

"Yes."

"If he decides to reveal himself to you in Havana, he will tell you that address and apartment number."

"I've got it."

"You say that you will go to Havana to sell spare parts. Are you really prepared to sell them? You can't get away with faking."

"I am really ready to sell them. I'll go back to Toronto and set it up."

"Just play it straight in Havana. Do everything a spare parts salesman would do—nothing else. Remember, he will contact you. If after a month you are not contacted, leave Cuba. It will mean that he has decided not to see you. Then try me again in Madrid."

"Right." He stretched out his left arm and looked at his wristwatch. "I've got to get back to the Savoy. I'll telephone you later this afternoon about the arrangements."

"Go ahead. We don't want the banks to close. I'll sign for the check."

Wilson grinned. "Gee, thanks. Let's do this again." He kissed her on the cheek as he left. "Just for auld lang syne, before business interfered with pleasure."

"It has always been business, Don Juan, and don't get sentimental."

A steady rain was falling as Wilson emerged on Talstrasse. He turned up his coat collar and hailed a taxi for the ride up Bahnhofstrasse to his hotel. He walked over to the concierge's desk just inside the doorway of the Savoy Baur en Ville. The concierge, his badge of office glistening from the chain around his neck, was just finishing arranging a rail trip to Lugano for an English couple. In a few minutes he turned to Wilson. "What can I do for you, sir?"

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"I am Jack Wilson, room four twelve. A friend left an envelope for me."

"Yes, sir. Just one moment." The concierge's portly, black-clothed figure bent down behind the counter. He deftly opened a small safe and extracted a heavy plain brown envelope. "Here we are, sir. May I see your identification? Thank you, sir. If you will sign this register."

Wilson tipped him and took the elevator to his room. Sitting in a straight chair by a small desk, he took a letter opener and slit the envelope. A key to a public checkroom locker fell into his palm. On the key's face was imprinted Hauptbahnhof 781.

The April rain had ended and the sun was shining weakly through the haze when Wilson entered the huge shed of the railroad station. He looked down the broad platform with the train gates on the left and a series of offices, stores, and news counters on the right until in the distance he saw a blue-and-white sign illuminated by fluorescent lights indicating the public lockers. Number 781 was the last of an inconspicuous row of four lockers. Unless someone came to one of the adjoining numbers, he could open 781 unobserved. He inserted the key and gave it a half turn to the right. Reaching into the locker, he quickly extracted an envelope and slipped it into his inside coat pocket. Five minutes later he opened the envelope in his hotel room. It contained ten thousand dollars in new bills.

After replacing the bills in the envelope and putting the envelope in his pocket, he reached for the telephone. When Jane Forbes answered, he said, "I'll meet you upstairs at Sprungli's in fifteen minutes."

"Is that near the bank?"

"The bank is right across Parade Platz."

"I'll be right there."

Wilson sat at a table at the window overlooking

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Parade Platz and ordered a cup of coffee. He was finishing his second cigarette when Jane Forbes arrived. "Why are we meeting here instead of at the bank?" she asked with a trace of impatience.

"Sit down, relax. We'll go to the bank in a minute. I want to explain to you how the bank account operates."

She sat down on the edge of a chair. "You explained it once. I already know how it operates."

"Then listen to me explain it again. This is an important part of the arrangement. Would you like some coffee?"

"No, thank you."

Wilson poured the coffee remaining in the small coffee pot beside him. "We will go across to the bank. You ask to open a new numbered account in your name. I assume that you don't want to use your brother's name."

A faint smile touched her lips. "That is correct."

"The bank officer will assign the account a number. Thereafter, all statements to you and the bookkeeping records of the bank will refer to the account by this number. Your name will only be related to the account number on a secret master list retained by the bank and known only to their top officers. Under Swiss law they are forbidden to reveal the names of the holders of the numbered accounts. When you draw on the account you use your own name, of course. Any deposits made by others, if you follow me, will be made to the account by number only."

"I understand."

"In other words, Swiss law provides that no one can learn if you have an account in the Swiss bank or the balance of the account."

She nodded.

He handed her a slip of paper. "The code mes-

sage and the cable address to use when you are ready for the big deposit is on that slip of paper. Memorize it and burn it. It is the only safe way." He dropped a bill on the check and got up. "Shall we go set it up?"

"Please."

