IN ENEMY HANDS

By PAT FRANK

Across the truce table an American and a Chinese Communist officer matched wits for a prisoner's life.

Major Cabel, a spare, weathered soldier with less rank than his years warranted, waited for his jeep outside his billet in the American Embassy compound in Seoul. Under his trench coat he wore his best green uniform and all his ribbons. He was dressed for his last trip to Panmunjom, and probably the last duty of his career. From his shoulder hung a musette bag of ancient issue with sandwiches and coffee for his lunch. Concealed under the sandwiches was a package for Colonel Han, a graduate of Stanford, but an officer of the Chinese Army and his opposite number on the other, the Communist, side.

For eight months Cabel had represented the United Nations in what were still called "truce negotiations," a reminder that the hardy spores of war, sown so lavishly in the years 1950–53, were only dormant. An armistice was not a peace. The spores of war, watered with the blood of many nations and fertilized with hatred, were not even officially dead. There were "incidents," and that is why negotiators still met at Panmunjom, a name and place most people had long forgotten.

Round Eyes Soo—her first name translated into Dawn Wind, but everyone called her Round Eyes—appeared, as Cabel knew she would. Each morning she came to see him off, and he nourished her hope. Each evening he found her waiting when he returned with his inevitable bad news. Miss Soo was a translator in the United States Information Service office. She was also Paul Culligan's girl. One day she might become Paul's wife, if the Communists ever released him. It could be two years, or twenty years, or never. Paul was the young USIS assistant who had been aboard an Air Force liaison plane that had crash-landed north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Cabel had persuaded the Communists to release the pilot, who had lost his bearings on a night flight from Suwon to Seoul, but the Commies were holding Paul Culligan as a spy.

Miss Soo crossed the cobbled lane to Cabel's side. Like many Korean girls, she was beautiful by any standards, east or west. Her butterscotch-colored skin was flawless, her smile swift, her teeth fine. She wore a high-collared sheath of silvery (Continued on Page 64)

"Espionage," Han replied to Major Cabel's question.

as a water bug. Country clubs, warned of his doings, inclined to the view that "this couldn't happen in *our* club." Lists of stolen credit cards were sent to hotels, but Goldreyer would show up with credentials so fresh that they hadn't yet got on the lists.

As the flood of bad checks was studied in the FBI laboratory, it was evident that the forger was no Jim the Penman at copying the signatures shown on the credit cards. To the expert eye the scores of different names on the checks were written by the same hand. But cashiers' clerks are seldom handwriting experts, and Goldreyer, with his easy assurance and talk, knew how to divert their attention at the right moment. Sometimes he took unnecessary risks; occasionally he was questioned or challenged. In such case he did not stay to parley. With a reassuring word that he would "straighten that out at once," he would stroll toward the manager's office, then detour into the street and away. He is a master of the fast stroll.

He got away with it for nearly four months. On November eighth and ninth he was busily cashing checks in San Francisco, using credentials he had scooped up in Portland, Oregon. His usual rule was two days per city. For some reason, he decided to risk one more day in San Francisco. Early in the morning of November tenth word had come of the wallets stolen in Portland. This time the law, so often close on his heels, was waiting for him at the cashiers' windows.

When arrested, he had just $1523 left of the tens of thousands he had taken. Where had the rest gone? Investigators backtracking on his travels found that Goldreyer, however erratic his swoops around the map, periodically took time out for stopovers in such gambling centers as Las Vegas or Reno. After the nervous strain of the locker rooms and cashiers' windows, he compulsively sought surcease in the gambling houses, preferably at the blackjack table. Possibly this relieved him of his nervous tensions; certainly—by the law of averages and the house percentage—it relieved him of his bankroll.

The net of his activities was thus like that of the oriental cormorant. This aquatic bird darts about under water with amazing speed, catching fish in his large bill. But he does not get to swallow them. When he surfaces, his master, the Chinese fisherman, deftly extracts the fish from the bird's bill. Goldreyer played the part of cormorant to the gambling table's fishermen.

