

HEAR the shuffling sound IS the sandwich worth the coffee?...

(V)

The Open Hole

(?? See pg 6)

PART XVIII of the Road by Jude Acreas

(?? See pg 13)

It is easy to remember what I was thinking about when they came to get me, to "destroy me". I was staring at a silk moose screen in biology class as the lady was putting slides into the projector at Louisiana State University. She would point to the slide and make comments as she raised both hands simultaneously. She said "The least reliable means of scientific identification is probably the sense of smell."

It was the word "smell" that <sup>started</sup> shocked me ~~shocked~~ why? why?  
I thought furiously and ~~the~~ remembered that only ~~two~~ two days ago I had challenged my European history professor amidst his long and brilliant lectures on the 1930's. It was <sup>perhaps</sup> the most powerful of all my learning experiences. He shot me down ~~with~~ with only a moment's thought while the whole class stared curiously ~~to~~ to the rear of the classroom and laughed ~~at~~.

"Sir, I don't understand, How can you stand there and blame the German people en masse for the murder of the Jews? They didn't know ~~that~~ what was going on according to all references. Our textbooks make ~~no~~ no such blame clear to me Sir."

with the greatest respect and concern the elderly gentleman stepped aside the podium and pushed his glasses higher on his nose while delivering his reply.

"Well, MR. ACERS, you must understand that when you are gassing people and burning several hundred thousand bodies in a death camp people can smell the stench for fifty miles around. It's hard to miss. Whether you want the message or not the message gets through."

Oh.

there was a shadow to my left as two men were stepping up to ~~my~~ the biology instructor. She was pointing in my general direction and I turned to see what she was pointing at. I saw nothing and as I turned forward there was a man above me, staring coldly.

"Are you MR. ACERS?"

"Yes I am."

"I'm OFFICER WILLIAMS of campus security. I have been asked to escort you OFF CAMPUS with the city police officers here. They have a WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST SIR."

I sat there for a moment and began to lose my mind quietly. I had done NOTHING anywhere, anytime that could possibly lead to my arrest.

"WHAT FOR? - I have done NOTHING. Are you sure you have the right person, SIR? I AM INNOCENT. SIR, WHAT IS GOING ON HERE PLEASE ---"

(3)

"You'll have to step out in the hall MR. Aceas" the man says. Two hundred and fifty biology students watch us step through the doors and the lady instructor is shaking her head in disbelief. It is not often that one of her students is placed ~~in~~ under arrest during class. "What did he do?" people are whispering as my eyes focus on the hallway and three plainclothesmen police, they are all holding wallets, identification and police badges. I could see their guns and their half opened coats. If I had run they would have shot me.

In a moment my hands are being placed behind me and handcuffs are placed on my wrists. I stammer "For what, what have I done..." and the man with the warrant says "It's a John Doe warrant sir and charges you with assault with a deadly weapon."

"Who... who did... said this... I don't understand."

They half drag me to the police car down the Allen ~~hall~~ <sup>hall</sup> corridor. I remember that a ~~woman~~ woman was putting an umbrella into a locker and stared in disbelief as each <sup>of my</sup> arms was firmly grasped by a policeman. She remembered my fear and my face. ~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> described the scene <sup>to me</sup> five years ~~later~~ afterward.

In the police car the man is saying "we got em" over the radio. I already know they are taking my dive room Apart downtown. ~~they~~ they know that I know they know ~~that~~ that I am innocent. <sup>During the</sup> ~~that~~ side to the police station I size up the odds carefully.

The police know that I am without relatives. No one cares whether I live or die. <sup>I have no pull.</sup> All they have to do is put me in jail and it will be the weekend and a few more days before some attorney will be assigned. Bail is out of the question. I have no money. <sup>A</sup> few distant chess opponents ~~who~~ would welcome seeing the city chess champion go to jail and forfeit his last two games in the current city championship. ~~IT IS~~ IT IS VERY bad. try to think about chess games by Botvinnik.

think about MARY ANNE JONES. try to think about something pleasant. What is a John Doe warrant?

They are taking me down the corridor of the police station for fingerprinting and booking now. I fight hard not to cry. I who have nothing. I with the Negroes, the Jews, the victim of injustice, stupidity, cruelty, inhumanity of police and people. What is a John Doe warrant? Now for the first time in my life realize how absolutely innocent people by the thousands can go to jail in America. they can simply come to get them all in biology class. All.

