a last ditch effort to get me before I once more disappear from sight to plot new campaigns of fear and violence."

"My superiors are well aware of the danger; already, threats have been made against you," I said as, giving into fatigue, I stepped over to a small wooden table and lightly sat down on one corner of it. "That's why I was brought in, because I am an expert in countermeasures against terrorism. To start with, special guards have been assigned inside and outside the prison to prevent any type of commando attack." I continued, "Prior to you consuming it, I will personally inspect and taste the food and drink that is served to you from now on. Although we will let it be known that you will be delivered by helicopter tomorrow, you actually will be brought, via a circuitous route, to Heathrow in a convoy of specially built, bullet-proof cars. To thwart snipers, a troop of security men, especially chosen for their height and size, will screen you as you leave the car and go up the steps to the plane. I am confident that these, and other measures I have implemented, will ensure that you arrive in Libya safe and sound by tomorrow afternoon."



"It is comforting to know that I am in such good keeping," Vargas sneered. "As a tribute to your vigilance, Breck, I promise that my first act of vengeance will be dedicated in your honor." Once again, his sadistic laugh echoed around the room.

Despite all my training, it took a supreme effort not to smash this posturing, insolent fanatic against a wall. Not daring to reply, I made my way to the cell door and called for the guard to release me. Time was ticking away and there was much to attend to before the deadline arrived.

My watch read 8:45. Just fifteen minutes to go. I slid into the back seat of the Humber to give my report to Seagram, the Prime Minister's representative. He was a small, bird-like man with a sharp, intelligent face, and the eyes behind the glasses were watchful and alert.

Leaning forward on his cane, he inquired, "How did it go?"

I decided to give him the bad news first. "At dawn, we captured two men near the prison. They had a rocket and were evidently planning to shoot the 'copter down during take-off. Initial interrogation revealed that they are members of a rival leftist group. In capturing the pair, one of our men was wounded seriously. Then, just half an hour ago, a man with a long range rifle was arrested close to the airport. He won't talk, but we think he is just a crank out to get headlines."

Seagram nodded his head without comment and I admired his professionalism. Either incident could have jeopardized the lives of the hostages, but he had given me a free hand and wasn't about to criticize me now. "The good news," I said with some satisfaction, "is that the convoy is arriving intact and Vargas is fine."

We both turned our attention to the convoy of vehicles which were just now drawing to a halt in a neat line on the tarmac before the airplane. At this juncture, Vargas emerged from one of the automobiles and was instantly surrounded by security men who marched him smartly up the stairway just short of the passenger door.

"Here comes the ticklish part," Seagram declared, when a short, Oriental man holding a machinegun stepped out of the plane's hatchway to stare malevolently about at the scores of soldiers and policemen surrounding the jet.

The crucial moment of the exchange was upon us and one wrong move or error in judgment by either side could result in bloodshed. I knew full well that the terrorists were fanatical enough to take their hostages' lives if things went awry, and even though I tried to control my nervousness by breathing deeply in a slow rhythm, there was nothing I could do about the mad hammering of my heart.

The Oriental man appeared satisfied that everything was in order and,



making a short, chopping gesture, he beckoned to someone just inside the plane. A blonde European woman and an Arabic-looking man, both holding grenades in their hands, appeared at the doorway next to a small, dark-haired girl of about ten years, who stood in frightened obedience between them.

Time seemed to freeze, then I detected a slow shuffling between the two groups facing each other, and Vargas and the girl finally stepped past one another. The door of the jet was rapidly drawn shut, the security men, with the girl in tow, reached the bottom step and whisked her away, and then the stairway was rolled back. Within minutes, the police and soldiers ended their encirclement of the plane and I could hear the shrill whine of the jet engines as they were started in sequence. The aircraft taxied down the runway, gathered momentum, and thundering heavily hurtled off the ground on its long journey to Libya.

Waiting until the plane vanished from sight, Seagram at last broke the silence. "Pity, isn't it," he said.

"What's a pity?" I asked, with polite interest.

"I mean, it's wonderful that the girl is unharmed, but most disconcerting that Vargas is free to raise havoc again with that gang of his."

Realizing that this was as good a time as any to tell him, I said evenly, "Oh, they won't be too difficult to handle. Without Vargas to provide leadership, they'll be like a scorpion with its stinger removed."

"What do you mean *without Vargas*?" Seagram spoke with alarm, tightly gripping the upper part of my arm with surprising strength as he went on: "What have you done, man?"

The tension of secrecy slowly uncoiled inside of me as I prepared to speak. "Yesterday, I placed a slow-acting poison in his food. He won't feel any symptoms for at least another twenty-four hours, but it's already too late for him. He's a dead man."

Seagram sat there in stunned silence for what seemed like forever before saying, "Personally, I can't bring myself to condone what you did; neither can I condemn it. Vargas' hands were covered with innocent blood and I know he was preparing to shed more in the future. Nevertheless, I will have to inform the Prime Minister and the head of your department about this development." Sighing miserably, he asked me, then, with genuine concern, "What do you suppose will happen to you?"

I rubbed my hand across my tired eyes and, feeling a hundred years older, said, "If they had any sense, they'd give me a medal for what I did. But, most likely, I'll be sacked instead."

I stared out the car window, looking at nothing, not caring anymore. No one else might understand but, inside of me, I knew justice had been done. ●





# COME IN FROM THE COLD

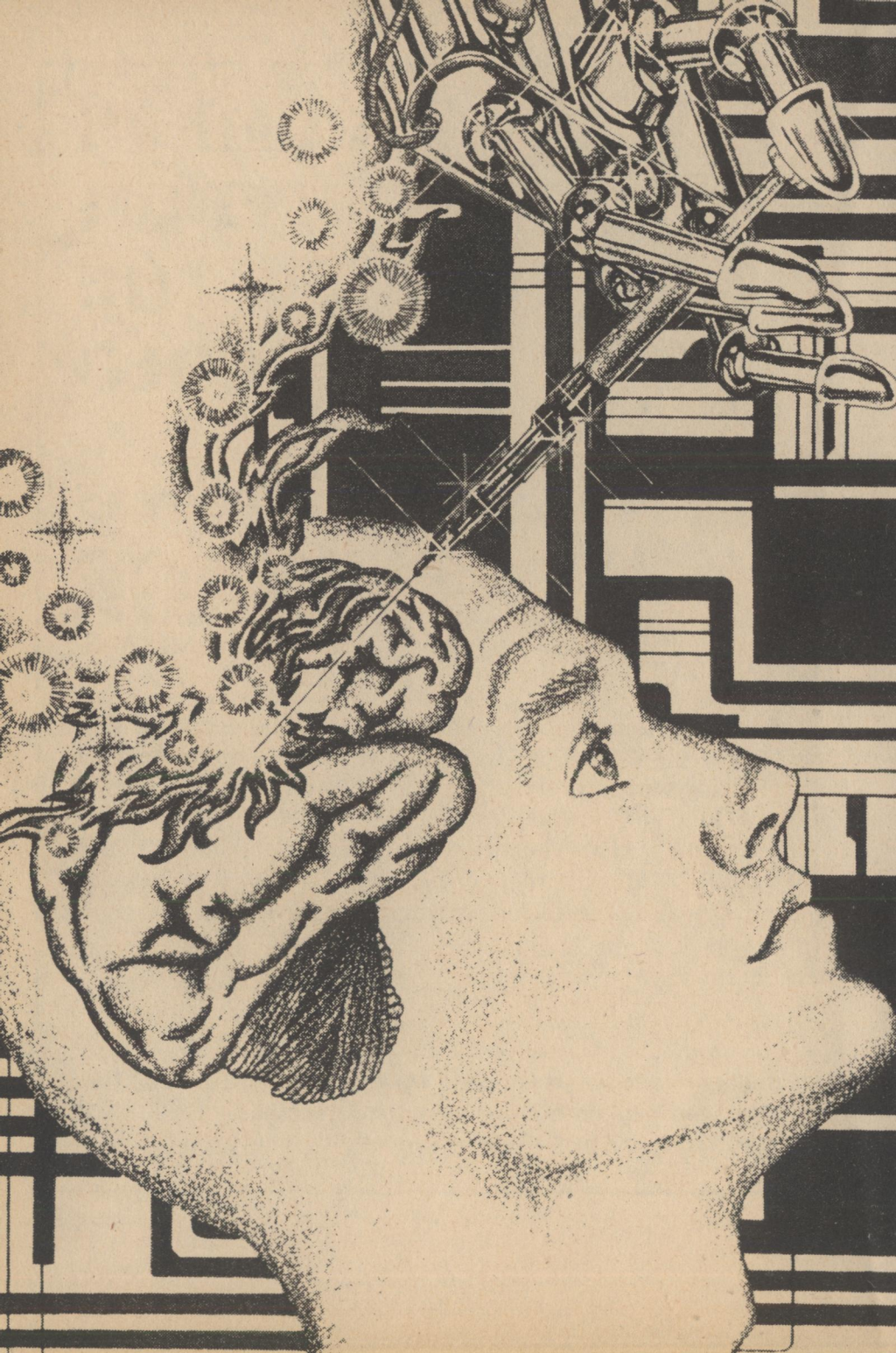
*and read*

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# BACKUP

by Edward Wellen

“**B**ro, can you spare a deem?” The Silly had that familiar sandbagged, glassyeyed look.

Irv Quinn made a face when the Silly braced him. He had no choice but to pass the Silly jungle on his way to work. It reached right to the side of the highway, to the very corner where the autobus let him off. Space was at a premium in Silicon Valley. The hi-tech firm he worked for had had to build way out here, hard by the packing crate shanties with roofs and sides of flattened tin cans glaring in the sun; for neighbors, the Sillies with minds flat and empty as the tin cans.

In Silly jargon, a *deem* was a thought, a belief, a surmise. Something to fill even for a short while the frightening void in a Silly's mind. Something to give the Silly the sense of still having ties to the great world. Something to remind him that for there to be a *now* there had to be a *then*, therefore the Silly had a past, even though a lost one.

Most folks couldn't be bothered; they kept on their way blind and deaf to a begging Silly. Of the few who would stop, the greater part tossed the small change of trivia — a deem. Only the generous hand-

ful paused to part with a gold piece of thought.

Quinn broke stride, reached into his mind. “Let's see.”

The Silly cringed in anticipatory gratitude.

“Ah!” Quinn said. Then he spoke declamatorily, so it would sink in. “‘Freud taught us to think about what we think about.’”

The Silly blinked, then his face and eyes brightened, and he broke out in a grin of beatific pain. “Thank you, sir. Bless —” The Silly cut himself short to begin mumbling the deem over and over. His brow in-creased with the effort to keep from forgetting the deem, to hold on to it as long as possible.

Quinn grimaced again. Why had he wasted time and thought on the Silly? Already the Silly had that sandbagged, glassyeyed look once more.

The Silly glanced around blankly. He locked on Quinn again and fell into the begging stance. Then some faint spark of recognition, some nebulous awareness of repetition, caused him to back away sheepishly.

Quinn strode by. When, twenty-odd paces on, he turned to see, the Silly's feet were heading him along the highway shoulder toward



town. Quinn shrugged and smiled. He had seen the Sillies often enough and knew.

The Silly would follow a mindless wandering course—with stops to wonder. He would pause, say, to press his nose against the display window of a computer store, stand staring openmouthed at the scrollings and flashings on the monitor screens till the manager sent a salesperson out to shoo him away. Then on to the public library for the melancholy excitement of turning the meaning-full yet inaccessible pages of the big fat books that stood in sets on the shelves; a Silly's attention span did not encompass reading, much less digesting, a comic book, much less an encyclopedia. Then on again, halting at a school to peer through the schoolyard fence and listen hungrily to the children's rope-skipping rhymes and counting-out games—and even their erudite ridicule of him—till a teacher threatened him with the cops. That would be the Silly's likely daily round till hunger of the body and weariness brought him back to the jungle for mulligan stew and tattered dreams.

Quinn put the Silly from his mind.

His own immediate situation demanded he be in full possession of his own faculties. *Today's the day.*

The day for Research & Development to analyze the final tests before announcing to the world that the new superchip

would go into production, getting the jump — a giant leap — on the competition. Quinn's cheek twitched. His one big chance to sell out before he burned out. *Now*, while he still had access to trade secrets. Before the state of the art grew beyond his competence, moved beyond his ken. Trade secrets were for trading. Highly rewarding—if you didn't get caught. His eye twitched. The Silly just now; The poor unlucky fool stood as an object lesson.

Maybe that was why the Valley companies didn't get after the cops to scatter the Sillies and level the Silly camp. The Silly stayed in his mind: There, but for the grace of forethought, would go Irving Quinn.

He forced a smile as he reached the plant gate. He held it while he waited for the security sensor to recognize his retina pattern and pass him in. It took willpower to keep from fingering the chain of his dogtag for reassurance. Security was on the lookout for signs of nervousness, for behavior fitting the profile of a hand about to jump ship. Quinn's dogtag was the key to his mind's survival if they caught on to him and set about dememming him.

It was illegal for the companies to forcibly, and on the spot, wipe secrets from an employee's mind. But it happened. Look at the Sillies. When a company felt it had just cause—or even just barely cause—to believe an employee meant to decamp with trade



secrets, it de-memmed the defec-tor. It erased the secrets—and, necessarily, most of memory.

The way Quinn understood it, the way whispers had it, bioengineers had put designer genes to work on brain tissue from Alzheimer's disease victims. An injection of the resulting drug created your Silly.

Made Quinn sweat to think of it. But he could cool it. Hadn't he inserted mini-circuits in his dogtag? An hour after forcible injection, when his brainwave pattern started to alter for the worse, a timer in the dogtag would trigger the procedure to restore him to his right mind. His own taped voice, looped, would tell him, over and over, ceaselessly till he followed his own instructions, *"You're Irving Quinn. You have a backup memory. You'll find it at Tempac Self-Storage Company on Elkhart Avenue, private room 432. The beeps on this tape will unlock the door. Inside, you'll find a desk and chair. In the top center drawer of the desk is a small cardboard box that holds a capsule. In the left bottom drawer is a bottle of spring water. Swallow the capsule and wash it down with the spring water. Now get going. You're Irving Quinn..."*

His backup memory, an interactive program in biochip capsule form, would override and reverse the injection's effects. It had the job of letting him know who he was when he was at home: It would burn his life history, his

schooling and work experience, back into his brain, inform him he had Dad and step-Mom and younger half-brother back East, remind him he loved Emma Gray and tell him where to find her.

Emma Gray. He felt himself smile inanely as he headed down the corridor to his lab. Funny how hard it was to hold a clear picture of someone you loved. But losing Emma would be almost worse than losing his mind. Yet he felt excited now, glad he hadn't told her of his plan for fear she'd talk him out of going through with it.

And now he *was* going through with it. Somehow, he held up his end during the evaluating session, voiced evenly enough his share of input, all the while fixing in his mind the final design of the superchip — *his* bargaining chip in the sellout to the competition.

Then even this eventful work day came to an end. He kept his words of parting offhand; his fellow workers were not to know that it was no mere diurnal parting but a final parting, that beginning now he was on the competition's payroll.

Still, the security sensors picked up something. "You seem kinda excited, Mr. Quinn." Flatly, not yet accusingly.

Stay cool, but don't make the mistake of trying to underplay the obvious excitement. "I should hope so. The superchip works. It goes into production. I'd be a mental basket case if that didn't excite me."



Security accepted that. The gate opened and passed him out.

He held his breathing in check till he had got by the Silly jungle, deaf and blind to the Sillies trying to put the bite on him for a deem, and stood at his autobus corner. Then he let go inside with the *whoosh!* of autobus airbrakes. Got clean away with it!

So far. No time this to be smug. He had to keep alert till he made delivery of the superchip's secret. His firm's security could be holding back, waiting for the meet, to nail the competition as well.

Here came his autobus. He boarded it. He did not get off when it reached the corner nearest his apartment. He rode to the end of the line, then transferred twice. If there was a tail to shake, he seemed to have shaken it. His journeying brought him to the competition's headquarters building, the length of Silicon Valley distant.

It was after hours, but the office lights burned. The recruiter who had made the first contact expected him, and came out front to vouch for him, gain him entry, and escort him.

"Welcome aboard, Irv." The man shook his hand, then chuckled. "No need to look over your shoulder; you're safe now. This way for the, um, debriefing."

The debriefing went well. Every last detail of the superchip showed up on the visualization. Quinn projected it, under questioning,

on a huge wall screen, in the manner of a witness piecing together a suspect's face for a police artist, and the sensitized screen recorded every stage of the buildup.

"Great work, Irv." The recruiter patted him on the arm and offered him a plastic cup of coffee. "How do you take it?"

Even with the two spoonfuls of sugar Quinn asked for, the first sip tasted bitter. An alarm rang in Quinn's brain. He let the cup slip from his grasp.

"Too bad, Irv. But no harm done."

A maintenance robot was already rolling up to clean the spill.

Quinn knew there was no way out now but he looked around wildly for one.

"Sorry, Irv. But we have no use for you now. Nothing personal, but in our eyes you're untrustworthy. If you can betray once, you can betray twice. So. . ."

The maintenance robot surrounded Quinn. It held him still while a woman in white swabbed a spot on his arm and stuck a needle in. At least, the swab meant they weren't going to kill him. He had a chance yet as long as he had his dogtag. So it was silly of him to worry. . .

Quinn came half-to at the sound of his own voice. "You're Irving Quinn. You have a backup memory. . .

He sat up and looked around.



Smoky fires cast dirty shadows and soiled gleams on flattened tin can shingles of shanties and on huddled forms. They had transported him back down the Valley and dumped him at the edge of the Silly jungle. Forgetfulness tore at his thinking. Who were *they* and who was *he*?

His head ached terribly, with something much worse than the throb of hangover, with something fiercer than the pangs of hunger. Decades and continents were leaching away, leaving a painful emptiness of time and space.

*"... The beeps on this tape will unlock the door..."*

He had to go somewhere, had to do something. He was slipping away from himself. He had to listen to the voice. It would tell him where to go, what to do, to find himself again.

The nearest of the huddled forms had cocked its head, was getting up and coming toward him. He paid it no mind. He had to listen to the voice.

*"... Now get going. You're Irving Quinn..."*

He started to his feet.

The form resolved into a Silly. It stood before him, listened with him.

*"... You have a backup memory. You'll find it at..."*

The Silly greedily reached out to possess himself of the voice and its riches of knowledge, snatched at the dogtag and shoved Quinn back. The chain broke, with the dogtag in the Silly's hand, and

Quinn fell back and hit his head.

**I**t might have been the next day or a week or two later. Not that it mattered. All days now were gray. But this day stood out temporarily bright, in that two people seemed to have sought him out.


The woman watched her step as she wove through the Silly jungle, so he did not see her face till she came quite close. Both persons had a fuzzy familiarity, like figures in a fog or depictions in a dream, the woman much more hauntingly than the man, and in any case the man hung back as though uncomfortable at being there at all, so with some hope he addressed the woman.