When he was arrested in San Francisco, the California authorities, exercising first claim, sent him back to San Quentin as a check forger and parole violator. In 1953 he was taken to Washington, D. C., on the Federal charges of sending bad checks across state lines. The court sentenced him to a maximum of three additional years at McNeil Island.

When he was transferred from San Quentin to McNeil, he made a moving plea to the Federal authorities. He admitted his long record, his many grievous and foolish errors. But psychiatry teaches, he argued, that some people mature more slowly than others. "Some come of age in their forties rather than at twenty-one." He was such a person. He was now mature. If sentence could just be suspended, "I am capable of coping with my problems and serving as a useful member of society." Despite its novelty, the plea failed to convince. He was not released from McNeil till February, 1956.

If I tried to detail his story from here on, it would sound like a stuck phonograph record. Again a respectable job in the fabrics business; again the initial enthusiastic reports about his abilities; and then, after four months, the sudden disappearance, followed by a rash of bad checks passed in Western states. There were a few variants. This time the FBI spotted his hand and style quickly. In further confirmation, a rental car, recovered at San Francisco Airport, was found to contain an imposing list of country clubs, written on the stationery of the fabrics firm where Goldreyer had been working.

> Silence is something a mother of four can scarcely remember.
>
> JAMES Q. HOSSACK

The FBI and the hotel protective agencies sent out thousands of pictures and descriptions of Goldreyer. To their exasperation he continued to move about as freely as before, sometimes boldly cashing checks at windows where he could see his own picture displayed in warning. He wore no disguise, but apparently the clerks did not connect the well-dressed gentleman at the window with the dejected features shown in the police photos.

This time Goldreyer—because more "mature"?—took longer layoffs. He spent them in Mexico or Cuba, to the profit of gambling houses in those countries. So far as known, he did not pass bad checks on the Latin-Americans. This periodically cooled the trail. When he needed more money, he slipped back into the United States for his fast-moving raids on clubs and hotels.

In July of 1956 Goldreyer married a young woman of good education and family background. (A brief earlier marriage had been annulled while he was in prison.) His bride accompanied him to Mexico and Cuba, but there is no evidence that she knew of his criminal activities. Apparently she thought his many mysterious trips concerned costly fabrics rather than worthless paper.

In Mexico his favorite cooling-off place was Cuernavaca. He posed there and was accepted, as an American textile manufacturer planning to expand his operations into Mexico City. On January 2, 1957, a hotel executive in Cuernavaca was glancing over the December bulletin of the American Hotel Association. His eye caught, and lingered incredulously over, the photo of a notorious forger named Goldreyer. Why, it was his prosperous new acquaintance, the big textile man. Next day the Mexican police had Goldreyer aboard an outgoing plane as an undesirable alien. The FBI were waiting for him at Laredo, Texas.

When he was arraigned in court, Goldreyer was a touching picture of injured innocence. A terrible mistake of identity had been made. Bond, first set at $10,000, was reduced to $5000. He raised the money, partly by means of telegrams to trusting new friends in Mexico. He posted the bail, promptly jumped it and disappeared again. For nine more months his trail waxed hot and grew cold—New York and California, New Orleans and Chicago, Atlanta and Salt Lake City, Washington and Indianapolis.

In October, FBI agents, questioning a United States Customs official in Florida, learned that a man answering Goldreyer's description had sailed for Cuba. Fresh warnings were sent to the Cuban police. Two weeks later a Havana detective spotted him in an expensive hotel—at the blackjack table. Next morning the FBI were waiting for him at the Miami Airport. This time his bail was set at $70,000. His lawyer managed a wan smile.

"Does the court want that in cash," he asked, "or would you prefer Mr. Goldreyer's check?"

From then on, it was simply a matter of the law's taking its course, in Federal and state courts. The evidence was overwhelming. There was nothing open to Goldreyer except pleas of guilty, promises of reform and requests for leniency. Detectives and prosecutors feel that the sentences imposed—described earlier in this article—were extremely lenient. But some judges and probation officers, perplexed by Goldreyer's strange mixture of good and bad talents, believe that he can yet reform.

