

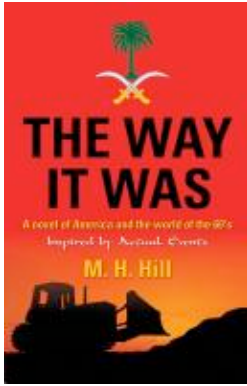


THE WAY IT WAS

A novel of America and the world of the 60's
Inspired by Actual Events

M. H. Hill





After serving as Military Attache to Saudi Arabia during the Yemeni war of the 1960's, Mike Ferrara returns to his home in the Detroit area, and becomes the Detroit Mayor's aide during the 1967 riots. Mike learns his father, a Michigan road contractor who died when his helicopter exploded, was killed by the Chicago Mob to keep him out of the Chicago construction market, and begins a vendetta against those responsible...

The Way It Was: A Novel of America and the World of the 60's

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This is a work of historical fiction, based on actual persons and events. The author has taken creative liberty with many details to enhance the reader's experience.

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THE WAY IT WAS

BOOK I

Chapter 2

State Department Building, Washington, D.C. 0935. 7 May, 1964

Mike Ferrara was seated in a comfortable leather armchair in a wood paneled conference room with Cyril Osborn, who had introduced himself as something like the First Deputy Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern Affairs and Chadwick Nesbitt who had a title that apparently made him Mr. Osborn's assistant. Mr. Osborn was describing to Mike the Department of State's role in world affairs and specifically that of the NEA's desk. After spending half an hour on the 'big picture' as he called it, Mr. Osborn indicated he was aware Mike had known Rahman Sultan at college but did he know anything about his family?

Ferrara replied, "No, sir, he never discussed his family."

Cyril Osborn continued, "His full name is Abdul Rahman ibn Sultan ibn Abdul Aziz Al Sa'ud, which means he is a grandson of the first King of Saudi Arabia, the nephew of the present King, and the son of Crown Prince Sultan who is the Minister of Defense. He is a Prince of the House of Sa'ud."

Mike was silent for a moment and then responded, "I suppose this explains my sudden popularity, but I still don't see what it has to do with me. I haven't seen or spoken to him since we graduated."

"I see you have on a rather large gold ring on. Your class ring?" Osborn observed.

"Yes Sir. VMI '62."

"I understand the Prince wears a similar ring and is quite proud of it."

"Damn right he is.....Sir."

"Lieutenant, the reason you are here is that we are considering recommending you as an Assistant Military Attaché attached to the Saudi Embassy in Jeddah. The primary reason you are being considered is your friendship with the Prince."

Mike responded, "Sir, I have no intention of using my relationship with a BR to..." Osborn interrupted raising his hand, "Bear with me." and continued, "Saudi Arabia is becoming a very important country both strategically and economically. I'll be candid. We here at State and for that matter the U.S. Government find the country and its politics an enigma. When Abdul Aziz unified the country and named himself king he also named the country after his family. He ran it like a family business and it is still run that way. In the past, no one cared what happened in Saudi Arabia. Now events there have the ability to shake the world order. We do not know how policy is determined, who shapes policy or even what their policy might be. You would not be a spy. The CIA is expected to handle that end. You would be operating open and above board as a diplomat and a soldier. As such, you would be expected to provide your government with information regarding military capabilities and intentions of the Saudi Government. In addition, you would be in a position to act as a quasi-official conduit for information the Saudi government might want to convey to us. "

"I have spent over ten years in the Middle East and have studied the Arab culture and mind. That mind is one in which trust of outsiders develops very slowly, if at all. Recently I have made it my business to look into the VMI culture and its initiation rites, the Ratline I believe it's called. "Ferrara nodded in assent and Osborn continued, "It is my impression the Ratline accomplishes its goal of instilling trust, camaraderie and *esprit de corps* very effectively. Perhaps better than any experience short of actual combat."