"Sis, can you spare a deem?"

She just stared at him, and for the long moment the stare lasted he believed she meant to give him the basilisk glare of a Silly-hater. But her look softened and she nodded. He cringed in anticipatory gratitude as she spoke declamatorily.

"If addressee is not there, do not return, but deliver to occupant."

He blinked, then he filled with terrible ecstasy. "Thank you, ma'am. Bless—"

Maybe a tear shone in her eye, but it winked away, and she took the gentleman's arm and said, "Come, Irving," though she looked at *him* before they turned to go, and in any case he was too occupied mumbling the deem over and over. 



# ***The Spy***




Illustration by  
Bruce Baker



# Who Came In With A Cold

By J. F. Peirce




**“W**ith the recent change in leadership,” Furness said, “we’ve heard rumors there may be a *coup d’etat*. Either way, Washington needs to know. And as soon as possible!”

Markowitz translated *Washington* to mean “the CIA.”

They were standing in Markowitz’ office, a converted broom closet in the basement of the embassy.

Furness looked about and his nose crinkled. He was dressed like a British diplomat and spoke with a broad a. On the embassy rolls, he was listed as an agricultural attache, but Markowitz knew he couldn’t tell a field of beets from a field of Russian thistle. In reality, he was the embassy’s CIA person.

Markowitz sneezed. “I think I’m taking a cold,” he said.



His great hooked nose was red from the cold and it gave him a vulturine appearance. He was dressed in a cheap Russian suit and needed a shave. He looked seedy. Unlike Furness, he spoke Russian fluently. His parents had emigrated from Russia before the Revolution and he’d grown up in the Bronx.

“Go to this address,” Furness said, handing him a piece of paper. “Someone may contact you there.”



Markowitz frowned. "May? Who? How?" he demanded. "That's *your* problem," Furness said. "You're the one who's supposed to be a spy."

Markowitz memorized the address, then chewed and swallowed the piece of paper. It was licorice flavored, his favorite; not paprika, which made him sneeze.

He sneezed.

Furness took an envelope from his inside coat pocket. Handing it to Markowitz, he said, "Here's \$1,000 in *roubles*. Don't give the informant more than \$500 unless you absolutely have to. Bring back what's left. And for God's sake, turn in a better record of your expenses than you did the last time if you expect to have it approved!"

Markowitz sneezed. He hoped Furness took his cold.

**T**he restaurant's name translated roughly as "The Greasy Spoon." From the look of the place, the owner was bragging.

Markowitz took a seat and ordered a small vodka.

There was one other customer, a big red-faced man dressed like a peasant, who had followed him in.

Had the man been waiting for him, Markowitz wondered. Was he another spy? Or the informant?

Markowitz studied the menu the waitress brought him. A smeared thumbprint was opposite the heading *Soups*.

A clue?

The waitress brought a glass and a bottle of vodka on a tin tray and set them on the table in front of the big man without being told. She was dressed all in black and looked like a wrestler. Male!

Markowitz considered ordering borscht — but the thought of cold beets, cabbage, and sour cream turned his stomach.

The waitress brought him a glass of vodka, which he downed almost before it was out of her hand. Then he sneezed.

Markowitz' old Jewish mother had always given him chicken soup for a cold when he was a boy, and it had always seemed to work. Now the Mayo Brothers Clinic recommended it.

"A bowl of chicken soup and another vodka," he said.

The big man called to the waitress and she crossed



the room to him. The man stabbed at something on the menu with a dirty finger.

The waitress grunted and went into the kitchen.

Markowitz studied the room for clues. On the walls were pictures of Lenin and the former and present premiers — all draped in black.

A clue?

The big man looked at Markowitz and picked his nose.

A signal?

The waitress brought Markowitz a bowl of soup, a slab of black bread, and a glass of vodka. As she put down the glass of vodka, Markowitz picked it up and tossed it off, again almost before it was out of her hand.

The waitress set the bowl of soup, the slab of black bread, and a utensil in front of him, then returned to the kitchen before he could order another drink.

He held the empty glass up to the light. There was no message on it, only four greasy fingerprints.

Perhaps he should order a bottle.

Putting down the glass, he picked up the metal utensil. A fork. Three of its tines were twisted. One was missing.

A code?

He looked down. The bowl contained Cyrillic alphabet soup, not chicken soup, as he'd ordered.

He pursed his lips and studied it.

Seven letters and one number floated atop the greasy soup in an almost-straight line:

B A H C   P Y H   3

Markowitz translated the message: "Vans run, Z."

What did "Vans run" mean? And who was "Z"?

He could recall no code containing *vans* and *run* and no mole or secret agent with the code name Z.

The big man poured himself a drink, filling his glass to the brim, and above the brim, then tossed it off without spilling a drop. He wiped his mouth with his right index finger, then licked it thoughtfully.

The waitress brought his order and set it on the table in front of him. A bowl of soup and a slab of black bread.

The big man looked at the bowl of soup and roared: "Stupid! You've fouled up my order, as usual! You've



brought me chicken soup, not alphabet! A fork, not a spoon!"

The waitress exchanged the bowls of soup between the two men, without offering an apology, then brought them both spoons.

"Men!" she said, making it a dirty word.

Markowitz slurped his soup, then ordered and drank a bottle of vodka.

No one else entered the restaurant.

Markowitz could understand why.

As he was leaving, later, he turned to the man and the waitress. "Do you think there'll be an attempt to overthrow the government?" he asked.

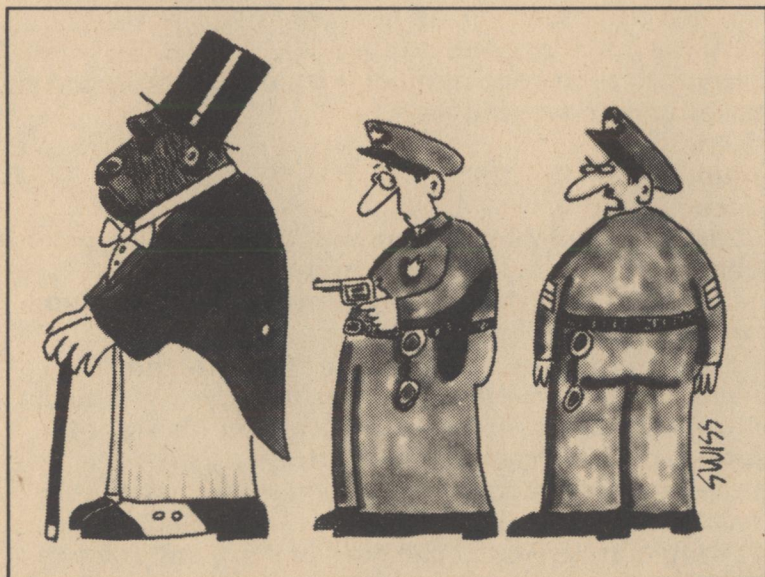
The big man laughed. The waitress giggled.

As he closed the restaurant door behind him, Markowitz felt suddenly flushed. Feverish.

Was it a fever? Or the effects of the soup and vodka?

**"W**ell, did you meet with the informant?" Furness demanded. "There were *two* informants," Markowitz said. "They agree there'll be no coup."

"Can they be trusted?"



*"O'Riley, you FOOL! The order was to round up URBAN GUERRILLAS..."*



"As much as the next man," Markowitz said, looking at the attache. "They looked to be of impeccable character. I believed them implicitly." He sneezed.

"*Gesundheit!*" Furness said. "You've a nasty cold."

Markowitz blew his nose loudly, as if in response. "I've a fever, too," he said. He handed Furness a slip of paper. "Here are my expenses. I had to pay both informants."

Furness read quickly through the list. "Bribes to two (2) informants at 1665 per informant, 3330 *roubles*. Three (3) five-course dinners at 50 *roubles* per dinner, 150 *roubles*. Three (3) bottles of vodka at 16 *roubles* per bottle, 48 *roubles*. A round of drinks for thirty (30) people at 2 *roubles* per drink, 60 *roubles*. Overall total, 3588 *roubles*. Received in advance, 3330 *roubles*. Due, 258 *roubles*."

The amounts for the food and drink had been copied from a menu posted outside a hotel restaurant that Markowitz had passed on his way back to the embassy.

"This is a more business-like expense account," Furness said. "Much! But I can't approve the round of drinks."

"It's only 60 *roubles*; \$18," Markowitz said. "Everyone else bought a round of drinks. I didn't want to appear cheap."

"Nevertheless, I can't approve it," Furness said.

Markowitz shrugged. "I'm a bit short at the moment," he said. "Can you let me have the 60 *roubles* now and take them out of my next paycheck?"

"No problem," Furness said. He gave Markowitz 258 *roubles* from petty cash, then had him sign his expense account and an IOU.

"If your information proves out," he said, "you should get a commendation for your file."


Markowitz shrugged. "Knowing I've served my country is enough."

He sneezed half-a-dozen times in succession.

"*Gesundheit!*" Furness said every time.

**T**he chicken soup helped Markowitz' cold but gave him indigestion.

Furness came down with a cold two days later.

The coup took place in Africa. "Washington" had gotten its wires crossed, as usual. 







# EVENSONG

by Francis Nevins Jr.

**F**or nine years his work had compelled him to take short flights to cities he had never seen before, but the queasy feeling in his stomach every time he was in the air refused to go away, and once in a while he would wonder if he was in the right business. That Sunday afternoon in mid-February, he played in luck. Eastern's flight from New York to Atlanta was smooth as kitten fur, no choppy air, no sudden dips or jolts, no circling above the destination like a lost soul. The whisperjet touched down at 3:27 P.M. Plenty of time. The cathedral service didn't begin till 5:45.

He strolled unhurriedly up the long corridor to the terminal entrance. Casual, keep it casual. He browsed through the paperbacks at the magazine stand, then relaxed as best he could in a seat in the main lounge. The thought of a cocktail in the airport bar tempted him but he resisted. Not professional. At 3:50, he took the escalator to the lower level and purchased a round-trip ticket on the limousine. A cab would have given him more privacy and a chance to unwind before work, but the risk wasn't worth it.

Again he played in luck. Just enough passengers boarded the limo so that he blended in satisfactorily. He doubted that they would remember a thing about him. As directed, he gave the Riviera Hyatt as his destination.

The springlike mildness of the day was tonic after the New York chill. He congratulated himself on not wearing an overcoat for the trip and tried to shut down his mind and nerves as the car whisked north on Interstate 85 through light traffic. Sounds and images of his boyhood echoed inside him. Snatches of antiphon and response from the Mass. Phrases from the Baltimore catechism the nuns had made everyone memorize. High pre-adolescent voices singing the *O salutaris hostia*, and the other Benediction hymn, *Tantum*



*ergo sacramentum*. The sweet heavy odor of incense wafting from the half darkness of the altar. It had been seventeen years since he had set foot in a church, and he almost dreaded to visit the cathedral this afternoon, but the mission had fallen to him and *O salutaris hostia* someone had to do it.

When the limo set him down in the Hyatt parking lot, he crossed to the other side of Peachtree Road, as directed, and waited at the MARTA stop for the bus marked "23 Oglethorpe." He stood in the glory of the afternoon and savored the gentle breeze, and thought about the girl's face, resurrecting her image in his mind's eye, conjuring up her features from the photographs he had been sent and focusing mentally on them until he was satisfied he would know her as soon as he saw her.

The wait was longer than he'd been told; the bus must be off schedule. When it finally drew up at the stop and he paid the fare and took a rear seat, he shot a glance at his wristwatch and knew he would not be in time for the beginning of the service, for the procession of the choir up the aisle of the cathedral to the altar. He had wanted very much to arrive early. There was always the chance that she could have got sick, or that some other reason would keep her from taking part in the evening's service. If the timing had been better, he could have watched the choir in procession and made sure she was among them. He felt unease return to his stomach. The faulty timing was unavoidable, as it had been on his last mission, but he might be blamed anyway.

Impatiently, he read off the cross-street signs, resisting the impulse to sneak glances at his watch every few moments. The landmarks he'd been told to watch for slid past the bus window, first the Peachtree Battle Shopping Center, then two churches next to one another a few blocks farther on. And then he saw it, across Peachtree from the adjacent churches and one block beyond them. St. Philip's Cathedral. As directed, he stayed on the MARTA bus for three more blocks, then got off and walked back. Quickly.

Massive in tan stone, the cathedral stood on a small hill, surrounded by the warm blue of the sky. He strode up the paved pathway to the entrance doors and let himself in. As he adjusted his sight to the dimness of the vestibule, an usher offered him a leaflet. Above a red-tinted artist's ren-



dition of the building, the heading, THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PHILIP IN THE CITY OF ATLANTA, was printed in Gothic script, and then in larger ornate letters, THE OFFICE OF SOLEMN EVENSONG. He smiled vacantly, folded and pocketed the brochure, and passed into the cathedral proper, down the long aisle to an empty pew.

The service had already begun. Behind the ornately carved altar, he could make out tiny violet-robed figures. Their voices rose, filling the church with the sounds of a hymn he didn't remember. Maybe it was part of the new liturgy; he had been away from church for so many years, and a lot of things seemed to have changed. The altar cloths and the priest's vestments were rich violet, the Lenten color of his youth. The awesome stained-glass windows, the red-padded kneeling benches, brought back memories of Sunday morning Mass at Our Lady of Sorrows.

He felt a return of the old terror, the sense that he was under judgment, that those open vaulting spaces high overhead were full of invisible all-seeing powers. He tried to concentrate his thoughts on the distant altar, on the loveliness of the voices lifted in sacred song, and wondered if the woman he had come for was really in the choir.

But his mind fought back, kept driving him backward in time to his youth. The catechism questions. *Who made the world? God made the world.* The indoctrination in the dogmas of the One True Faith. The gagging fear they instilled in him, that in a lightning flash of divine vengeance he would die suddenly and alone and in a state of mortal sin, and would suffer unbearable torments in hell, forever and ever and ever . . . The long-forgotten terror was so vivid he almost rushed out of the cathedral. *Give me the children, and they are mine for life.* One of the Popes had said that. Or was it Lenin, or Napoleon? Maybe all three of them had said it.

There were no more than thirty worshippers scattered through the cathedral, and he made himself watch them so that he would know when to stand or sit or kneel, following the others' lead a split second later. Prayers and psalms were sung, there was a reading from the Old Testament, then another hymn – and a reading from the Gospels and the recitation of the Creed, which he found he still remembered word for word. The rite kept sweeping him back in time, so



that he might almost have forgotten what he had come here to do. He flexed his powerful tapered fingers in preparation and waited.

And at last the ceremony ended. The violet-robed choir emerged from behind the altar in recessional, still singing, gliding back up the aisle to the rear of the cathedral. Ahead of the double file of choristers, a priest marched, holding a tall gold crucifix aloft. He saw the worshippers in the pews in front of him bow their heads as the cross passed them, and he bowed too but kept his eyes open, concentrating on the faces of the singers as they went by. Not that one, not the next one – there, there she was, the tall one with the light brown hair and the harlequin-framed glasses. She moved up the aisle as if in a trance, eyes fixed on the open hymnal in her hands as she sang.

When the last of the choir had glided out of sight, the worshippers slowly began to file out of their pews. He hung back until all but a few stragglers had left. Then he retreated up the aisle to the empty hush of the vestibule and waited. The choir room was somewhere in the basement, he had been told. They would deposit their robes in a closet until next Sunday and say their goodbyes and separate, each person leaving by whatever exit was nearest to his or her car. The girl he had come for would return up the staircase to the vestibule and leave through the main doors. That was what he had been told and he had to accept it. He paced the vestibule in silent discomfort and wished it didn't have to be done in a church.

And then, when he removed the brochure from his pocket and studied it more closely, and realized that all the time he had been in an Episcopal not a Catholic cathedral and hadn't known it, he almost laughed aloud, and the old terror and guilt vanished in an instant. He was a professional again.

Footsteps tapped sharply, rising, and he positioned himself beside the doorway at the head of the stairs. She walked past him without looking behind her. She wore blue jeans and a blue denim jacket and high reddish-brown boots. "Miss Smith?" he said softly. "May Smith?"

She swung around. The two of them were alone in the dim empty vestibule. "Yes?" Her eyes widened slightly behind the harlequin-framed glasses. She was the one all right. It



was a shame she was so beautiful.

"Company," he said. "Please take me to your car."

She did not turn pale or show any sign of fear. She didn't even blink. It was as if she had known what to expect, or maybe she just didn't care any more. "This way," she said, and led him along a branch corridor to an unobtrusive exit door, then through four interconnected parking lots that sloped down the far side of the hill. He flexed his fingers as he walked beside her in the softly falling twilight, and wondered absently why she had parked so far away.

A dark green sedan stood alone at the rear of the remotest lot, glistening in the last of the light. "You drive," he said. She unlocked the front passenger door and slid across the seat. He entered after her, looked at her with a sort of envy as she sat stoically behind the wheel. None of the others had been so calm, and he wondered how she managed it. "Drive," he instructed her. "I'll give directions as we go."

"No," said a deep quiet voice from the rear seat. He felt the cold kiss of steel on his neck. "Company," the voice continued, and something inside him shriveled to dust. "Don't turn around, brother, just relax. Miss Smith, your part is completed. Leave the ignition key in the lock and walk home. The car will be thoroughly cleaned and you'll find it in front of your apartment in the morning."

"Thank you," she said, and let herself out the driver's door and shut it gently but firmly behind her.


He was alone, now, in the sudden darkness, with the voice of the unseen. Alone, and knowing in the pit of his soul that if he was lucky, if it all was a myth, in a minute or less than a minute, after the sudden awful pain, he would feel nothing, nothing, ever again.

"Are you allowed to tell me why?" he asked.

"The last one," the unseen told him. "You missed connections and didn't do the job. You were sent on this one to be the recipient, not the agent. You weren't forgiven."

"My God, that wasn't my fault!" he almost screamed. "I couldn't help —"

"Not forgiven," the voice repeated solemnly.

As the fingers of the unseen one in the back seat squeezed tight around his neck, and the pain and blackness closed in, he tried desperately to remember the words of the *Act of Contrition*. 



# The Best Plans . . .

by Ben Luckhardt

**“I**’ll be in my study, reading for the Security Council meeting tomorrow,” the man called to his wife from the half-opened door. “Please don’t disturb me for at least two hours.” The heavy mahogany door closed before he heard a reply. The lock clicked.

Inside the book-lined room, he checked his watch as he hurried across the deep carpet to a low maple chest. He ignored the two doors that opened to the front and pressed up on a trim piece at the right. A hidden compartment opened, from which he removed a miniaturized radio-recorder. At his desk, he took a tape cassette from a drawer and put it in the device. He pulled up a telescoping antenna and sat down, eyes riveted on the changing digits of his watch. When they showed 8:17:58 P.M., he pressed a button on the receiver and the tape flew into ultra high-speed motion. Four seconds later it stopped.

