

## CHAPTER 1

"Just what the hell were you thinking of, you dumb-ass! Johnson shouted at Sansouci in the make-shift office in the Denver Plaza Hotel.

"It wasn't what it seemed," Doug said lamely.

"Then what the hell does: ` . . . he there and then, willfully and unlawfully, touched the person of another in a rude and insolent manner, in violation and contrary to Denver Municipal Ordinance . . . ,' mean to you shitheel?" demanded Johnson as he read from the defendant's, Sansouci's, copy of the police affidavit. "What do you expect me to do about this?"

The response formed in Sansouci's mind, *Pay the fine and leave me alone*, but these weren't the words that came out of his mouth. "There were extenuating circumstances, Bill," Doug pleaded.

"Ex-ten-u-at-ing circumstances?" he pronounced each syllable individually. "Extenuating circumstances! The sonofabitch is in the hospital with his jaw wired, his eye ball cracked . . ."

"I think they called that a blow-out fracture of the optical foramen," Doug said helpfully which drew him yet another glare from Johnson.

". . . and thirty-seven stitches inside his mouth," he increased the vigor of his verbal assault.

"Bill, you gotta believe me. I only hit him once and there were extenuating circumstances," he said to his employer whose face had darkened with rage.

Doug's "extenuating" circumstances had occurred the previous evening after he arrived back in Denver from Dallas. Davis had picked him up at Denver International Airport and drove Sansouci back to where he had booked him in a room at the Plaza for the duration of the investigation. Richard gave him a pager and a cellular phone which he told him was encrypted and connected to the local FBI network and then left him alone in the hotel room to check on his people at the Aurora Motel Six. There had been no contact with the suspects, as yet, but that didn't keep Davis from being giving constant attention to the situation.

The last thing Sansouci wanted to do was sit in this lonely hotel room by himself. He showered and changed into a comfortable suit and rode the elevator down six floors to the lounge.

The Scotch was good, but he didn't see where it was worth any \$7.50 a drink. The CTA Agent was well into his fifth drink when the inevitable happened. All cops worried about it, but there wasn't anything he could do to prepare himself for it. Sansouci was recognized by a man he had once arrested in Kansas City.

Sansouci thought the large, acne-face man had recognized him somewhere between the second and third drink, but by the time he ordered his next two, his fear abated. Perhaps, he was wrong. Doug didn't become really comfortable again until the man left the bar.

Unfortunately, he came back within a few moments, stopping alongside of Sansouci's table.

"I thought it was you when I saw you walk in," snarled the large man.

"Hi, Walters. Fuckin' any little boys again?" Doug said sarcastically. "I'm surprised to see you out of the joint." Doug cursed himself. He knew better than to bait the bastard.

The man Sansouci had put on trial for child molestation leaned closer to Doug so as if not to have his conversation overheard. "I'm goin' to get you for that, ya fuck," he whispered threateningly.

Sansouci retracted his head and turned his head so his features and not his ear were facing Walters. "Anybody ever tell you, you got bad breath?" he said quietly. "Walters, I've had a long day and I've got better things to do than pass my time with an obnoxious asshole like you. Now," he said pushing his chair back and standing up, "if you'll excuse me, it's been a real pleasure to see you again," the CTA Agent said walking away toward the cashier.

The girl was pleasant and, what the hell, maybe that made the drinks worth \$7.50 each. "That'll be \$37.50," she said causing Doug to pull a fifty from his billfold.

Sansouci heard Walters behind him breathing nasally as he had when he first arrested him. What followed was a two-way conversation between Doug and the cashier with constant interruptions by Walters.

"That was thirty-seven fifty out of fifty. There's thirty-eight, nine, forty and ten is fifty," she said politely.

"Don't ever turn your back on me, you fat fuck," shouted an outraged Walters.

Doug ignored him hoping he'd go away and directed his attention to the cashier again with his back to the maddened man. "Could I have a roll of quarters, if that wouldn't be too much trouble," he said courteously to the cashier, handing her back the ten dollar bill.

Of course, sir," she said trying to ignore the man behind her customer and wondering where the hell security was. "Here you are," she said making the change he requested.