They walked across Parade Platz toward the limestone façade of the bank. "Will they ask why we are opening the account?" she asked.

"They couldn't care less."

They passed the ornate entrance of the bank. Wilson handed her the envelope with the ten thousand dollars. He walked over to a group of chairs against the wall and sat down. Jane Forbes walked over to a counter behind which a gray-haired bank officer was sitting. He looked up and smiled. "I would like to open a new numbered account," Jane Forbes said.

"Of course. Just step over here." The bank officer handed her a series of forms to complete with polite disinterest. "You can use this desk if you wish, and when you are finished I shall arrange the deposit."

She completed the forms.

The bank officer adjusted his glasses and quickly examined the forms. "You are an American, a resident of Madrid?"

"Yes."

"May I see your passport?"

She handed it to him.

He briskly made a few pencil notations. "I think everything is in order. Now let me make out your deposit slip. You wish to deposit what amount?"

"Ten thousand United States dollars."

"Very well." He briskly counted the money she handed to him and made the entries. "These are for you, Miss Forbes," he said and handed her a small bundle of banking documentation. "I have indicated the number of the account and I think the instruction

sheet I have given to you in English will answer all of your questions. Thank you, and good day." He briefly shook her hand and returned to his desk.

"That was simple enough," Jane Forbes said when they were back on the street.

"No strain. It's all yours. As the old saying goes, just play it by the numbers. What is the account number?"

"You want to know the number?"

"Of course. How else can we deposit your millions?"

She gave him the number and he wrote it on a card and carefully placed it in his passport case. "I'll take good care of that. It is all I have to show for ten thousand dollars and a fat expense account."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll give it to the Americans and then forget it."

She gravely held out a gloved hand. "I hope you do well in Havana. Good-bye."

"How about that cup of coffee now?"

"I am afraid not," she said coldly.

His face hardened. "Geel I wish I had a sister like you!" he said with heavy sarcasm and grasping her shoulders in hard hands, he kissed her roughly, slightly bruising her lips. He stepped back, looking insolently into her flushed face, and then turning up his coat collar, turned away from her and walked around the corner into the crowds on Bahnhofstrasse.

FIVE

SAIL Exports office was a small, two-room suite on the third floor of a second-class brick office building in downtown Toronto. Wilson unlocked the frosted glass door from the hallway and flipped the light switch. He picked up a small pile of advertising circulars and solicitations which had accumulated on the floor under the letterdrop during his absence and dropped them into a wastebasket. He walked into the smaller, inner room where he had a desk, a file cabinet, and an old typewriter on a metal stand with wheels. The air was stale and dust danced in the narrow shaft of afternoon sunlight that angled through the suite's single, dirty window.

Wilson threw the window open, then pulled and slammed shut three drawers of the desk before he found a fifth of scotch. He twisted off the top, filled half full a glass tumbler he kept in the drawer, and taking a

couple of swallows, dropped into a worn brown leather revolving chair and dialed a telephone number.

"This is Wilson, Sail Exports."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," a pleasant male voice answered with the faint suggestion of a British accent. "We have been waiting to hear from you."

"I just got back from Europe. I want you to know that I am leaving for Havana tomorrow on the spare parts sale. Can you still provide them at the prices we discussed?"

"What was that price, again, Mr. Wilson?"

"One hundred three items in quantities as listed for \$371,932, Canadian."

There was a short pause. "That is correct, Mr. Wilson. You have the list, I believe."

"Yes, I have it."

"Good. We are flexible on this, of course. You try to make your sale. We will meet competitive prices within reason and we will take care of all of the details of shipment and payment. If you are detained in Havana, just advise us of the quantities, agreed prices, and shipping instructions and we shall carry on. If you find it expedient to leave Havana before the sale is completed, we should like to discuss the matter with you further here."

"That's fair enough."

"Technically you will sell these items as our representative. You understand that Sail Exports does not have sufficient capital for us to transfer title to you. But I think a straight commission arrangement is better for you in this case."

"That's fine with me. You handle all of the details."

"You understand that the sale is for cash?" Wilson laughed roughly. "That I know. No tick-ee, no laundry."

"And you will remember the authentication test for your messages to us, won't you?"

"Right. I've got it."

"Good-bye, Mr. Wilson. That's all for now, then. Keep in touch. The best of luck."