"The current rulers of Arabia were born and until recently lived in tents or mud walled houses in villages that lacked everything, electricity, sewers and water. Prince Abdul Rahman's generation, grandsons of the Old King, are beginning to be educated in the West and are somewhat familiar with our culture. We need to use every available means to open a dialog with the Sa'ud family and you Lieutenant are one of the means. The stability of Saudi Arabia is in doubt. In 1962, Nasser promoted a coup in Yemen by the Yemeni army. They drove the ruling imam from his palace in Sana'a, Yemen's capital. The plotters called on the Egyptians for military help, which arrived en masse within days. For the past year and a half, a civil war has been in progress. The rebels, they call themselves 'Republicans', control the capital and the south of the country with the Egyptian Army doing most of the fighting. The 'Royalists', the imam and loyal tribes, hold the mountainous north, the area that borders Saudi Arabia. They are ill equipped, fighting with single shot rifles, swords and daggers; untrained and unorganized. Last year the Egyptians sent Russian Ilyushin bombers over the southern Asir area and bombed the Saudi towns of Abha and Khamis Mushayt on the supply route to Yemen. In response President Kennedy ordered fighter jets to overfly Jeddah and Riyadh. These flights were never reported to the press but Nasser got the message and his incursions into Saudi Arabia stopped."

"And if that weren't enough, King Saud, the eldest son of Abdul Aziz who inherited the throne upon his father's death in 1953, has become world renowned by drinking, wenching and gambling his way across Lebanon, Greece and Europe, and his exploits are dutifully reported to his subjects by Radio Cairo. This is a King who is the keeper of the holiest sites of Islam, Mecca and Medina, and whose primary support comes from the devout desert tribes and the strict Wahhabi religious sheikhs and *Ulema*. If the Egyptian Army is to enter Saudi Arabia it must come through north Yemen since on the west is the Red Sea which we control, on the east the *Rub Al Khali*, arguably the worst desert in the world, where even the Bedouin don't travel. But if the Egyptians did pass through Yemen they would face almost no organized resistance from the Saudi Army or Air Force. In addition, the Al Sa'ud family is wracked by internal dissent, they have been trying to depose King Saud and pass the throne to his brother Faisal. Some have defected to Nasser and the family is in chaos. There are only two monarchies remaining in the Near East, the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and the Al Sa'ud. Jordan's King Hussein recently became the king when his father was assassinated, and he appears destined for a similar end. The London papers, both the *Financial Times* and *The Guardian* now place the Saudi monarchy at the top of the list for liquidation. That Lieutenant is the reason we need you. You are needed in Arabia for your connections with a Prince of the Royal House and believe me he needs you."

"Lieutenant, I have the Army's approval for this assignment but I would hesitate to make it mandatory. You would be working officially for the military attaché in Jeddah, Colonel Lochner. He is a good man, a top soldier and understands the Near East. But your situation would be somewhat unique. You will be provided with a means of directly accessing this office should you have need of it. It may be of value to advise the Prince you have this ability ...just a thought. The Ambassador and Military Attaché

would be made aware of your status and you would be given considerable latitude in your actions."

"Lieutenant, what do you think? Questions?"

"I believe I understand the mission," Lieutenant Ferrara responded. "I guess you can call me a volunteer and my first question would be when?"

Cyril Osborn looked to his assistant, "On our end, we could have the Lieutenant ready to go within a week and I would think if the Army were made aware of the importance of expediting on their end," Chad said looking at Cyril, "they should be able to match this schedule."

"I would like to go home and visit my mother in Michigan since I'm here in the States. A week at home would be fine. Then I'll need to clear with the 64th Engineers in Tripoli. After that I am at your service." Mike responded.

"Chad," Cyril pointed to Nesbit, "I want the Lieutenant in Jeddah in two weeks. Stay on it."

By the time Mike finished at State it was two in the afternoon. He got a taxi and headed for O'Donnell's Grill on "E" Street, a block west of Ford's Theatre, to consider his fate with a bowl of clam chowder and a Heineken or two.

He thought back to events leading to his upcoming trip and the strange ways of fate. His current position was indirectly a result of his attendance at VMI and that an indirect result of his maternal grandfather who was a farmer in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. His Grandfather was a Roman Catholic Scotchman of the Clan MacInnis whose ancestors had emigrated from Scotland in the eighteenth century when it became apparent the English Lords and Barons were planning to

impose the religion of the English King in Scotland. They had settled in the Shenandoah Valley. Mike's mother had been born in the valley and during Mike's early years she and Mike had spent part of each summer with her father at his farm.