"Maybe so," said one veteran sleuth who has followed Goldreyer's trail off and on since 1949. "But when he gets out, in five or six years, everybody watch their credit cards." He added, almost wistfully, "You know, we'll kind of miss the fellow. Nobody like him in his own queer racket. And when he's on the loose, you can count on things popping all over the map."

In Enemy Hands (Continued from Page 37)

blue, slit down the side for ease of movement, under a flaring blue cloak. She moved with a dancer's grace and her body was lithe and rounded, like a swimmer's.

"Good morning, Round Eyes," Cabel greeted her. During the Korean War it had been the fashion for the *seikses*—Seoul's teen-age girls—to have a minor operation performed on their eyelids. It required only the flick of a scalpel and a few thousand *whan*, a dollar or two at black-market rates. Thus their eyes were no longer almond-shaped, but very like the eyes of the Hollywood stars. She had had this done, so now everyone in the compound called her Round Eyes. This delighted her, for she knew that when Americans gave a girl a nickname it was because they were aware of her, and liked her.

"Good morning, major," she said. He noticed that today she had no smile for him. "I hear you are going back to America. You will be with your family at Christmas. I'm so sorry. But I know you must be happy."

"Happy?" Given fair westerly tail winds, he would be back in the warm Texas sun, in his own home, in seventy-two hours. Being with his wife and children at Christmas was a miracle for which he had not even dared hope. Yet he was not happy at all. He was gravely troubled. The order relieving him from duty at Panmunjom had been a certificate of failure. The United States Information Agency and State were pressuring Defense, not unnaturally, and Defense was pressuring Army. So in the Pentagon a general had decided that if their man at Panmunjom couldn't spring Paul Culligan, then the man should be replaced. At least this would show that Army was doing (*Continued on Page 67*)

(*Continued from Page 64*) something. Of his unhappiness, Cabel decided not to speak.

"I'm sorry you're leaving," Round Eyes said. "It is not only because you have been a good friend, and very patient, but also because I feel—I know—that if anybody can get Paul back it is you. You understand the Chinese."

Cabel said, "I thought I did. Now I'm not sure."

"This Chinese colonel, is he tough?"

"Not tough." Cabel rapped the stone curb with the steel tip of his cane. "Hard, like that."

"Then you don't think that maybe today——?"

He said what was necessary. "All I can do is hope, and try. I always do my best. I will do a little extra today." He thought of the package in his kit. "It is perhaps not as important for me as for you, but it is still very important."

The jeep rounded the corner and pulled up to the curb with Sergeant Slazinger, one of the embassy's Marine Corps guards, driving. Cabel walked to the jeep, limping very slightly, and climbed in. He put his weight on the cane and favored the foot. The foot was artificial. On cold, damp days it annoyed him, throbbing although the real foot was not there.

"I pray for you," Round Eyes said, "in both languages."

They started. The sergeant said, "I hear you're leavin' us, major."

"That's right. Where'd you hear it?"

"My steady told me."

"Where'd she get it?"

"From her girl friend. Her girl friend's the steady of one of the code clerks."

"You've got great security around here."

Slazinger said, "It ain't exactly a top-secret item, major, that would imperil and endanger the national safety."

"You're so right," Cabel admitted.

All it imperiled was the well-being of a single family—one man, one woman, three children ready for college. He had been assigned duty at Panmunjom for one year, and he had been relieved in eight months, the orders indicating no further assignment. Right at this time, forced retirement was a personal disaster. Four years ago he would have been under forty, and it would have been simpler to start a new career. Four years hence, he would receive adequate retirement pay, enough to see the children through college. He doubted that he would get four years, or even four months, after the Culligan failure. Of what use was a foot soldier without a foot, except in such specialized duty as Panmunjom? Of course, he would have his disability pension. It wouldn't be enough.