The man removed the cassette and put the radio back into its hiding place. From his desk, he took a small tape player and inserted the cassette, rewound it, and pressed the play button. He turned the volume low and listened intently.

Is this the night Moscow Center would transmit a burst-message addressed to him, he wondered? So many times he’d gone through this weekly ritual — only to hear silence. Suddenly, he heard a tinny voice as the signal, recorded at high speed, was played back at a normal rate.

*This message is for Aristotle. This message is for Aristotle. Effective immediately, you are activated. Repeat, you are activated. Your mission is priority seven; urgency code is three. You are to service dead drop number three-seven-six-alpha after sixteen hundred hours, zebra, tomorrow for mission and contact instructions. Message ends.*

The man took a deep breath and leaned back in his big swivel chair. His life



# Laid





of pretense was finally going to count for something—it had been so many long years since his insertion into America as a *paminyatchik*, a “traveler.” His only instructions had been to keep his origins a secret and to climb as high as possible in the inner workings of the United States government. Now the men in Dzerzhinsky Square finally had a mission for him.

He walked to the tall front window and opened the heavy brocade drapes. Huge snowflakes sifted down through the dim light to cover the narrow Georgetown street on which he lived. Parked autos were engulfed in mounds of shapeless white. He thought of the dimly-remembered winters of his youth; would he see the snows of Moscow again? Skate on the icy walks of Gorky Park? What was the mission? Whatever it was, he was ready.

Vince Overton charged past a secretary's protests and stormed into Brandon Kellar's inner office. Three long strides propelled him to the massive cherrywood desk where he planted himself before the startled Deputy Director. He shoved a red-bordered paper across the desk.

“Damn it, Kellar! No! I won't go any further with this project. Not until you've told me more about it.” Dark defiance flared in Overton's Apache Indian-heritage eyes and heightened the ruddiness of his face. He bent over the front of the desk, palms pressing against the edge. “The project stops here; at least until you tell me what's going on, especially the nature of the target. As Chief of Special Devices Division, I have at least the right to know if the operation has been cleared

by the Covert Action committee.”

Brandon Kellar's imperious features had colored with anger as Overton delivered his ultimatum. His voice shot back: “You have no need to know, Overton. Furthermore, you have no right to question my authority.” He leaned forward; “I'm Deputy Director for Covert Operations, and I've given you a direct order,” his finger jabbed out as if to impale a heresy. “Obey it!” The precise, clipped phrases were fired in a volley that proclaimed the stark contrast between the two men: One, thirty-six, Apache reservation reared, Viet Nam veteran, New Mexico Tech graduate. The other, forty-seven, Eastern Establishment intellectual, scholar, Princeton graduate.

Then, as if he sensed the need to placate the younger man, Kellar's voice softened. “Please be seated, Vincent. I'm certain that with a little patience we can resolve the concerns you have about the operation.” The words patronized; a constant manner with Kellar but one he seemed unaware of.

Overton knew he should control his temper. He sat down in one of the big, leather-upholstered armchairs and stared for a few seconds past Kellar's patrician figure now silhouetted against the broad fifth-floor window. The late afternoon sun cast valleys in deep shadow, but highlighted the spring blossoms of the dogwood trees he spotted across the Virginia hillsides.

“It's more than just a matter of ‘concerns’...” He hesitated as his eyes scanned the spacious office, carpeted and decorated in soft pastel colors. He knew they were alone, but years of clandestine tradecraft made him check anyway.

As if he had come to a difficult con-



clusion, he blurted out, "Mr. Kellar, this smells like an unsanctioned operation to me, and I refuse to continue with it unless I have the Director's personal order." He sat back, glad it was finally out in the open.

"Now Vincent, let's not have talk about unsanctioned operations. You know that every operation. . ."

"Then why can't I find it in the computer? I entered a query and the reply came back 'No Record.'"

"And another thing. That requirement to tune the homing receiver in the missile to the distress band. . . What possible reason could there be to shoot down a plane sending a distress signal?" he demanded.

"That requirement is. . ."

"And now I'm told to install the whole system in two boats over on the Chesapeake Bay, not fifty miles from here. You know as well as I do that CA hardware is supposed to be assembled only in a foreign operations sector. This violates the presidential directive and I'm not going to do it without the Director's OK."

"I assure you, Vincent, all your questions have logical answers," Kellar replied. "The problem is—and I give you this information as category-four classified data; for you only—we think there's been a KGB penetration of the Agency. Both Counter Intelligence and Security are working on it night and day, but they don't have it pinned down yet, so we just have to be extra-cautious. That's why I've said there will be no documentation of this operation. It's extremely sensitive and we can take no risks of a leak. Only nine people, besides yourself, are on the access list—the President is one of them," he concluded. "Do you understand now?"

Overton was stunned. The Agency was the one government organization that foreign intelligence had not been able to crack—until now. Suddenly, many of the things he had been required to do made sense: bypassing the Covert Action desk; no progress reports; only sterile sources for components; total compartmentalization. It all made sense. He paused while the idea sank in. "Thank you for telling me, Mr. Kellar. I'm sorry I got out of line," he said apologetically.

"That's all right, Vincent, but please be careful; we must have absolutely no leaks. This operation is the most important and sensitive we have undertaken in many years." Then he asked, "Can you have the equipment ready by next Tuesday?"

"By working over the weekend, I'm sure we can, Mr. Kellar," Overton replied as he got up to leave. "We already have the two boats, the Midas and the work-boat. I'll have my shops start immediately on the installation."

"If you have any problems, come directly to me, Vincent," Kellar said as they walked to the door. "Keep me informed; and perhaps it would be well if you reported only to me when you have finished."

"I will, Mr. Kellar," Overton said, the door closing behind him. As he left the Suite, he began to plan how he could speed up the installation.

**I**t's finished, Mr. Kellar," Overton again sat in the Deputy Director's office. "The missile and its launcher are on the work-boat and the remote control console is on the yacht." Then he paused, as if trying to decide how to express himself. "There's one more thing, though, before I turn it over. I've been



giving a lot of thought to what you told me last week. If there really is a penetration—well. . . I told my techs to let me set the activation codes personally. That way, no one else knows what they are, and I think I should give them only to the Director. I'm sure you can understand, can't you? If you could just make an appointment for me with him, I'd be. . ."

As the words ". . . only to the Director" were uttered, Kellar's knee moved to press a button hidden under his desk. Overton cut off his words when he saw the Deputy Director's eyes shift to the back of the office; he turned to follow Kellar's gaze. Standing beside a door that had opened silently was a slender man with pinched features and mahogany-colored skin. He held a .44 magnum aimed at Overton's heart.

"You heard that, did you, Hassin?" Kellar asked.

Overton started from his chair, his eyes wide in disbelief, "What the hell is this, Kellar?" he demanded.

"Vincent, let me introduce Mr. Hassin el-Kalid, although that isn't his true name, of course. Officially, the Agency thinks of him as one of its best intelligence analysts on the Middle East desk, but he is here with us now in his role as agent for the Jihad. That's the organization that. . ."

"I know what it is," Overton interrupted. "They bombed the Marines and the embassy. Just who the hell do you work for, Kellar?"

The *paminyatchik* ignored the question. "Hassin, take him down on the private elevator; use normal precautions, of course. Since he refuses to reveal the activation codes, we will need him when the flight arrives tomorrow morning." Kellar rose

and crossed the room toward Hassin. "We'll have to convince Vincent, here, that it's in his best interest to cooperate." Smiling at the Arab, he continued, "You can do that?"

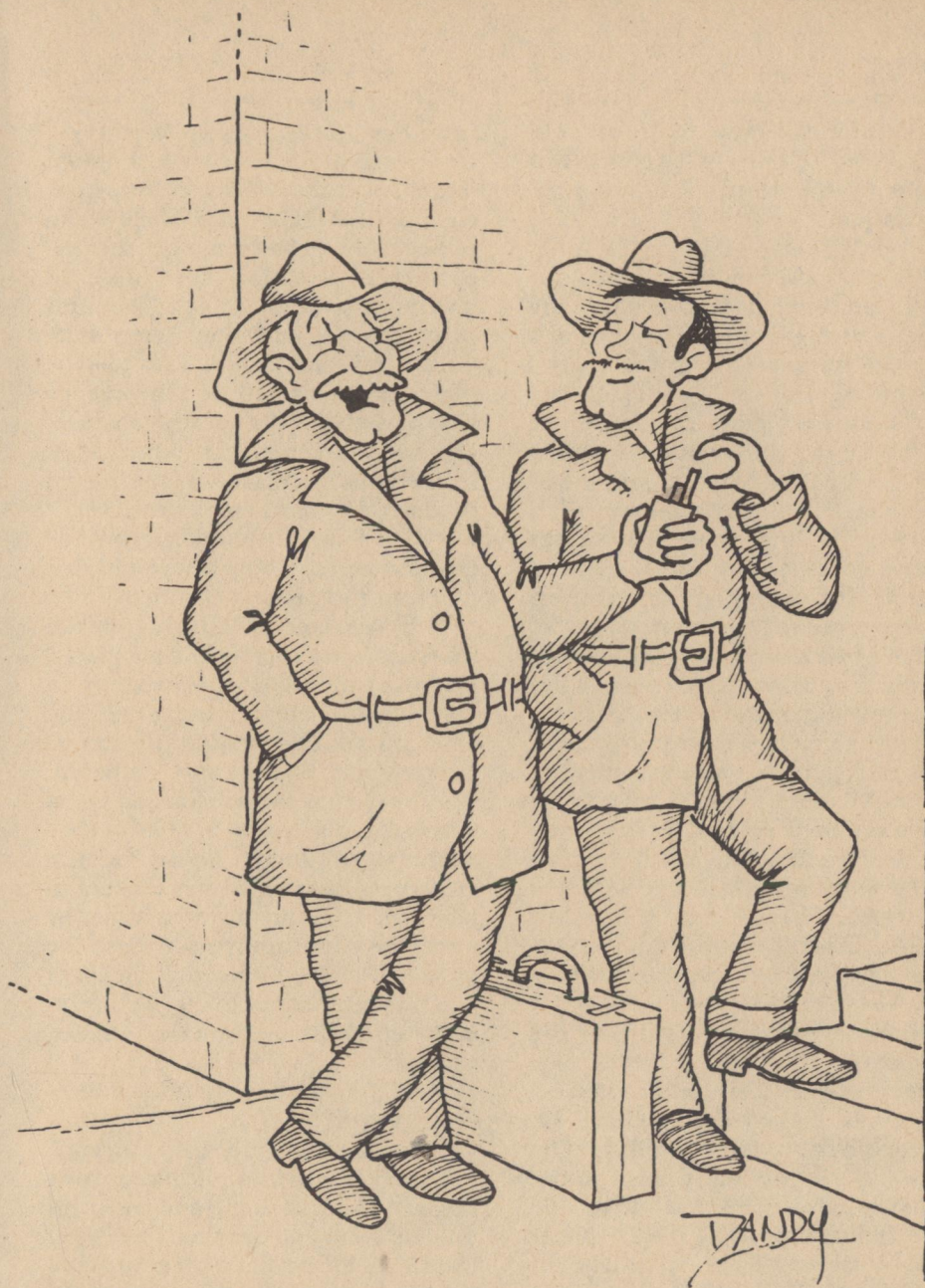
His only reply was a mocking smile as Hassin motioned Overton toward the doorway with a wave of his gun and jabbed him through into the narrow, deserted hallway. The door closed behind them.

As they walked to the elevator at the end of the hallway, Vince felt his stomach tighten in a spasm of anxiety as he realized that the penetration was Kellar himself. What part did Hassin play? What use did they plan for the missile that his SDD shops had prepared? Kellar spoke of a plane *tomorrow*. What plane? Who was on it?

Anxiety threatened to become panic as Overton put the pieces together. Then anger began to replace fear as adrenaline coursed through his body; he must contact CI or Security, but how? He tried to remember how Hassin held the gun. What move would be best to avoid a bullet in the heart? *The elevator... that's the best place... he'll be distracted as he summons the car...*

Overton had decided on a move and was rehearsing it in his mind when they reached the elevator door. His body was primed for a quick turn to the left and a drop out of the line of fire—when he felt a sharp sting under his right jaw, just over the carotid artery. His muscles became limp and he slumped to the floor. Awareness remained, but it was as if he existed in a transparent capsule: he could see out, but inside there was nothing; the capsule was empty. He looked at Hassin, gun in hand, standing over





*"I'm thinking of coming in out of the cold and renting a  
condo in Miami."*



him; the sardonic smile still on his face. Then awareness, too, began to fade. With his last flash of consciousness, he knew what Kellar had meant by the words: "take normal precautions."

**F**irst, gentle motion, then Overton heard the sounds of lapping water. He opened his eyes to a blurred vision of grey-colored machinery. He tried to focus but everything was grey; the walls, the ceiling...one bulb glowed dimly from a wire cage high on one side of the room. Then nausea threatened to overwhelm him, and his senses sharpened as he tried to fight back with a deep breath. He retched, his nostrils assaulted by the sickly-sweet stench of stagnant water, turbid with oil and fungus. He tried to move but his arms were bound behind his back, his ankles cinched tightly together.

By rolling, he was able to survey the room. A ladder climbed to a hatch above and there seemed no other way out. Two big diesel engines filled most of the space but off to one side was an electronic console; he recognized it as the control unit for the ground-to-air missile system he had told his SDD technicians to install. He was a prisoner in the engine room of the *Midas*.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the hatch opening. He watched Kellar descend, followed by Hassin. "Take off the ropes," Kellar commanded as he stood off to one side holding the .44. "I'll tell Vincent what we expect of him." Hassin began removing the bonds.

"The plan is simple," Kellar began. "We are anchored off Gibson Island in the north end of the Chesapeake Bay.

The work-boat, with the missile, is about six miles north of us. Flights from New York City pass overhead." He looked at his watch. "Just before dawn, about thirty minutes from now, an important flight is due. Sheik Abdul es-Kohmani, chairman of the oil cartel, is arriving for talks in Washington. We are going to shoot his plane down. The United States' relations with the Middle East will be plunged into turmoil, and the Agency will be destroyed as an intelligence-gathering organization when it is learned that the plane was shot down by one of its own employees: you."

"What about the homing receiver?" Overton asked. "Why did you have it tuned to the distress channel?"

"Oh, yes. One of Hassin's group, a most dedicated agent, has been placed on board the plane. He is happy to sacrifice his life by triggering the emergency-locator transmitter that all international flights carry on-board. The missile will home in on that signal when the plane gets within range," Kellar explained. Pride in the cleverness of the plan was evident in his voice. "I'm sure that you realize by now where my loyalty really lies," the *paminyatchik* continued. "The Party will be very grateful to me; a comfortable retirement and my own *dacha*, at least."

"And if I refuse to use the codes?" Overton asked.

"Oh, you won't do that, Vincent," Kellar replied in his most patronizing tones. "*Thut. Thut.*" He clucked his tongue. "You must be tired from your exertions. Please sit down at the console and let me tell you why you will cooperate." The pistol ordered compliance with Kellar's invitation.

"I told you that Hassin is an ex-



cellent intelligence analyst, but he has also acquired other skills in his career, particularly several he picked up in the terrorist training camps of the eastern Mediterranean region. For instance, he knows how to identify exactly what kind of treatment is best for each kind of person. I told him about your early life on the Mescalero Apache reservation in New Mexico; how you love the outdoors and freedom of action; how you climb the mountains around Ruidoso on every vacation. Yes, I checked your personnel jacket very carefully."

"You filthy, traitorous scum!" Overton roared, "why should I give you the codes? I can stand anything your flunky, Hassin, can hand out—you'll kill me anyway."

"Yes, Vincent, we will have to kill you; nevertheless, you *will* key in the codes, merely for the privilege of a quick death." Turning to the terrorist, Kellar said, "Hassin, please tell Mr. Overton what you will do to him if he doesn't cooperate."

"If you don't key in the codes, I'll do several things," Hassin began. "First I'll shoot away your kneecaps; you'll never walk again. Then I'll blast away your hands; you'll be dependent on others for everything. But a man like you can't live that way, so just to make sure you don't take the easy way out with suicide, I'll put a bullet through the left side of your brain. You'll be a conscious but mindless vegetable for the rest of your life. Is that not death?" His voice cut like a scalpel.

Hassin's words stunned Overton into impotent fury. He tried to imagine what such a life would be like but his mind refused to form the images. To be alive, sentient, aware of "then" and "now" but unable to ascribe meaning

to either. . . could he endure such an existence? But he *would* endure; there would be no choice; no option whatever.

"... in about ten minutes, Vincent." Overton became aware of Kellar's voice for a moment only. Duty demanded resistance. Conscience demanded it; but could any human being call such a fate down on himself?

"... Get it turned on, Overton! Now!" Kellar's voice was harsh with anger. "Do it or I'll tell Hassin to start his treatments!"

"Every man has a limit beyond which conscience can't press him." His grandfather had said that many years before. "There is no dishonor if the limit is set high enough." Overton hoped his grandfather would have agreed—that his limit had been exceeded—because he knew he was going to use the codes. A wave of self-contempt enveloped him. His decision brought him an abject sense of self-defilement.

Kellar shook Overton's shoulder violently. "The plane has passed New York. You must activate the equipment!" he shouted.

Without a word, Vince turned to the console and thumbed on the power switch. Pilot lights glowed and meters flicked into operation. A steady hissing sound grew in loudness from the speaker behind the grey metal panel. Like a safecracker, Overton adjusted the controls of the receiver, straining to hear the first faint sound of the emergency transmitter aboard the plane. The knobs felt sticky beneath his fingers.

Minutes passed. His thoughts raced: Maybe the plane's schedule has changed. Maybe the suicide agent couldn't activate the transmitter.



Maybe the homing device on the missile will fail. Maybe. . .

Abruptly, the hiss was replaced by a high-pitched whistle. The three men froze, staring at the panel. The whistle faded; another minute passed. Then, the whistle returned again, this time strong, steady.

"This is it," Overton said flatly.

Kellar handed the pistol to Hassin and started up the ladder. "Watch him and make sure he enters the codes when I tell him to. If he hesitates at all, start your treatments."

Hassin took up a position beside Overton, the gun aimed at his legs. From the pilothouse above, Overton heard Kellar calling on the ship-to-shore radio. "Brownwood. Brownwood. This is Aristotle. Over."

The reply came back, "Aristotle, we read you. This is Brownwood. Over."

"Brownwood, the fishing is very good out here. Get ready for a big haul. Over."

"Acknowledged, Aristotle," the voice on the radio said. "Remember, it's important that you let us know the minute the hook is set so we can light a fire under the skillet. Brownwood out."

Kellar bent over the hatchway and peered down into the engine room. "Where is the plane now?" he demanded.

"From the strength of the signal, I'd guess it's about seventy-five miles out; that's about eight minutes at their speed," Overton replied sullenly.

"Activate the launcher!" Kellar ordered.

"Do it!" Hassin extended the gun, aiming it at Overton's left knee.