His father and mother had met in Detroit where her sister was living and his mother visiting. Mike was the result of the union of Scotland and Italy and the result was a pleasant mix of some of the better traits of the two cultures and physical types. Mike was a well set up six foot with thick, curly brown hair, grey eyes, light complexion with a somewhat roman nose and was considered good looking, particularly by his mother, who was not alone in her opinion. Mike's grandfather had spent time during these summers teaching Mike of his southern ancestry, of his great grandfather who had served with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, and of VMI and the battle of New Market where the cadets had stood against the Yankee army and stopped them from moving further south down the valley. By the age of twelve Mike knew VMI was where he was going to college.

Chapter 3

Sunday 0700, 23 July 1967

The ringing of the phone woke him. Mike Ferrara answered, "Hello."

"Mike, Sean. We're in deep shit. Get down here." Silence from Ferrara's end. "You awake?"

"Yeah, Yeah. What was that?"

Sean tried again. "Wake up! Get your ass down here, meet me at my office at 7:30. That's half an hour. Got it?"

"Yeah, OK. I'll be there." Mike Ferrara hung up.

After taking a few seconds to curse Sean and the City, he rolled out, had a glass of juice and a cigarette, got a quick shower and was in his car in 15 minutes.

The residence hotel where he stayed, the Parkstone, was in Indian Village, a few blocks off Jefferson and less than 10 minutes down Jefferson from the City-County Building. It was a clear, warm Sunday morning with no traffic on Jefferson at this time except for a few Police cars, sirens and lights on going places, fast.

Arriving at the City-County Building he took the elevator to the 12th floor and he was heading for Sean Cassidy's office when he saw Cassidy with one of the boys in blue coming toward him.

Cassidy greeted him with, "Mike this is Captain Stan Kabinski, Stan, Mike Ferrara. You're on us, we'll fill you in on the way down. Early this morning the police busted a 'Blind Pig' on 12th St. They netted 70-80 people and while they were herding them into the paddy wagon a few resisted and had to be subdued. There was a crowd watching the action, hollering and so on, then someone threw a bottle, then more bottles and rocks and things started to get ugly. The Police completed the roundup and vacated the scene. You can fill him in from there Stan." Kabinski began, "That, apparently didn't calm the crowd, rather it fired them up and they began roaming the street breaking windows and generally raising hell. Right now we really don't know what's going on. We've got some units on 12th a few blocks north and south of Clairmont, where it started, but no one on the scene. The orders are to bottle up the problem for now."

"Which is where you two come in," Cassidy looked at both of them. "We've got to know what is going on down there and what might develop. Was this just an extra wild Saturday night or have we got a 'Watts' in the making?"

"The Army would call it a recon patrol; get in, determine the situation and get back with the report," was Mike's comment. "You got it. How long till you can get back Captain?" Cassidy asked Kabinski. He rubbed the back of his neck and stared off for a few seconds before replying. "Give us an hour."

"No more," the Mayor will be on my ass every minute you're gone. Go!" Cassidy ordered and headed back for his office.

Mike Ferrara followed the Captain to an unmarked nondescript Ford Sedan which was parked on the side walk beside the

Statue which was supposed to represent Detroit, at the west entrance of the building. Kabinski opened the trunk and took out a grey wind breaker which he put over his blue shirt, then two 12 gauge Remington short barreled pumps. Handing one to Mike he went back in for a box of shells.

"It shouldn't come to this, but if we get trapped fire over their heads. If we have to shoot anybody we better not come back here."

Mike Ferrara got in the passenger seat, put the 12 gauge on the floor at his feet, wondering if this was a bad dream. They headed up Woodward to Michigan and out Michigan toward Briggs Stadium, passing through what was left of 'Skid Row' at 70mph. Ferrara could see over coated bodies in the doorways and on the sidewalks. They were dead, practically though not legally, since most would get up when the stereo stupor wore off. Ferrara turned away from the view and watching Kabinski drive couldn't resist asking, "How did you rate this assignment."

"I work out of Headquarters and the Commissioner must have remembered me from the 10th when he walked in this morning." Kabinski replied.

"The 10th?" Mike questioned.

"10th Precinct. 12th Street is theirs."

They passed the Stadium and swung north on 12th Street losing traction on the brick pavement and sliding through the turn. The City was waking. They passed what traffic there was and crossed Grand River under a red signal. Ferrara was holding on and hoping the few pedestrians on the street were alert enough to see them coming. He could hear the radio cracking and spitting messages but didn't understand the codes and his ear wasn't tuned to the staccato bursts. At Grand Boulevard one car

was blocking 12th with a cop ready to detour any traffic away from 12th. They stopped next to the cop.

