

and former wives, if any. If they are successful politicians, they've got a few enemies who'll be glad to cooperate."

Baylor nodded. "Good leads. Thanks Charley."

"If you want trouble, I've given you several ideas about where to find it. Don't thank me for that and don't confide in me when you get the big scoop. I haven't got the nervous system to stand it. I specialize in acts of God and lesser natural disasters. It's more impersonal and it's safer."

"Thanks, Charley."

"Like I say—" the typewriter began its clatter again.

At four, he flicked off the light switch in his office and headed for Georgetown. He was going to take that cold shower, but as a prelude to the night with Jiggs. It was miserable weather for anything but bundling. And luckily, that was just what he had on his mind.

#### EIGHT

**T**HE telephone rang the next morning about ten o'clock. He was still sleeping soundly in bed with Jiggs.

"I.O."

"This is Darwin Probar. Is Mr. Baylor in?"

Baylor cleared his throat. "This is Tony Baylor speaking, Mrs. Probar." He edged up on the pillow.

"Oh, dear, have I awakened you?"

"Not at all. I was up late last night bedding down baby." He winked at Jiggs who had stirred on the pillow beside him and was watching him through the slits of her eyelids. Her green eyes glowed very faintly in the morning light through long, dark lashes. She made a face at him.

"Baby?"

"That's my pet name for my little news sheet."

"Oh, yes. I'm not familiar with these professional terms."

Jiggs yawned and sat up on the edge of the bed. She arose to her feet, stretching, tousling her red hair. Baylor

patted her nude backside with his free hand as she moved off toward the bathroom.

"I enjoyed your dinner party the night before last very much, Mrs. Probar. I meant to write you a note of appreciation, but I've been so busy."

"Bedding down baby."

"Exactly."

Jiggs walked out of the bathroom and wrote in large letters with her lipstick on an ornately framed mirror. "You rat! You lied to me!"

Baylor blew her a kiss. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Probar?"

"I'd like you to have luncheon with me soon, here at Glenwood."

"I had lunch yesterday with Mr. Probar. It wasn't very successful."

"I know. Philus can be such a bore with his club life and that horrible club food. But I'll give you a good lunch, and you would please me if you came." Her voice coaxed him just a little.

"Of course I'll come. When?"

"Tomorrow at one—Glenwood on Foxhall Road, near Garfield Street."

"I'll be there."

"You're a dear boy."

Jiggs had pulled on black dancing tights and a heavy cable knit red sweater. She expertly broke four eggs into a mixing bowl and began to beat them. Her turned back and the violence inflicted on the eggs wordlessly put the question.

Baylor got out of bed and put his arms around her waist, cupping both of her firm breasts in his hands.

"That was business."

"I'll bet!"

"No kidding, she's a news source."

"What isn't?"

He kissed her behind the ear. "She's a high society dame who assembles interesting political types at her parties. They're the news sources."

Jiggs pouted. "Like the night before last?"

"Darling, I attended a dinner at the Apex Club. Nobody's done anything more exciting there than raise an eyebrow since the administration of the first President Johnson."

"I've never heard of it."

"You see?"

She turned and kissed him on the tip of his nose. "You'll get pneumonia, standing there in the altogether. Get dressed. The eggs will be scrambled in two minutes."

In thirty seconds he was singing in the shower.

The wrought iron gates of Glenwood were open. Baylor swung the Morgan off Foxhall Road and into a white, gravelled drive that circled an island of blue spruce, hemlock, and yew screening the French provincial mansion from the street. A pet maid in a black uniform accented in lace took his driving coat and green velvet hat with the feather before showing him into a large drawing room overlooking a formal garden. Through an artfully cut break in the trees, the Potomac River lay like a tarnished strip of steel along the lower edge of the Virginia hills rising gently from the river valley, touched here and there by winter sunlight, until they dissolved into an indefinite horizon.

"Madame will be with you in one moment, sir."

"Thank you." He wandered over to the fire burning quietly behind a carved mantel of fruitwood and turned to face out into the room.

Darwin Probar entered, her broad mouth curved in a welcoming smile which cast the angular face into muscular ridges and depressions. "Tony, how sweet of you to come. Now don't throw my age back at me by calling me 'Mrs. Probar.' Good heavens, it would ruin, absolutely ruin, my day. It's 'Dar.'"

She extended her hand and, as he responded, turned quickly, drawing it away almost before he had touched it.

