

THE REPORT

P R E F A C E

Documentary styled, to allow the readers, to use their own imagination; so far as color, back-ground setting and flair, true to it's style, it may be more enjoyable; the second time you read it.

The story is strictly fictional, the names of people, places, things, and events, are purely incidental, and is not intended to incriminate, any person or place.

My thanks to everyone; who assisted in my endeavour, in writing this story, my first love, best friend and secretary, she's all one person; Liz.

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U.S.R.M.

THE REPORT

It was mid November, nineteen hundred and sixty-eight, and after some twenty-two years, since I had had, my first occasion, to visit this beautiful island in the South Pacific, I had finally gotten the chance to return to a place, that was to say the least, impressive, and quite different from any place I had ever been. Basically, because it's entire population consisted of multi-millionaires, with just a very few peasants, or people in the working class. For the most part they were retired American millionaires; but in later years, more and more active millionaires and representatives, of billionaire lending firms; had inhabited the island.

Because of it's natural beauty, and peaceful and impressive surroundings, with all of the magnificent golf courses, swimming and boating facilities; along with the most fabulous dining and entertainment palaces, from one end of the island to the other, which made the perfect setting for them and their clients. The only other industry was shipbuilding, and their engineers and designers; must be of the utmost, for some of the largest cargo, and most luxurious passenger ships are built here on the island.

For a layman such as I, in either one of these fields, and especially in finance, it was certainly easy for me to know my position in life, so far as the people that I was around. One could not be far from wrong by assuming that everyone was of great importance; and my crew had long since, assumed this attitude. They knew vaguely, of this fabulous island, but, they did know and understand the sleek Sabre liner that we manned. They also knew, that anyone that could charter it for a week, obviously were V.I.P.'s and since this flight was less than two hours off the shores of the continental United States, they also knew that they would be able to enjoy all the luxuries and excitement this island, had to offer.

It wasn't until the exact flight plan time, when I contacted Approach Control, that I had any other idea of doing any more than assisting the crew in their embellishment, but upon contact with Approach Control, into the receiver came a voice; clear, bellous by nature, and distinct in the information it quipped. Because of local traffic and other commercial flights with a five hundred foot cloud cover, some twelve hundred feet off the deck, and the instantaneous hand-off to the final controller, made it impossible for me to ask any more than necessary questions. It wasn't until we had safely landed and parked the aircraft in the respective parking area, that I had much time to give this voice any more thought, and by the time we had secured everything about the aircraft, we were whizzed off to the hotel, that our V.I.P.'s had so thoughtfully arranged for us to stay. (I might add, at their expense) and it wasn't until after completing the process of checking into the hotel, that I decided to call the facility, to ask the name of the Approach Controller that handled my flight; and upon doing so, quite to my surprise, it was an old friend of mine with whom I had flown with for some seven years, but hadn't seen for about fifteen years, and after a brief conversation on the phone, I had asked him to join me for dinner. He said he would, and that he would not get off for another hour.

Jerry Haley, as I had known him, had always been a man, quite efficient in most anything he had attempted to do, and this would most certainly apply to his ability as a pilot, such as I had known him to be in the past. He was a perfectionist by nature, and had always enjoyed the task of capitulating, and possessed the articulate ability to describe almost anything, which would naturally make him suitable; (he later explained he was), for the position of Chief Controller on the island.

After a brief but formal ritual that one may go through, when meeting an old friend, and upon meeting in the lobby of my hotel, we retired to the dining room to a more comfortable place where two good friends might do some more serious type reminiscing. Jerry truly a changed man in many respects. He was a serious family man, the father of two children, a boy and a girl,

and was married to an extraordinary young lady, especially in poise and personality, that I later had the pleasure to meet. He seemed to be completely and absolutely happy with everything around him, even the island he lived on, and it wasn't until I asked him how long, and just exactly and specifically, how he as an individual, came to be located here on this specific Island. It was then, and only then, that he had shown any dislike for anybody, but now, and in a fashion that only Jerry could do. He was attempting to tell me of all of the sorrow, and absurd misfortunate experiences he had had, in the past fifteen years.