"Anything," Kabinski asked. The patrol man looked scared but answered calmly, "Quiet here Captain."

"You been up there?" Kabinski indicated north up 12th St.

"No Sir, we been stationed here since six." He nodded at his partner in the car." Sergeant. Brannigan left us here and is up around Euclid last I heard."

"Get him on the radio and tell him to meet us at Euclid," were Kabinski's parting words as he swerved around the blocking car and headed north on 12th. "You got a Map," Ferrara asked.

"Glove compartment", was the reply. He located 12th and Euclid on the map. 12th was one-way north and along with 14th, 3 blocks west which was one way south, were the main streets that ran through the mile between Grand Blvd. and Chicago Blvd. Sgt. Brannigan's black Ford was at Euclid, with two others, blocking 12th when they arrived. Kabinski got out and went to talk to Brannigan. Mike could see people on the street 200 yards north but no one was coming near the police blockade.

Kabinski was back to the car in five minutes. "This is as far as we' going on 12th from here. That's 'Indian Country'," Kabinski said nodding north. "We'll slip east to Wilson and check that out."

They moved east one block to Woodrow Wilson Ave. and north on that. While 12th St. was commercial, Wilson and the east-west streets were tree lined residential with cars parked both sides and 2 lanes for travel. It was a mixture of solid, older big brick houses, flats and small apartment buildings. There were people on the street. Many were small groups of young Negroes heading

west toward 12th. Other groups were standing outside their houses watching and talking.

Traveling a few blocks north Kabinski turned left on a side street, stopped and said, "Lock and Load Ferrara," handing him the box of 12-gauge double ought buckshot shells. "Remember only as a last resort and in the air. This one too," handing him the other shotgun. Kabinski put in the clutch, pulled the shift lever down into first gear and they crawled along in first toward the action. Nearing 12th they could see 20-30 blacks milling at the intersection. Kabinski just kept crawling up to and into the intersection with 12th where he turned right and kept moving as the crowd reluctantly parted for them and watched them pass. Kabinski kept looking directly ahead, only his eyes flashing side to side. There was an occasional rap on the hood or trunk as they passed and comments about 'The Man' and 'Whitey'. Ferrara tried to keep his head to the front but couldn't resist glancing to the side and behind at the broken store fronts with people in the buildings. The sidewalks were glass covered, door frames broken and empty and the protective grills torn aside on the sidewalk, with a trail of broken bottles, boxes and merchandise covering the street.

Then Kabinski said, "Shit."

Thinking he was referring to the general scene around them Ferrara agreed.

Then Kabinski said, "Smell it?"

He then knew what Shit meant, "Fire? Yeah, but I don't see it."

"Two o'clock upper windows," Mike could see a grey brown plume from a broken upper window. The first floor sign said Shoes, Furniture, House Wares, Men's Clothes. The street sign said 12th and Blane.

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The crowd so far had not bothered with the lone car creeping among them. They were busy with other things. They seemed to be enjoying the warm summer Sunday morning and the bargain merchandise available on 12th. They were running on glass and trash and the bumper was pushing boxes and an easy chair ahead of the car. Between the people and the trash that littered the street and the occasional vandalized parked car it was becoming more difficult to move, and it looked worse ahead.

Kabinski turned right on Blane and as they passed the corner store a flickering fire could be seen inside. Off 12th they were back among the residences and out of the mob. Kabinski picked up the radio and called in the fire. It was 0820. They headed north on Wilson to Chicago Blvd and swung west one block to check the units blocking at 12th, and then back east to the Lodge Freeway and south toward downtown. Ferrara pumped the unused shells out of the shotguns and returned them to the box on the way and waited for Kabinski to say something.

Then he did, "How many people you figure out on 12th?"

Mike Ferrara looked at his map. "I count 12 short blocks from Grand Blvd to Chicago Blvd. Say there is 100 per block and there is more than that in the north half. Shit, that's 1-2 thousand people at 8 in the morning with more on the way. Unless they get tired and go home you've got problems."

As they headed south on the Lodge they saw three cars heading north lights flashing and sirens screaming. Kabinski spoke, "Lootings one thing. After you take it you've got to drink it, eat it, hide it or take it home. It all takes time and effort. But if those niggers start burning it's a new ball game. When you steal something you've got something to lose. If they burn those stores, their own neighborhood stores, its final; they're gone for good, and things will never be the same. Those people this morning weren't mean, they think it's a lark, free shopping,

catch me if you can. If the fires start it's no longer a game, its war, anarchy. I'm betting that's what it will come to unless we shut this down right now. Every black in this City is watching, waiting to see what we do. There are another hundred places in this city where this could happen."