Vince turned to the digital keypad on the panel and angrily punched a series of five numbers. In his mind, he

could see the work-boat, six miles away; the cabin roof opening, clam-shell fashion. On the control panel he saw a green light flash on.

He then keyed in another series of five digits. Aboard the work-boat, the launcher began rising above the cabin top. When it stopped, a ramp holding the missile angled up. On the control panel, another green light flashed on.

The next series was the last; after that the sequence was automatic. If he entered these code numbers, the assassination would occur; if he didn't . . . His entire body felt numb; his hands not his own. A sense of automatization swept over him. Machine-like, he keyed in the last five numbers.

Aboard the work-boat, the ramp began to rotate as the missile searched for the radio signal along which it would leap toward its deadly goal. The missile made three turns, paused, turned again, then made a decisive turn backward. It stopped, pointing northeast. Aboard the *Midas*, a light glowed red. Lock-on had been achieved.

**K**ellar stood across from the pilothouse as they emerged from the hatchway. "Shall I terminate him now?" Hassin asked.

"No. We don't want his body to be found floating in the Bay. We'll take him back and let the specialists in the *rezidentura* at the embassy use his body to make sure the Agency gets blamed for the assassination." Kellar turned to scan that portion of the sky where he expected to see the lights of the plane. Hassin stood, gun in hand, a few feet from Vince.

Overton knew the game was lost—with nothing further to lose, he had to try something; but what? Perhaps he



could take out Kellar, and with a little luck he might be able to get Hassin, too. . . if he could just spot something to use for a weapon. As his eyes swept the pilothouse, they fell on the ship-to-shore radio. An idea began to form. Maybe. . . a long shot. . . but it might work. The controls were within easy reach if he could just divert Hassin's attention.

Kellar's eyes were riveted to the sky, now brightened by the glow of false dawn that fringed the horizon. A cool breeze carried the harsh smell of fish and nets over the smooth water from the eastern shore. Overton could hear little splashes as crabs played around the boat.

"Hand me those binoculars," Kellar demanded as he held out his hand without taking his eyes from the sky. Hassin took the binoculars from their bracket and turned to hand them to Kellar.

Now! As Hassin stepped the three paces across the pilothouse, Overton reached out and silently changed the setting of a control on the radio. Hassin put the binoculars in Kellar's outstretched hand and returned to his post. No more than five seconds had passed—five seconds that could change history.

"I see it!" Kellar shouted, binoculars clamped to his eyes. Overton looked but could see nothing. The plane must be about twenty miles away; twenty miles—that's about two minutes, he thought.


Without warning, a yellow-orange flare erupted from beyond the water. The radio signal had become strong enough for the automatic circuits to launch the missile. It accelerated upward and then turned gracefully northward.

Kellar broke from his trance to grab the microphone. "Brownwood, Brownwood, the hook is set!" His voice was hoarse with tension.

Overton thought he could see a small change in the path of the soaring light. The *paminyatchik* waited a few seconds for a reply that didn't come, then pressed the microphone button again. "Brownwood, Brownwood, this is Aristotle. Acknowledge!" His voice croaked with anxiety and excitement as he stared at the rising flame.

This time, Overton was sure the missile had veered. Kellar tried a third frantic call to the shore station, but before he had finished, the glow of the rocket engine appeared to stop moving—then it began to get brighter. Hassin seemed to lose interest in Overton. He lowered the gun and moved over beside Kellar to watch the missile's illogical behavior. Overton saw the two men outlined against the glow of the sun's first light as it rose in the northeast. Kellar stood, transfixed, clutching the microphone; all three men now realized that the missile was boring in on the Midas, but only Vince knew why.

The ship-to-shore radio, transmitting on the distress channel that Overton had selected, was far more powerful than the emergency transmitter aboard the plane. Vince watched as the missile, now only seconds away, was drawn inexorably on by Kellar's own hand as he clutched the transmit button in a spasm of confusion and fear.

The freeze-frame image was so deliciously ironic that a wave of elation swept over Vince. Just before he plunged into the protecting waters of the Bay, he turned and said, "Have a nice day." 



# Searching For





# The Edelweiss

*by Walter Dean Myers*

**S**tefanie Muller leaned wearily against the mahogany frame of the high, narrow window and stared into the street below. When she had arrived at the apartment earlier that day, the sky had been heavy with dark silver clouds, and now the rain splattered relentlessly onto the cobblestoned street. Another two weeks would bring snow and the beginning of yet another dreary German winter. In the distance, ghostlike in the gathering darkness, the spire of a church reached up through the mist. Stefanie knew it to be a small Lutheran church and the minister a large, open man. She had, in moments of delicious weakness, dreamed of being married there. The church's bells began to peal, slowly, almost mournfully it seemed, in the bad weather.

The clock chimed gently; another hour had passed. Stefanie left the window and sat at the writing desk. It had come with the apartment, as had all the furniture, but carried a charm of its own. Erich had said that it might be Swiss. Again, as she had so many times already during the previous hours, she imagined Erich leaving the university, getting into his car and starting the long trip from Nuremberg to Erfurt. Perhaps he would have stopped to pass some word with one of his students. He often spoke of them, how serious they were, how un-political. He would speak to them, trying to appear casual in case he were being watched, and then start the trip.

Glancing at her watch, she noted that only seven minutes had passed since she last had looked. She began to do chess problems in her head but the pieces kept fading away and only the image of Erich's strong face would be left.



They had had the apartment ever since they had requested and had been denied permission to marry. It was, the official explanation had read, the experience of the organization that married operatives were highly reduced in effectiveness. That had been the official explanation. Lubov, privately, had said that he simply did not wish to present the matter to his superiors.

"There is a time," he had said, looking away from her at the Gaulois he was smoking, "when the pleasures of boredom are appreciated."

They had continued separately, her working at the optical laboratory near Jena and Erich at the university. They had not been out of West Germany, except for short holidays to Austria and France, since they had been assigned there in the early seventies. It had been so different then, when her ideals had been as firm as her young body and a sense of the importance of her work was, in itself, sustaining.

Stefanie had first met Erich in a language school outside of Prague. The classes had been small, never more than five students, and the training intense. All of the students were already fluent in German and the study was restricted to colloquialisms and job related vocabulary. She knew none of the other students in the class, nor was she encouraged to. She had guessed, from the emphasis placed on technical terminology, that the others must also have been scientists. She had studied with Erich from time to time, practicing her German with the kind of impersonal dedication which seemed so right, but had acquired neither a liking nor a disliking for him.

After their assignments, she did not see him again for nearly twelve years—until she had been assigned to pick up a package of books from an operative in Nuremberg and to pass them on to a local courier. She had rented a car, never choosing to own one herself, and had experienced some pleasure in making the drive from Erfurt, where she worked designing high intensity optical devices.

She met him at a small restaurant near the university. She recognized him immediately and wondered if he would remember her. He was supposed to ask her a question about the food and she would reply yes, but that the prices were too dear, and he would answer that they were not as expensive as they were in Munich. Then he would finish his meal and leave the package on the table.

They had sat for a while, eating in silence, when he turned to her and asked if she were enjoying the meal.



*"Ja, aber die Preise sind sehr teuer,"* she replied.

He responded, properly, that the prices were not as high as they were in Munich, but then added, in their native Czech, that the food was considerably better in the larger city.

It was the first time an operative, even for an instant, had dropped his cover in her presence. She had not known how to react. She felt a tingling in her face and hands as they finished eating, and he left without further comment. She, some moments later, took the books and left also. It had been an odd thing to happen and she thought about it often. She wondered if she should have reported it, knowing all the time that she wouldn't. The lapse, for the moment, had made him interesting. It had been a long time since she had spoken Czech. Sometimes, on the streets, she would hear snatches of conversation in her native tongue and would stop to listen.

Two months later, she was once more assigned to pick up a package from Nuremberg, and this time she had looked forward to doing so. It was Erich, again, as she had hoped, but this time he had spoken only in German, saying only those things that he was supposed to. The books were wrapped in brown paper and were on the table between them. As before, he finished eating and started to leave. She was not sure just what made her speak to him again, knowing that it was wrong, perhaps even dangerous to do so, especially in Czech.

"Is the food really that good in Munich?" she had asked.

"Yes, it is." Erich sat down again and looked into her eyes. His own were steel grey. There were tiny lines below his eyebrows that he had had even years before when he was quite young. He had a face of angles and shadows, and lips that parted only slightly as he spoke. "Would you like to have dinner with me in Munich, or anywhere?"

"Yes," she replied, almost inaudibly, and then again so that she knew that he had heard her: "Yes."

Their first dinner together was not in Munich but in the corner of a slightly seedy rathskeller that Erich knew about there in Nuremberg. They had eaten slowly and spoken little. He mentioned her hair, something about it being more gold than straw-colored. He knew those things to say and do that women wished for men to know and Stefanie wondered if they had been taught to him or if they had come to him naturally. Later, they went to his flat and made love, with more understanding than success.

"Shall I kill myself?" Erich asked, his calm voice almost not breaking the silence. There was a small lamp on a night-table that



cast an oval of amber light on his face.

"Kill yourself?"

"I've been lying here, not wanting to move away from you, wanting to be near you, to touch your flesh without seeming to want to touch your flesh. Does that make sense? No matter. And still I'm wondering about you. This ugly business makes my mind see shadows in the morning. Are you really Stefanie or are you someone or something else? Were you testing me and already making notes, even as I made love to you, to put into a fat report on operative Leonhardt?"

"Did I seem to be?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied. He turned to her, resting his weight on his elbow in the small bed. "But what I will do is give you enough material to make an excellent report. And if it is not what you are doing, then I will be, to you at least, a vulnerable person. Do you know how precious a man's vulnerability is? Without it, one is just alive, with it, one is human."

"I'm not making reports, Erich. I don't know why I'm here, only that I want to be." Stefanie turned to Erich and saw that he had closed his eyes. Putting her hand across his bared chest, she pushed her fingers slowly through the light hair she found there. Erich took her hand from his chest and kissed it gently.

**H**e arranged that she would lecture occasionally for the Physics Department at the university. At first she would leave immediately for Erfurt after the lectures. Then, when they were sure they weren't being watched, they began to meet. They would spend the evenings in his apartment and later he would drive her home to Erfurt, enjoying, he said, the lingering presence of her that stayed with him on the return trip. And sometimes they would go to the mountains with wine and cheese and pickled meats, climbing high along the crests to collect Edelweiss blooms. Stefanie asked if they would grow as well at lower heights and Erich had answered that they must only be allowed to grow in out-of-the-way places high along the mountains.

"You are like the Edelweiss, Stefanie; you have always been there but I have had to come so far to discover you." Erich touched her cheek with the palm of his hand.

"Do you think you would feel the same way under different circumstances?" she asked. "If we were in Prague, or even Brno?"

"I don't know what might have been," Erich said.

"Let's not talk about it," she had gone on. Already she had



begun to train herself not to probe, not to search Erich out for secrets. And he had done the same.

"You never ask me questions," she said to his back, once, as they lay in bed. "That's good."

"It's because I don't want answers," he said, "only dreams. Is that good, too?"

She snuggled closer to him. It was good.

**T**he assignments they carried out — sending along endless scraps of information, he on the latest German thinking in the development of new metals and she in optics — continued. Stefanie realized for the first time how the fine line between living a life of secrecy and one of loneliness had become diffused into a greyness quite distinct from that which she had envisioned her life to be. But then, when Erich had interrupted the loneliness, had torn it asunder with his touch and his smell and his movement against her body, the secrecy was harder, too. She found herself being more watchful, more careful.

There were things she wanted to tell him.

"I'm thirty-two," she blurted out over tea one morning.

"How brave of you to tell me," he said, smiling. "I am thirty-four, and fond of fresh butter and women who smile as they make love."

It was yet a while before they had been able to go beyond their need for each other and longer still before there was talk of love. But when it came it was with such greatness of force and feeling that it would leave Stefanie limp when Erich left her. At times, when he lay sleeping next to her and all that she could see was the shadowed outline of his shoulder turned away from her, she would be unable to sleep and would lie in the darkness and cry with the happiness of shared love.

"You seem enthusiastic," she said, one day.

"I am in a sea of disillusionment," he said. "You are my island."

"Is that what you want me to be? Your island?"

"It would be convenient if we were married," he said, sitting up and turning so she could see his eyes as they flickered over her body. "And, of course, I do want to marry you."

"You're supposed to ask me," Stefanie countered.

"Will you marry me?" He looked at her, then away and back again, this time with doubt in his eyes.

But she had answered *yes*, saying that she wanted to marry him also. Together they had drafted a memorandum, requesting permission to marry and adding that it would probably be useful



and would make them more at ease in the scientific community. They had carefully avoided any signs of sentimentality, any protestations of love and need beyond the simplest declaration. Still, the answer had been *no*. There was a curt, almost vulgar message delivered to each of them from Lubov, expressing disagreement with their premise. It was only Stefanie that Lubov spoke to personally.

It was a stunning defeat that chilled them nearly to insensibility. They were told the decision was final. There were changes, too, in their assignments: The dull errands they were sent on periodically increased, with Stefanie being sent to the North, away from Erich.

**F**or nearly two months after they received the letter denying their request, Stefanie did not see Erich at all. She became somewhat ill, full of dread for their future, spending part of each day immobilized by the thought of losing him completely. When time passed had reached nearly two months, she began to wonder if he still cared for her. A hundred times a day she would say *yes, he still loves me*, and listen to the echo of doubt in her words.

When finally she received word from him, she almost overlooked it. It was the usual morning mail from firms advertising optical supplies and she nearly threw out the computer-generated letter lauding a less abrasive lens cleaner. She was about to drop it into the wastebasket when she noticed the advertisement's last line, inviting her to the firm's Munich plant for a demonstration of the cleaner, which, it said, was made from the oil of the edelweiss bulb. Erich! She decoded the letter in which he said he had found a place and she was to come on the third of the month. There was an address and a room number.

The place was an old hostel, long since closed as a public facility, which provided only a few thousand marks a year for its owner.

"It is a place for present life," Erich said. "There is no room for ghosts of the past, no extra bed for what might have been."

Erich developed something of a limp. Stefanie asked him to have it checked by a doctor, but he refused, saying it was nothing; she did not mention it again. There were other things between them not mentioned. Erich felt that Lubov knew she was meeting him somewhere, but didn't care enough about it to put her on report. Lubov was already a tired old man, waiting patiently for death the way some people waited for streetcars.



And then, where there had been no future, no compelling force into tomorrow, suddenly there was one: Stefanie was pregnant. At first, because of her age, she did not believe it could happen to her. Then, fantastically, her entire life telescoped into one encapsulated event that paled everything she had ever done before. *She was pregnant!* She sat down and wrote the words, in German, on yellow, lined paper—again and again. *Stefanie Muller, nee Harak, is pregnant.* She thought of her alternatives; that is, they went through her mind as wisps of thought, leaving her either intensely happy or devastated at the possibility of official explanations.

How long had it been since their application for marriage was rejected? Nearly seven months. It was still likely they were being watched. To Lubov's people, even a request to live a normal life was highly suspect. She wanted to fly to Erich, to rush into his arms and hold him tightly. Instead she wrote a carefully worded note and posted it from outside of town. It said she was pregnant and would like to hear from him. She gave the number of a public telephone booth, in a coffee shop she would be in on the following Thursday at Noon.

Thursday was forever coming, and then Stefanie sat in the coffee shop until nearly twelve-twenty before the phone rang. Her hands were clammy as they reached for the receiver. The girl at the register gave her a look and Stefanie forced a smile.

"I can't give you details, now."—there was a strangeness about Erich's voice that sent a rush of anxiety through Stefanie—"Pack a few things and meet me tomorrow at the flat. At seven. Wait until nine before leaving."

"I'll be there," she said.

"Stefanie, I love you very much. Do you know that?"

"Yes. Yes." There were tears in her eyes. "I know that."

The conversation was over; the telephone again cradled. She went home, packed a small valise, and then unpacked it in favor of an attache case. There was a change of clothing, her passport and what money she had on hand. She took it with her to work the following day and left it in her office during the long hours she had to wait.

She didn't know what it was that Erich intended but, whatever it was, she would go with him.

**A**nd now she waited for him. The wind blew in gusts against the trembling window panes and the old clock on the writing desk ticked noisily. Again she imagined him talk-



ing with students, trying not to appear to be in a hurry; his clothes in an old laundry bag as if he were taking them to be washed. When he arrived, they would settle with the concierge. No, they would leave the money on the bed where he would find it.

She went to the window again, but there was still no sign of his small car. She pressed her head against the pane and let her mind drift. She thought about the child, wondering what it would be like, how it would look. If it were a boy, it certainly would look like Erich. Perhaps his taut look softened by her fleshier lips, his shoulders less weighted with concern, his eyes gayer. If it were a girl, it would look like her, but maybe smaller boned, with delicate wrists and ankles. She would have to ask Erich about his parents and grandparents, so she could figure out the genetics. She was about to turn away from the window when she saw a car.

It was a bit distant but it drew her attention as it moved slowly down the narrow Kirchestrasse towards her building. Another car came up the street from the opposite direction, stopped, and made a U-turn so that it was following the first. Stefanie's heart began to pound wildly. The two cars then continued down the street until they had reached the building. She closed the louvers almost shut and looked down at the cars, now directly below her window. She could see square, bulky types getting out of them.

She held her breath, aware for a brief moment of the blood pulsing in her temples. She exhaled slowly, grabbed her bag and went quickly into the hallway. Two flights below, there was the shuffling of feet upon the stairs and the sound of muted voices. She opened the maid's closet and threw her bag inside. With one hand she let her hair down, then ran the other along the top of the door and smudged the dirt across her face. She took a broom from the closet and started sweeping the hallway.

What had happened to Erich? Was he alive? She tried to be leisurely about her sweeping when the footsteps reached the top of the landing. Three men, two short and dark and one much bigger and blond, were on the landing. Lubov wasn't with them. They went by her, looking at the room numbers. When they reached the room she had shared so long with Erich, they stopped. From the corner of her eye, she could see the blond fumbling in his coat, though she was turned away as he knocked on the door. Stefanie swept a small pile of dirt towards the stairs. She had almost reached them when one of the men called to her, quietly. Stefanie saw the gun in his hand as she turned. He saw her eyes, then smiled as he put the gun down. She came closer.

"Do you have a key?" he whispered.



"Key?" Stefanie breathed deeply and forced herself to answer. "No, I don't."

The man signalled her away and turned to the door as she started back towards the staircase. She had gone down the first four steps when she heard the quiet voice behind her.

"Excuse me, Miss." Stefanie pushed her hair away from her face as she turned. "Are these yours?"

It was her coat and bag that he had retrieved from the maid's closet. Stefanie glanced at her belongings and looked up into his smiling, confident face. She tried to jump the rest of the flight but fell into a heap at the bottom of the landing. Her ankle was twisted and throbbed furiously. A moment later, she was being pulled to her feet by one arm as the other was wrenched sharply behind her back. She was handcuffed and half-carried, half-dragged down into the street. Her eyes blinded by tears of pain and grief, she was only vaguely aware of being pushed into the back seat of a car. The hum of the motor and the jerky acceleration from the curb brought her back to awareness.