"Now, Where is the sherry? Marie always makes me guess, oh, there it is. You like sherry? Good. I can't mix cocktails and the staff is no help at all so we do with sherry

when Phi isn't here." She motioned him toward the window. "How do you like our view? I think we were simply ingenious to cut out those trees so that we can see the river valley. Of course, if the population explosion continues and they build rows of those frightful little houses for the little folk all over the wooded hills, we shall just have to close it up again. Meanwhile, *après moi le déluge*." She poured two glasses of sherry and handed him one. "This is a tête à tête so I thought after our aperitifs we would have lunch in the breakfast room. It is, how would one say, 'une petite chambre pour mes amis.' Do you speak French?"

"Yes, I do."

She turned in surprise. "You do? How marvelous! But I believe Phi told me you went to school in the Middlewest?"

"We sometimes study foreign languages west of the mountains."

"Of course you do," she said in a placating voice.

"How silly of me."

The breakfast room was a cheerful room of yellow and white. They were served jellied madrilene, fllet of sole bonne femme, and a chocolate soufflé at a little table by a window. The harsh cold of the winter light was muted into a soft glow as it filtered through translucent curtains of a fine natural linen. The wine was a light, dry riesling of excellent quality.

Mrs. Probar watched him across the table. "You understand and appreciate nice things, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"But, forgive me if I say it, you are a poor young man and can't have them very often."

"I hadn't noticed."

"How charming!" She took a cigarette from a small silver dish on the table and waited for him to light it. "I've annoyed you, haven't I?"

"I assume you meant to annoy me. I doubt that you could be that insulting by accident."

"Oh, I *have* annoyed you and angered you and I

didn't mean to, really I didn't. It's just that you have such *potential*, my dear, and you need a patron. You see, you are missing a generation or two. You can struggle and save and scheme and perhaps at the end of your life you will have constructed the platform of money, influence, friends, and connections from which your son can project himself, but it will be too late for you. With taxes as they are, with all of those greedy little men running about trying to find new ways to tax, perhaps it will require the efforts of both you and your son to provide this platform for your grandson or, perhaps, the Baylors may never make it at all. Perhaps it's too late already."

Baylor looked at her. "Potential for what?"

"For success, my dear. It could take many forms. This is the capital of the most powerful nation in the world—the opportunities are simply endless."

"If one has a patron."

She reached across the table. "Oh, Tony, Tony, relax. Don't be such a Puritan. No one is trying to buy you! You have your little news sheet and a few belongings, but where are you going? What are you trying to accomplish?"

"I don't know, yet, but a number of people seem anxious to see that I don't accomplish it."

"Not I. Here I'm trying to be your friend and you make it so difficult." She pouted.

"Let us say you become my patron. What then?"

"I'll be your friend. You'll receive invitations to the right places, an opportunity to meet and to know the right persons. And I'll see that you meet some lovely young girls."

"I know some lovely young girls."

"Of course you do. Sweet, gay little things from nowhere, with no background. They come and go in a man's life. I quite understand. No, Tony, I am talking about the girls one marries. You must make an advantageous marriage, my dear. You require social position and money. And, of course, I'm thinking of the young

woman—it would be advantageous to her as well. She would have a virile, goodlooking husband with talent, ambition, and the social graces. I'm certain that I could make you a good match."

"And what would you want of me, Madame Patrone?"

"Friendship. Loyalty. Steadfastness."

He finished his wine and rose. "I think we should leave things as they are."

"Wouldn't you like some coffee before you go? We could discuss something trivial and you could think about what I've said."

"No, thank you."

The bright, smiling expression she had projected all through luncheon disappeared and her face closed inward. It was an older, harder face with a determined set to the jaw and a compression about the lips suggesting cruelty. She remained seated and extended her hand. "You are young. Marie will show you out."

The parking garage near the National Press Building was busy with a long line of automobiles waiting to enter. He swung the Morgan into the garage through the exit entrance and left it against the far wall with the keys in it where, by prearrangement, the parking attendant would pick it up when the rush was over. He had just entered his office when the telephone rang.

"Partner? This is Frank Bennington. I'd like to drop by."

"Anytime, Frank. I was wondering when you'd check in."

"Fifteen minutes?"

"Right."

Bennington lowered himself into Baylor's extra chair and bit off the end of a cigar. "How's it going?"

"I've been nosing around. I haven't picked up anything yet, but someone tried to buy me off so I must be close to something."