They abandoned the car on the sidewalk in the care of the Statue, headed in, up the elevator and to Sean Cassidy's office. It was 0835 when they walked in his door. Cassidy was waiting. Kabinski gave him a brief report of their trip and findings. Cassidy then informed them that the Fire Trucks that had responded to the scene on 12th were being hit with bricks, concrete, bottles and calling for Police assistance.

"Why would they stone the Fire Squad?", Mike asked.

Sean Cassidy shook his head and looked to Kabinski. "They're getting their blood up. They're getting a taste of power and are starting to like it. Don't mess with us, we're in control here. They're becoming a mob instead of just a bunch of looters." was Kabinski's comment.

"I hope you're wrong." Was Cassidy's comment. "I know they are waiting to hear from you at Headquarters. Thanks, that's all I need you for."

Kabinski got up and headed for the door.

"Captain, one more thing," Cassidy stopped him. "were you in on the 'Kercheval Incident'."

"Yes, Sir, sure was." Kabinski replied.

"How would you compare this with it."

Kabinski put his hands on his hips, rocked on the balls of his feet, looked at the floor, and out the window then walked back toward Cassidy's desk and leaned over it toward him. "Cassidy, I been shot, stabbed, hit by you name it and I don't scare easy, but this one scares me." He stood up and continued. "Kercheval was a walk in the park compared to what is down on 12th. This has got to be put out right now, or the genie is out of the bottle. We've got to do whatever it takes, and I mean do it now, while we still have a chance," he got to the door, "That is my professional opinion, for what it's worth." and when out.

Sean Cassidy sat there looking at the top of his desk with his jaw hanging loose. He looked ill. He was afraid this was the moment of truth that all men were said to face. He knew he couldn't count on the Police Commissioner Ray Girardin for a plan of action. Ray Girardin was formally a reporter for the Free Press whose beat for many years was the DPD. During those many years Ray had not endeared himself to the Department. He saw himself as a community watch dog and as such had been free with his criticism of what he viewed as Departmental excesses. Upon his appointment by Mayor Cavanagh his colleagues in the Press had labeled him the "humanitarian" Commissioner. If decisive action was what was required in this situation, he could be certain Commissioner Ray Girardin was not the man who would provide it. This was apparent when as his first act, more accurately non-act, of the crisis he had not stopped the normal 0800 shift change. The night shift had gone home as normal with the admonition to be on call if needed. The commissioner had felt any change in the routine could be viewed as provocative by the negro community. The Mayor, upon being awakened by the Commissioner and informed of the disturbance, proceeded to contact the negro leadership, urging them to get into action and get their people back in line. The Mayor had also called the papers, the three local TV channels and the most influential radio stations and asked them to put a hold on all news of the "disturbance". Since it was Sunday and

no one was downtown, the Mayor thought it might work until sometime this afternoon. By then they would have things under control. Sean Cassidy looked up and saw Mike Ferrara looking at him strangely. Sean had forgotten him. Ferrara moved to get up.

"I'll get out of your way."

Sit down, I need you to bounce some ideas off." Sean noticed Mike's empty cup.

"Sorry, I'll bet you haven't had any coffee yet."

"I could use some," was Ferrara's reply.

"Pour me one too will you?" Cassidy handed him his cup. Mike poured two coffees, brought it over and put one on the desk, sat down and said, "I'm obviously missing something here, if you have the solution at your fingertips, why not do the Kercheval action again?"

"Mike, this is between us. We, this administration, have held out the olive branch to the negro community in every way possible. One of their major requirements has been that we get the police under control, OK, we have. The quid pro quo was peace in their Community. So what do we do now, let the cops loose before the negro leaders can get into action and stop this? If we did call on the DPD will they follow orders? Shit, they might just decide to have another round of the 'Blue flu'. Wouldn't they love to have the Mayor begging them to save this City."

Sean Cassidy was up, pacing, waving his arms and red in the face in the best Irish tradition. After a few laps around the room he calmed down and continued. "OK, to answer your question re. Kercheval, if Kabinski's analysis of what is going on out there is even close to accurate, then he is right, 12th isn't a rerun of Kercheval. It's much bigger and much more serious."