"I said, don't turn your back on me, you fat fuck." Walters was really working himself into a lather.

"Thank you for your kindness," Doug said reacting to the worried girl's face. "Have you called the police?"

"What's wrong? No balls without your shield and gun!"

Doug could feel the spit on the back of his neck as the man moved closer. A supposition only confirmed by the cashier's widening eyes.

"I believe someone already has called the police. Yes, sir," said the frightened girl.

"Thank you," Doug said softly.

"Turn around, you fat fuck! I'm gonna kick your ass!" screamed the man, prodding the CTA man's shoulder with his hand.

Sansouci turned around quickly, followed only an instant later by his bear-like hand into which he had palmed the roll of quarters. The Denver Police came around the corner of the lounge just in time to see Sansouci's right fist connect with Walter's jaw. As the ex-convict's legs flew out from under him and his prostrate body hit the floor, he was followed by a shower of coins.

Doug's subsequent arrest had been bad enough, although he had not had to stay past the booking process because of Davis' arrival. It was nothing, in fact, to compare with one of Johnson's shouting tirades while suffering from a monumental hangover.

"I truly regret my actions, Bill. On the surface it appears to be both childish and reprehensible," he said in finality.

"Regret, hell. Did you read your statement to the police? No? Well, let me enlighten you, Mr. Sansouci, formerly of the CTA," shouted Johnson:

**OFFICER ANDREWS:** Why did you hit the subject?

**DETAINEE:** He asked for no quarter, but I gave him his due."

"That hardly sounds like the words of a repentant sinner," Johnson said.

Beep . . . beep . . . beep. The cell phone on Doug's belt sounded notifying him that his attention was needed elsewhere. He grabbed the telephone. "Sansouci," he said.

"Okay. About ten," he slammed the phone down.

"Sorry, Bill, but you'll have to fire me later. It's show time," he said grabbing his jacket and running from the room with Johnson on his heels. The transgression were forgotten and forgiven for the moment.

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Arlington National Cemetery is only a beautiful place for the living. For the dead, it is a place of bodily interment for causes and decisions, just or unjust, in which the mortal remains of the occupant reside for the actions of others.

Gloom and dread crept over the crest of each hill in the cemetery. Hand-in-hand they imposed their rights on each of those who lived and satisfied the desire of those who died.

". . . where is thy victory? Death, where is thy sting if we are assured of life everlasting through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen and amen," the Presbyterian Bishop finished the ceremony.

The President was ushered forward, his eyes concealed by the dark sun glasses. His was the hand which first gripped the spade sunk in the ground. His was the hand that shoveled the first small mound of dirt. His was the hand which first dusted the earth on the casket nestled deep in the womb of Mother Earth.

His hand was the first to be seen and recorded for posterity by the battery of mini-cams which plagued the procession and threatened to soil the proceedings even as the grass had stained the President's pant leg as he had knelt in prayer.

The podium was not as elaborate an affair as it was in the White House Press Room, but the affair demanded following the decrees of decorum. Shrouded by an awning against the mist, the prepared speech was held tight in a blue, leather folder. The cameras clicked and ground away as the President thumbed through the binder, removing the text.

The panorama of who's who in Washington was captured in the lenses, recorded on the digital media. All the top government officials: the Vice President, all the cabinet and the political and appointed representatives had been invited, as had the world leaders or their representatives and the heads of the security agencies. Indeed, the few not present could easily be accounted for. Johnson, Sansouci, and Swartz were not there, not that anyone would have noticed. The Danish ambassador was not there and that everyone noticed.

"I'm not going to be accused of using this sad event for political means," began the President. "But it is fitting and proper that we take time from our mourning to pay tribute to this brave woman. Mother, daughter - my wife, my Marcie," his voice broke, "enjoyed the love and affection of every person's life she touched," the President no longer glanced at his notes which meant he had either memorized them completely or had decided to adlib the occasion, the new Press Secretary's nightmare; those who surrounded the President greatest fear.

"Marcie . . . Marcie," his voice cracked with emotion. "God has seen fit and the good men and women of Congress have given us the task to find your murderers and bring them swiftly to justice. We shall not fail. We will prevail. In the struggle between society and anarchy there can be but one victor."