Bennington drew on the cigar as he held it in the flame of a kitchen match. "Buy you off?"

"Well, it wasn't quite that crude, but that was the idea."

"Who?"

"Philus Probar. When I said 'no' to him, his wife had a go at it."

"That's the big time attorney isn't it?"

"The same."

Bennington dropped the dead match into a chipped glass ashtray. He looked at Baylor intently. "What do you make of it?"

"Probar seems to know Congressman Fenester and the members of his Committee well. He introduced me to them at a party the other night."

"Probar's party?"

"Yes."

"You're getting around."

"Yes."

"Interesting."

"I thought so."

"What are you planning to do next?"

"I thought I'd talk to the political opposition and to some of the former employees of the Committee. Maybe I'll get some leads."

Bennington nodded. "That sounds sensible."

"How are you doing?" Baylor asked.

"Pretty well. I've got two red hot bits of information. If I can fit them together, we can really get rolling."

"Anything you can tell me?"

"Not just yet. I don't want to throw you off the scent with a phony lead. Let me check it out a bit further and then we'll compare notes." Bennington gazed at the ceiling for an interval, calculating. "I have one suggestion for you. You might visit the Office of Research and Development of the Department of the Army at the Pentagon. Just nose around—say you're interested in background for your news sheet. If you get a lead, that's good, but even if you don't, it will help me on an angle I'm working on."

"O.K. Will do."

Bennington looked around him. "It would be easy to bug this office."

"I guess it would."

"Now that you've moved in enough to get a guy like Probar interested in you, we'd better play it close to the vest."

"Whatever you say."

"Let's assume that the office is going to be bugged and the telephone tapped. I won't contact you here again. If I want to talk with you, I'll send you a piece of third class junk mail with a thirty cent stamp on it—the one with the picture of Marse Robert E. Lee. When you get it, go to a pay telephone and dial the first seven numbers on this book club membership card." He took a card out of a card case and handed it to Baylor. "An answering service will tell you where to find me if you give them the rest of the numbers on the membership card."

Baylor grinned. "You must like cloak-and-dagger stuff, figuring out something like that."

"The closer you get to a big story in this town, Tony, the rougher the game gets. This is just a sensible precaution. Besides, we'd look like a couple of boobbs if we got our scoop and then had it stolen out from under us."

Baylor took the card. "What if I want to talk with you?"

"Call the same number in the same way, but save that for a real emergency. You'd better type your name on the card. We don't want it to look suspicious if someone goes through your wallet."

"Right."

"How's the money?"

"O.K. I haven't spent anything yet."

Bennington took five new one hundred dollar bills from his wallet. "Take this. The game is speeding up. You can't anticipate the expense items you may have."

"Telephone calls are a dime."

"That's the least of it." He looked around him. "It's a

cosy office, kid. Just remember it will be an information sieve from now on."

"I'll live like a goldfish."

"They'll probably bug your apartment, too."

"That's the hard part. I use the apartment for other things."

"You'd better sleep around."

"It won't be the same."

"It never is."

WHEN Bennington had left, Baylor telephoned Boyd Raaff, the ranking staff member of the minority party for the House Armed Services Committee and made an appointment to see him at ten o'clock the next morning.

John Rutledge was standing just inside the doorway of the Committee offices as he entered. "Good morning, Baylor, are you here to see me?"

"You know I'm not."

"I thought we understood each other the other day."

"We did. You're trying to deny me access to the staff of the Committee and I am trying to get across to you politely that you can go to hell."

Rutledge flushed. "I hope that your news sheet is more accurate on other matters than you are about this. I can see that you're a troublermaker. The less I talk with you, the better."

Boyd Raaff was a handsome, vital man in his thirties. He greeted Baylor with a handshake and a quizzical

grin. "You seem to have Rutledge stirred up, Baylor. He warned me not to see you, that's why you got the appointment. I never can control my curiosity."

"Rutledge is a would-be suppressor of information. He's afraid I'll get the right answers to the wrong questions."

"Such as?"

"Someone on their Committee is guilty of something. What are the details?"

Raaff threw back his head and laughed. "Where did you learn that approach?"

"A correspondence course I took once. How to become a Washington correspondent and add three inches to your chest expansion."

"You must have flunked on the chest expansion. How did you do on the Washington correspondent part?"

"I run a weekly news sheet called *Baylor's Bit*."

"Not quite the same thing, is it?"

