arms wouldn't do what my brain told them and my le On the way down I took a kick on the left shoulder. 1 up but couldn't. A hand dipped into my pocket and m gone. Simultaneously the crowd vanished into the row the police arrived. They helped me to my feet and, after explaining, I led them into the building. By that time the quarry had d through the back door so I went back to my apartment to clean

The next day I submitted a memorandum advising Ti I had lost a fight and their building pass. My shoulder hur to the aid unit for some aspirin. They asked me why, is triplicate, and when I explained they refused to give me any until n was X-rayed. The film revealed that my left clavicle had be a sheared off near the end, and I was sent to an orthopedic surgeon. explained to him that I was living alone and couldn't dress in a devised a harness that had me looking like Quasimodo for the next six weeks.

I decided that for so long as I was living in that neighb hood I'd better carry a gun. I learned that the Washington police wouldn't give a gun permit to someone at Treasury because that was up to the Secretary; if he wanted his agents to carry firearms, he had by regulation the power to arm them. The Secret Service, Custo 18, IRS, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms all care under Treasury and each had certain agents authorized to carry a gan. All I needed was to become a "Treasury agent" within the me ning of that law, get myself some credentials that would satisfy any police officer who might notice I was armed, and I'd be all set.

It was very clear to me that I, as Special Assistant to the be cretary of the Treasury for Organized Crime, was a Treasury agen within the meaning of the regulation authorizing the carrying of a gun, so I put something to that effect in the file. But what about cree ntials? My building pass wouldn't do; every clerk and secretary had one.

When I was originally briefed I was shown a stock of gold padges and imposing credential covers bearing the seal of the Tree ry in gold on simulated morocco leather. For insertion inside ther were blank credentials. These bore a beautifully engraved and solled UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT. Under this example of the best work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which pr Juces our currency, was a splendid, light blue rendering of the Treasury building. Across the face of the building could be any name and title desired. The lower portion bore the seal Treasury, a signature line for the "holder" and a countersignatu for the Assistant Secretary for Administration. There was spa a photograph and the legend:

gave way. ried to get wallet was

sury that so I went

line

whose signature representative of States and as su behalf of the Un

The credential sa sive-looking nobody were phony. They Agency.

Everyone knew th ment agents of one l they actually were. CIA officers operation request of the CIA, badge in any name d had my photograph, dential sets and was e States. The Lord help

When I first came brought only three gui a snub-nosed Colt .3 model .45 caliber sem the Windsor House I knock on my door at I

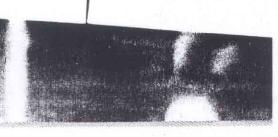
Not expecting visitor ing with pimps, hooker the .45 auto.

An unloaded gun is treated as loaded, so 1 make sure there was ε hammer, and slipped or I approached the door, be illuminated brightly, a distance. A huge blac big Colt and froze.

"Good morning," I sa The man's eyes bugg massive .45. "Er, ah, 'sci borry a stamp?"

"Sorry, pal; this wind Colt with a click that ec "You wanna be caref night," I said, swinging tl "Don't you know," I calle "this is a bad neighborho

Trushing as ampeter donestic activities



whose signature and photograph appear hereon is an accredite representative of the Department of the Treasury of the Unite States and as such is authorized to conduct official inquiries of behalf of the United States Government.

The credential said nothing about firearms, but it was so in ressive-looking nobody would challenge It. These credentials and balges were phony. They were for the use of the Central Intelligance Agency.

Everyone knew that the Treasury had many different law entireement agents of one kind or another, but few knew-or cared- what they actually were. This made "Treasury agent" an ideal cove for CIA officers operating within the United States. The Treasury on request of the CIA, would make up a credential and issue a gold badge in any name desired and any photograph supplied. I pro-otly had my photograph, name, and title made up into one of the dential sets and was equipped to carry a gun anywhere in the U ted States. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

When I first came down to Washington, I was traveling light and brought only three guns with me: my .357 magnum Smith & We son; a snub-nosed Colt .38 Special, and a big Colt 1911 government model .45 caliber semiautomatic pistol. Within days of moving into the Windsor House I had occasion to use one, when there was a

knock on my door at two in the morning.

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Not expecting visitors at that hour but aware the place was c .wling with pimps, hookers, hopheads, and what have you, I picke up the .45 auto.

An unloaded gun is worthless and every gun should always be treated as loaded, so mine always were. I eased the slide back to make sure there was a round in the chamber, thumbed back the hammer, and slipped on the safety. I held the gun muzzle dow ,, as I approached the door, first turning on the hall light so I vald be illuminated brightly, then reaching forward to open the door som a distance. A huge black man loomed in the doorway. He sa big Colt and froze.

"Good morning," I said, "what can I do for you today?"

The man's eyes bugged out. He just couldn't get them of massive .45. "Er, ah, 'scuse me," he blurted finally, "could I, borry a stamp?"

"Sorry, pal; this window's closed." I snapped the safety of the

Colt with a click that echoed down the empty hallway.

"You wanna be careful, wanderin' around a place like that night," I said, swinging the muzzle of the .45 up to cover his "Don't you know," I called after him as he bolted for the stai "this is a bad neighborhood?"