The Press Secretary's ears perked up upon hearing that line. *We shall not fail; we will prevail, will make a hell of a campaign slogan*, he thought to himself.

"Is this guy crazy?" whispered the NTN correspondent to his ally.

"No, just grieving," responded the near-by reporter.

"Have someone kill your wife and see how you act."

"I've been trying for years," he said drolly and turned away from his fellow reporter.

"The tools Congress has given to the Executive Office could not have come at a more appropriate time. Not for the sake of revenge, rather for the sake and in the name of justice will swift retribution ensue," the President stopped for several minutes before he could regain his composure and continued to speak. "We lay to rest this day our sister. Born Marcie Lawson; died as my wife. As God is my witness and the witness of this great nation - the United States - we will pursue and prosecute her murderers."

Ringwald watched the conclusion of the ceremonies and was pleased. His was the agency which would be charged with the investigation, location, and execution of the perpetrators. CTA's power had grown supreme in the intelligence community within the spaces of the President's type-written paragraphs.

Archibald Milkward and George Clauson looked on in disbelief. The FBI, which should handle the domestic investigation, saw it handed over to the CTA for an international conclusion. They were not only left out, but in the dark as to developments, except for the occasional leak from their local agents working under the auspices of the CTA.

The Vice President looked on in disgust. *How dare this man make a "dog-and-pony" show of his wife's death?* he thought privately. *Has he no sense of decency?*

Tindel was concerned. His friend lay in that box in the ground, perhaps the only person capable of restraining the President's impetuous action. *What would become of him now*, he mused. But it wasn't his affair. In a week he'd be gone, his resignation already accepted.

Hemmingsford was also worried. He had known the President for the better part of a quarter of a century. Now, however, he would no longer speak to him except to give him short, terse orders and those infrequently enough. Public speaking, enhanced by his natural charisma, was the man's strongest forte'. To watch him stumble, actually babble, through parts of the speech was not only disheartening, but supported his hypothesis that the President's mental state was in decline.

Yet another member of the officially represented bureaucracy, standing between Ringwald and Clauson, but slightly behind them as their position demanded, watched the proceedings. Only with the greatest of efforts and with suitable veiled emotions was the petit bureaucrat able to conceal the smile which threatened to dance about the lips of the face. Retribution was a long time coming, but its waiting made it just that much sweeter.

The Washington officialdom waited patiently, almost respectfully, in the drizzle while the President left the lectern and was ushered to the waiting car. McClusky noted he was no longer surrounded by a swarm of Secret Service, but by a gaggle from CTA's security section on loan by Ringwald. *My, my how times are a changin'*. So preoccupied was McClusky, that he failed to notice Tindel standing next to him until the Attorney General blew his running nose into a monogrammed handkerchief, using the corner to dab his eyes dry.

"What do you think, Zack?" the Vice President said from beneath the black umbrella.

"I don't know what to say," said the lawyer. "I didn't think he'd make a media event of this. I really . . ."

He was interrupted by the Chief of Staff who made his way through the milling throng, which were for some reason reluctant to leave the site despite the weather. "Zack. Mr. Vice President," he said greeting them both. "What did you make of this?"

"We were just discussing that, Harold," he said in answer to the Chief of Staff's question.

"Personally, I think it was a pretty disgusting exhibition."

"To make a show of the death of a wonderful woman? Disgusting isn't the word. It's criminal," Tindel said in agreement.

"Mr. Vice President?" interrupted the woman dressed appropriately for the somber festivities.

"Yes?"

"I'm Maddy Storm, Mr. Ringwald's secretary," she said matter-of-factly, the drape attached to the fashionable hat set upon her head was drawn back to reveal her pretty pale, delicate blond features.

"Yes?" repeated McClusky not understanding her interruption, but waiting for her to continue.

"Mr. Ringwald asks if you could see him in half an hour, if that would be convenient," Maddy said.

"No. No, it wouldn't. I'll see him at six if he'll come to my office then," McClusky said. He really didn't have anything planned, but he'd be damned if he'd play lackey to some bureaucrat.