"No, but it entitles me to ask questions."

"Cigarette?" He extended a package of cigarettes.

"Thanks."

Raaff studied him. "So you're going to blow the roof off the Committee?"

"If I can."

"And I'm supposed to help you?"

"I hope so."

Raaff chuckled. "Would that I could, it would please my narrow partisan soul no end. Unfortunately, there's no story. If there's a model of civic rectitude in the Congress, it's Sam Fenester, and the other members measure up too. Mr. Fenester wouldn't have it any other way."

"You believe that?"

"It's true. You're barking up the wrong tree."

Baylor sat silently for a moment. "Rutledge and you must have a beautiful friendship."

"Friendly enemies."

"With enemies like that, who needs friends?"

Raaff shoved the package of cigarettes at him. "Don't forget your cigarettes on your way out."

Baylor hesitated and then reached for them. "Thanks, I'd hate to run out."

He waited until he was back in the office to examine the cigarette package. In it was a note scrawled in pencil on a torn piece of onion skin paper. "I can't talk here. Meet me for a drink at the Carlton bar at 5:30 P.M."

It was six-fifteen and Baylor was on his third martini when Raaff dropped down beside him. "I'll have a dry gibson on the rocks," he said to the waiter. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"That's O.K. Glad you came. I thought I was going to be a lonely drink."

Raaff's gibson came. He sipped it and took a mouthful of salted peanuts from a plate on the small table before them.

"What's the scoop?" Baylor asked.

Raaff settled into the cushioned seat and lowered his voice as he leaned toward him. "I probably shouldn't be talking with you, Baylor. It's dangerous as hell for both of us, but I think . . . ." Raaff's voice trailed off and blood drained from his face as he stared across the barroom.

Baylor quickly glanced in the same direction, but could see nothing. "What's the matter?"

Raaff reached for his drink, downed it, and got to his feet. "Nothing, I don't . . . I've changed my mind." He hurried off without a backward glance.

Baylor sat very still, looking over the crowd in the barroom, noticing the scurrying waiters, but he could identify no one who might so frighten Raaff. He had been frightened. The atmosphere of fear still hung in the air about him. He shrugged his shoulders and ordered another drink.

He was in a reflective and sober mood. He ate dinner alone in a small restaurant on Wisconsin Avenue. Leaving the Morgan parked on a side street, he window-shopped along a row of Georgetown specialty stores until he reached P Street. It was nine-thirty. He stopped in at the Savile Book Store and browsed among its shelves of books until a clerk politely reminded him that it was ten

o'clock and that the store was closing. He paid for a paperback book and stepped into P Street.

Out on the brick sidewalk under the bare branches of the trees, he decided to walk home. The ground was clear of snow after two days of mild, sunny weather and it was a fine, clear night. The lights in the windows of the bookstore were extinguished, leaving him in the shadows thrown by the glare of lights from Wisconsin Avenue a hundred or more feet away. He turned away from the busy avenue and the light and began his walk home.

The street was deserted. His footfalls echoed on the ancient handmade brick of the pavement. Most of the houses were already dark in a city of sober bureaucrats and early risers. Those few houses with lights shielded them behind drawn shades. A faint, chill breeze moved down the street, scattering dry leaves and an errant bread wrapper, reminding him that though it was mild, it was the season of winter and the sun was struggling northward from its solstice in the southern hemisphere.

Without warning, he was yoked from behind and thrown violently to the pavement. The figure standing over him kicked him in the side. His head was taken by the hair and swung sideways against an eighteenth-century stone mounting block at the curb. Then blackness engulfed the world.

He regained consciousness after a few minutes, sprawled face down alongside the mounting block. Struggling with difficulty to his feet, he sat down on the block until a wave of dizziness and nausea left him. A man and a woman, chatting gaily, came down the street, fell silent as they saw Baylor's figure sitting in the shadows, and hurried by without speaking after a suspicious stare.

He finally arose and began to brush himself off. One trouser leg was torn and his knee bruised. His rib caged ached. A fine trickle of blood ran from his hair down his cheek in front of his right ear and into his collar, wet and sticky. He touched his inside coat pocket where he kept his wallet and was surprised to find it was still there. After a quick inspection of the wallet, his other pockets, his wrist

watch, and his ring finger, he realized he had not been robbed.