MUTT and JEFF are waiting to put it to Jude Acers in the Baton Rouge Police Department interrogation room. they place you in a holding jail cell and you run your hands up and down the bars. <sup>you do not believe</sup> You are considering saying absolutely no words. Fine. They'll just let you sit in jail for several days to think about what a John Doe WARRANT is. talk through the bars.

There has been no opportunity to make a phone call to someone to ~~try~~ for help. And for the record you don't happen to have any money, not one cent in your blue jeans. You start talking.

MUTT says "You're charged with assault with a ~~weapon~~ weapon. It's been in our files for a couple of months. we have the right to arrest you on the basis of this citizen's complaint..."

"WHAT CITIZEN SIR?" screams Jude Acers

"James A. ARTHUR" says MUTT.

"Sir, I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF James A. ARTHUR."

MUTT lights up another cigarette. He holds all the ~~the~~ cards. All. "we can't seem to find Arthur but we will. He ~~complains~~ says you pushed him out of where you lived and beat him with a pipe."

"SIR THAT IS NOT TRUE. WHO IS James ARTHUR? Why---why am I here-----"

Jeff looks quietly at MUTT. the incident ~~that~~ was reported SIX MONTHS Ago and they both knew it. "we'll have to hold him until we find out more details." ~~the~~

The door clicks open and they lead me to the ~~the~~ jail. Now it IS really going to happen for keeps. I am going crazy with anger. they know I didn't do it- they don't have an ounce of proof. I don't know who Arthur is. what if they can't find him? How long do I have to spend in jail? AT LEAST FOUR days for sure ~~at least~~. And it's a ~~felony~~ felony charge. Support your local police.

Several inmates are mopping the floor as they bring me in. ~~they tell me to~~ "you <sup>ARE ALLOWED TO</sup> make one phone call here" a voice says as I stare at the desk policeman. He is the first ~~unarmed~~ <sup>Today</sup> unarmed policeman I have seen. I stare at the pay telephone and realize how ~~to~~ important this call is. "I don't have any money. what do I do? will you LOAN me the change or?" I fattered out. He thrust a nickel across the table and I dropped it twice before I could get it into the slot. I already knew the ~~danger~~ <sup>problem</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> I faced when I ~~tried~~ <sup>tried</sup> to phone the LOUISIANA State University switchboard. ~~to~~ <sup>TO TRY TO</sup> get through to CARRIER WAID (a mathematics graduate student) or DR. Richard Anderson <sup>Boyd professor</sup> of mathematics. <sup>Both were chessplayers who knew me. BUT</sup> Very often the phone switchboard would go dead before somebody answered. IF THAT happened my nickel was gone - - - - -

thing) one

(7.)

I nervously asked to be kept on the line, ~~and~~ explained to an operator "PLEASE, PLEASE this is an emergency." Click, the phone went dead and my ~~nickle~~ nickle dropped into the box.

I begged <sup>the desk man</sup> FOR one more coin. "this will have to be the last one son. can't sit here all day giving you change" he said.

Coldly I stared AT the telephone. I massaged it with my right hand as a gambler massages the dice cup and says "Come through oh sweet, sweet baby." There was only one chance left. DON L. WAGNER, supersalesman of Americana encyclopedias, chess tournaments, hidden television programs. the man who sold (for \$150) Robert J. Fischer's 10 board chess exhibition to television station ~~channel~~ <sup>channel</sup> two when channel nine laughed the proposal out of the building. the man who brought Fischer to Baton Rouge <sup>in 1960</sup> there was no hope for bail. there was only a chance <sup>that slippery</sup> Wagner would come up with a miracle.

I dialed very carefully and explained that I was in jail, did not know my accuser and that I couldn't get out, no matter what. DON WAGNER ~~was astounded.~~ <sup>in a loud clear scream he said</sup> "Don't worry. I'll figure out something. Hang tough Jude. Click."