Wilson hung up the telephone and swallowed the rest of the scotch in the tumbler. Then he called the answering service. There was one call from Sail Exports' "warehouse." Wilson talked briefly with the single employee who handled the few novelty sales arranged for Sail Exports as a part of its cover, and hung up. He put the glass and the bottle of scotch away, shut the window, switched off the lights, and stepping into the hall, let the door lock behind him.

The plane from Montreal landed at Havana's Rancho de Boyeros airport at high noon. Wilson blinked in the white brilliance of the sunlight and looked around with interest as the passengers were lined up and led by the immigration police into the modern, landscaped air terminal building. After the chill of early spring in Toronto, the waving palm trees and the languid, humid air of the tropics was beguiling and Wilson felt a fleeting emotion of nostalgia for his earlier days in Cuba. Heroic pictures of Fidel Castro and of Lenin decorated the airport buildings. A sagging banner draped along the balcony of the airport restaurant on the second floor of the terminal building exhorted the workers to produce for the revolution. In the apolitical atmosphere of the airport the pictures and banners had a forlorn, unreal look as if someone had mistakenly decided to present a medieval morality play on the tarmac and had forgotten to remove the props after a disastrous first night.

In a strident voice a young, buxom girl of twenty with a shiny face and a permanent fold of flesh between her eyes directed the passengers into a large, square room. A long, horizontal window ran along the exterior side of the room with a bold, abstract mural in vivid colors covering the opposite wall. Rows of Swedish modern-style wooden chairs filled the floor area except for the far end where a desk was placed immediately before a waist-high wall-to-wall railing with a swinging gate. Behind this barrier, at the opposite corners, were two doors leading to the interior of the building.

After a ten-minute delay a voice over a public address system began to call the passengers' names, badly mispronounced, in alphabetical order and an unsmiling member of the immigration police gestured them toward the desk where an immigration officer and a public health officer tried to share its limited surface. When their documents had been inspected, the passengers fled through the wooden gate and the door in the right corner of the room into the customs area.

Wilson was the next to last passenger called. The health officer glanced quickly at his international vaccination certificate and handed it with his passport to the immigration officer, a fat, bald little man with an air of bored resignation. He carefully examined Wilson's passport, slowly turning the pages, and stamping it with an entry notation, nodded toward the unused door in the left corner. "Please, Señor Wilson," he said in Spanish, "they would like to see you in that office."

Wilson walked behind the railing, opened the door, and entered the room beyond. An officer in the uniform of the Revolutionary Army was sitting at a steel desk with a stained, gray plastic top. Wilson's two bags were beside it on the floor. The officer looked up and smiled, his teeth flashing white in a tanned face. He gestured to a chair beside the desk, facing an un-

curtained window. "Sit down, Mr. Wilson," he said in English. "This isn't an interrogation. We recognize you as a fighter in the hills with the Maximun Leader and I want to facilitate your entry into Revolutionary Cuba."

"Thank you. It's good to be back."

The Cuban officer looked at the entry forms and the visa in Wilson's passport. "You are here on business this time, Mr. Wilson. No pleasures at all, here in Havana?" He smiled and arched his eyebrows.

Wilson laughed. "I won't overlook the chicas if that is what you mean, and I may booze it up a bit with some of my old pals, but I am here to sell some spare parts for your industrial machinery."

"I see. Well, you must discuss that with the proper ministry. I won't hold you longer. There are your bags. We shall arrange to put them in your taxi. In your case, no inspection is necessary."

"They are unlocked. You are welcome."

"But, no. Certainly not. Welcome back to Havana. Enjoy your visit. Where are you staying?"

"The Vedado Hotel."

"A good choice. *Adios, compañero.*" The officer stood up with a little half bow and a porter, summoned by a bell, carried Wilson's bags out to the taxi stand.

The taxi driver glanced over his shoulder as they turned left toward Havana on the broad, four-laned road leading from the airport. "You from the States?"

"Canadian."

"It figures. We never see Americans here. I lived in the States once. Pushed a cab in New York. I try never to remind anyone of that now."

"How's it going?"

"So-so, up and down, good and bad. You know how it is."

"How's the Vedado these days?"

"All right. Food isn't so good. As you maybe

heard, things are a little tight, but the Vedado does better than most. At least you don't get the big worker delegations you get at the Libre or the Nacional."