He walked the remaining three blocks to the Mews and let himself into his apartment. Removing his clothes, he took a warm shower and carefully inspected his body in the bright light of the bathroom. The damage was painful as hell but not serious, he concluded. He would check in with Doc Gillian in the morning, but right now he felt like two aspirins and bed. He parted his hair gingerly. The blood had clotted around an inch-long cut. When he put peroxide on it, it began to bleed again, but soon clotted. Getting into a white terry cloth dressing robe, he put the shirt with the blood stained collar to soak. "Damn it," he thought. "That's my Sea Island cotton shirt, too."

Pouring some Scotch into a tumbler, he fell into a chair and drank deeply. That was better. He began to feel like himself again. He also began to get angry. He reached for the telephone and dialed the Metropolitan Police. After some delay, he was transferred to the precinct station. A harried desk sergeant answered.

"I want to report an assault."

"O.K. What's your name?"

"Anthony Baylor."

"Address?"

"The Mews, Georgetown."

"Telephone number?"

"Look, sergeant, don't you want to hear about the crime?"

"This is necessary information. What's the number?"

"WE 6-1212."

"O.K., wise guy, try again."

Baylor hung up and when the telephone rang, he took it off the hook. After locking all of the windows and checking the door lock, he took another aspirin and went to bed.

He went by taxi the next morning to the medical building on Eye Street where Doc Gillian had his office.

Gillian examined him carefully and sat back erect on his little wheeled stool. "Nothing serious. No concussion and no bones broken. I'll put a dressing, which will get you the attention and sympathy of your girl friends, on the scalp wound. Then you can be on your way. Did you report this to the police?"

"I tried to report it, but it's not easy. I'll try again today."

He took a taxi back to Georgetown, picked up the Morgan, and drove to the precinct station. He walked over to the desk sergeant who peered down at him from a raised counter of battered wood.

"My name's Baylor. I was attacked last night on P Street. I want to report it."

The sergeant reached for some papers to his left and shuffled through them. "You call in last night?"

"Yes."

"We got you down as a crank call. The patrol is suppose to check you out."

"I was the victim."

"O.K., O.K." The sergeant glanced over a report form. "We got the essential info on you and I'll overlook the notation that you were noncooperative since you showed up here on your own."

"Thank you."

"What happened?"

"I was slugged and left lying unconscious on P Street near Thirty-fourth Street last night about 10:15 P.M."

The sergeant made some notes. "Were you robbed?"

"No."

The sergeant looked up. "You weren't robbed."

"No."

"You have any idea who did it?"

"No."

"How many were there?"

"Two, I think, but I'm not sure. I didn't see anybody."



"Can you describe the men, did you hear their voices, get any other impressions?"

"No. Unfortunately, they were behind me and I didn't see or hear anything."

The sergeant scratched one ear. "Why would someone attack you and not rob you?"

"I don't know."

"You have any enemies?"

"I don't think so."

"What business you in, Mr. Baylor?"

"I'm a newspaperman."

The sergeant nodded to himself. "O.K., O.K. Well, I guess that does it. We know where to find you. We appreciate your cooperation."

Baylor spent the next two days getting out Baylor's *Bit* for the week and soaking his bruised body in a hot tub at home. He also replaced all of the locks on his windows and doors with locks the hardware man said were burglar proof.

"With all of the crime and housebreaking in this town, Mr. Baylor, these are real hot items. I haven't had any complaints yet. I've got a full line for the way home-owner. Would you be interested in a peephole for your door, a siren you can set off in your pocket when you're attacked, a pen with tear gas, this pocket atomizer filled with old fashioned pepper?"

"Not today, Mr. Davis, but I'm glad to know you have a full line of household goods."

"We aim to please the customer and right now he wants to buy a little elemental protection."

"I can understand that," Baylor pointed to the bandage on his head.

"Join the club," Mr. Davis replied. "We were robbed three times this last year. It's getting more like old Tombstone, Arizona, around here every day."

The next morning he drove over Key Bridge to Virginia and down the George Washington Memorial Parkway to the South Parking entrance of the Pentagon. He left the

Morgan in the parking lot and entered the cavernous building set squatly above the Potomac. Up the escalator and through long ribbons of hallways lit with strips of bluish fluorescent light, he reached an upper floor in the E ring—the outside layer of the concentric pentagons that made up the fortress-like concrete complex.