"He, the Director, said to tell you that it was for the most urgent reasons and that he was acting on the orders of the President," she said firmly.

"Well," he said in feigned awe. "How could I resist an invitation like that? Half an hour then," he said in resignation.

He kept the official smile glued to his face until the figure departed to the waiting limo. "It appears as if duty calls," he shrugged at his own acceptance.

"It does that," agreed the Chief of Staff. "Mr. Vice President, a moment ago you asked me what I thought of today's services . . ."

"Yeah," he said absent mindedly, trying to figure out what Ringwald wanted.

"I think we buried this nation's sanity with that good woman," he said gravely causing the Vice President's head to snap up.

"Zack. You going my way? I need a ride," he said and walked off with the Attorney General leaving McClusky alone surrounded by the sound of the occasional rain drop pelting his black umbrella and his throng of Secret Service Agents. They were still good enough for the Vice President, he noted in resignation, but not surrender.

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Delta's Flight Fifty from New York to Heathrow had been less of an adventure than any other leg of an arduous journey. The pushing and milling crowds of JFK seemed a comfortable site in comparison to the herd of tourists in the London airport. The inevitable crowding into the trams to the luggage area and then fighting through the mass of bodies to retrieve two small cases; one brown the other blue, both well travel worn. Suffering through the indignation of a customs search only to be stopped again further down the ramp to be questioned by an immigration official as to one's reason for a trip to the United

Kingdom was almost more than the human body can withstand. *Actually*, mused Pegasus to himself, *I'm a fleeing terrorist, just passing through. No need to worry. I'm not one of those IRA rabble*, as he stood queued up in line for his turn.

"Your reason for coming to the U.K.?" said the customs official when it was his turn before the desk.

"Vacation, here and on the continent," replied the deceptive man.

A glance at the man, a look at the photograph in the passport to assure him that they were one in the same, he stamped and handed the small blue book back. "Enjoy yourself."

"Thank you. I will."

There was no loitering in the terminal. As Pegasus walked out the door into the main depot Hans came along side of him. They walked together from their point of embarkation to Terminal One, about a half mile to the car park.

"Well, we made it," said Hans *sotto voce* as he slammed the trunk lid to the English Ford.

"We did that," responded Pegasus climbing into the passenger side of the vehicle. He was tired and would let Hans drive.

"Next stop, Claxton-on-sea, a short ferry ride to the Hook and a train home," said Hans in a voice cheerier than he felt. "It'll be nice to have everyone back together again," he added almost as an afterthought.

"Very nice," the man said closing his eyes while mouthing the lie. *Next time you see them, you'll be as dead as they are now. The Kingdom of God, not Copenhagen, will be your final destination.*

"You'd rather drive?" asked Hans hopefully.

"No. Just follow the M25 around London until you reach the turn off. Wake me when we get there and we'll have lunch," he said without opening his eyes. He drifted off to sleep even as Hans backed the car from the space.

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"Hi, Doug," said Davis as the big man crowded into the back of the panel van advertising the fastest and cheapest carpet cleaning in the Rocky Mountains. "Where's Bill? I thought he was with you."

"He was – is - but he stopped to call Ringwald for instructions," he said to Davis' raised eyebrows. "I guess you, Bill, and I were the only ones who thought that they'd really come back here."

"Well that's just great," he said pissed off at the bureaucracy and not necessarily at the people he was working with. "What do you guys want to do?"

"Whatdoyagot?" he asked squeezing himself into the narrow space between the video cameras and listening devices.

"One white female, mid-twenties, five-seven, hundred and thirty pounds or thereabouts. Walked in about ten minutes before I called you. Claimed the key and has been in the room ever since," he replied in short, professional sentences.

"You have enough people?" he asked still trying to adapt himself to the situation. "Do I need to get on the horn and call some more in?"

"Not unless you really want to," replied Davis almost hurt by the suggestion. "We've people on either side of the room and the one below it. The room itself is wired and there's three fiber-optic videos in it. I have fifteen chase cars standing by. Hell, Doug. I don't know where we'd fit any more people in."

"Fair enough," came the reply Davis hoped for.