The sprinkle of buildings along the highway increased in number and they entered the outskirts of the city, passing the huge monument to José Martí on its hill and the great bulk of a high, white office building. "Is INRA still in that building?" Wilson asked.

"INRA? The National Agricultural Reform Institute?" The cab driver gestured. "It's all over, in a dozen buildings. They run everything from INRA. Tell me what isn't agricultural reform."

"They?"

"We," the cab driver corrected himself with a wry grin. "We workers."

They started down a gentle gradient toward the blue Gulf shimmering in the sunlight. "It's still beautiful," Wilson said, looking at the view over the pastel buildings covering the sloping hills as they dipped down to the sea.

"Why not? You can't change the ocean." The driver accelerated, turned off his motor, disengaged the clutch, and coasted down the hill to save gasoline. Piercing the increasing traffic noise with blasts on his automobile horn as he tried to avoid braking, he swung around slower moving vehicles, veered past scrambling pedestrians, and plunged through a series of traffic lights, some green, some yellow, and some just changing to red, before he was forced to stop at a busy intersection. They moved on past the peeling, water-stained exterior of the Havana Libre Hotel, built a few months before the revolution as the Havana Hilton, and turned right off Calle 23 into Calle O. Cut off from the trade winds blowing up from the sea wall, which keep Calle 23 fresh and cool in spite of its traffic, the atmosphere of Calle O was heavy under the burning sun with the

mingled odors of the city, strong coffee brewing at the open-air coffee counters, ripening fruit on the fruit stands, human body sweat, vehicle exhaust fumes, wine, and fresh-cut flowers. The driver turned off his motor and coasted to a stop at the curbing before the Vedado Hotel.

There was no attendant or doorman at the entrance. Wilson paid off the cab driver, winked at him knowingly, and carried his two bags up the three stairs from the sidewalk and into the lobby. He registered at the desk before the interested gaze of a group of men lounging about the lobby and a mulatto girl leaning over a small counter with magazines and newspapers. As he walked toward the elevator he could see in the reflection of an ornate mirror a soldier with a day's growth of beard and a pistol in a scuffed leather holster hanging around his bony hips turn the registry around with a dirty finger and look at his entry.

They think I am an American, Wilson thought. Maybe I'd better fasten my Canadian passport to the lapel of my suit.

His room faced west and the sun had already dipped low enough to shine through the windows. He closed the blinds against the heat and turned the switch on an old air conditioning unit in the outer wall. He wasn't surprised when it didn't work. Swinging his bags onto his bed, he unsnapped the catches and opened them. As he expected, a slight disarray suggested that deft hands had gone through the contents and had tried to repack each item as it had been. Wilson kept his thoughts to himself as he unpacked. The room was probably bugged.

He slipped on a pair of yellow swimming trunks and a pair of sandals, and throwing a towel over his arm, took the elevator to the basement floor. A hallway, painted in red lead, extended past a men's steam room

to a narrow flight of stairs leading upward to a swimming pool off the dining room on ground level. The small, kidney-shaped pool with its narrow surrounding patio filled the space between the Vedado and a ten-story apartment building that adjoined it. Palm trees and bougainvillea had been planted against the apartment building and along a fifteen-foot wall which set the pool area off from the busy street, creating the illusion of sunlit shadow and quiet in the center of a noisy, hot city. Three or four metal tables were set for luncheon, but except for a single waiter leaning against the frame of the sliding glass door leading to the dining room, the patio was empty.

Wilson laid his towel on a chair back, kicked his sandals under a table, and dived into the water, splitting its mirrorlike surface into scores of dancing shapes. He stroked powerfully back and forth across the pool, at first as fast as he could swim and then with a slow, smooth rhythm. He pulled himself over the side and dried with a rough towel. After the long flight and the hot ride from the airport he had felt tense and irritable. Now he began to relax. His muscles rippled as he sat down at a table. He motioned the waiter over. "I'll have a ham and cheese sandwich and a bottle of beer."

"I am sorry, señor. There is no ham today. I can give you a cheese sandwich."

"That will do. And a cigar." He sat by the side of the pool watching a bee which had fallen into the water struggle to find a foothold on the pool's edge. The waiter reappeared with his order and he moved back to his table. The beer was excellent, but the cheese sandwich consisted of a tiny sliver of tough, white cheese between thick slices of coarse bread. He munched it without enthusiasm and lit the cigar.