It seems as though some twelve or thirteen years ago, the original, or first settlers on this Island, had come to see the need for some order, or power of government, with the gross population explosion taking place. Inasmuch as they had owned the Island in it's entirety, they had been unsuccessful in the control of the sale of land to outsiders.

My friend Jerry, had made friends with a young naval officer during the War, whose name was John Foster Keno, who later became a national hero, in his war activities, and his mother, and father, had selected this particular Island to retire, and were one of the original settlers. It was during the continued correspondence with his friend, that he had acquired the position as the Airport Manager; at the first, and original inaugural thereof, and with the opening of this mammoth airport; and the shipping facility improved, people seemed to come from everywhere; and his friend, young John Foster Keno, had for the most part, since the War, and during the past few years, finished his study in law and government, and had made himself available for many other social and political activities on the Island.

It was during these activities; that he, had attracted many exotic correspondents to the Island. One such social reporter, Jackie LeFleur, had become completely infatuated with this young

politician, and had made many return trips for her own personal reasons.

On the surface she was quite the perfect lady, tall and shapely and very attractive to many. It was obvious enough (in addition to her charm and personality) there was an air about her, that could mean only one thing, and this being that she could only be interested, in someone with the wealth, to support her in the fashion that she might care to be accustomed to.

With the passing of time, and acting on the advice of his political advisors, young John had proposed to, and married this young lady. They had, had their honeymoon, and it seemed they had adjusted themselves to the point in marital status to where many described them as the model couple.

The time was growing near for young John to make his political debut, in the arena of presidential hopefuls in the upcoming election, that was to be staged in the very near future. On an island of so many V.I.P.'s, sophisticated, and influential characters, one would be at a complete loss to try: and describe them all, or just to make mention of some of them, my friend explained to me, but at this point he would try and describe: just two of them that were instrumental in the conflict to follow.

The first, the original Adonis, and truly he was of Greek descent. He owned his own island, and it is said he is a billionaire, and acquired most of his wealth through his ability to operate a shipping firm, in which he had done millions of dollars worth of business with the citizens of this Island, in both the purchase of ships, and in the financing thereof. I might add, he has been able to fleece all of them out of something, which would probably amount to more than a million dollars. Yes, Arkle Odilleo, had made up his mind early in life to acquire whatever he wanted regardless of whatever effort, or principle it might take. His first marriage had ended in divorce, probably because of his egotism, and idiocynocracy, and at this point he was playing

the part of the 'Playboy Adonis', and seemed to enjoy it.

The second, closely associated character held many ambitions, such as those that the Adonis had, but in real life, he was quite the opposite. He was an American, and had been raised for the most part right here on the Island, and was the son of a peasant or working family. He himself was quite young, and possessed an uncontrollable ambition, and longing for wealth and recognition without the slightest feasible sense to acquire it. His life was empty, lonely and frustrated. He had held many different jobs, and had travelled to many other parts of the world in search of whatever may sooth his frustration. He had made a number of trips to Russia. He had studied Marxism intensively, but all of his efforts had been in vain, and certainly of no avail, but on one of these trips he had acquired passage on one of the shipping tycoon's luxury liners on her maiden voyage, on which he himself, Odilleo, was personally supervising, and the ship's roster contained the information, Leo Hagen Odisoll, as being from this sophisticated Island, and in turn served as a source for the introduction to this man of the world.

Leo, was of course completely flabbergasted by this man's flair, wealth and world recognition, and to this day, no-one knows exactly what Odilleo's personal reaction was to Odisoll, but it is believed that he personally made a gross mistake in thinking that he may be some dignitary from this fabulous Island, but nevertheless, in the days that lay ahead these two men had come to know just about all there was to know about each other; and this was the case in the Adonis' position most certainly. The two men had reached the point in their journey to part, and that they did, each believing they had accomplished some sort of a feat. Leo had personally met and talked with one of his greatest admirers, and Odilleo, had gained the knowledge of the fact he did have some sort of a friend, on the Island in which he was quite sure he had so few.

