

arms wouldn't do what my brain told them and my legs gave way. On the way down I took a kick on the left shoulder. I tried to get up but couldn't. A hand dipped into my pocket and my wallet was gone. Simultaneously the crowd vanished into the rows of houses and the police arrived. They helped me to my feet and, after explaining, I led them into the building. By that time the quarry had fled through the back door so I went back to my apartment to clean up.

The next day I submitted a memorandum advising Treasury that I had lost a fight and their building pass. My shoulder hurt so I went to the aid unit for some aspirin. They asked me why, in triplicate, and when I explained they refused to give me any until my shoulder was X-rayed. The film revealed that my left clavicle had been sheared off near the end, and I was sent to an orthopedic surgeon. I explained to him that I was living alone and couldn't dress in a hospital so he 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 neighborhood 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 to regulate the power to arm them. The Secret Service, Customs, IRS, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms all came under Treasury and each had certain agents authorized to carry a gun. All I needed was to become a "Treasury agent" within the meaning 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 Secretary of the Treasury for Organized Crime, was a Treasury agent 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 credentials? My building pass wouldn't do; every clerk and secretary had one. That proved to be no problem either.

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

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Gordon Lilly, Will

Treasury as complete domestic activities

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

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

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

When I first came brought only three gu a snub-nosed Colt .3 model .45 caliber sem the Windsor House I knock on my door at Not expecting visito ing with pimps, hooker the .45 auto.

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

"Good morning," I said. The man's eyes bugged massive .45. "Er, ah, 'scorborry 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 call "this is a bad neighborho

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

The credential said nothing about firearms, but it was so impressive-looking nobody would challenge it. These credentials and badges were phony. They were for the use of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Everyone knew that the Treasury had many different law enforcement agents of one kind or another, but few knew—or cared—what they actually were. This made “Treasury agent” an ideal cover 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 promptly had my photograph, name, and title made up into one of the credential sets and was equipped to carry a gun anywhere in the United 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 & Wesson; 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.

Not expecting visitors at that hour but aware the place was crawling with pimps, hookers, hopheads, and what have you, I picked 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 down, as I approached the door, first turning on the hall light so I would be illuminated brightly, then reaching forward to open the door from a distance. A huge black man loomed in the doorway. He saw the 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 off the massive .45. “Er, ah, ‘scuse me,” he blurted finally, “could I, er, ah, borrow a stamp?”

“Sorry, pal; this window’s closed.” I snapped the safety off the Colt with a click that echoed down the empty hallway.

“You wanna be careful, wanderin’ around a place like this at night,” I said, swinging the muzzle of the .45 up to cover his belly. “Don’t you know,” I called after him as he bolted for the stairwell, “this is a bad neighborhood?”