As for a job. He had a B.A. from Washington and Lee, but World War II had arrived before he could really start anything. He knew nothing except war. He was familiar with explosives—the old-fashioned, non-nuclear type. He could blow a bridge, but not build one. He could clear a mine field, but he couldn't grow a crop. He was a man-at-arms, with a certain flair for languages, and hobbies of doubtful utility in the business world, such as an interest in Oriental civilizations. Finally, he was happy with his profession, and he did not care to leave it.

They followed the regular route, past the Zoo and the Confucian Institute and through the ruined walls of the old city and then up the hills and north along the ancient invasion route. Many barbarians had come to Seoul this way. They passed landmarks remembered from Cabel's first tour of duty in Korea—a burned-out Russian T-34 with a tree growing out of its turret, an antiquated watch tower which had been a handy observation post, a ravine his battalion had held until driven back by the devilishly accurate Chinese mortar fire. They passed signs, faded and sagging, that told of forgotten feats of arms by units that no longer existed. THIS BRIDGE ERECTED BY THE 1104TH ENGINEERS. YOU ARE NOW ENTERING BUNZAN—COURTESY THE WOLFHOUNDS. They passed graves.

They came to the shell-pocked village of Munsan-ni, where a base camp had been erected for the original armistice negotiations. The press train still stood on its siding, tethered to earth by a maze of telephone and telegraph wires. The wires drooped and carried no messages. The train's windows were broken, its paint peeling, wood rotting, and it housed and fed no correspondents. Once it had been the busiest and most important press center in the world. Now Panmunjom was of importance only to a few people—Culligan, his family, his friends, his girl, and Maj. André Cabel and family, and, in a different way, to a number of officials in Washington, Peiping, Moscow, Seoul, and Pyongyang.

They drove on, and crossed Freedom Bridge, over the Imjin. Off to the left somewhere, at that red-clay embankment, he had crossed the Imjin without aid of bridges, and a few minutes later he had almost bought it. Beyond the embankment, or that knoll, he had traded his right foot for a Purple Heart and assorted other decorations. He had never thought it a bad deal, and did not now. His battalion had established a bridgehead, and the bridgehead had been important.

Slazinger said, "I hear you got hit somewhere around here?"

"Yes. I did. Right over there, on that knoll."

"I didn't sign up until it was almost over. I was in high school when all that stuff was flying around here."

Cabel was a little startled that anyone could have been in high school during the Korean War and now be a sergeant. He counted back. Why, in World War II, which didn't seem so long ago, the sergeant had been in kindergarten! Then he realized that it wasn't that the sergeant was so young. It was that he himself was getting old.

Slazinger said, "All the boys are sorry you're leaving, major. They thought you knew your stuff. How did you pull this bum duty anyway?"

"I was picked by a machine, I suppose," Cabel said. "I believe that's the way G-1 operates nowadays. They want a man with certain qualifications and they tell the qualifications to the machine. The machine flips out a card, and there's the man. In this case, they wanted someone who had languages, and knew something about Chinese psychology and Communist dogma, and who had been in Korea. The machine may have made a mistake."

"Machines are smarter than people," Slazinger said positively. "Before they relieved you, they ought to have talked to that machine again. I think you're getting a bum rap, major. We all do, all us marines."

"Thanks, sergeant," Cabel said. Perhaps he hadn't been picked by the machine after all, he thought. Perhaps they simply didn't know what else to do with him.

They drove on, presently passing ROK troops, on foot, who waved and grinned. On the hill to the right Cabel noted a ROK howitzer emplacement, poorly camouflaged. When the shooting stopped, all troops were prone to carelessness. Then they saw the four balloons, swaying on their cables, that marked the perimeter of Panmunjom. The truce sanctuary was only a mythical circle, a thousand yards in diameter, in a valley that was still no man's land.

They drove past the handful of crumbling, uninhabited huts that had once been the village of Panmunjom, so small that it was not even a dot on large-scale military maps. Panmunjom meant, literally, "Inn With the White Door." Cabel had never been able to decide which of these shacks had been the inn. They were all tiny, unpainted, and none had doors.