Very much afraid of the unknown <sup>(and)</sup> just two blocks from ~~the~~ <sup>small</sup> ~~the~~ room where I hunched over chesspieces, I was led down another hall to a changing room. All my schoolbooks, wallet, inkpen and paper were placed in large envelopes. I was given a crispy clean, starched <sup>(and very old)</sup> blue denim jail uniform to put on and, believe me, that drove the point home that this wasn't boy scout training camp. I looked AT myself in a mirror. I knew that I would never be the same again. <sup>now, for the first time in my lifetime I considered,</sup> I knew, that the police could prudently send me to prison by false witnesses, false evidence-----

[they put me in a very large jail cell and about five people were in there with me. they were asleep on mattresses. It was about noon. I had been in jail roughly two hours in all. There can be no feeling of isolation so terrible, so frightening ~~as~~ as the one felt when you cannot know who hates you ~~that~~ so much that you must endure everything helplessly. the Baton Rouge Police Department wanted me in jail. they served up their arrest warrant five months after the ~~complaint~~ complaining witness had left Baton Rouge Five. I stared at the bars and began to cry softly. I did not dream that the ~~little~~ ~~the~~ god fortune that has saved my life five times from murderers, traffic smashups and hold-up artists would now strike. IT WAS ~~riding~~ <sup>riding</sup> in a Mercedes-Benz FROM DENHAM SPRINGS, LOUISIANA. HIS NAME WAS KARI CAVANAUGH. ~~These things~~



Football heroes are king in the football capital of the world. <sup>(LSU)</sup> Chess teams do not get sent to the United States intercollegiate very often, the six million dollars in football bonds just sit there. Embarrassed by all that extra cash hanging around the LSU athletic department ~~it~~ became the first sport facility ever to give money to the faculty — ten thousand dollars.

Just down the road is Southern University. They have the world record holder relay team — the fastest four humans that have tread earth in a race. Also the fastest <sup>hurdler</sup> ~~hurdler~~ that ever jumped four hundred meters. They are all black people so you can read about them in the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate on page 101. You can search the ~~newspaper~~ <sup>newspaper</sup> for articles or commentary about KARL CAVANAUGH, attorney-at-law. You won't find anything but a small typed list of LSU law school graduates and CAVANAUGH listed number one. You will never find a hint that CAVANAUGH has done things that make him the most remarkable of all ~~the~~ the hundreds of thousands of people that came to LOUISIANA STATE in a ~~century~~ <sup>century</sup> ~~and~~ ~~years~~. But he has done these things. People were looking at KARL CAVANAUGH in disbelief, they were telling stories about law school examinations, chess teams, chess tournaments. How ~~could~~ a hundred thousand dollars would be shelled out to get the lawyer bonus-baby upon graduation. How nobody ever seemed to notice him until ~~he began~~ — he began to make legal moves that were not possible.

until ... he began to make legal moves that were not possible.

There are two very strange memories in LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY days. One was Billy Cannon on HALLOWEEN NIGHT, running eighty nine yards to defeat Ole Miss on the gridiron. Every man on the MISSISSIPPI football team touched Cannon at least once and several were going for two's and three's. IT WAS like chasing a ghost all over the place in the final minutes of the big game. IT WAS LSU'S only score except for the kicked one pointer. ~~The~~ Cannon run won everything for LSU and <sup>for</sup> Cannon, the Heisman trophy. Cannon was left with nowhere to go. He was on top of the world, the miracle run, the golden hour, and everything else fading until it ended. I never saw Cannon's miracle run but it followed me around on videotape year after year. I saw the tape hundreds of times.

Once I met a man who had stepped out to buy a hot dog when the miracle <sup>run</sup> flicked off in Baton Rouge. He had missed it all. A reporter saw him standing there with his sandwich and the coca-cola and in tears. The noise of eighty thousand people was unbelievable. Ole Miss did everything possible to score again in the last four minutes. They were huddling on the dec a one foot away when the time ran out. The eighty-nine yard ~~to defeat ole miss~~ yard run is worth checking out if you ever get the opportunity. Cannon went wheeling and dealing for parts unknown. The question in LSU football history is simple - were you on the field or watching in the stadium when the miracle run happened?

Billy Cannon was dug out of the nazy same city jail at least twice when his high school needed him for the big games. <sup>yes,</sup> His high school coach had to go down to the station get Billy - the - kid who was always willing to be true to your school. He ran the hundred yards in 9.4 flat. the baseball team was trying to get him - the track team's grabbed him when he stopped at the water cooler. ---

walked to the grocery pharmacy and talk to Gil the chief pharmacist. He will tell you that Billy Cannon could have run for governor and ~~was~~ won on Sunday morning. I hope he used his golden years well. Fame and fortune, the Indies, and death in the afternoon. And then there was the most incredible memory of all. He was all but silent. He was Cavanaugh.