Mike Ferrara had had enough. He stood up. "God damn it! You want to know if Kabinski is right. I'll tell you, he's right. This is serious. What do you people intend to do? Sit here and wring your hands and hope you can politic your way out of this? Blame someone else? There isn't anyone else. That's why you're sitting up here in this office. You've had two years since 'Watts' and the Newark riot was last week. The ashes are still hot. You mean to say you people don't have a plan? Don't know what to do? You're going to let them destroy this City while you sit up here covering your asses."

Mike Ferrara made for the door, stopped and turned to Sean Cassidy, "Fuck you! I quit," and opened the door.

"Hey!" Cassidy hollered at him, "you don't quit! I need you, we. this City needs you. You don't quit!"

Ferrara hand on the door knob turned and glowered at him.

"You want action you'll get action. Sit down." Mike closed the door and sat.

By 1000 Kabinski had been seconded to the Mayor's office for the duration and together with Ferrara they were the Mayors field team with orders to go where the action was and report directly to the Mayor's office. The Mayor was still trying by any means possible to get the negro leaders on the street. Cassidy was trying to get the Police Commissioner to organize the sweep which it was becoming apparent, was the only offensive tactic the Department had prepared for such an eventuality. The Fire Department was running full out. An all negro Fire Battalion was being organized by drawing from units throughout the City. It was hoped that a negro unit would have more success than the predominantly white units which were unable to work without police protection.

The Police units holding the south 12th St. roadblock at Euclid reported that looting was occurring south of them. It would be necessary to clear the looters to the south or move the roadblock. The units were repositioned a half mile south at Grand Blvd, leaving 12th from West Chicago Blvd. to Grand Blvd, slightly over one mile, to the Mob. It was imperative that Grand Blvd be kept open. Henry Ford Hospital was on the north side of the Blvd a short five blocks east of 12th. It along with Herman Kiefer Hospital ½ mile north were both on the west, 12th St. side of the 'ditch', the Lodge Freeway, and were already handling injured from the 12th St. area. Just east of the Lodge was the New Center area that included the General Motors Building, the Fisher Building and many upscale Hotels, restaurants and stores. This area could never be surrendered to anarchy. The riot would be contained in a one square mile area bounded by Grand Blvd on the south, Chicago Blvd. on the north, the Lodge Freeway on the east and Linwood on the west. This area was almost exclusively Negro.

The Mayor had, by using all his influence and making only God knows what promises, managed to get the press, radio and TV to hold off any reports of the 'Troubles' on 12th. How long this agreement would hold was questionable? The theory was that soon the 'Troubles' would be over and reporting it while it was occurring would cause it to spread. In fact, the noise of the fire, police and ambulance sirens along with the clouds of black smoke blotting out the clear sky over the near west side made it clear to anyone in a ten-mile radius that something was wrong and a phone call to a relation or friend or a drive over would soon confirm it. The only people that weren't aware of the 'Trouble' were those in the suburbs. They could care less what was happening on 12th as long as all was well Monday morning when they came pouring south on the John Lodge to work downtown.

1130. 23 July, 1967

Ferrara and Kabinski were in an unmarked car heading out of 1300 Beaubien, Police Headquarters. Kabinski was conducting a one-man debate on the pros and cons of a White Castle burger vs. a Coney Island dog. White Castle apparently won since he pulled in and ordered a sack full of the greasy little things and two large coffees. Ferrara threw in a buck and took a black coffee. His stomach was still in the early stages of recovery from last night. His Mother had set up a dinner with a lady friend of hers and her daughter. Dinner was at one of Mother's favorites, the Fox and Hounds, on Woodward in Birmingham. After dinner, dessert, coffee and after dinner drinks his Mother had, as he had been certain she would, commented that although it was getting late for the older folks, but you younger people would undoubtedly want to go out on the town. This was of course his cue to ask his Mother's friend's daughter, Diane, if she would like to go somewhere. She of course had to query her Mother and her Mother of course agreed provided she didn't stay out too late. They had left the two Mothers at the restaurant, looking pleased with themselves that their plan had succeeded. Diane suggested a coffee house in downtown Birmingham where they had spent two hours listening to folk songs by long haired, bearded, guitar playing singers. Diane had talked about college and life there the entire time. She was at Brown and learning to be 'socially aware'. By the time she wore down and he could take her home it was midnight. He then had to drive to his place in Detroit.