The walls changed from green to beige and the woodwork from black to tan, signaling his entrance into a new department in the bureaucracy of warfare. Names and numbers on neatly lettered cards set in metal frames affixed outside the rows of closed doors assured him that he was in Department-of-the-Army country and approaching the Research and Development enclave. He found the door he was seeking. Opening it, he stepped into a crowded interior hallway bordered on one side by a solid wall dividing the section from the building's main corridor and on the other by ply-board partitions setting off small private offices. Stenographers' desks filled the hallway so that there was barely sufficient room for the steady stream of pedestrian traffic to pass. The girl nearest the door spoke up. "May I help you?"

"My name is Baylor. I'm a newspaperman. I'm doing a background story for my news sheet. I wonder if I can talk to your information officer?"

"Just a min." The receptionist turned to the stenographer behind her. "This guy wants to talk to an information officer. Who would that be?"

"Colonel Chambers, he's in the book." She did not look up from her typing.

The receptionist took out a dog-eared telephone book and thumbed through it, slowly chewing a stick of gum. "Chambers, here we are. Your name Taylor?"

"Baylor."

"Right-o." She dialed a number. "I have a Mr. Caylor to see Colonel Chambers. No, he doesn't have an appointment, but he's cute looking." She winked at Baylor and smiled, shifting her gum. "Right-o, I'll send him along." She wrote a room number on a slip of paper and handed it to Baylor. "These gals are sex starved. I get more guys

appointments that way. That is, if they're cute like you." Baylor handed her his card. "That's a good turn. Give me a ring when you're in town. I'll take you to lunch."

She pouted. "You ought to call me. Besides, what's lunch? I like to dance."

"O.K., write your name and phone number on the card. I'll call you."

She giggled and wrote on the card. "I'll take a chance."

He glanced at the card. "So will I, Janice. This is my lucky day."

"Go left outside the door, hon, to the next corridor. Turn right, it's about five doors down."

"See you, sweetness."

"Remember. It's a promise."

Colonel Chambers was a slight man of medium height with a sandy complexion. He touched the faint shadow of a small moustache with a forefinger as Baylor entered, smiled a quick, meaningless smile, and held out his hand. "Mr. Caylor? What can I do for you?"

Baylor sat down in the chair that Chambers had gestured toward. "Baylor. The girl outside had a little trouble getting it right. I'm the owner and publisher of a weekly Washington newsletter called *Baylor's Bit*. Most of my stuff is practical information of interest to the businessman who wants to pursue that elusive buck in Washington. But, every once in a while, I run what I call a background series. Right now, I'm working on one that will tell my subscribers of the relationship between the House Armed Services Committee and the Army's Research and Development Section."

Colonel Chambers forehead wrinkled. "What makes you think we have any?"

"You must have programs that you have to justify to the Congress for appropriations."

"Well, yes, we do," Chambers said slowly. "But that's pretty involved. There's a budget request that's part of the whole defense budget and that's negotiated with the

Bureau of the Budget months before it goes to the Hill. Then we have a team that defends the program and the figures and tries to sell the Congress and the two committees, Armed Services and Appropriations."

"That's all interesting," Baylor said. "I'd want to cover that, but could I talk to some of the men that deal with the Armed Services Committee? I'd like to get some feel for the way it really works on the person-to-person level. We talk about the Pentagon and the Congress and the Bureau of the Budget as if they were real. People are real. Nothing else is. Who talks to whom about what?"

Chambers nodded. "I see what you mean, yes." His voice warmed. "That is a fresh approach." He filled a pipe thoughtfully and lit it. "People are real. Yes, I like that. People are real. I would have to control this strictly, however. I can't have you wandering about the place asking questions at random. That's why we have an information officer. We have to keep you out of the classified stuff." He drew on his pipe for a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Baylor. I'll let you talk with some of the boys right here in my office. They won't be the seniors, I can't ask that of them, but they will be knowledgeable juniors. I think you'll get the feel of it and a good story as well. Now," he laid down his pipe and searched in a drawer for an antacid mint, "I scratch your back and you scratch mine, fair enough?"

Baylor nodded. "Fair enough."

"Right. Now my interest in the operation is this. I want to get over to the tax-paying public how God damned hard it is to get our money for military research and development. It's a bare-boned, no-fat, no-nonsense program, and we have to justify and fight for every penny. The public interest is recognized and protected. We're just real people doing our damndest to create a defense structure for real people. That's our story. That's what I want to get across."

"If that's the story, that's the story you'll get."

"Good. Good." Chambers spun around in his chair and picked up a telephone. "Mary, get me Evans. On