"Bill's pressing the Director to allow us to continue surveillance and see where it leads us. The other side of the coin, of course, is that it may be politically expedient to grab a quick arrest," he said thoughtfully. "I guess it will depend on how well Johnson sells Ringwald on the idea, and Ringwald the President. I guess we just sit on her until then."

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"I want her arrested. I want her arrested, NOW!" demanded the President. "Goddamnit! She killed my wife," he said banging down the coffee mug on the desk for emphasis.

"All right, Mr. President. I'll have her picked up," Ringwald said in resignation.

"But?" induced the White House's occupant unwilling to allow the CTA Director any latitude in the matter.

"But, Mr. President, we don't know this woman was in Wyoming. If we take her into custody now, we may well lose the only lead that we're going to have. We may not even find out who really killed the First Lady," he said coaxing the President into a better decision.

"The goddamn Danes killed Marcie! You know that! If we grab this girl and make her talk we'll have confirmation of that." argued the President.

"The evidence, Mr. President, points to the Danish government, but it's not conclusive. I submit to you again, sir, that by following this to the proper conclusion it will prove to our European allies that we – you - are not using this new authority in a *carte blanche* manner for personal revenge. But in a cautious, legitimate expression of popular will," he paused to gather his breath. "It would enhance the prestige of your Presidency immensely if you could bring yourself to wait, sir."

The hesitation was excruciating. The twenty minute telephone conversation had changed from hopeful glimmer to being forced into doing something he knew was the worst possible choice and, now, back again. There must have been as many mood swings in the President's emotions as there were minutes of conversations.

"Okay, Martin. We'll do it your way. But if you lose her . . ."

"Absolutely no chance of that, Mr. President."

"Okay," he said softly almost timidly. "Keep me advised."

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"`Absolutely no chance,' is he out of his fuckin' mind?" said an enraged Davis.

"Easy, son," interrupted Johnson. "The Director felt that he had to make a compromise to give us the liberty we needed," said Johnson hoping it was true. It was what Ringwald had told him, but the longer he worked for the Director, the more difficulty he had in separating truths from equivocations, equivocations from half-truths and half-truths from lies. "All for the good of the organization" was quickly becoming interpreted to mean *for the good of Ringwald*.

"Yeah. Yeah, okay. This is your show, but you gotta understand, Bill, a lot of these bad guys have built in radar for cops. On top of that, they're paranoid as hell. The first suspicion they have that they're being tailed, they break and run," he said angrily, still not satisfied with Washington's reply. "This is NOT `Ted Mackie's Amateur Hour!' Those people were competent enough to damn near kill the President. If we flush them too early, we damn well may not be able to find them again!"

"I understand all that, Richard," he said finding it difficult to support a position he did not believe in. "It's our job to make sure we can't lose her, that's all. If we get the slightest inkling she's warned off, we'll take her then and there."

"I hope it's not too late by then," Davis said still not mollified by Johnson's rhetoric.

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How tired she was. Three days of walking, of hitching rides, of telling lie upon lie, until she finally reached this sanctuary. The man at the desk barely noticed her ratty appearance and handed over the key to Room 211 promptly after she produced a copy of the prepaid motel receipt.

*Poor John. Dead in this ghastly, far-away place,* she pondered this thought while she stripped the clothes from her body with one hand while rummaging through the dresser drawers for clean attire with the other. The clothing had been left in the event it was necessary to spend several days in Denver. She had never really considered that she would, but contingency plans like this paid big dividends.

The shower beat upon her back, stinging the tissue, forcing her to revel in life, despite her close encounter with death. The past day's grime flowed from her skin and was quickly devoured by the floor drain. Karen sat on the edge of the bed and dialed the first of two calls she needed to make that day. Her fingers variably bounced over the buttons as she dialed a 406 area code. The faint sound of switching mechanism was heard, but no one answered.

The second call was to Copenhagen. Like the first, it was a secure number. Unlike the initial, she knew the party who would answer it. The answer came on the eighth ring, the house owner having long gone to bed.

"Yes?" the voice answered sleepily.

"Have I reached the residence of Gunther Marlich?" she asked in Danish.