[Karl Cavanaugh <sup>was</sup> born in a small Louisiana town in a farmer family <sup>his family still honestly believes that</sup> was just a good old country boy who made the big time ~~his family believes~~. He scored straight A's at college (SLI in Lafayette, Louisiana) and hauled <sup>construction</sup> pipe to finance his education. Then off to the University of Illinois where he scored STRAIGHT A'S as a graduate student. Nobody noticed him there either.

[Karl Cavanaugh's method of operation is very instructive. He gets a small room, make sure the lamp works and scores straight A's for seven straight years. Everything is worked out to the last degree, down to the ~~paper~~, the fountain pen, the penmanship. It gets a little lonely doing seven straight years of A plus work but Cavanaugh is a confirmed bachelor and is very, very tough. He plays classical music and sets the alarm clock for tomorrow's final examination. ---

[Cavanaugh did two years in the U.S. Army and was your typical <sup>need keeping</sup> quartermaster. About 5 feet eight and with sandy black hair and horn rimmed glasses and <sup>with</sup> some money from the Army in hand he arrived in Baton Rouge to go to law school.

~~He~~ [Karl Cavanaugh could not even get scholarship money from LSU law school. No matter, Daddy-o. Cavanaugh suddenly scored grades that were not possible. <sup>yes, that's right.</sup> His money were ~~returned~~ by the dean of ~~the school~~ to ~~Karl~~ Cavanaugh's instructors <sup>by</sup> the dean of law school.

<sup>the instructor</sup>  
[~~They~~ were told to find something wrong with Cavanaugh's papers and lower his marks or else - one professor sent ~~me~~ Cavanaugh's examination

end of the semester  
Absolutely nothing wrong with this paper. CLASS grades were always delayed until Karl Cavanaugh's grades could be lowered.

[The stories are legends. Cavanaugh never acknowledged a single word of them much less repeated any of the stories. You heard them at parties by playboy law students, the lady grandmasters. There was Cary de Bessonnet, the horse player who devised a computer system to pick the horses <sup>"with confidence."</sup> It worked. In his spare time Cary would tell Karl Cavanaugh stories <sup>and his eyes would grow big as saucers.</sup> You would interrupt Cary to inquire about specifics of his horse playing system. He would just say "Jude, believe me, I can play the horses with confidence. That's all, yes all, you get to know!" ~~It was obvious who~~

At Louisiana State law-school Cavanaugh racked up the highest average in ~~the school~~ <sup>its long</sup> history. He played on two collegiate chess teams at Illinois and LSU. Both cleaned up. Cavanaugh was on board two when LSU's mighty killer chess team won the Southern and Southwestern intercollegiate team and individual titles - there was board one - Acres board two - Cavanaugh board three <sup>- James E. West</sup> ~~James E. West~~ board four - Carter was it. <sup>For the intercollegiate</sup> One traveled by car to play the biggies in Texas. we never were in the same room ~~again~~ again. Fame and fortune, chess, death in the afternoon.

(13)

Hobby morrison was the playboy son of a 27 year congressman. He would shake his head over enough stories, meet ~~more~~ ~~more~~ ladies than could possibly be named, played like mad, blazed like mad. An absolute beginner chess player, Hobby morrison walked into the Three Coins Tavern, the house and beat a grandmaster, Walter Brune! "Must he really did it. He pulled this cheap one me. I couldn't believe it!" said Walter. Hobby quit immediately so that his plus score versus grandmasters survives today. It was the only time Brune was ever in Baton Rouge and Hobby got to play him and Hobby won. It did strike pangs of envy. The right man, the right place, the right women and the chance. It was so vain. "Nothing to it Iude!" said Hobby clapping his hands together.

I remember Hobby morrison with the girl he watched the sunrise with in his car. I remember "A Day in the Life" playing on the radio ~~in~~ his wheels while Hobby said "I think the beetles are the greatest thing that ~~has~~ ever happened." ... Remember the doughnuts and coffee we devoured in his car as we whizzed toward his father's motel to install ~~red carpeting~~ <sup>red carpeting</sup> seven days in a row - we made the trip. ... I was jealous. I who have nothing - and he was set for life. ....