He considered staying at his Mother's but had had enough socializing for one weekend and got on the freeway and headed south. The freeway ended at Jefferson right near the Playboy Club and to get to his apartment it was necessary to go by it, which he didn't manage to do. He dropped his Corvette with the valet, went in, flashed his 'Key Card' and found a spot at the Playmate Bar. The Club and building were new, open less than a year and it was well done. It was a place any young up and comer or middle-aged type staying current would be proud to

take a date, wife or business associate. It was 'The Place' to go in Detroit. An attempt to provide everything in an English Gentleman's Club that would be desired by a young American. The fact that at 12:30 Sunday morning it was nearly full was an indication of its draw. He felt comfortable here at the bar and after ordering a Black Russian he spent the time talking with a few guys his age about things. The Playboy's were discussing some of the weightier world issues such as the Beatles; good even if they were Brits. The Motown groups; good but probably too 'Detroit' to be widely accepted. The Belle Isle 'Love-In' last month too bad they missed it. The Club and Bunnies; super no question. Then the hassle the Club was getting from the State of Michigan about being a Private, members only Club came into the discussion. The boys were bemoaning the open club concept and one of the group was mimicking a family from Romulus. "Sam, let's go out for dinner tonight. I've been cooking for months and need to get away from the kitchen. Sure dear, where would you like to go. Oh, I don't know, Sarah's Diner? The Holiday Inn? I just can't decide. Hey, I've got an idea, says Sam. How about the Playboy Club? But I thought you had to have a Key to get in Sam. Na, now that the State won't allow private Key Clubs anybody can go. Well... I don't know. I've heard they have bunnies. Bunnies! Holler the kids. Can we come to? Is it like a zoo? Can we pet them? Sam responded, No, No petting. Hef won't allow it, and so on. The War wasn't discussed. It was a subject where everyone had an opinion, and many held fervently enough to cause trouble between the best of friends.

Mike couldn't help thinking that if he had stayed at his Mother's house he would probably be getting up now oblivious to Detroit and its riot. "Shit" was Mike's comment to no one in particular but since Kabinski was the only one around he answered. "True," through his White Castle.

"Kabinski, on the way to this riot do you think it might be appropriate to stop and pick up a bottle of something to calm the nerves and strengthen the resolve."

Captain Kabinski turned from his driving, a grin on his face. "I thought you looked a little peaked this morning but help for your malady can be found in that gym bag on the floor in back. You will find a nearly full bottle of Polish Courage, which is just the thing when visiting the 'Big One Two', 12th Street to you White Boy."

Mike reached in the back and unzipped the cloth bag imprinted with the words 'Jos. Campeau Lanes- Hamtramck' and extracted a fifth of Imperial. He unscrewed the top and carefully poured some in his coffee and took a sip. He could feel the magnificent harsh burn of the raw liquor all the way down. "Ahh...the real thing."

"Only thing to drink on the way to a riot," replied Kabinski and held out his cup.

The sweep was scheduled for 1230. Ferrara stayed in the car monitoring the radio, Kabinski mingled with the army of police and press forming at 12th and Grand Blvd. Things had quieted down around noon and there was some unspoken hope that the 'thing' was wearing down on its own. These hopes were dead by 1300 as reports of more fire, looting and injuries flooded the air. By 1345 Fire Department emergency calls for police protection were being answered with 'nothing available'. Apparently the mob didn't like the negro fire squads any more than the white. They were also being driven off. It was almost 1400 before any coordinated move to clear 12th was underway. Ferrara talked with the press during the wait and Kabinski kept his ear on the radio. Some of the press photogs wore bandages from previous forays to 12th and were being treated like wounded vets by the new guys. They were planning to follow the police line and

hoped for some action, but not too much action. All but two were white.

Kabinski reported that a problem had developed over what orders the police were operating under on the sweep. Girardin was saying that it was up to the field Commanders to determine what action was appropriate, and in the next breath reminded them that he believed the Mayor felt that firing would only be appropriate if an officer was down and a positive I.D. of the shooter was possible. He further reminded them that unnecessarily antagonizing the crowd would, in his opinion be counterproductive. With these ringing words of support, they were sent out to stop a riot.