A tall, lithe, tanned girl in a pink bikini appeared at the head of the stairs leading from the pool

area and looked about her calmly. Her platinum hair was tucked and rolled into a neat bun at the nape of her neck. Wilson turned with a frank, appraising stare as she walked gracefully across the patio and stretching out on a lounge chair near his table without looking at him, closed her eyes. Her fingernails and toenails were painted pink. Two small, plain golden circles she wore through pierced ears were her only jewelry. She had no makeup except a moist coral lipstick. The exposed part of her abdomen showed a small white scar running under the thin triangle of her bikini. Probably an appendectomy, Wilson thought. He was studying her small-boned face and admiring the petite nose between curving cheekbones, when she opened her eyes and looked directly at him. They were violet with smudges of shadow at the corners. "Hello." Her voice was husky and carried a faint accent.

"Hi."

"What are you thinking?" She spoke slowly.

"What a hell of a girl you are."

"A hell of a girl? That is good?"

"Very good. Tops."

She smiled, a wide, full, good-natured smile that crinkled her eyes. Standing up languorously and raising her hands to her neck, she slowly unwound the bun and let her hair fall in a silver cascade on her shoulders. Then she turned and in the same flowing motion dived into the pool. She swam with long, full strokes, her hair streaming behind her. Wilson dived in and coming up beneath her, held her waist in his strong hands as he surfaced.

"What's your name?"

"Diana."

"Jack."

"Hello."

"Hello."

They swam and played like porpoises in the azure pool, oblivious of the few diners visible through the glass doors leading to the dining room. The single waiter who served the patio and pool area stood in the shade against the building and watched them enviously. At times when they surfaced in the pool, laughing, he would laugh also, his face lapsing immediately afterward into sad immobility. They emerged from the pool breathlessly and sat on the edge swinging their feet in the water.

"How about a drink, Diana?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I'll meet you in the bar in ten minutes."

She arose gracefully to her feet and reached to her lounge chair for a small airplane bag. "In ten minutes," Her smile caressed him.

She was in the small, dimly lit bar off the lobby awaiting him when he entered. She had a lavender scarf arranged over her hair and wore a simple cotton shirtwaist dress of similar color. The three top buttons were unfastened, revealing the swelling curves of her firm, tanned breasts. Her graceful, browned legs were stockingsless. She had slipped on simple white sandals.

"You are the first girl that ever had to wait for me," Wilson said, sliding onto the sofa bench beside her.

"I changed in the woman's locker room. I don't stay at the hotel; I only swim here and I dress very simply when I come."

"I like it," he said, his eyes sliding down her figure.

The violet eyes deepened their color. "I am glad."

"Diana. Diana what?"

"Diana Vogel."

"German?"

"Yes."

"East or West?"

"I am from Dresden."

"I am Jack Wilson. Toronto, Canada."

She laid her hand on his with a slight pressure.

"Now we know each other even better."

"I am having a scotch on the rocks. What are you having?"

"A scotch and soda, please."

They sipped their drinks. He was conscious of her warm thigh against his. "I am sorry that I only have a cramped little room. I'd like to ask you up to see my etchings."

She wrinkled her nose as she smiled. "Etchings? But I have an apartment at La Torre, just five minutes away. We could go there."

Wilson reached for the check and signed it.

"Let's go, baby; I'm on fire."

Diana Vogel slipped behind the wheel of a white Mercedes convertible at the entrance of the Vedado. Wilson handed a scruffy doorman who had appeared for the evening's trade a coin and climbed in beside her. They drove away to a chorus of wolf whistles from the sidewalk and the parking lot next to the hotel.

"Havana may be Marxist-Leninist, but it still has an eye for a good figure," Wilson said as Diana guided the convertible through the late afternoon traffic.

Looking at him out of the corner of her eyes, she smiled, "I don't think Communist dialectics ever said 'no' to sex."

"Thank God for that. They'd toss me out tomorrow as a counterrevolutionary."

They entered the wood-paneled lobby of the massive La Torre apartment building and took an automatic elevator to the fifteenth floor. She walked across the living room, her figure in its light cotton dress silhouetted by the fading light from the windows.