On the motel I looked ~~at~~ <sup>through</sup> a window while dragging the carpeting across the floor. Lo, what do I see but a couple furtively sliding into a doorway at about ten in the morning. I asked the nifty black man who was tacking floor nails to look out and see what was going on.

"Lord, boy that's what you call a quickie. Haven't you ever heard of a quickie?"

Oh.

Karl Cavanaugh had walked down the walk out through the backyard jungle to meet the famous ~~Julie Acers~~ He had been persuaded and prodded by Cary deBessonet (5-per-catalyst) to meet the number 1. Finally they both decided to get it over with and braved the journey together.

I played Cavanaugh a game or two in the boiling heat and offered them some of my personal coffee. They both declined and have survived to become players to this day.

I then set Cavanaugh deep in thought over the chessboard. It was dynamite; his horn rimmed glasses, his perpetual mut and tie, his pipe boiler steaming and his perspiring forehead while he swatted flies left and right. What one has to do to meet chessplayers these days. --- we eventually played dozens of games, traveled to three tournaments together. That would all come later, much later.

CAVANAGH was steaming from the Mellon legal firm in Denham Springs, Louisiana. His Mercedes-Benz ~~is~~ was prayed for by Tom's Toplein and by me. He had not met me for a long time. He played only chess by correspondence against players across the country. Reality was to become a ~~postal~~ postal chess master, to retire at forty, to be a hundred thousand dollar bonus-baby and try not to be noticed or sidetracked by monomachal chess sidekicks. --- CAVANAGH gets out of his car determined to have a look around. A lawyer has a special time to get his licks in. A chessplayer was in trouble. <sup>Heaven forbid.</sup> A Pawn power to the prisoner. ---

The mattresses make a rasping sound as they are being dragged to the walls and stacked up. The noon whistle blows ten miles. There was a guard screaming "single file, single file, single file." The gate opened up and suddenly seventy five men ~~are~~ were inside and were circling <sup>OUR</sup> the cell in ~~the~~ cattle herd circles. Why? Then I saw the open hole.

"As you pass by take one piece of bread then ~~either~~ <sup>on second crack take</sup> peanut butter OR TUNA FISH spread on top of the bread. ON the third circle by take ANOTHER piece of bread. ON the FOURTH PASS take either coffee or a carton of milk. NO EXTRA FOR ANYBODY. ANYBODY doesn't do as I said, you go TO solitary cell with ~~bread~~ <sup>crumbs</sup> and water for three days," the guard tells us mechanically. ~~I~~ I CRAWL FROM A pile of mattresses feeling that I will die VERY soon. Somebody will attack me and I will react insanely, ~~with~~ the guard will hit me with his stick. I will bleed. . . . .

The lines pass by the open hole. I reach blindly for whatever I see and hold it in my hands. then I just sit on ~~mattresses~~ <sup>A huge pile of mattresses</sup> with my sandwich and coffee AND begin to cry again. I just hold my food half heartedly letting it smear all over my pants leg. <sup>Hot</sup> Coffee is dripping from ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> leaky cup, I watch it trickle on my clothes. I don't care I don't care. I don't care. . . . .

I hear a shuffling sound. I look up and there is this pathetic seventy year old man named Carrier. He opens his <sup>teethless</sup> mouth and hoarsely asks "Please. . . . scuse me . . . but . . . could I trade you my sandwich, please sir, for my coffee? I like the coffee. It makes me feel good. The sandwich <sup>doesn't</sup> makes me feel good. Trade please sir?"

In one beautiful moment Jude Arcers suddenly bolted his head straight up. Here was Jude in top powerhouse million dollar <sup>physical</sup> shape. Here was Jude Arcers in fabulous lady-hunting days and the youngest ~~also~~ noted chessmaster in Louisiana history. Here was the only living chessmaster in Louisiana. ~~And you are sitting on your~~ You had been loaned ~~to~~ not one but two nickles. You had called the greatest wheeler dealer since Phineas T. Barnum and Colonel Tom Parker. Don Wagner <sup>could and</sup> would produce, period. So what are you worried about dum-dum. Get off your rear end. There is absolutely nothing wrong. Snap to!

The  
and my coffee

I half shoved, half placed the sandwich into the old man's hands. "Mister you're dynamite; take them both. Compliments of the great me."