They drove to the bungalow in the exact center of the circle. It was still called The Tent because back in '51, when negotiations began, only a tent had stood on this spot. The bungalow's walls were neatly woven of rattan and bamboo, and fitted with picture windows. From these windows, it was possible to see the red-brown trenches snaking over the barren terrain. Once, through these windows, the men who talked of peace had simultaneously been able to watch the war, an eerie experience.

Altogether, it was a lonely and historic place, a place of legend and fable, fragile as the dust devils chasing each other over the eroded hills. Cabel remembered that many others, including admirals and generals of famous reputation, had found no victory here either. Panmunjom was a place of evil name, a graveyard of careers.

"There's the colonel's car," Slazinger said. "The big Chinese cheese beat us here today." He meant Colonel Han. There were five members on each truce team, but unless there were fresh incidents, or an agreement to be signed, the tedious task of daily meetings was left to Cabel and Han.

Several other cars were pulled up alongside the bungalow, cars bearing the insignia of the Korean governments, South and North. These were the cars of the official interpreters, but since Han spoke English perfectly, and Cabel spoke Mandarin fairly well, no interpreters were needed, or used. They appeared on meeting days, and vanished after a time, the South Koreans back to Munsan-ni, the North Koreans to the Communist base camp at Kaesong. What they did in these villages was their own business. It was not strange that while the dispute ostensibly was between Koreans, one side should be represented by an American and the other by a Communist Chinese, for the dispute eventually had encompassed the whole world, and conceivably could again. Cabel and Han did not so much represent sovereign states as states of mind.

Cabel, using his cane and escorted by Slazinger, limped to The Tent. Everything was exactly as before, as it had been yesterday, as it had been eight months ago, on his first trip to Panmunjom. The meeting room was dominated by the baize-covered, oblong conference table, eighteen feet long. On the table were a few ash trays and two tiny flags, a Communist flag on the east, the U.N. flag on the west, which was as it should be.

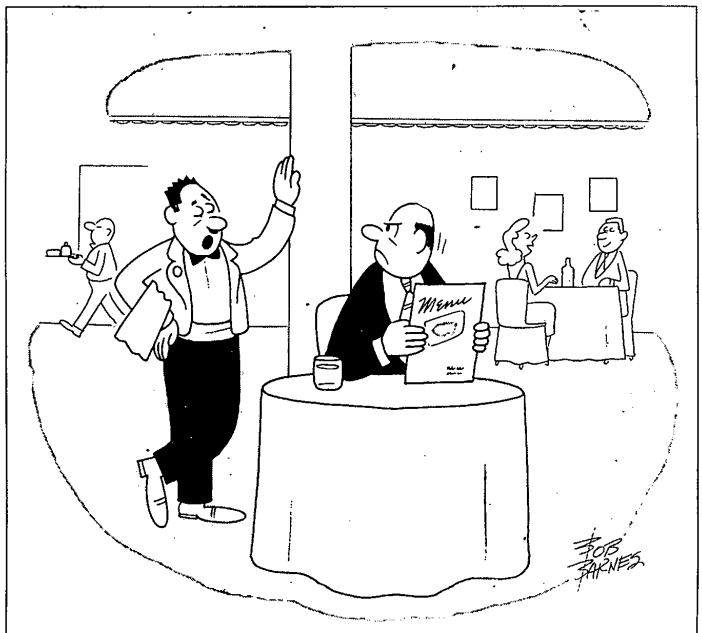
Han was already seated. He was smoking an American cigarette and chatting with two North Korean officers. Han rose, saluted, and Cabel returned the salute. Captain Pak, the chief South Korean interpreter, said, "Sir, will you be needing us today?"

"No. Thank you, Captain Pak."

The interpreters disappeared. Sergeant Slazinger left, closing the door behind him. Slazinger would join Han's driver, swap candy bars for vile Pyongyang beer, and they would lunch together and converse in pidgin Japanese and sign language.