The time and the days had passed, the election had been held, and young John had won by unanimous majority. Everything being a contributing factor, his heroic war record, perfect marriage, his youth

and polished New England accent, along with his newly acquired wit in law, and government, and last but in no stress of the imagination least, his wealth. His father and family were quite wealthy, and were some of the original inhabitants of this fabulous Island. In fact, they could be referred to as the founders, because they, and just a small number of other equally wealthy Americans, were indeed the true founders of this fabulous place. It was this small, but influential number of people that had made it clear, the form of governmental policy that would exist; up to the then existing amendments to the constitution, and of course this is what John Foster Keno had sworn he would uphold at the inaugural, and setting of the first president this small but fabulous Island had ever known.

The next two years held the most astounding and devastating era of life John Foster Keno had ever known. The real truth had come out as to why the population explosion had really come about, and to this small Island. It seemed for the most part, the citizens had actually come here to escape taxes, and regulations that they might otherwise be confronted with elsewhere, in their activity of world banking, and shipbuilding. They wanted world diplomatic relations and power, without any adherence or practices, in accord to policies and measures that must be followed in order to maintain this sort of relation.

It seems that the office, or one of the departments of the President's office, was directly responsible for the concession of what was known as "the ship's service". This was a service that in the past all ships at sea were welcome to refuel or take on supplies, etc. etc. Credit was extended to countries, or nations, and to individuals that were worthy of it. This department of the President's office was directly the reason for the President to arrange for this shipping tycoon, to come to the Island, since he was an individual, and his ships had run up quite a large sum of money owing to this Department for services. At the same time, there were a number of reports, from other countries, that Arkle Odilleo's ships were engaged in enemy activities, such as transporting contraband, guns

and ammunition, and possibly other services for the enemy, and of course was threatening relations with such countries. In addition, one of the larger lending firms claimed that Odilleo was more than one and one half million dollars behind in payments to them.

At this point, the President, had indeed decided to do something about this situation, and after due consideration, he had elected to handle the matter in the most positive manner. This was to seize the largest ship, and it's cargo, and after doing so, he advised Odilleo himself by wire, with the instructions and requirements to free the ship. Needless to say, Odilleo, was outraged to the point of exasperation, but this was quite normal for him, for he possessed some sort of an uncontrollable temper. After the necessary procedures that it took for him to come up with more than two million dollars in cash, he had time to work some of his temper off. Since he owned his own island, and had many ships at sea, also his own aircraft, of which nobody seemed to know the exact number; he, as an individual did not have to answer to any regulations or policies, so to speak. This fact alone, contributed to a big part in his success as a shipping magnate.

It is only reasonable to assume that almost anyone in a neutral position such as he, could make it by working for both world powers.

Since he, Odilleo, realized he must reckon to the President's beckoning, he had acquired the necessary cash, and wired his time of arrival. The President had made arrangements for this, and had sent envoys, to the airport with the necessary security for Mr. Odilleo. The President received him in the Government Palace, and the two men had gotten right down to business, and of course resolved their discrepancies immediately. Each man held a personal dislike for each other, and neither knowing exactly why!

The ship was made ready to sail, and released immediately. The President had extended the invitation to Odilleo to stay for awhile on the Island, just as a social gesture, and much to his surprise, Odilleo,

had accepted. It wasn't until dinner that Odilleo had gotten to meet Jackie, the President's attractive wife. Upon doing so, they both had noticed they had felt an adventurous type magnetism for each other! and had certainly given each other a second look. Jackie, was quite capable of entertaining in a royal manner, and she used this opportunity to "exploit" herself in the one thing she did best. She was quite confident at this point that she had failed as First Lady of the Island, and it is believed by many that her marriage to the President was questionable, as far as the harmonious aspect was concerned. She was commendable for many of her personal traits, but then it was obvious; that she did not care to do anything that required any effort on her behalf, in the form of physical or mental effort. She was born to a family that was broken, as far as marital status was concerned, and it is said that her mother denounced her father for no more than wealth.

Odilleo, at this point was quite happy; he, and the President had, had some differences; he felt he had been royally entertained by both the President and his wife. He took the liberty to personally invite each to his Island, and especially invited Jackie, with the expressionable! look, and gesture that only she had caught. He had really enjoyed his visit to his Island, even though at first he was infuriated because he was compelled to come, but now for once in his life he had done something right, and was made to feel good about it.