"What's your name?" the driver looked at Stefanie in the rear-view mirror. "Your *name*."


Stefanie didn't answer.

"No matter; we got her boyfriend this afternoon. Caught him trying to take photographs in an Army signal laboratory." The blond was talking a nasal English and jerking his thumb in Stefanie's direction. "I mean, he just walked right on in, past two security check-points and into a restricted area, and started taking pictures. If that don't beat all. Nervy bastard, till he got caught. Guess he figured he'd get some kind of deal turning this one in."

"You're Americans?" Stefanie looked at her captors.

"Why don't you just shut up, sister?"

Stefanie smiled through her pain. It would have taken days, perhaps weeks, for Erich to convince the Germans or Americans that he wanted to defect. And even so, they might have wanted him to play their version of the game. She thought of his dismay as he walked past not one but two guards before getting himself caught.

There would still be difficulties, but they were in them together, now, and if she did not *know* she would be able to have their baby and someday live together, there was at least, finally, hope. 

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**SPY TALK:** *Dummy Agent* - a non-existent agent/officer, used for deception purposes.



# The Inspector's Small Frustration

by C.K. Chandler

An inspector brought the boy home this time. The mother had dealt previously with teachers and school officials, shopkeepers or their clerks, bobbies and plainclothesmen. This was the highest ranking policeman; though, like the others, he was ill at ease. The mother knew his high red color had little to do with the London winter.

"Please," the mother said, while stepping back to open the door.

The inspector waited until the boy crossed the threshold before taking a step himself. Then he passed through a small, uncarpeted foyer and entered a neat, but poorly furnished, sitting room.

The mother looked at her son. No words were needed for her to express: go to your room.

The boy nodded. He extended a hand toward the inspector. "Sorry to have brought you out of your way, sir." His voice held the sweet pitch of a choir boy. "I was wondering, however, if I might drop in on you one of these days? An interesting calling, police work."

"Yes, well, *erghhh* per'aps." The inspector cleared his throat as if trying to cough out something fierce. "Run along, lad. Your mum







'n me. . . we must have a chat."

Jimmy left them.

"I realize, mum, this is a bit embarrassing—"

"Would you care for tea?" the mother interrupted. "I've only just put on the kettle. Take off your muffler and greatcoat. Sit there, sir; a fine armchair if it is the only one."

She rushed to her kitchen before the inspector could respond. It had been a lie about the kettle, but with quick movements she filled the utensil and placed it over the flame. She reached for a tin of biscuits, but after opening it, she decided against putting out a plate. The biscuits, the best she could afford, were stale; in any case, Jimmy had eaten most of them.

"It will be just another moment," she said on her return to the sitting room.

"What would that be, mum?"

"Tea."

The wretched cushions of the armchair had swallowed the inspector's weight, thrusting his knees to nearly the level of his chest. He had unbuttoned, though not removed, his coat and its heavy fabric bunched about his waist and shoulders. His loosened muffler hung from his neck like a tan fleece.

"I'll be needing background, mum." Fumbling awkwardly, he managed to produce a pencil and notebook. He licked the pencil lead. "Jimmy is an only child. Correct?"

The mother nodded.

"Age. Eleven?"

"Twelve. In another month."

Rather than take one of the straight-back chairs, the mother had remained standing. She wasn't a tall woman, yet her thin size seemed to tower over the man.

"And the lad's *erghh* father?"

"He had one."

"Please, mum. No frivolity."

"All of what you call background. I think you know it."

The inspector scratched his nose with the nub of his pencil. He was beginning to sweat.

"I'm used to people bringing home my Jimmy. They almost always begin as you have: with questions they know the answers to."

"Indeed." He shifted his weight, attempting without success to find a comfortable position. "The complaints from the schools, then. Why, mum, have you done nothing to correct the lad's truancy?"

"He takes his exams. Attends all testing days."

"Which is generally only on Fridays, is it not?"

"But—"

The inspector jerked to a sudden crimp in his neck. "*But* with his intelligence, not to mention the law, shouldn't he be behind a desk? Developing himself?"

"The schools do not keep pace with Jimmy. He teaches himself."

"Does he now?"

"Reads all the press. He says we'll soon be in war with Germany."



"I should think that a question for the likes of Chamberlain and Hitler."

"Jimmy goes to libraries, museums."

"I wasn't aware, mum, the benches of Picadilly Circus were now considered reading rooms." Sweat streaked the man's face. "That Soho flat where he was discovered during a police raid—I did not know, mum, such women as were found there were considered museum curators. No, mum, even with the likes of Mr. Churchill's liberalism, I didn't believe such women to be more than what they are."

The mother tried to speak but was stopped by the inspector throwing up an arm, palm wide-spread, much as if he were directing traffic. He showed her a packet of cigarets.

"I ask about these fags. Notice the brand is foreign. Most expensive. They were found on the lad's person."

"He uses them for practice."

"Practice?"

"For when he's grown. He's noticed adults often use cigarets."

The man wiped his face with an edge of his muffler. "What, pray, is he practicing to be?"

"Something in government."

"Good heavens!"

The tea kettle whistled. The mother went to tend it.

**S**he stayed longer in the kitchen than was necessary. Upon her return, she found

the inspector pacing back and forth. There wasn't a great deal of space, yet he was walking it. He had twisted his muffler into a cord which he snapped between his hands.

"Milk, Inspector? Sugar? Lemon?"

"As is 'll do, mum."

She made her cup white, then held a cup toward him.

"Let sit. Don't like things too hot, I don't."

She sat down in one of the straight-back chairs, thinking it best to wait for the inspector to speak. Her cup was delicately placed in her lap and she played a fingernail over the chipped edge of the saucer.

The inspector finally spoke: a gruffly muttered, single word: "Shoplifting."

The mother sipped her tea.

"I ask about the lad's shop-liftin'."

"Are you referring to the cigarets?"

"I am not! The fags were on him and we couldn't bloody well . . . beggin' your pardon, mum, we couldn't force him to tell us how he come to have them. I'm talkin' about his history of shoplifting. I'm talkin' 'bout the sweets an' —"

"The shopkeepers have all been paid."

"Those whom were fortunate to catch him in the act have been paid. How 'bout them who —"

"A handful of penny candies. Haven't the police better things to do?"



"Is this a mere candy?" He pushed a yellow paper nearly to her nose. "Is this a sweet?"

"That is a sales receipt."

"Made out to?"

"My Jimmy."

"And the shop! Perhaps the finest tailor in all London. Jimmy entered the premises ten—thirty this a.m. and had a suit cut to his liking, he did. His manner led the clerks to believe his father would be joining him."

"Did he mention his father?"

"*erghh* it was his manner. Wasn't 'til the time come to pay that 'spicions rose. Jimmy told them, he told them he was charging the suit. He was near out the bleedin' door 'fore someone thought to call us."

"I fail to see any wrong in charging a suit."

"But, but..." The cord of his muffler unravelled. He used one of his hands to indicate the surroundings. "Had the lad not been stopped... had the bill been posted..."

how in your circumstances would you have paid it?"


"I'm sure Jimmy needed the suit to gain the employment that would pay for it."

The inspector's response was lost in a stutter. He again towelled his muffler to his face.

"Jimmy is a good boy, Inspector. An intelligent and—"

"Intelligent? Good heavens! If he'd take up the piano he'd be a Beethoven, he would. But as it is, he's... like a bleedin' yank. A bloody young John Dillinger."

The mother smiled. "A gangster? A boy who wants to serve his government?"

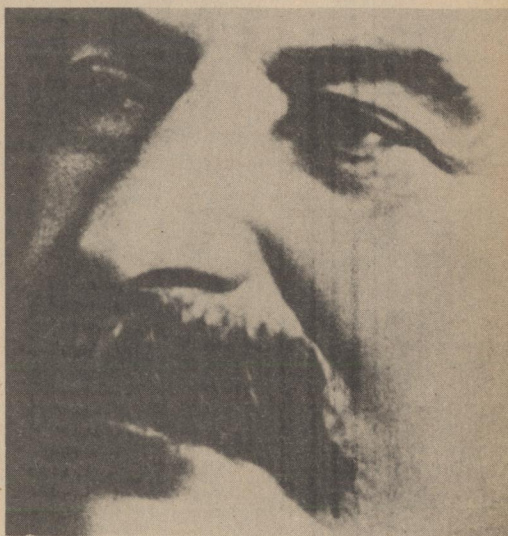
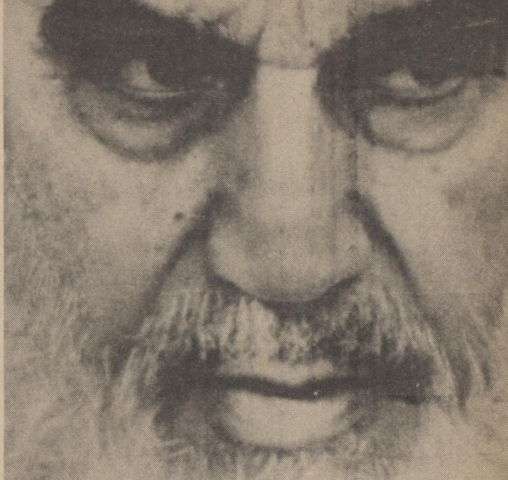
"In what capacity!" The inspector tossed away his sodden muffler. "Serve the govern... How? I ask you how?" He bunched his hands into fists. His whole body was trembling and he punched one of his fists to his chest. "In what worthy manner, Mrs. Bond, can a lad of James' bent serve His Majesty?" 

## Did you know...

During World War II, the U.S. Navy had a world champion chess player, Rueben Fine, calculate — on the basis of positional probability — where the enemy submarines might surface. Dr. Fine says, "It worked out all right."

Spying can be a dirty business. On June 28, 1964, the captain of the U.S. carrier *Essex* tired of the hazardous maneuvers of a nearby antenna and camera-laden Soviet spy ship. Moving the flattop upwind, he ordered, "Blow tubes!" With a roar, oily wastes and foul gasses enveloped the Russian vessel. The begrimed spy ship turned and fled.





## THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

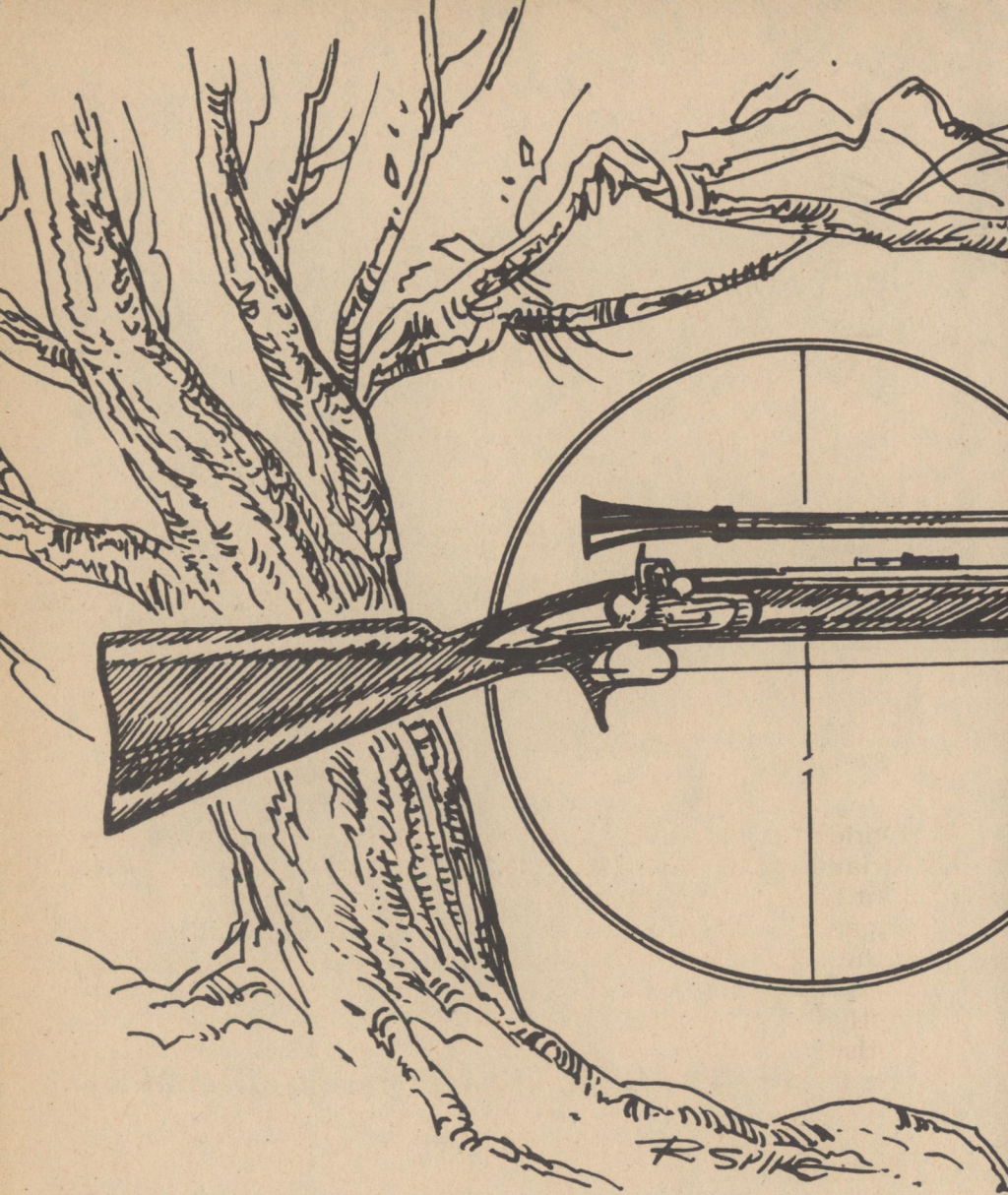
Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like

"Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

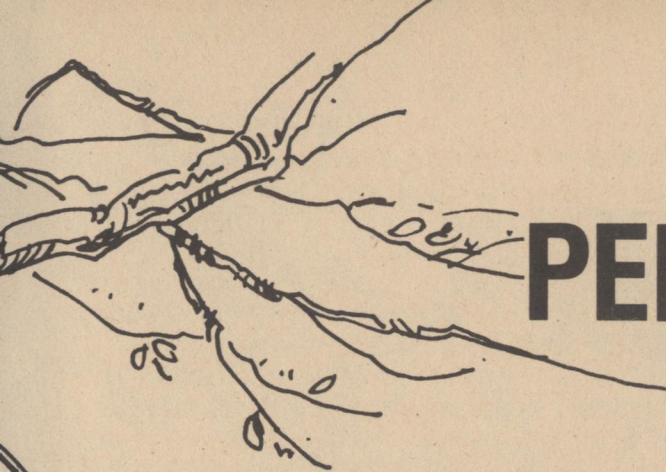




**F**inally, the target took one more step; his head and all of his body were clear of the tree trunk.

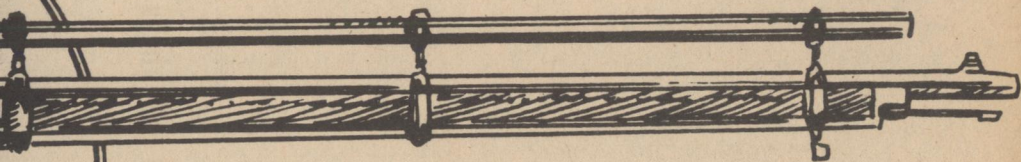
Logan's finger gently caressed the range adjustment of his bulky telescopic sight, bringing the target's collar insignia into sharp focus.





# THE PERFECT SHOT

by A.W. Whitworth



A brigadier general, Logan thought. Worth a shot, at 535 yards, by triangulation. He smiled. If the new slug works well, it just might be a perfect shot.

Logan took a deep breath and held it, sensing rather than hearing the slight movements of leaves in the treetops. Without taking his eyes from the barrel-long scope sight, he shifted his body slightly on the ground.

Satisfied, he released his breath and drew another, holding it. As he did so, his finger curled around the hair-trigger of his heavy English Whitworth rifle—a favorite weapon of sharpshooters of both Northern and Southern armies since 1861, and accurate to 1500 yards or more.

Considering its size and weight, the rifle didn't make excessive noise when it fired, being designed for precision rather than brute force.

In fact, Logan scarcely noticed the roar. He was briefly annoyed, as usual, by the small smoke cloud, but even then only because it momentarily obscured his view of the target—not because it might give away his position. At the moment of accomplishment,



his only thought was of the target. Always.

The scope remained fixed on the distant sprawled figure, as others gathered around it in useless succor.

Logan nodded slightly, with satisfaction, and allowed himself a brief self-congratulation: Good shot. On target. Not a perfect shot; a full inch from the left eye. "Could be better," he murmured.

Jennings had coffee brewing on a small fire in their clearing and was leaning back, relaxed, against his sutler's pack, massaging the stump of his left arm. Both he and Sofft glanced up as Logan padded into the firelight.

Logan shook out a blanket and gently deposited the heavy rifle on it. Kneeling, he took an oily rag from inside his shirt and carefully wiped down the entire weapon. Only then did he squat by the fire and accept the cup Jennings offered him.

"You get a shot?" asked Sofft. He looked up from under the brim of his floppy farmer's hat, as he slowly re-assembled his own rifle: a cousin to Logan's.

Logan shrugged. "Coffee's too strong. Why in hell can't you ever make good coffee?" he said to Jennings.

"Good enough for me and Sofft, here," replied Jennings. "Oh, that new major, Murray, he was around lookin' for you."

"Murray can go to hell."

"When'd you get out of the Army," asked Sofft, "and quit takin' orders like the rest of us?"

"I take the shots I want," said Logan, throwing away the rest of the cup's contents. "That's why I'm still alive."

"I hear they got two of the boys just yesterday," said Jennings. "Picked them right out of the trees. Like apples."

"They didn't have good cover?" asked Logan.

"One guy, I think it was Jordan, he fired a half-dozen times before they got him. They think it was another sharpshooter; one of theirs."

Logan stared into the fire. "Damn fool. I told him, hit on the first shot, then get to hell out."

Jennings glanced at him sideways. "Not all the boys are as good as you."

The three were silent for a while, listening to the fire. "You ever miss?" asked Sofft.

Logan thought for a moment. Sofft and Jennings glanced at each other.

"Not that I recall," said Logan, finally, without looking up. "Course, a lot of my shots aren't just exactly where I want."

"But they're always kills," said Sofft.

Logan looked at him strangely. "I always drop the target. But a shot should be perfect, if it's



worth the trouble."

"The target's always human," reminded Jennings. "It's a kill." He shrugged. "Least that's what we always called it in the lines. When we were being shot at."

Logan squinted at him. "Targets are targets," he said. "That's all that matters; trying for the perfect shot."