Now that Cabel and Han were alone, a brief formality was traditional and necessary in accordance with the armistice agreement. They sat in their proper chairs, the heads-of-delegation chairs, with arm rests, once occupied by American generals and admirals, and Red generals, at the table's center. They sat erect, face to face, across the spotted, fading green cloth. Cabel began it. "Does your side have anything to bring up today?"

Han smiled. "Nothing." Colonel Han was younger than Cabel. He was a large man, as tall as Cabel but broader, and deep of chest. He wore North Korean as well as Chinese insignia, for officially he was technical adviser to the North Korean People's Army. He was a good, perhaps a brilliant soldier, in Cabel's estimate. Soon, doubtless, he would have a promotion. In any army he was general-officer caliber. Even now he exercised more power and political influence than he displayed on (*Continued on Page 69*)



"I'd recommend the Veal Scallopini—
with a bottle of wine to kill the taste."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(*Continued from Page 67*) his shoulders. Officially, a North Korean general was head of the Communist delegation. But it was Han who made the Communist decisions, subject to ratification in Pyongyang and Peiping.

It was now Han's turn. He said, "Does your side have anything new to present?"

After eight months, Cabel knew Han—his character, his idiosyncrasies, his mannerisms and tricks of speech—almost as well as he had ever known any man. By the use of the word "new" Han had just told him that the Communist position on Paul Culligan was unchanged, and discussion useless. Cabel decided to evade an immediate rejection, if possible. Once Joe—they had been on a first-name basis for some time, and at Stanford Han's nickname had been Joe—said *nyet*, then Joe could not reverse himself. To do so would be damaging to pride and face. Joe was Communist by adoption, and as a Communist he could change tactics and eat his words with cynical ease and speed. But Joe had been born Chinese, of proud and ancient family, and he was Chinese first and to the marrow.

So Cabel did not make a formal request, as he had every meeting day for seven weeks. He knew it would be instantly rejected, and after that there would be nothing to do but play gin until it was time to return to Seoul. Summary rejection would make it impossible to carry through his plan successfully. Instead he said, "Joe, you know in your heart that boy's not a spy."

Han looked at the end of his cigarette. "Communist Chinee hava no heart. Don't you know that, André? Me inscrutable, heartless Chinee."

"It isn't funny, Joe," Cabel said. "We've been through all this before, but you know as well as I do what spies are. When your side sends a spy south of thirty-eight do you send a blond, blue-eyed Russian? Of course not. You send a Korean because one Korean looks and talks like another Korean, and a man's politics is not tattooed on his forehead. And if we're interested in something north of thirty-eight we don't send a pink-cheeked, all-American boy who doesn't even speak the language, and infiltrate him by crashing his aircraft."

Joe Han kept on smiling. "Culligan had a camera on him, a very good one. Japanese copy of a German design."

"Sure. Who doesn't carry a camera on his first assignment overseas? I'll bet that when you developed the film all you found were the topographical features of h[illegible] girl, which incidentally are very nice. She's a Korean girl, you know." Whenever he mentioned Culligan's girl, Cabel emphasized that she was Korean. Han's principal, perhaps his only, antipathy for the United States was based on color prejudice, real or fancied. Cabel guessed there might be a few unpleasant or embarrassing memories from Han's years in California.

Han opened the table drawer and brought out a pack of cards.

Cabel persisted. "You know what Culligan's job really is, don't you?"

"Espionage," Han said firmly.

"He is assistant librarian at the American library in Seoul. O.K., he's a propagandist. But he's not a spy. Also, he's a minor poet. Some of his poems have even been published."

Joe Han shuffled the cards. "Only yesterday I discovered he was a poet. That's what he's been doing in his room—note that I said 'room,' not cell. He is being well treated. You know, do unto others.... Well, yesterday he invited me to read some of his poems. All his poems are about one person—a girl he calls Round Eyes. Is that the girl?"

"That's her."

Han's smile vanished. He spoke coldly. "Korean girls don't have round eyes. All Asiatics have eyes like mine."