As he made his way to the Airport to board his personal, Russian built executive transport, his eyes had caught a glimpse of an old friend, and this being no other than Leo Hagen Odisoll. He went over to the police barrier to shake hands, and for a quick cordial greeting, in a hurried fashion, and then he immediately boarded his aircraft, and departed the Island.

Leo, had flourished at this gesture from Mr. Odilleo, and felt quite important in the next few days to come. For the moment, he had been consistent at his present job, and for entertainment he had done no more than make a few trips to the rifle range for practice; in which I understand he had obtained this obsession to maintain his proficiency as a rifle-man first class in the military

services of his country.

Quite some time had passed by now, since the President had first been elected to office. In fact, almost three years. His interest and intent was growing stronger as the President of this Island. He had started making plans for the next election, and had discussed some things with Jackie, about what he felt and thought she should do as the First Lady. They had disagreed furiously!! In fact, you might call it a heated family quarrel. Nevertheless, she used this opportunity to take a trip away from the Island. Everyone realizes it is difficult for a dignitary, or in her case, more of a celebrity, to vacation some place away from the fans and crowd, but no-one thought she would go to this small island of the 'Playboy Adonis'. No-one will ever know what possessed her to go there; when the two men had such a dislike for one another; but she, had made her plans in such a manner that the President himself did not know where she was, until she had gotten there, and needless to say he was infuriated, but he was at a disadvantage to do anything about her being there, because he could not afford the publicity it might get him, and probably jeopardize his next election.

Once Jackie, had arrived on the playboy's island, Odilleo had really turned on the hospitality, in a manner that only a billionaire could do. He had ordered his multi-million dollar yacht readied to sail. He had shown her the entire island, including the palace he lived in, and they had spent hour after hour swimming on the beautiful beaches, and by now had planned their voyage, in the Mediterranean, that would take more than ten days or two weeks. They visited Istanbul, Cairo, Calcutta and Tripoli, and many other places. After an extended cruise like this, in the sun-drenched Mediterranean Sea by day, and moon bathed by night, one could, reasonably assume, that they had become quite intimate, generally speaking, and had confided in each other about many things.

The President, had contacted the yacht practically every day, in an attempt to get Jackie to get off and come home, but at this point she had found what she had really wanted, wealth, world recognition, and someone to give her, his undivided attention. She would not come home until they had completed their voyage. She also had said to Odilleo

at one point, she wished she didn't have to go home. She had tentatively promised, she, would come back soon!! but they both knew this would be almost impossible. They, had truly enjoyed each other's company, so much in the past ten days, they, felt they could not go on without each other. Odilleo, wanted Jackie, to stay forever. He wanted her for his own, and made a promise to himself, that he would never be contented, until he got her, and he was thinking hard! about how he could acquire just this.

Jackie, had torn herself away from this island, in another part of the world, and the 'Playboy Adonis' that she, had learned to admire so much. She was afraid to face her husband, and the President of this fabulous Island of the elite, that she called home; but quite to her surprise, he welcomed her back, and immediately made plans to take her, to a beautiful, and secluded resort, in the southern part of this fabulous Island. The President, had acted in this manner; for obvious reasons, as a gesture of reconciliation, and affection for his wife, and to sooth the air of marital instability, in the minds of the citizens, but before leaving on his hurried vacation with Jackie, he had written Odilleo, a personal letter, explaining that it was obvious to him that he had made a play for Jackie, his wife, and that he would personally see that he would not ever see her again. That such actions, may yet! jeopardize certain diplomatic relations in the future.

Odilleo, was disturbed immensely, now, for not only was he being deprived of seeing Jackie, it was obvious, there were repercussions yet to come; and he had given this situation every conceivable thought as to the best possible way to cope with it.

He, suddenly remembered that one of his own ships was scheduled to sail off the Coast of Africa to the Orient. He had flown down there, contacted the Captain, with some special orders. The Captain, was supposed to stop for routine repairs, and service at the Island, that would take about two days. The Captain, had followed his orders dilligently, and it was the evening after the first day that he was in port, at the Island, that he contacted Leo Hagen

Odisoll, and related the message from Odilleo, to him; the Captain, also said he was scheduled to sail tomorrow at six p.m.