"Shit." Sofft grunted.

**A** soft rain had just begun to fall when they heard a figure approaching through the brush. A young lieutenant moved aside the arms of a bush and stepped into the firelight.

"Sofft?" he asked, looking around. "You're needed at dawn." He turned. "What's your name, Sergeant?" he said, looking at Logan.

The sharpshooter spared him a brief glance, up-and-down, then turned back to the fire. "Logan," he said.

The lieutenant stared at him with open awe. "I didn't know you were in the area. Would you come, too. . .?" Incongruously, he gave the impression of adding a silent "Sir."

**T**hey had been assigned to lay down nuisance fire around an artillery battery, but the cannoneers were expecting as much and stayed well under cover. On balance, the sharpshooters had just oc-

cupied a day and wasted some lead.

Logan took a roundabout route back toward the lines, which led him along just below a ridgeline, halfway up the slope as he followed a small valley, cleft by a brook.

Turning a corner formed by a large gnarled tree, he froze. Across the valley, through a break in the tree-line, he could see a small tent. Slowly, he backed up a step; then two more. He was now behind the tree. Dropping to his knees, he pivoted the heavy rifle forward, resting it on a huge, flat boulder. Along with the lower tree branches, it gave him fair concealment.

He peered through the telescopic sight. Four officers were in view—all about the same age and apparent rank.

Long afterward he wondered about his instinctive selection of the single target, but could place no more reason to it than a cougar might, instantly and singly selecting a kill from a twisting, charging herd.

The target turned full-face toward Logan; he was full in the open. Logan made a quick estimate of range: 250 yards. He glanced at the tiniest leaves of bushes along the ridgeline to check the wind: none.

If he hesitated in firing for a few seconds, it may have been because of the absolute routineness of the shot. It was



*"He watched an attractive young woman cradle the tousled and bloody head, child-like, in her lap."*

almost as if it had become too easy. Too routine.

He did consider, for a fleeting moment, waiting until dusk—an hour away—to make the shot slightly more difficult, more interesting, but his training and experience forbade it. He found himself surprised at the thought.

More surprisingly, he found himself speculating whether the eyes of the target were actually gray, rather than a clear blue tinted in distance by the faint haze hanging over the valley. He blinked, and shook his head as if to clear it.

Automatically he went through the drill: Cap, cock, freeze...breathe...squeeze...

As usual, he scarcely heard the shot; and for once, no smoke obscured his vision. He clearly saw the slug go home and the target drop from within the scope's field. A slight adjustment brought into view a man, a body, a face. Logan squinted, then smiled widely.

A perfect shot!

In another fraction of a

second, he would have taken his eye from the scope to begin careful disengagement and retreat. If only he hadn't seen the flash of yellow.

He watched, fascinated, as an attractive young woman pushed aside the other officers and cradled the tousled and bloody head, child-like, in her lap, with red blood rushing, then flowing, vivid against the buttercup yellow folds of her dress.

Blue. The eye...the target's eye had been blue. Logan could see the color clearly now, repeated in the woman's tear-filled eyes.

**W**ithin ten minutes, although moving slowly, he was halfway back to camp. He paused once along the trail, gently laying the rifle on a soft hillock next to a tree, carefully out of the dirt.

He stepped around the tree's trunk and vomited.

**S**omewhere, Sofft had acquired a mangy yellow dog, along with a pair of badly bruised ribs resulting from a fall from a tree. The three companions sat around their fire trying to pretend they were neither bored nor uncomfortable in the wet, while they snacked on scraps of hardtack and salted meat ration, which the yellow dog refused to eat.

Sofft did not find remarks



about his cracked ribs humorous. "Why didn't you just climb down?" Jennings asked, for the third time.

"I was tryin' to. There was more minie balls whistling through that tree than there was pine cones on it; I just slipped."

Sofft grunted as he flipped a hardtack biscuit across the fire to hit Logan's leg. "Thought you'd have something interesting to say about my mishap, Logan."

Logan looked up. "Sorry. I wasn't listening."

"Been awful quiet, lately." Jennings looked at him intently. "Something wrong?"

"Nothing I can't fix." He hesitated. . . . "I'm goin' to transfer back to a line regiment." He didn't look up.

Both men watched him silently. After a while, Sofft nodded slowly. "When it's time, it's time, I reckon."

**I**t wasn't that they didn't want to be found. Anyone knowing the ways of combat would realize that sharpshooters lived separately from regular troops; the ordinary soldiers offering only a certain combination of respect, contempt and fear for the sharpshooters' particular distinction.

Even so, by the time Major Murray was standing over their slouched figures, he was in a

subdued rage; having missed not only one but two meals, including one elaborate presentation especially for the benefit of a gaggle of visiting newspaper correspondents.

"Logan, you're needed. At once."

He might have been speaking to the yellow dog. Certainly neither the dog nor Logan seemed to hear him.

"I need you now! It's a special assignment."

Logan didn't raise his head when he spoke, so Sofft was never quite sure what he'd really said at first. But when Logan spoke again, he was looking straight into the major's eyes.

"I said, Sir, I want a transfer. I'm not making any more shots for you."

The major drew up all five-foot-two-inches of neatly polished brass and braid before he replied.

"You will make the shot, Sergeant. And you will do it now. The killing of a certain enemy personage will have a profound effect upon the up-

*"Jennings sensed a certain distraction in Logan's manner; not so much a sadness as a quiet introspection."*



coming battle. His death may even cause its delay. It is of prime importance to our victory." He went on to name a general, well-known to the point of legend, by troops of both sides.

"Get somebody else," repeated Logan.

The major was nearly apoplectic with rage. "I will have you court-marshaled and shot. For cowardice. Right here. Right now!"

Logan continued to stare at the major, curiously, as if he were observing—trying to understand—some new form of animal he'd just encountered for the first time.

"Why me?"

"You are the only sharpshooter in the area good enough," he replied, glaring at Sofft. Sofft looked back at him, expressionless.

The major whipped off his glasses and began to polish them furiously. "The shot must be perfect. Killing. I have promised our Command!" He choked out the last words. "You *will* make the shot, Sergeant!"

Logan continued to stare at him. Then, slowly, he smiled. "Yes, I will make the shot." The pause was just long enough to be thoroughly insulting. "Sir."

**F**or once, Jennings accompanied Logan out beyond the lines; even, during the unprecedented trip, helping

with the heavy Whitworth rifle. This in itself would mark for Jennings a sense of the unusual; as far as he knew, no one besides Logan had ever done so much as heft the cherished weapon, let alone carry it.

Jennings sensed a certain distraction in Logan's manner; not so much a sadness as a quiet introspection. It seemed, as he later told Sofft, as if Logan had decided to focus all his thoughts, all his concentration, upon the upcoming shot.

At a certain point beyond the lines, but still in a sort of no-man's-land formed by one of the dense thickets dotting the country-side, they stopped. Logan took the rifle, nodded in response to Jennings's silent offering of a little of his prized and hoarded pemmikan, to serve as lunch, and wordlessly disappeared into the thicket.

**L**ogan picked his way along the edge of the woods until he found exactly the right spot. A large, bushy tree offered a shooter's nest, formed by three large spreading limbs that made a sort of platform extending out over the sharp drop-off of a small gully.

Although the nest itself was quite low to the ground, it overhung the steep sides of the gully so that it was almost six feet above the actual ground,



and well below the ridgeline. A perfect hideout, it would appear to be not a part of the tree, nor gully wall, nor sky, but an amalgam of foliage, a tangle of green concealment.

The target area was a clearing, well across the gully and a larger valley, well beyond an open field—just short of a copse on the far clearing side, which overlooked the potential battlefield.

Intelligence had pinpointed the spot as a preferred observation post for general officers and visiting dignitaries. Logan's view was of the right side of the clearing, actually a flattened knoll, and he knew the target must stand forward, looking to the right.

It took Logan several minutes to balance the rifle within the limbs, making sure it was securely in place. Then he settled in and began to wait.

Logan's concentration was such that he could relax, settling into his prone shooting position like a dozing cat, not fully awake, but alert to any movement in the target area.

He had been there, motionless, for perhaps an hour, when the first figure entered the clearing. A full colonel was accompanied by a captain, and they carefully quartered the area around the observation post with field glasses.

It was fifteen minutes later when other officers made their

appearances. Logan ignored them after noting their presence within the clearing as obstacles to a clean shot, much as trees or rocks. His attention was for the target, alone. As always.

Then the target was in view: a profile he'd seen often in illustrated magazines; a moderately thin man; his rank befitting his consummate skill, which had been proven on battlefields to his enemies' chagrin. A worthy target.

Logan made a final adjustment to the sight. Engineers had worked out the range, earlier, from the ridgetop behind him to the exact point where the target was now standing, and had provided the yardage virtually to the inch.

Signal Corps officers had carefully calculated windage in every possible permutation and Logan's own instinct and experience could find no fault with their calculations.

It would be the longest shot he had ever attempted; difficult because of the distance and the other men surrounding the target.

He squeezed the trigger.

For perhaps the first time, he clearly heard the roar of the rifle's discharge and felt every ounce of its recoil. Then he opened his eyes slowly and saw the target down, surrounded by a pandemonium of milling aides and officers of all ranks.



He lay still far too long, eye glued to the scope, smoke cloud drifting up slowly through the branches into view. He had to be sure.

Minie balls began to slash like angry bees through his nest; first one or two, then more, as he rapidly backed out of the hiding place.

As he crouched behind the tree trunk, he could feel a pair of slugs bury themselves in the other side. The quickest way out, he knew, was up and over the ridgetop a few yards away. He went for it.

He dived, rather than ran, the last few feet over the ridgetop; then paused, burying his face momentarily in the humid earth and enjoying its scent.

And smiled with satisfaction.

**L**ogan had just finished a shepherd's pie made from ration pork and dough, and roasted on the fire, and was leaning back with hands behind his head, cheerfully humming to himself, when Jennings dropped his sutler's pack and sat down.

"Good to see you back," Jennings said.

Logan smiled broadly. "Yeah."

"All packed up, I see." Jennings nodded toward Logan's pack, beside the fire.

Logan stood up. "Goin' over to the 27th. Got a cousin over there. I figure the paperwork will catch up." He stuck out his

hand.

Jennings took Logan's hand in his. "Where's your rifle?" he asked suddenly.

Logan smiled again. "You tell Murray if he wants it, he can go get it. It's right there where I took the shot."

Jennings laughed. "Logan, you're a card. How was the shot? Did you make the kill?"

Shouldering his pack, Logan headed out of the clearing. He turned, cocked his head and looked back. "Know something, Jennings? Your coffee really ain't too bad."

**"J**ennings."  
It was Sofft, trudging toward him, rifle on his shoulder.

"Did you hear about Logan's shot?"

"Logan's gone," said Jennings, puzzled. "He even left his rifle out there. Said he was done sharpshooting."

Sofft laughed. "That fellow he shot. . ."

"What about him?"

"Seems our Signal Corps people were watching the whole thing through a telescope. They said the fellow dropped and was carried off, and that delayed their attack."

"Well, I thought that was the whole idea."

"It surely was. But the fellow ain't dead!"

"Not dead?"

"Logan must have just grazed



him. Word has it, from some of their pickets talking across the line, that he came to in the hospital.

"They missed their chance at our army, and we're almost all pulled out now," said Sofft, "so the big battle's put off. At least for now."

Jennings emptied his coffee cup and set it aside. And laughed.

"What's the matter?"

"Logan did it his way, after all," Jennings said, holding his

stomach with laughter. "He didn't want to kill that fellow, so he didn't. He managed to knock him down and out without killing him. And he made the shot, so they can't do anything to him!"

"They transferred Major Murray, though, they say," chuckled Sofft.

"So he's gone. And Logan's gone and done it," said Jennings. "Don't you see?" he continued, "Logan finally made his perfect shot!"

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Matt Braun is a former army officer and combat instructor who spent many years training troops and civilians in survival methods. Moreover, he's a survivor himself, and in terms you'll never forget, he reveals all the tricks of the trade.

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# The Defen

**P**iloting his rented Mercedes down endless bleak thoroughfares and side streets, McKenna grows hot with frustration in spite of the November chill. He has approached the hotel three times now—from the north, from the east, from the west. On his third attempt, he gets close enough to glimpse the dull green of the oxidized copper cupolas which crown the once-majestic old five-story building and the words HOTEL CONTINENTAL spelled out in weathered three-foot letters between them. But each time Prague's tangled maze of one-way streets fools him, and carries him blithely past his destination.

On his fourth try, from the south, he reaches a point where he needs to turn left, but six intersections in a row all deny him that option. When he spots construction blocking off the road before him, and the only cross-street between where he is and the barricade is marked with a right-turn-only arrow, he grips the padded steering wheel tightly and begins to swear as his knuckles bleach white with the pressure.

Ten minutes later, after circling around past the National Theater and paralleling the course of the Vltava River for half a kilometer, he finally reaches the Continental.

The woman at the Cedok tourist office has promised him that he will find ample parking in front of the hotel. Ample parking turns out to mean four narrow spaces labelled "Reserved for Guests" in both German and what McKenna assumes must be Czech. Or Slovak. Or whatever the hell they speak in this godforsaken city! All four spaces are filled, of course, and with a final expletive he leaves the Mercedes on the sidewalk across from the four stone steps leading up to the plate-glass doors. He doesn't give a damn if they ticket him; the car has German plates. He rented it at the airport in Munich, where he flew in yesterday afternoon for a briefing by the bureau chief there before driving across the border into Czechoslovakia early this morning. insists. "Please." He parts with the last word grudgingly, given the jetlag and the five-hour drive from Munich, the one-way streets and the parking, and the general dreariness of the day. But this once-attractive woman in her severe white blouse and royal-blue blazer draws it out of him, and he is surprised again when the single syllable produces the desired result. With a sigh, she looks down the columns of the oversized sheet of paper before her, and her index finger stops at the



# estraton Of Prague

Part 1

by Josh Pachter

name Stebbins and taps it thoughtfully.

The doorman is a stocky type, with close-cropped brown hair, wearing a black tuxedo. As McKenna brushes past him, the man offers to change his dollars or Deutschmarks into crowns at double the official exchange rate. McKenna ignores him. A parking ticket is one thing, but black-marketeering is another matter entirely.

The receptionist tries to tell him that Stebbins is not registered at the hotel. She must have been an attractive woman, McKenna thinks, thirty pounds and a dozen years ago. Her complexion is still creamy smooth, and this surprises him. He expects Czech women to be rough-skinned, raw-boned, dulled by a repressive system and a harsh life. But this receptionist

is still soft and gentle, though time and too many carbohydrates have added blowse to her body. She has considerable English, and she explains patiently that there is no Stebbins staying at the Hotel Continental.

"Check your records," McKenna "Ah, yes," she says, without apology. "Mr. Stebbins. Room 511."

McKenna finds the elevator, a cranky piece of machinery which whines in protest as it carries him upward toward the fifth floor. The ride is slow, and the voice at the back of his head uses the time to tell him the story of his mission once more before his meeting with Stebbins.

A distinguished Czech biologist working on the cutting edge of genetic experimentation has decided to turn over the invaluable results of his recent research to the



West. McKenna does not know the scientist's name nor how to locate him, not yet. That's where Stebbins comes into the picture. The biologist, fearful for the safety of his family, refuses to defect. He is, however, determined to pass on his knowledge to the free world in spite of his government's opposition. He has put out certain cautious feelers within the American community, and has been put in touch with Stebbins, a low-level embassy staffer who doubles as the Agency's point man in Prague. The scientist insists he will only deliver his information to someone qualified to understand it, and it is for this reason that McKenna, a skilled biogeneticist in his own right but little-known outside the small circle of his field, has been contacted by the Agency and, eventually, sent to Munich for a detailed briefing and then on to Prague. A meet with Stebbins has been set up for this day, in this hotel, at this time, and from here Stebbins will take him to wherever it is that the Czech is waiting. Stebbins is, of course, not Stebbins' real name, any more than McKenna is McKenna's.

Games, the man who is traveling as McKenna thinks, as the crotchety old elevator wheezes to a stop; games for grown-up children. But he recognizes the potential importance of the data which this anonymous Czech scientist has to offer, and this is why he is here, why he has agreed to take time away from his own research

to play this game of espionage, where both the prizes and the risk, he knows, are very, very real.

He steps out of the elevator and walks down the corridor to his left. The first room he passes is numbered 519 and the next is 521; so he about-faces and returns the way he has come, past the elevator which is already rumbling back down to the lobby, past rooms 517 and 515 and 513 to an off-white door marked 511. He knocks softly on the door, but there is no response from within. He knocks again, more loudly, but still there is no reply. He checks his watch and sees that he is almost half an hour late. "Dammit," he says aloud, and his irritation echoes down the corridor. He had thought to be early, but Prague's one-way streets have tricked him into failure on that score. Has Stebbins given up and left already? he asks himself. And, if so, what is he supposed to do next? Call up the embassy and ask to speak with their resident spy?

He tries the door handle and finds that it responds to his touch. The door swings outward, towards him, revealing a second door set six inches behind it. This double-door set-up is a way for the hotel staff to pick up and deliver dry-cleaning to guests without disturbing them, McKenna assumes, but then he notices that there is no hook for hanging laundry on either door. Nothing could be less important under the circumstances, yet the scientist in



him toys unsuccessfully with the puzzle for several moments before letting go of it and returning to the more important question at hand.

The inner door swings inward and McKenna finds himself in an enormous high-ceilinged bedroom, the largest hotel room he has ever seen. There are two single beds side by side on a raised platform jutting out from the wall to his right. There are two wooden wardrobes, two dressers, a sofa, a plush armchair, and a writing desk with a straight-backed wooden chair set neatly in place before it. None of this furniture is decorative in the least; it is simple, drab, severely functional. There is worn carpeting on the floor, tired wallpaper running only three-quarters of the way up three of the room's walls. The fourth wall, to his left, is hidden behind dingy green drapery, an arrangement which makes no sense to McKenna. One of the far wall's three tall windows is open, and the weather outside flutters the gauzy white curtains. On a small table by the door is a television set with pushbuttons for eight channels. A two-tiered wallshelf holds an old-fashioned telephone below, a bulky box radio above.

The room is empty. The beds have not been slept in. McKenna wonders if they *can* be slept in: instead of mattresses they have a series of thin cushions laid end to end, with a sheet and blanket laid out on top of them but folded so that the cushions are visible

beneath. The pillows are feather, and not many birds can have given up their plumage to fill them.

There is no clothing anywhere. There are no personal effects of any kind. Stebbins is not only not among those present, there is no indication that he has ever been in this room at all.