Cabel's heart sank. He thought he had been making progress, creating sympathy. Now, he was worse off than before. Nevertheless, he told of the fad among Seoul's young girls, back in the war years, of the operation on the eyelids. And he said, "There must have been pictures of her in his camera."

"As a matter of fact," Han admitted, "all the pictures in Culligan's camera did show a Korean girl, no matter what the background was. When I get back to Pyongyang I will look closely, and see whether she has round eyes. Come to think of it, I believe she did."

"So you must know, Joe, that he isn't a spy."

"Of course I know that kid isn't a spy. But Pyongyang thinks he's a spy and Peiping thinks he's a spy and I am only a colonel."

Cabel made a key move in his game of psychological chess. "I know that you can handle Pyongyang, and convince Peiping, but that isn't the capital that decides, is it, Joe? Isn't there another place, called Moscow?"

Colonel Han's chin moved forward an extra inch, and a muscle balled at the base of his jaw. "Come on," he said. "Time's awastin'. Let's play gin." He extended the cards, "Cut for deal."

Cabel knew that for the moment it was inadvisable to press Han further. He was simply loosening the soil, and replanting the seed. Perhaps there would be no reward, or it would come late, to be reaped by his replacement, an Air Force light colonel presently teaching in Tokyo. Han must feel sympathy for Culligan, for Culligan loved an Asiatic and Culligan was a poet. Colonel Han, Cabel knew, also was something of a poet, in a secret way. And Cabel was certain, from past silences as well as words, that Han resented Russian authority, interference and domination. So Cabel said, "O.K. Let's play gin. How do we stand?"

"You're still ahead by sixty-three hundred yen." Eight months ago, when the gin marathon started, they had set the stakes in a neutral currency.

Cabel cut, and won the deal. It was now essential that he lose the sixty-three hundred yen.

From the first, Cabel had known he was the better player and had won consistently. Then he discovered that the more he won at gin the fewer arguments he won over the conference table. Han became short-tempered and abrupt, and Cabel realized that Han was losing face, which was more important than the money. Thereafter, Cabel managed to lose as often as he won; Han's disposition improved, and Cabel obtained more concessions from the other side. By the end of this session they must be even, so that Han would owe him nothing whatsoever.

So Cabel played very badly. His gin was abysmal. After an hour they stopped for lunch, Cabel sharing his sandwiches, Han his rice and chicken. Han seemed worried. He said, "Something's wrong with your rummy today, André."

"Just bad luck."

Han shook his head. "No. You're not yourself. What's up?"

Cabel hesitated, pretending reticence. Then he put down his cup and said, "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, Joe. You'll know Monday anyway. I'm being relieved. I have been replaced. You'll have a new gin partner next week."

"I am very sorry, André. I am sincerely sorry."

"I believe you, Joe." Cabel did believe him. "Come on, let's play. This is your last chance to get even, Joe. Make the most of it."

By three o'clock Cabel had managed to lose the sixty-three hundred yen. He sighed and tossed the cards on the table and said, "I guess that's it, Joe. Don't feel up to any more. My brain isn't working today. We finish all square. You don't owe me a thing."

"Right," Han said. "All square."

Cabel rose and stretched. "It hasn't been all bad, has it, Joe, these eight months? Give and take. As you said, do unto others. . . . I think maybe we did better than they do at the foreign ministers' level, or the summit. I have appreciated your patience, your companionship—I shall even say your friendship. I wish to show my appreciation."

Han laughed. "You have—by always holding kings."

"Something more than that. I remember, during football season, that you said you wished you had a radio that would pick up the Armed Forces Network, so you could listen to some of the games, and the good jazz concerts."

... ...

Aspiration

By Charles Lee

Afloat
On the blue tide
Of dawn,
Spirit-stretched,
Men can touch infinity,
Drifting down
That airy sea
Of intuitions
Toward sunlit ports
And unmapped knowings
Too radiant
For speech.

... ...

Cabel reached into his musette bag and brought out the package, no longer than his hand and not much thicker. He handed it across the table. He said, "Open it."