"No, but I take messages for him," he answered suspiciously. "I'm afraid he is not in at present."

"Yes, I see. Would you deliver a message then?" she asked conversationally.

"Certainly," he said in a more confident voice. "A moment while I find my spectacles." And then after a short pause, "Please continue."

"Right. This is Anita Redhouse," she spelled the name after several attempts by the male voice.

"The telephone number Gunther wanted was Twenty-one, zero, nine, one, zero, one," she repeated it three times before he was able to recite it back to her.

"I'll pass this along to him straight away when he returns," the rejoinder finally said satisfied he had the information correct.

"Thank you. He was looking forward to that information," she said formally.

"Never fear, I'll pass it along as soon as he arrives," he answered her.

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"What do you make of that?" Sansouci asked no one especially.

The technician monitoring the phone calls on his electronic equipment held up his hand for Doug to be silent while he finished fiddling with his knobs and buttons. "The first call is to a residence in Montana - Billings, by the exchange. I'll have a specific number here in a few moments.

"Richard, do you have people up there who can execute a search warrant without it later being suppressed in court for being 'faulty on face' or lack of probable cause?" Johnson asked planning out his next several moves.

Davis took the question into consideration for several seconds before he answered. "No. Not anyone I'd trust to get it right. There's a guy in Salt Lake City who can do it," he offered in compensation.

"Close enough. Have him run up there and take control of that operation. Have him work under the general umbrella of this CTA investigation," he ordered without hesitation.

"What about the second call?" Johnson said turning his attention back to the technician while Davis busied himself contacting his cohort in Utah.

"By the international prefix code, I can tell you the call was to Denmark. But beyond that . . . hell, Mr. Johnson, I don't speak Danish," he said apologetically. "We'll have to get a translation of the text. All I can tell you was the phone connection was completed and a conversation took place."

Johnson didn't ask the obvious, "Did you get it recorded?" He felt comfortable enough with the notion that if he wasn't competent enough to do that, Davis wouldn't have him in the van. "Not a problem. We can have that translated. Doug . . ."

"Sir?"

"Get a copy of that and have it translated, please," he directed.

"Sure." *Where the hell can you do that in Denver?* he shrugged to himself.

"You have pictures of the suspect," Johnson said in statement.

"Yeah. From the time she walked in the door and identified herself as the renter of that room," he answered with obvious pride.

"Good. Make stills and give them to Doug here," he directed. "Doug, when you have them, transmit a copy to Swartz in Copenhagen through the embassy. Let's see if that horse's-ass of an intelligence specialist of theirs can identify her."

"Do you want to send them through our sister agencies too?" he asked not knowing if Johnson held any ill will toward the FBI and CIA.

"Not only them, but the intelligence communities in Europe. From our point of view, this is a straight terrorist murder. No sense pussy-footing around," he said.

There was a general shuffling of men and equipment as each set about his task, slow in their movements due to the confined spaces. "Richard, I'm going to update Ringwald on where we're at right now and what we intend to do," he said opening the rear door of the van. "Do you need any other assets?"

"Naw," Davis said confidently. "They'd just clutter up the area."

"Okay, contact me if there's any change, if the subject makes any moves from the room, or if she's joined by anyone else," he said stepping outside.

"Okay," replied Davis to the closing door.

"Jesus," breathed the technician. "Is he always so . . . so forceful?"

"Yes," Sansouci and Davis answered almost in unison.

Doug carried on the conversation following the harmonics. "I've known him on and off for well over twenty years. No one, at least for very long, says *no* to Mr. Johnson. He's a compelling force which you don't see much of anymore," he concluded calmly.

"Well, give me those photos and tapes. I've got places to go and people to see," he said reaching for a battered copy of the yellow pages to find out who and where.

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The tasks Johnson had given him to accomplish had been much more time consuming than Sansouci had anticipated. A translation of the tape had come from a friend of a friend of a friend of a professor at Denver University where Doug had started looking when first given the assignment. Waiting around the pay phones for twenty minutes for Dr. Hitt to return his call had been a pain, but had given immediate response.