McKenna checks the wardrobes and finds them bare. There are not even any hangers inside them. The dresser drawers and the desk prove equally interesting. He pulls aside the floor-to-ceiling drapes along the left-hand wall, revealing a bathroom only four feet deep but stretching the entire length of the immense bedroom. In all that space, there is no toilet. There is a sink, with a mirror above it and an empty wastepaper basket beneath it, and an assortment of mismatched towels on a rack by its side. There is a large white free-standing bathtub on lion's paws. Laid out in the tub is the body of a small, thin black man, impeccably dressed in a pinstriped three-piece suit. The suit is grey, over a white shirt and a subdued blue tie; the man's face and hands are the color of strong coffee, and his shoes are a highly-polished black with bright gold buckles at the sides. But the color McKenna stares at in horrified fascination is crimson: Stebbins' throat has been cut, and his blood has drenched his clothing and pooled beneath his body on the floor of the tub.

McKenna turns blindly away



from the dead man and staggers to the sink to vomit. Quite some time passes before he can raise his head. He hardly recognizes the terrified features which peer back at him

from the mirror. The phrase "children's games" comes into his mind, and he bends forward and retches again and again, beyond the point where there is nothing





left in his stomach to lose. His legs are weak, his head is filled with cotton, and the sourness in his mouth has been there forever and will never go away again as long as he lives.

As long as I live, he thinks, and for the first time in his forty-eight years it becomes horribly real to him that his life is not an ongoing process, but a discrete event with a beginning and a middle and an end.

He risks turning away from the sink and looking back down into the bathtub, and his body twitches with renewed revulsion as if the puppetmaster has jerked on his strings without concern for the normal niceties of fluid human motion, of grace. He closes his eyes and wills his pulse to slow, his hoarse breathing to calm, the taste of bile in his throat to melt, the frantic acrobatics of his stomach to settle. When he has brought himself under control at last, he opens his eyes. The body is still there. He forces himself to go through its pockets, but there is nothing there to find. Wallet, keys, handkerchief, loose change, cigarettes, lighter, comb, pen, notebook, passport — all personal items have been taken away. If Stebbins had been fool enough to have carried any clue to the Czech scientist's identity or whereabouts on his person, that clue has been carried off by his killer.

McKenna washes the feel of the dead man's clothes from his hands and goes out of the bathroom,

pulling its heavy green drapery shut behind him to screen Stebbins' body from sight.

He is cold, almost to the point of shivering, and he cannot decide if he feels that way because of the corpse in the bathtub or the open window admitting November into the bedroom.

Right, he thinks. Stebbins is dead, he thinks. So *now* what?

His briefings at Langley and in Munich have not prepared him for this contingency. No one has told him what to do if he finds Stebbins lying in a bathtub with his throat slit.

McKenna is not used to dealing with murder victims. He is not used to dead bodies. Period. He has seen a total of one dead human being in his entire life, and that was his father at the funeral home; the old man had died of a coronary, and the morticians had made it look as if he was only sleeping. Even *that* had turned McKenna's stomach, and he was no fun at all at the wake. His mother has still not forgiven him for that.

His mind is wandering, he realizes with a start. His father has been dead for fifteen years. Stebbins is dead *now*. Murdered. *Here*.

Get the police, he tells himself. He moves woodenly to the telephone on the wallshelf by the door and stretches out a hand to the receiver. There are ten numbered fingerholes on the dial, he notices, but instead of three letters for each number there is only



one. A, B, C, F, H, I, K, L, M, R. Strange, he thinks, and wonders why Ma Bell has made it that way. Then he remembers that he is in Czechoslovakia, in the Soviet sphere of influence, and he snatches his hand back from the phone as if he is afraid it will bite him.

Right, sure, get the police. That's all he needs, to spend the next twenty years in some Commie jail cell if they should get it into their heads that *he* was the whacko with the razor blade.

No, thank you, he frowns. No police.

Well, *what* then?

He turns on the radio to help himself think, but what comes out of the speaker is an angry tirade in some damn Slavic language. He goes to change the station, but there is only one knob on the bulky old box, the one he used to switch the thing on in the first place. He turns it further and the sound gets louder. There is no way to tune in any other frequency than the one to which the radio has been pre-set.

Curious, McKenna crosses to the television set and turns *it* on. There is snow at first, and then the screen fills with black-and-white images of a massive parade. There are thousands of soldiers in perfect formation. There are missiles rolling by on flatbedded trucks. There are huge banners of Marx and Lenin and faces he does not recognize. He pushes one of the other channel-selector buttons, but the

program does not change. He tries all eight buttons, and all eight of them have been set to receive the same channel. There is no way he can find to tamper with the settings.

Welcome to Czechoslovakia, he thinks, and it strikes him that he really knows very little about this foreign place he has allowed an assortment of bureaucrats to convince him it is his patriotic duty to visit. He knows that Franz Kafka was born here, and lived and wrote here. He remembers the Prague Spring of 1968, when even American television screens had been filled with grim, grainy footage of troops and tanks. For a moment, he can almost *see* old Prof Stasheff standing behind a lectern, a map of Europe on the wall behind him, droning on at length about the causes of the Thirty Years' War. History 334, McKenna's junior year at Columbia. With a sardonic chuckle and expressive gestures, Stasheff told them about the governors being tossed out the windows of the fortress on the hill, across the river in the Hradcany section of the city. McKenna can no longer recall the year in which it happened, but it was around the beginning of the seventeenth century, he is sure of that. "The Defenestration of Prague," Prof Stasheff called the incident. The *second* defenestration of Prague, no less.

McKenna's teeth are beginning to chatter, and he crosses to the open window and shuts and



latches it.

He stands there with his hand on the latch, and a question furrows his forehead.

What the hell was the damn window doing open in the first place? It's *cold* outside!

The second defenestration of Prague, he thinks. Well, if there was a second, then why not a third?

He opens the window again and looks out. He can see his car five stories beneath him, and a corner of his mind notes with relief that there is no white rectangle tucked under the blade of the windshield wiper. Not yet, anyway. There is a line of traffic moving slowly past the hotel entrance, there are grey pedestrians crowding to and fro. But, thinks McKenna, so what?

He shifts the focus of his eyes from far to near, and sees a greenish rain gutter clamped to the stone exterior of the hotel, just below the bottom sill of the window. There is a crumpled ball of paper in the gutter, and McKenna fishes it out and closes the window and spreads the paper out on the writing desk, smoothing it as best he can with his palms.

It is a long thin paper bag, with a maroon cross printed at the top and then three lines of text in each of five different languages. English comes fourth, behind Czech and Russian and German but ahead of French. "Hygienic bag for sanitary towels. After use, please leave in the basket of the lavatory. Do not throw anything into the W.C." On

the flip side of the bag, someone has scrawled the word BALKAM in capital letters.

"Balkan," McKenna figures, only they spelled it wrong so they threw it away.

Why not in the basket of the lavatory, though? Why defenestrate the thing instead?

The answer to that one seems obvious. You toss something out the window instead of in the wastepaper basket because you know if you toss it in the basket someone'll find it and you don't *want* them to.

Alright, then, fine. Only if you toss it out the window it winds up down in the street, not in the rain gutter, right? Right, unless maybe the wind catches it and blows it back. Except wadded up like it was, this'd've been too heavy for the wind to play with.

No, the only way for it to have gotten into the gutter would have been for someone to have leaned out the window and *put* it there. But why do that, if you don't want it found?

You do that, McKenna realizes, if you *do* want it found, but only by someone who takes the time to really *look* for it.

My God, he thinks. It's a message from Stebbins!

He's sitting here waiting for me when he hears someone fumbling at the door. He knows it's not me, I'd just walk up and knock. So, who, then? The maid, maybe. But the room's already clean. What if it's someone who wants to keep



him from leading me to Dr. Whatever-his-name-is? Stebbins is not a powerful man, he's got no reason to be carrying any kind of a weapon. He's only got a matter of seconds before whoever's at the door will manage to pick the lock. So he grabs the nearest bit of paper and scribbles a message to me and drops it into the gutter, hoping that when I get here I'll be smart enough to search the room and find it.

Maybe not, McKenna frowns. Maybe the damn bag's been sitting out there for days.

But maybe. And it's all he has to go on.

Balkam. Could Dr. Whatever-it-is be Dr. Balkam? He goes back to the telephone shelf, looking for a phone book, but there is no phone book there, just the box radio and the phone itself.

The phone itself.

McKenna grabs up the receiver and then bangs it down again. Probably bugged, he guesses. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and starts wiping his fingerprints from the phone, but then he realizes that the receptionist will remember him being there and asking for Stebbins anyway, so the hell with it.

He folds the hygienic bag as neatly as its crumpled condition will allow and puts it away in his pocket. He considers looking in on Stebbins one more time, to say thank you for what he hopes is a clue that will help him complete his mission after all, to say how

sorry he is that the man has died for his country, to promise to do his damndest to apprehend his killer, but he shakes off all these thoughts as idiotic and gives the curtained-off bathroom a wide berth on his way out of the room.

Stebbins has not died for his country, McKenna tells himself bitterly as he waits for the elevator. He has not died "for" anything. He has died because the madmen on one side of the Iron Curtain are apparently incapable of dealing rationally and intelligently with the madmen on the other side. That is why Stebbins has died.

And he, McKenna, is as mad as the worst of them.

He will not apprehend Stebbins' killer, of course. He is not crazy enough to even *think* about trying to avenge his countryman's death. This is real life, after all, and not some intricate novel by Deighton or Follett or John le Carré. He will be very grateful to get the hell out of this country and back to his nice, safe laboratory with his *own* skin intact, and the hell with the faceless Socialist goon who slit poor Stebbins' throat. No, no, McKenna is not quite *that* mad.

But he is mad enough, he knows, as the elevator door slides open before him and, seeing that the cage is empty of secret police, he expels the breath he has not noticed himself holding; he is mad enough to take the next step in this lunatic game of espionage, now that Stebbins has told him — or, at least, so he believes — what that



next step must be.

In the hotel lobby, he forces a smile for the once-pretty receptionist and turns down a repeated offer from the doorman, who shrugs wryly and holds the glass door open for him with a look that says, "Well, I tried."

McKenna crosses the street and gets into his car, pulls off the sidewalk and into the thinning traffic. This time, he lets Prague's network of one-way streets take him where it will, careful only to keep increasing the distance between himself and the Hotel Continental. He checks his rear-view mirror frequently, and as far as he can tell he is not being followed. Twenty minutes later, in an industrial sector on the eastern fringes of the city, he finds a phone booth on a quiet side street.

He lifts the receiver and drops small change into the coin slot until he hears the buzz of a dial tone. The number he dials is 218719, but he does not think of it in terms of numbers.

B-A-L, he thinks as he dials, not needing to refer to the scrawled capital letters on the back of the paper bag in his pocket, K-A-M.

Let this work, he thinks, just beginning to develop an awareness of how important the game has become to him.

And then there is the muted sound of ringing, and an abrupt click, and a low-pitched male voice speaks a cautious syllable in a language McKenna does not understand.

"Hello?" he replies in English, which is the only language he feels comfortable in. "My name is McKenna. I got your number from Mr. Stebbins."

And what if the man at the other end of the line cannot understand *him*? What if the name Stebbins is meaningless to him, if he knows the dead man only by his real name, or by some other name entirely? What if the man at the other end of the line is not his anonymous biogeneticist at all, if BALKAM is merely a name, as it appears, and not a telephone number, if it is only coincidence that the wadded-up paper bag happened to be in the rain gutter outside the window of room 511?

These thoughts flicker swiftly through McKenna's mind, and then are thrust aside when he hears a sharp intake of breath and the low-pitched voice whispers, in lightly-accented English, "Where have you been? I have been terribly frightened. Why are *you* calling me, and not Mr. Stebbins?"

McKenna allows himself a tight smile before he responds. He has found his scientist after all.

But one man has already died on the way to this moment. Will there be more deaths before he can return home with the information he has come for?

And if there are, will the man who is travelling as McKenna finish the game as one of the survivors — or as one of the victims?

*To be continued next issue . . .*



ON FILE.....

**THE OTHER  
GUNGA DIN**

*by Richard Walton*



**I**t was early 1942, and the Japanese Army was rolling everything before it in South-east Asia. Singapore and Rangoon had fallen and the Japanese were at the door of defenceless India, after cutting the vital Burma Road into China.

Nothing stood between them but a few columns of tired, disillusioned, retreating Allied soldiers, who, at the Indian border, turned to fight, digging themselves in. It was The Alamo all over again. The Allied soldiers had good positions on the hilltops around Imphal but very little artillery compared to the Japanese, who had plenty and were expert in its use.

Each morning, when dawn broke, the Japanese commander moved his artillery round in the jungle; when about to open fire on selective targets each afternoon, however, he was beaten to the punch by the British artillery, who struck first, pinpointing his guns with remarkable accuracy and forcing his men to retreat. This was an infuriating situation and it took very few days before he realized the British were aware of each tactical move he made.

Apart from desultory sniping on both sides, therefore, it was a stalemate situation, destined to remain that way unless the British ran out of ammunition or the

Japanese swamped them with a Banzai suicide charge—and Major Takishi's men were too tired for that.

**O**ne village on the Chindwin River, so tiny it did not have a name (and was not rebuilt after the War), was the scene of a very special battle between the British and Burmese troops on the hilltop above it and the Japanese outnumbering them five-to-one below.

As both sides watched each other, warily, day after day, the village schoolteacher addressed his pupils mid-morning, then trundled his bullock-drawn cart across the plain and up the slopes of the hill to water his rice paddy fifty yards below the British lines.

He was a gaunt man of middle age, walking with a limp; wearing a shapeless cotton blouse and black slacks held up by a rubber belt made from a strip of cycle tyre inner-tubing.

The British called him *Gunga Din*, after Kipling's famous water-carrier, and waved cheerily to him when he stopped below them to empty his cart, sitting astride his bullock, his hands resting on its enormous horns as he stared impassively back.

The Japanese watched him, too, rifles ready in case he made a dash



for the British lines or tried to call out to them.

Then *Gunga Din* would return to the village below, munching one of the rice paper-thin nems stuffed with bamboo shoots and rice which he always prepared each morning for his mid-day meal.

**F**or a vital week this stalemate continued.

Each morning, before school, the children idly watched the Japanese move their artillery round the jungle in the mist.

*Gunga Din* watered his rice paddy, ate his lunch, and returned to his pupils.

And each afternoon, as they sat in class with him, they heard the artillery duel begin, with the Japanese again and again getting the worst of it.

**I**t was on the seventh day that Major Takishi wondered why *Gunga Din* always sat on his bullock during the watering of his paddy. He picked up his field glasses. . .

*Gunga Din* had his back to the Japanese lines, facing the British, and that was curious. And then Takishi realised why when he saw that the rubber belt was no longer round *Gunga Din's* waist.

**M**ajor Takishi was waiting for the schoolteacher when he returned to the village, his belt in place, munching one of his nems.

"You are a spy," Takishi said. "The children obviously tell you where the artillery is moved each morning and I know now how you pass that information to the British on the hill." And snatching the belt from *Gunga Din's* waist, he looped the elastic over the horns of the bullock to form a giant catapult.

"What was your missile?" he asked curiously.

"My lunch," *Gunga Din* replied. "I sketch the location of your guns each day on the rice paper round one of my nems and catapult it into the British lines."


"But why?" Takishi asked. "They are not your people."

And then, for the first time, he saw the string round *Gunga Din's* neck; pulling it from the blouse, he recognised the Burma Rifles gallantry medal the old soldier had once won.

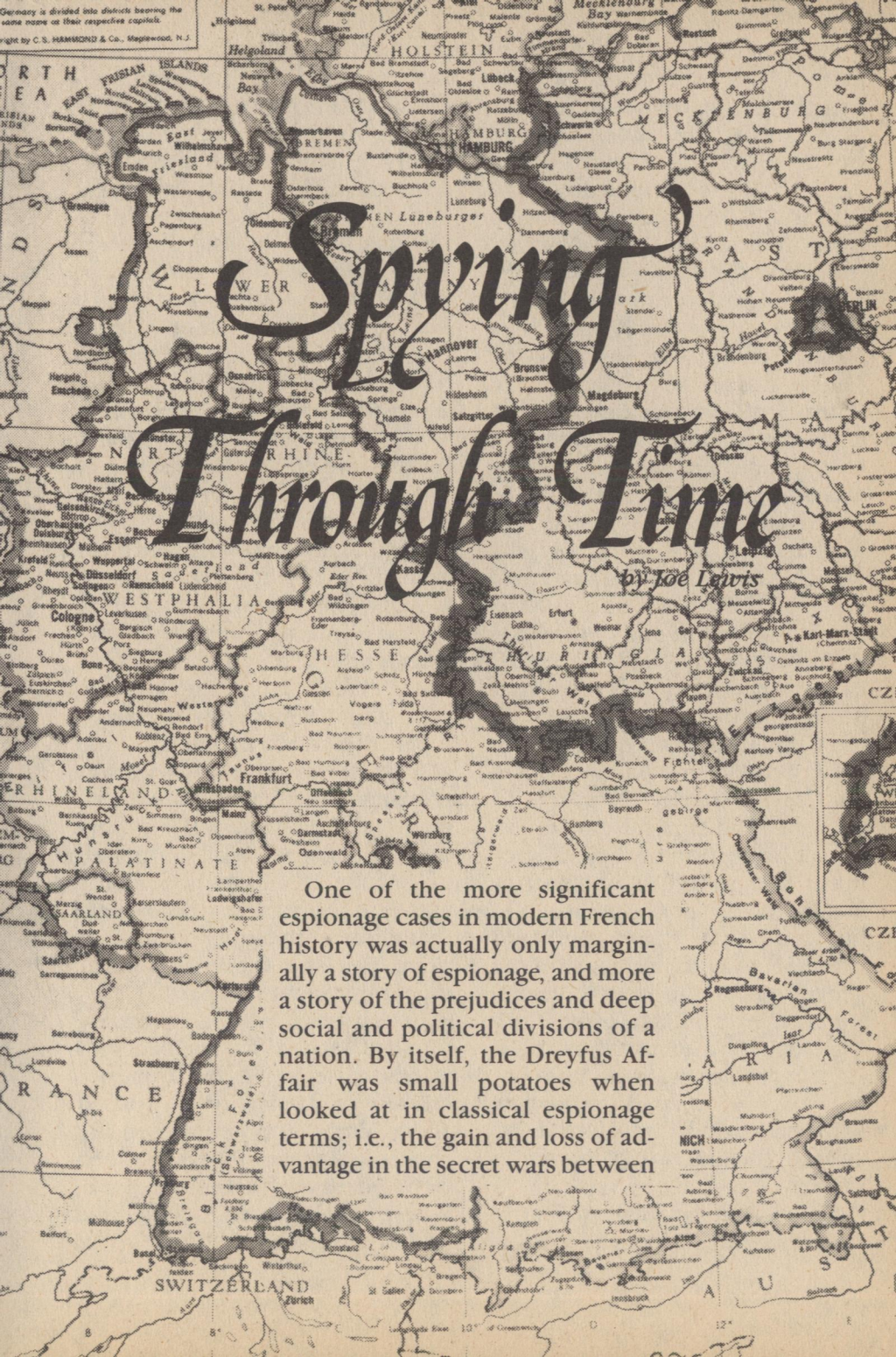
"God save the King!" said *Gunga Din* softly as Takishi unsheathed his samurai sword to behead him. . .