Leo, was quite enthused at the offer Odilleo, had made him, and wasted no time in getting on with the proceeding. He was quite familiar with the layout of the Capitol grounds, and gardens, and knew some of the President's habits. It was a balmy sunshiney day on the Island, and Leo had found a suitable vantage point overlooking the circular walkway that the President usually used for his late afternoon stroll, that would bring him within feet of Leo, and his high powered rifle.

The time that Leo lay in waiting must have been indescribable, for he seriously wanted to do what he had to do, and get on board the ship. It wasn't until around four p.m. that the President came into the garden, and then Leo had shot him twice from close range. The President, had died instantly, and bled freely. Jackie, had been in the study on the ground floor! She heard the shots, and ran to aid the President. She, had become completely saturated in blood, and brains, from trying to comfort her husband. A palace guard, had seen Leo, in his attempt to flee, and had shot and killed him; some two blocks away from the President.

The chaos that follows a melee like this is almost indescribable, for curious people seem to come from everywhere, and at one point, Jackie, there with blood from head to toe! had stood up and distorted! to the people, that they! had killed the President! not knowing that she herself was instrumental in causing this incident, and of course for the days that lie ahead hold no more than sheer mystery in the hearts and minds of the people. For the most part it still does, with Leo dead, and after the ship sailed on schedule at six p.m. there was no-one! absolutely no-one! on the Island, that knew anything about this incident, or why it happened. There was certainly no-one, that wanted to be a part of such a horrible thing as to assassinate the President.

The normal procedure of the Vice President assuming the President's job, or position, had taken place! and he, had appointed a commission, to try and

find the reason, or motive for such an incident, but to use the terminology that my friend, Jerry had used! "You cannot find a needle in a haystack when there is no needle there".

Even though there were many clues, and possibilities to be checked, and the Commission's probe had continued for some three years, their report had finally been submitted to the proper authorities, and stowed away in the Government's files, and vaults. The case declared closed, and could not be reviewed for a pre-determined amount of years.

Odilleo, for all this time, had resorted to other female celebrities of the world, for his personal companionship and embellishment, and dared not to pursue Jackie in any shape, form, or fashion, for fear of revealing his own guilt. Jackie, after her husband had been assassinated, found it quite easy to be remorseful, for suddenly she realized she, had been a failure as a wife, and as the First Lady of the Island of the elite, and that she, had used her identity, and charm to flourish her own ambition, and embellishment. She, had been made an award of the Government, and afforded the security, and protection, in which she was under constant surveillance! at all times. She had no other alternative than to go into complete seclusion. This made her look better to the people, but it was only a gesture of rationalization, motivated by her own guilt.

Odilleo, after the official closing of the case, felt quite safe to revitalize his lust, and wanton ambition for Jackie. He had made many telephone calls, and sent many expensive gifts. He had succeeded in luring her back to his side, and upon doing so, she suddenly realized, that she, was where she had wanted to be, so badly, not so long ago: 'Playboy Adonis', for a lover, with untold wealth, and consideration, and she, now could really and truly live the life she always wanted ...Odilleo, had easily convinced Jackie of marital status, and they made their plans, and were married immediately. He was pleased with what he had accomplished, he had no compunction about how he had done it, but then he had promised himself, her, Jackie, just a short time ago.

My cargo of V.I.P.'s had cut their planned stay on the Island; short, two full days, and I had bid my friend farewell and found myself, and my crew, hustling to ready the Sabre liner for departure, for the return trip home.

It was not until we had cleared the outer marker, and were turning to our course heading, and I had already tuned the automatic direction finder to the low frequency station near San Francisco on the West Coast of the United States, when I had talked to my friend again. This time just to say so-long, and hope that I would see him soon. After we had gotten to our assigned flight planned altitude, the West Coast still some nine hundred miles ahead, with everything in the green, I settled back in my seat and reviewed what my friend had told me.

It's horrifying to think of such a thing happening to anyone such as this, and if it could be intensified at all, it would be for it to happen to a close friend or President of your country. My greatest sorrow for the President, and the utmost in consideration for my friend's feelings, but it seems to me that it just might be quite interesting to know, Jackie's personal reaction when she finds out she married (if she ever does) the man who killed her husband, or will the people of Greece stone her to death? in their ancient tradition, when they find out her true identity.

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