The old man positively gleamed as I straightened up and watched him in fascination. I had given a gift! It was my very FIRST GIFT. I had never had anyone to give anything to before. His whole face lit up like the NBC peacock. I bowed in his direction, an Edwardian bow <sup>just</sup> as the Beatles gave Queen Elizabeth. The other prisoners began clapping and laughing in delight. "Jesus, who is that guy?" yelled a man through the open hole.



I could hear voices. A man was saying  
 "Hell no, I won't check it. the judge already  
 phoned up here and said to get J. Acers out  
 of there on the double. <sup>So?</sup> Get em out of there. The  
 order is coming up. HIS ATTORNEY'S already here."

There was a guard looking at me in a moment.  
 He was amazed. "You Acers?"

"YES SIR."

"Don't know why they bothered to put you in  
 clothes if they weren't sure. ~~that~~ this is a record  
 of some sort. Your attorney is here and he got  
 you out."

Jude Acers was astounded, who was the attorney  
 for Jude Acers he wondered. Jesus.

Stepping outside the ~~the~~ combination cell  
 and lunchroom Jude Acers stared at the open  
 hole one last time. Suddenly the light from  
 the hole was blotted by a little face  
 approaching the bars. IT WAS <sup>CARRIER</sup> ~~Carrier~~ Jude  
 stepped back and once again gave a full bow.  
 Carrier said "It has been a pleasure to make  
 your acquaintance young man. You are indeed  
 an outstanding gentleman."

"TRUE, TRUE SIR! I THANK YOU AND NOW  
 MUST BID MY LEAVE" said Jude Acers formally. AND  
 mutual bows <sup>Follow</sup> ~~up~~ of course.

They took me around the bars and KARL <sup>(CARRY AUGH)</sup>  
 was standing there lighting up his pipe. "Hello  
 sport! What's a ~~falla~~ <sup>well</sup> chap like you doing  
 in there?"

madly,

I will never forget that moment as we laughed ~~hysterically~~ <sup>heartily</sup> joyously, that I would be freed. Cavanaugh was wearing his hounds tooth jacket - I remember that he was actually paying for it in the store when John Kennedy's assassination was announced over the radio. I remembered a lot of things about Cavanaugh I had never thought important until now. . . .

The door swings open and ~~I~~ I change clothes in ten seconds. I MEAN TEN SECONDS. Rapid Transit-Blitz. Faster than Fischer leaves.

I step out in the hall and then remember. "Karl do you have two nickles?"

"No, but I have a dime" says the ever precise triumphant Karl Cavanaugh.

"Please, I'll pay you back. . ." he plumps the dime in my hand and I open the door and face the desk sergeant.

"Sir, thanks. I couldn't have been saved without your help. Please, if anyone ever needs, ever, ever a nickle Always, Always give it to them."

"The desk sergeant said "Don't let us fool you. we help people. we have a heart. Good luck kid."

Jude Acers was never told by KARL CAVANAUGH that he had an open and shut case of false arrest, that his attorney had been lied to, given the memorandum about where his client was in the building. CAVANAUGH had told the judge that A FAMOUS LOUISIANA chessplayer was in jail for no reason - He carefully described the memorandum and added that the accuser had left town five months before the arrest was made. CAVANAUGH skipped the formalities. The threat was greater than the execution.

His honor was NO dummy. The deal came down to release Jude on his own ~~signature~~ <sup>recognition</sup>. No bail would be necessary - there would be a hearing a month from now - on the meantime the police would NOT look very hard for the plaintiff. On the meantime KARL CAVANAUGH would call off his client and never bring up the possibility of suing the hell out of the ~~the~~ city of BATON ROUGE. Jude Acers did NOT know anything. A deal was made for him, by him, without him, thank goodness. He ~~was~~ was free.

One month later the arresting officers and Jude Acers and KARL CAVANAUGH and the judge sat down in an empty court room at 11:30 A.M. - Thursday. The judge called for James A. ARTHUR to please rise and approach the bench. He did NOT. The case was dismissed without a single word from the defendant or his attorney.

Outside in the parking lot I watched CAVANAUGH get into his Mercedes. He smiled. "See Jude, told you it would work out all right - Just give things a chance. Things are O.K. - Just forget it ever happened Jude. About the only <sup>DIFFICULTY</sup> trouble you might have had ~~any~~ <sup>would</sup> have been ~~if~~ that DON WAGNER couldn't have located me at the office. BUT you know yourself DON would have driven down there to get me in this emergency."