The children buried him after the Japanese hastily retreated from the village on the next day.

**G***unga Din* had not died in vain. During the week his espionage delayed the enemy, British and Indian troops had rushed to the border to strengthen their defences; to push the Japanese back.

And they continued their retreat until surrender day. . . 





# Spying Through Time

by Joe Lewis

One of the more significant espionage cases in modern French history was actually only marginally a story of espionage, and more a story of the prejudices and deep social and political divisions of a nation. By itself, the Dreyfus Affair was small potatoes when looked at in classical espionage terms; i.e., the gain and loss of advantage in the secret wars between



nations. But the impact the case had on France, domestically, was huge, and set the table for much of the misery of France's worst century — the current one.

In 1984, French counterespionage detected a flow of secret military information to Germany. An investigation followed, and a shaky case was built up against Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a young Jewish officer with the Second Bureau (military intelligence). His religion, wealth, and ambition were counts against him, and he was ultimately court martialed in a trial which saw his lawyer denied access to evidence. Dreyfus was dismissed from the Army and sent off to Devil's Island, off the coast of French South America.

The story might have ended there — tragically — except that information continued to flow to the Germans, prompting the new head of the Second Bureau, Lieutenant Colonel Georges Picquart, to look into the Dreyfus case anew. Closer inspection of the evidence in the case, as well as an objective review of the files, established in his mind that Major Ferdinand Esterhazy was the real spy on the general staff of the Second Bureau. He brought evidence of his findings, including handwriting analysis, to his superiors, who upon review decided to cover up the new information, and transferred Picquart to the deserts of Tunis for his efforts.

Before his banishment, however, Picquart leaked the story to

the press, and the case caught national attention. The war for public opinion was heated, and George Clemenceau's journal became the notable voice calling for a new trial. Those opposed to Dreyfus were not idle, however. Right wing Catholic Journals attacked Dreyfus and other French Jews and one Major Hubert Henry busied himself forging documents to add to the strength of the case against Dreyfus.

The Army continued its assault on reason and the good sense of the people it had been created to protect. When the calls for a court martial of Esterhazy became great enough, the Army staged one in January, 1898, and triumphantly declared Esterhazy innocent. This provoked the now famous "*J'accuse*," essay from Émile Zola, printed in Clemenceau's journal.

But the court martial did little to halt the divisiveness that was growing within France over the affair. Anticlerics, republicans, and intellectuals continually criticized the Army, the Church, and the anti-Semites within the regime that allowed the injustice to continue. The issue threatened to tear the Third Republic apart.


In August of 1898, a counterespionage agent in the Second Bureau discovered the forgeries created by Henry, and exposed them. Major Henry confessed and then slit his own throat the next day. Esterhazy fled to England, where Émile Zola had fled to avoid a libel sentence for "*J'accuse*."



One year later, Dreyfus was brought to trial again by the Army, and was inexplicably found guilty once more. The French president finally put a halt to the charade however, and granted Dreyfus a pardon. (Several years later, he would be exonerated by a civilian court.)

This was not the end of the issue's impact on France, though. The vocal anti-clericalism that had been unleashed in support of Dreyfus took its toll on the military. Catholic officers lost a great deal of credibility, so that in the Great War, President Clemenceau declined to let General Ferdinand Foch — a very capable but Catho-

lic officer — in charge of French forces until it was almost too late. On the other hand, the newly emerged crystallization of anti-Semitic forces in France enabled the "easy" existence of an accommodationist and anti-Jew Vichy government during World War II.

So we can see that even though the espionage incident, itself, was relatively minor — France and Germany did not fight for another twenty years — its impact on the nation was tremendous. In view of France's recent folly with Greenpeace and New Zealand, *L'Affair* becomes only more interesting: Perhaps it was the beginning of something? 

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*Continued from page 18*

stupid as Gordievski claimed. And if he wasn't, then . . .

It is all of scant interest to Betaney. Still puzzled over how MI5 got on to him, he has been convicted and sentenced to 22 years.

After reading this, he'll know.

## **The Man Who Gave Us Terrorism**

With President Reagan's recent comments about the Soviet Union's involvement in international terrorism, the spotlight has been focused once again on one of the more contentious intelligence issues around: does the Soviet KGB play a leading role in the fostering of terrorism around the globe?

Reagan, along with a lot of other American officials, seems to think so, and the interesting question is how they have come to this point of view.

Actually, their conviction arises from one interesting episode, in the international espionage wars, that took place in 1968. Among the men fleeing Czechoslovakia following the collapse of the "Prague spring" was a man named Major General Jan Sejna, a leading light in the Czech intelligence service. As things turned out, Sejna—despite his high rank—really didn't have that much to reveal about Czech espionage efforts. But during his long CIA debriefings, he did drop one interesting tidbit: the KGB had "sleeper" saboteurs sprinkled all

over Europe, just watching and waiting for the day when the Russians would invade. Then they would spring forth, sabotaging everything in sight, and thereby facilitate an easy Soviet victory on the way to world domination.

It was pretty interesting, to be sure, but as the CIA debriefers already knew, Sejna had the bad habit of embellishing his accounts; they suspected he had done the same thing this time. To verify their suspicion, the CIA men formulated a totally spurious document, allegedly prepared by the KGB's Fifth Directorate (which has charge of deception operations). According to this document, the KGB had a master plan for disinformation and sabotage that would totally paralyze its enemies in the event of war, especially in the United States.

Sejna bit: *absolutely true*, he claimed, and went on to say that he was aware of the document, having seen a version while working in Prague. The CIA men nodded knowingly, and Sejna, to his puzzlement, subsequently found himself removed from the CIA payroll. But that wasn't the end of Sejna: he soon popped up in Europe, where he shopped his KGB-master-saboteur-plan to several more credulous intelligence services. In turn, they leaked it to even more credulous right-wing journalists (among them Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss of *The Spike* fame), and from there it found its way



into the lexicon of the American right-wing.

All of which explains why a few CIA men were smiling when Reagan recently again accused Moscow of directing world terrorism—the master plan that Reagan and fellow ideologues are convinced exists sprang not from the evil brains of the KGB many thousands of miles away, but from the minds of a few bright CIA agents in Langley, Virginia.

### **The Mysterious Case of KAL 007**

The world's longest-running espionage mystery continues to be the 1983 flight of Korean Air Lines flight 007, that was shot down over Soviet territory after wandering off-course nearly 150 miles.

Did the plane wander off-course because of gross mechanical failure? Or was its deviation deliberate, part of an elaborate espionage operation? No one appears to know—or is saying—at this point, but some answers may emerge from a site far removed from the tragedy. The site is a courtroom in London, where a British newspaper and a television network are being sued by Korean Air Lines for libel in connection with investigations both organizations carried out into the incident. Generally, both concluded that there were a number of suspicious circumstances sufficient to raise the question of a possible espionage mission by KAL 007.

The libel cases, now in the pre-

trial and discovery process, promise some light to be shed on this dark subject, for the two defendants firmly back their original investigations, and vow they will fight the case to the bitter end. They fully intend to introduce some interesting technical evidence (along with some witnesses) that, at the very least, seriously undercut the official stories about instrument malfunction as cause of the off-course flight.

### **Comrade Loginov's Mission**

There has always been reason to wonder about the case of Yuri Loginov. Arrested in 1967, in South Africa, Loginov was the classic "illegal" of the Soviet KGB, the carefully-prepared penetration agent not operating under diplomatic or other form of immunity from arrest.

Illegals aren't easy to catch, and the nabbing of Loginov—a thorough KGB professional—by a relatively inexperienced South African counterintelligence organization seemed especially surprising. And once in captivity, Loginov began singing like a bird, revealing what seemed to be a wide range of juicy KGB secrets. It seemed almost too good to be true.

Now it turns out that it was. In fact, Loginov's mission was to get caught; once captured, he was to drop some tidbits to bolster the credentials of a number of false KGB defectors busy throwing sand in the eyes of several intelligence organizations—notably among



them Yuri Nosenko, who was then feeding the CIA a number of fairy tales. So, in the world of mirrors that is often international espionage, what at first appeared to be a failure now turns out to be a glittering success: Loginov planted exactly what the KGB wanted the CIA and everybody else to hear.

### **A Footnote to the Rosenberg Case**

More than 30 years after the event, the century's most sensational spy case—involving Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—remains also its most controversial. Were they really guilty, or were they railroaded by a panic-stricken nation obsessed by the Communist menace?

Except for the Rosenbergs' most fervid partisans, who continue to believe in their innocence, the general view of history is that they were probably guilty—although not of the charge of “giving the

secret of the atomic bomb to the Russians.” Now there is sensational new evidence that Julius Rosenberg was involved in some form of espionage for the Soviet Union.

The evidence comes, oddly enough, by indirection, in the cases of two of Rosenberg's fellow Communists: Joel Barr and Alfred Sarant. Both men suddenly and mysteriously disappeared right around the time in 1950 that Rosenberg was urging fellow spies in his small ring to flee abroad; the FBI was hot on their trail. Barr and Sarant vanished, as though into thin air, and although it was assumed they had fled behind the Iron Curtain, there was no proof.

In 1983, however, came incredible evidence: Barr (who had changed his name to Iozef Berg) and Sarant (who had changed his to Filipp Staros), it was discovered, had fled to Czechoslovakia. They worked as engineers in that country, later emigrating to the Soviet Union in 1956. Sarant/Staros died in 1979, while Berg is still alive.

That was interesting enough, but even more interesting evidence has since surfaced. It now turns out that in 1976, an American computer scientist, in Leningrad on a scientific exchange visit, encountered Berg at a conference. Subsequently, the American found himself the subject of a strong attempt by Berg to wangle classified information out of him. The American rebuffed the efforts, noticing in the process that Berg had extraordinary contacts and

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privileges usually reserved only for those Soviet citizens with important connections in the military and intelligence hierarchy. Moreover, Sarant/Staros' wife showed up, and casually revealed that she and her husband had escaped eastwards via the Polish embassy in Mexico City in 1950.

The significance of the encounter — aside from Berg's clear role, still, as a spy — was this: obviously, Berg and the Sarant couple had been carefully shepherded by Soviet intelligence during their career in the United States, and, more importantly, during their flight and subsequent career behind the Iron Curtain. But that, in turn, raises an intriguing ques-

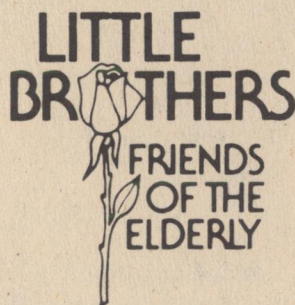
tion: if the Russians were so careful in removing Berg and the Sarants from harm's way, why didn't they do the same for the Rosenbergs?

### Sic Transit . . .

CIA Director William Casey, concerned over leaks of sensitive information from inside the government, prepared proposed legislation calling for stiff penalties against leakers, especially those with access to classified information. The document was sent to the Office of Management and Budget and stamped SECRET. The next day, it was leaked to *The New York Times*.

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## ACROSS

1. Deng's China
4. Secret handshake
8. Water (Lat.)
12. OPEC's concern
13. IRA's turf
14. \_\_\_\_\_ Bowl
15. Mauna \_\_\_\_\_
16. \_\_\_\_\_-Nazi
17. Fishnet
18. Curtain material
20. Eastern European
21. Stalin's henchman
23. Egyptian king
26. Well said!
27. Flight prefix
28. Classy tie
29. Bishop (abbr.)
30. Nazi secret police
33. Central American country (abbr.)
34. Greek letter
36. Expression of disgust or relief
37. Symbol of office
39. Vigilante hangman
41. \_\_\_\_\_ fritas (Sp.)
42. KGB type
43. In \_\_\_\_\_ veritas
44. Nordic passage
46. Black as the \_\_\_\_\_
47. Murphy's \_\_\_\_\_
50. Clay jar
51. Hasty



52. Norwegian statesman Trygve \_\_\_\_\_
53. End
54. Conflict
55. Canadian province (abbr.)

## DOWN

1. Cambodian dictator \_\_\_\_\_ Pot
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Grande
3. Chennault
4. Italian port city
5. Non, c'est \_\_\_\_\_ (Fr.)
6. International Refugee Organization



- |                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 7. Hebrew letter                     | 32. Strategic sultanate                 |
| 8. Yalta was an example<br>(2 wds.)  | 35. Former Portuguese<br>province       |
| 9. Tremble                           | 38. Harlem theatre                      |
| 10. Pres. Carter's service           | 40. Battle of the _____<br>Sea          |
| 11. Swallowed                        | 41. Terse                               |
| 19. Network; clique                  | 43. Passport endorsement                |
| 20. Camel's nemesis                  | 44. Dense atmosphere                    |
| 21. Towering school for<br>languages | 45. International Labor<br>Organization |
| 22. Vacant                           | 46. Average                             |
| 23. Russian Czar                     | 48. Cabalistic entity<br>_____-Soph     |
| 24. Moslem attraction                | 49. _____ affairs                       |
| 25. Belgian city                     |   |
| 27. Pale                             |   |
| 31. Old Testament vestment           |   |

## Cryptogram 121985

MVLZO	TMLRM	SMRHG	MOLLL	QLRDD	XPIFG
IGIMX	RPIRD	MJXLC	QKOOM	XPQRI	RDXPI
JIMQS	ONOPM	TSONO	PAHJO	LOXSL	FMHJO
LOXSM	GSZQR	LIOMJ	XLMTQ	RVLLL	MJOHR
LKCHR	PCOLS				

### Hints:

1. Each enciphered letter above stands for one—and only one—letter.
2. Each enciphered letter is within a five-letter group to hide obvious word breaks.
3. The cryptogram above is, itself, a real W/W II message, complete with nonsense phrases and military shorthand.



## Medieval and Modern Methods of Mayhem

O S W E D A E H S I H H T I W F F O F  
 S W I T C H B L A D E E U M C H T E I  
 A O L E R B M U T N L M D U N G E O N  
 T R A H A U A N U G L A U Q T U M L B  
 N D I C K R C U R E A C R U C I F Y N  
 I P D A K O O M D O W H E M O L C O K  
 T L I M S C R A A P E T A R D L T R E  
 E A H K L E A Y Y S H E N L A O R A L  
 D Y A E E B U R N A T T H E S T A K E  
 A Q N L E T H E I M O O E L C I R N C  
 U N G I H E N N G A T O M H T N O U T  
 Q U M N E M P B H A L U L E T E R S R  
 S P A G H L S A T R A N O F F A H W I  
 G O N U T R A N S F I X C U R C E D C  
 N I S I Y O T I P E T R K E L A N I C  
 I S N L B D E L E T T E R B O M B A H  
 R R O O D G A I C R U C U R F Y A I A  
 I M O T I N E D I A M N O R I M N D I  
 F P S N A A S N A U L A S T A H E A R  
 O K E E L H A U L K E L A P M I M P A

Ax  
 Asp  
 Burn at the stake  
 Curare  
 Crucify  
 Dungeon

Electric chair  
 Firing squad  
 Gat  
 Guillotine  
 Keel haul  
 Hemlock

Hangmans noose  
 Henbane  
 Iron maiden  
 Impale  
 Lance  
 Letter bomb



Laid by the heels

Machete

Off with his head

Pike

Petard

Rack

Rood

Switch blade

Sword play

Saturday night special

To the wall

Transfix

Tumbrel

---

## Solution to Cryptogram 121985

TURKEY TROTS TO WATER RR FROM CINCPAC ACTION  
COM THIRD FLEET INFO COMINCH CTF SEVENTY  
SEVEN WHERE IS RPT WHERE IS TASK FORCE THIRTY  
FOUR RR ALL THE WORLD WONDERS.

In October, 1944, MacArthur landed on Leyte, in the Philippines. The Japanese launched a risky counter-offensive: Three naval groups converged on Leyte, the largest composed of many huge battleships and aircraft carriers. Halsey's Task Force 34 steamed north to intercept them. Meanwhile, the undetected navel groups opened up on the small U.S. ships left behind. The Americans were outgunned and outclassed, but after fierce fighting, the two Japanese contingents were routed. Meanwhile, Halsey's Task Force 34 was engaged with the Japanese decoy and was in the process of annihilating it.

Nimitz, Commander-In-Chief, Pacific, sent Halsey's Task Force 34 the message: "Where is Task Force 34?" Nimitz's code crew slipped in the phrase "Where is RPT (repeat)" to stress urgency, and another code crew added "Turkey Trots To Water" and "All The World Wonders." These were nonsense phrases to confuse Japanese codebreakers and were set off from the rest of the message by "RR." When Halsey read the message from Nimitz, he read "Where is, repeat, where is Task Force 34 all the world wonders."

Halsey returned to Leyte. Nimitz was furious, but if "all the world wonders" where you are, you'd probably think that you were where you weren't supposed to be, too.



1	P	2	R	3	C		4	G	5	R	6	I	7	P		8	A	9	Q	10	U	11	A
12	O	I	L				13	E	I	R	E					14	D	U	S	T			
15	L	O	A				16	N	E	O					17	S	E	I	N	E			
				18	I	19	R	O	N			20	S	L	A	V							
21	B	E	R	I	A					23	P	T	O	L	E	M	Y						
26	A	M	E	N				27	A	E	R	O				28	R	E	P				
29	B	P			30	G	E	S	T	A	P	O			32			33	C	R			
34	E	T	35	A			36	P	H	E	W			37	M	38	A	C	E				
39	L	Y	N	C	H	E	R					41	P	A	P	A	S						
				42	G	O	O	N				43	V	I	N	O							
44	F	I	O	R	D				46	P	I	T				47	L	A	W				
50	O	L	L	A				51	R	A	S	H				52	L	I	E				
53	G	O	A	L					54	F	R	A	Y			55	O	N	T				

O S W E D A E H S I H H T I W F F O F  
 S W I T C H B L A D E E U M C H T E I  
 A O L E R B M U T N L M D U N G E O N  
 T R A H A U A N U G L A U Q T U M L B  
 N D I C K R C U R E A C R U C I F Y N  
 I P D A K O O M D O W H E M O L C O K  
 T L I M S C R A A P E T A R D L T R E  
 E A H K L E A Y Y S H E N L A O R A L  
 D Y A E E B U R N A T T H E S T A K E  
 A Q N L E T H E I M O O E L C I R N C  
 U N G I H E N N G A T O M H T N O U T  
 Q U M N E M P B H A L U L E T E R S R  
 S P A G H L S A T R A N O F F A H W I  
 G O N U T R A N S F I X C U R C E D C  
 N I S I Y O T I P E T R K E L A N I C  
 I S N L B D E L E T T E R B O M B A H  
 R R O O D G A I C R U C U R F Y A I A  
 I M O T I N E D I A M N O R I M N D I  
 F P S N A A S N A U L A S T A H E A R  
 O K E E L H A U L K E L A P M I M P A



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