Colonel Han hefted the package, half frowning, quizzical lines around his eyes. "Booby trap? Plastic explosive?"

"If it is, I go up with you. Go ahead, open it."

Han opened it, his fingers fast and deft. It was a transistor radio, a very good one, carefully made, its case Chinese red and gold. Han held it in both hands as carefully as if it were a Ming vase.

"I remember you saying your side didn't have this type radio yet. Picked it up in the compound P.X. Wasn't expensive. It's adjusted to the A.F.N. frequencies. Notice the little earphone that comes with it. Just slip it over your ear and you can listen without disturbing anyone else."

Han examined the earphone. Cabel wondered whether, if this act became known, he would rate a court-martial. But if Churchill, across "the havoc of war," could publicly compliment Rommel, certainly he could present a radio to Colonel Han. Even if the gift accomplished nothing else, it would provide Han with American news as well as the football play-by-play. It would spread his side's story.

Han wet his lips with his tongue. He said, "I can't take it."

"Certainly you can take it. You must take it. Can you refuse a gift from one who calls himself friend?"

Han still held the radio. "It is true that I can't insult a friend by refusing a gift—and you have been a friend, André. And yet I cannot take it."

"Why not?"

Han spoke angrily. "Because I have nothing to give you in return."

"I don't want anything," Cabel said. "This is just a little token, a remembrance. Do not consider it a gift. Until the world is better. Then, if you wish, you may call it a gift, and give me something in return."

"When the world is better? When will that be?" Han plugged in the thin cord of the earphone, tried it, and smiled.

Han put the radio down on the table, gently. "I'm going to take a chance, André. I'm going to give you a present in return. At least, I think I can give you this present. I will give you Paul Culligan. They won't like it in Pyongyang, but I can handle the Korean general. Peiping may scream, but after the North Koreans agree, they'll have to go along. As for Moscow, I don't give a hang what they say. I mean it, André. I am all Chinese."

"Thank you very much for Paul Culligan," Cabel said softly. "I know you will be able to do it. Yes, indeed, Joe, I agree you are all Chinese."

When he returned to Seoul, at dusk, Round Eyes was there, in front of the billet, waiting. She saw his face and before he could get out of the jeep she said, "You have done it! They are going to send him back!"

For his own sake, and the girl's, Cabel could not allow himself to be optimistic, beyond the facts. He said, "I think there is a chance." He crawled out of the jeep stiffly, his foot aching and throbbing. He stretched, and told her what had occurred.

She listened and asked a question. "Do you trust him?"

Cabel was thoughtful. "I trust him." He went to his quarters, typed a dispatch to the Pentagon and packed.

Major Cabel was in his home in Houston, a week later, when it was announced that Paul Culligan had been freed at Panmunjom. A few days thereafter Cabel received orders to report to the Pentagon at once.

The two-star general in G-1 was apologetic. "There's been an awful flap around here about recalling you from Panmunjom," he said. "Everybody agrees that you did a wonderful job in the Culligan case. Took us off a very hot spot. Gives the Army a lot of face. Shows that we produce the kind of officer who can handle delicate diplomatic duties. In some parts of the world the diplomatic end is becoming as important as anything else we do. Strange thing is I can't find anybody who will admit responsibility for yanking you out of Korea. It must've been the machine."

"Oh, yes," Cabel said. "The machine."

"The computer keeps track of all officers sent overseas, and on temporary duty, and lets us know when their assignments are completed. This time he made a mistake, only it turned out not to be a mistake at all, because we need a man with your talents and capabilities in Bangkok right away."

"Wonderful city, Bangkok."

"It's a three-year tour of duty," the general said. "You can take your family."

"That's fine."

"The computer says you're the ideal officer for the job. The T.O. calls for a colonel, but I'm afraid we can't shove you up two grades because of the foot. It's a very responsible, important mission."

Major Cabel hesitated, but only for a second. He said, "I'll take it, sir." He saluted and left, trying not to limp.

THE END