The professor's third-hand friend had convinced Sansouci to play the tape over the telephone, assuring him that if he was not able to make an accurate translation that he would be able to see him in person the following morning.

Doug had to take the risk and played the recording over the receiver. He was rewarded by the precious translation including the telephone number left by the caller.

After thanking the man for his returned call, he left the pay phone for the FBI offices to FAX the suspect's photograph to Swartz in Copenhagen. It was the first time he had had to really give the picture more than a cursory glance. *A pretty woman certainly. Tall, blonde, lithe, but without the faded Scandinavian pigmentation.* Indeed, robust color enhanced her features; a sturdy walk denoted the hardiness of her vitality.

*Who was that woman? Why did she do what she did?* Were all questions which flooded into Sansouci's mind as he waited for the first of the photos to be transmitted to the American Embassy in Denmark. The person represented in the picture meant very little. He was only vaguely aware that the person was a woman. Indeed, this was more a point of reference for his method of mental filing than an appreciation of her sex. He thought to himself her perfect features were only disturbed by one of her nostrils being a bit larger than the other, causing an optical illusion that her head was tilted toward the camera, but upon closer inspection of her other facial features, it was easy to determine that it was a straight-on, full-faced photograph.

Another point of reference confirmed. The last of the photos slipped into the machine to be electronically reproduced thousands of miles from Denver when he felt a touch on his shoulder which caused him to turn.

"I figured I'd catch up with you here sooner or later," said Johnson.

"Hi, Bill. I've got the translation you wanted and I'm just sending out the pictures to Caroline," he brought Johnson up to date on his work thus far.

"Good. I'm not even going to ask you how you found a person of Danish extract in Denver willing to translate this stuff," he said to Sansouci.

"No use asking, I won't tell you. Job security, you know," Sansouci replied.

"So . . .," he made a gesture with his hand indicating that he wanted the information Doug had. Sansouci pulled a tattered envelope from his pocket, last month's phone bill, and read the bits and pieces from the nearly-illegible scrawl. "She phoned looking for a guy named Gunther, using the name of Anita Redhouse. She left a phone number: 2-1-0-9-1-0-1, at the residence and asked the party answering to deliver the message."

"Some sort of code?"

"That'd be my guess. In fact, you could almost bet on it. But if it's a private code, I doubt we can crack it. On the outside chance it really is a phone number, I've sent it along to Swartz," he received a nod of approval from Johnson. "What the hell, they may have gotten sloppy and we lucky," he added uncomfortable by his own words.

"Yeah, right," replied Johnson equally unconvinced.

"What's the deal with Washington?" he asked innocently enough in his naiveté of the inner-workings of the capital.

"They're not talking. I get the feeling all we're doing by passing the material along is to tighten the noose around Denmark's neck."

"So," said Doug unsympathetically. "If the noose fits, wear it?" he paraphrased an old saying.

"Too easy," said Johnson more to himself than Sansouci.

"Pardon?"

"I was thinking, it's too easy. You ever have a case where all the pieces fall into place like they should, Doug?" he said not really expecting an answer. "I've generally observed that, if you'll pardon the

analogy, like building a house, there's scraps left over. No scraps here. Almost as if it were prefabricated construction," he said again almost to himself.

"Set up?"

"I don't know, Doug. I'm just not happy to point my guns at something this contrived," he said knocking the ashes from his pipe on the heel of his hand.

"So what are you goin' do about it?" inquired Sansouci.

"Nothing I really can do for the moment," he said tapping down the new tobacco in his pipe.

"Get this off to Caroline as fast as you can and wrap up any loose ends you have here. If the suspect moves, I want you to go with her," he said having come to a decision.

"Yeah, okay. I thought I'd call Swartz later to see if she was able to piece any of this together," he said telling Johnson his intentions.

"Give her my regards and keep me informed of any developments in Denmark which may affect this operation," he said striking an old fashion kitchen match and sucking noisily on the stem of the pipe.

"I almost forgot to ask. Were you able to take care of what you went to Dallas for?" he said in an unconvincing manner.

"Yeah, sure," Sansouci said obviously not willing to be pressed for details.

Johnson asked for none.