Looking out over the Malecon, curving gracefully along the purple-blue edge of the water to Morro Castle and the entrance to Havana Harbor, indistinct in the mists of the gathering darkness, she asked, "Do you like the view?"

He walked over to her and put his arms around her waist, raising his outstretched hands until they cupped both breasts. They stood silently a moment as the lights of the city winked on and the Malecon was dressed in a shimmering string of opalescent jewels. She turned slowly in his arms, and with a lissome shrug of her shoulders the lavender dress fell from her body.

SIX

A^T breakfast the following morning Wilson chose a table by the window of the Vedado dining room and watched a steady tropical rain fall into the swimming pool outside. The shattered glassy surface of the pool reflected a myriad of changing designs as the water pelted into it. He had just downed his second cup of strong black coffee and was putting a spoon into a grapefruit when a heavy hand fell on one shoulder and he was half lifted out of the chair by a bear hug.

"Chico! *Cómo te va?*"

Wilson let out a roar. "Paco Gomez, you old dog! I was going to telephone you this morning."

"Yes, but I hear that you arrived yesterday. You probably had a woman and didn't give your old buddies a thought." Paco turned a chair around and straddled it. He was a powerfully built man in his early thirties, just under six feet tall with a barrel chest. He wore a Cuban army fatigue uniform bearing a major's in-

signia. Running a hand through his close-cropped brown hair, he smiled warmly at Wilson. "What brings you to Havana, *compañero*?"

The Canadian glanced out into the empty dining room and lowered his voice. "I've got my hands on some U.S. spare parts. I'm here to try to sell them."

Paco raised his eyebrows and rocked his head back and forth. "So, you are in the big time. How much?"

"About half a million dollars' worth."

"Is it a good bargain for Cuba?"

"Hell, no. I'm not in this for kicks and I don't figure I owe Cuba a damn thing. I'm selling these at regular market prices with maybe a little extra for my trouble, in dollars, Canadian or United States."

Paco looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, his blue eyes contrasting sharply with his deep tan, then his face broke into a crooked grin. "You always were a tough bastard to do business with."

"I still am. I'm no angel of mercy, just a hungry, lean businessman with a product I think Fidel wants." Paco shrugged. "Maybe. But for dollars we can buy anything, anywhere."

"Not U.S. spare parts. Not these items."

"Maybe not. I am a dumb soldier. I don't worry about things like that. Brainy ones do that, like Fidel or Raul, or Jack Wilson."

"Don't give me that. Even my mother didn't think I was brainy, but I'm no damn fool either. Who do I talk to, Paco?"

Gomez knitted his brows and looked thoughtful. "I'll try to find out. I'll let you know." His face cleared and he slapped his knee. "Now we got to have a party, Chico, a welcome home party. I've got a big house with a swimming pool in Miramar assigned to me. I have a party damn near every night. How about it?"

Wilson laughed. "I'm with it. What time?"

"Oh, about ten tonight. I'll pick you up outside the hotel. O.K.?"

"O.K."

"*Hasta luego, amigo.* It's good to have you back." Gomez got up and squeezed Wilson's shoulder.

"*Hasta la vista, old pal. Gracias.*"

Wilson finished his breakfast, returned to his room, and slipped on navy blue slacks and a light blue sleeveless sport shirt. He walked out from the hotel into the heat, noise, and confusion of Calle O. The rain had stopped and a bright sun was rapidly drying the sidewalk. He turned right toward the Old Havana section. Within a few blocks he had left the modern Vedado area built in the era of American influence and had entered the ancient city constructed and occupied for centuries by the Spaniards. The streets narrowed, sidewalks became vestigial or disappeared altogether, and the air was heavy with the dampness of aged gray stone, decaying wooden door sills, and sunless interiors. The people lived on the street in this part of Havana. Their laundry formed a multicolored canopy overhead while the windows and doorways were filled with an amiable Latin chatter. Vendors, some with baskets on their arms, others pushing carts over the cobblestones, shouted their wares, striving to make their hoarse voices heard above the din. From time to time, like a great ramrod, a line of dusty trucks and worn-looking buses would plunge through the one-way street, blasting on their air horns and making no effort in their headlong movement to avoid the street crowds, which seemed miraculously to contract and flow to the edges of the street and into the dark, stale interiors as the iron invaders passed.

It was ageless Havana he now embraced. It had sat dominating the Florida Strait and its trade since the