The area of 12th from Grand Blvd to Chicago Blvd, would be cut into sections with the police moving in from the east and west. The crowds in each section would then be dispersed or arrested. Kabinski and Ferrara donned their riot gear and joined the group going in on Euclid. They rolled into the intersection of 12th and Euclid, sirens howling and flashing lights announcing the arrival of the patrol cars, busses and trucks filled with helmeted riot squads carrying carbines, shot guns, night sticks and side arms. The squads hit the street, setting up two lines facing north and south on 12th. The crowds fell back away from the intersection and milled in the street and on the sidewalk, leaving a no man's land between the opposing forces. The street was four lanes wide lined with retail stores and shops. Looking south the white helmets of the next squad taking position on Seward St. could be seen vaguely through the smoky haze. Between them were the crowds and barricades of vehicles and debris blocking the street. Further south smoke rolled from buildings, the west wind carrying it across the street. The crowd, black men and boys with a few women shuffled, mumbled and watched the show, waiting for the action to begin. The Police held position while the Commanders radioed their situation reports. the standoff continued and some of the crowd

that had made for the exits began to filter back drawn by curiosity when the furious entrance wasn't followed by furious action as they had expected. A few of the crowd eased closer to the police lines, throwing a few comments at them, hoping a response might signal their intent. A young boy on a bike peddled down the helmeted line, oinking and calling for the pigs to go home, secure in the immortality of youth. The pigs held their line, searching the crowd's mood from behind their face shields. The Commander produced a bullhorn and ordered the crowd to disperse. This continued for a few minutes while the crowd milled and shuffled aimlessly. Finally, the skirmish line moved forward. They walked slowly and deliberately, gun barrels up. The crowd parted in the middle and after lobbing some debris at the white helmets moved to the sidewalks and began to filter between the buildings and down the side streets.

A few of the more belligerent ones who had been urging the crowd to hold their places chose to stand their ground and were arrested along with whoever could be found inside the smashed store fronts. The Commanders went back on the air, reported their situations and asked for further instructions. Kabinski and Ferrara were standing at the intersection with the reserve officers and Press, watching the scene.

"Text book case of non-violent crowd control." was Kabinski's comment.

"Yea, I guess it was," Mike agreed.

"Shit." Kabinski went off mumbling.

"What was that?" Ferrara turned heatedly to him.

"You don't understand do you!" Kabinski looked at him incredulously.

"No, what the hell are you trying to say?"

Kabinski shock his head, exhaled loudly, paced around the car and began. "OK, up till this point there was the threat of retribution. Every one of these assholes have been looking over their shoulder, waiting to see how we would react. Now they know."

It was Ferrara's turn to pace around the car. "OK, so I'm a little slow. I see what you're getting at. My Grandfather might say, 'The cat is out of the bag and it's a pussy'."

Kabinski said "Meow," and walked away.

The Mayor had finally got some of the negro 'Leaders' on the street to talk to their people. Congressman Conyers whose district included 12th showed up on the street with a crowd of reporters and cameramen and a backup squad of police, who he kept out of camera range. Professional that he was he had the press get their photos of him with his bull horn, exhorting the crowd, before turning it on and introducing himself to the curious mob. Shortly after he introduced himself and started the impassioned speech his staff had taken six hours to prepare, he was driven off his perch and off the street by a torrent of verbal abuse, garbage, rocks and trash. His constituents who had never seen him before apparently considered him a lackey, bought and elected by the white UAW Union and said so. The others who the Press and the UAW considered negro 'Leaders' met a similar reception. After returning from 12th, in their comments to the Press, they seemed genuinely perplexed at the reception they had received. State Senator, and future Mayor, Coleman Young came back to his mother's house from Lansing, set up on a lawn chair in her front yard and waved to his constituents passing by with their loot.

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At 1630 the Detroit Fire Department issued a Code 3-777 'Instant recall of all personnel', a condition code that had been created during WWII and had never been previously used.

The sweep units were called back and the police went back into blocking positions around the 12th Street square mile. Kabinski and Ferrara were returning downtown. Ferrara was driving. Kabinski was slouched in the passenger seat sipping from his bottle.

"OK, what should have been done?" asked Ferrara.

"Done what?"

"How could this have been stopped. Short of shooting them all."

"What difference does it make now." Kabinski replied.

"You're the one that's so God Damn critical, what would you have done."

"Same as any cop over the rank of Patrolman would have done. It's no secret."

"Humor me."

Kabinski sat up and screwed the plastic cap back on his bottle of Imperial. "You get a unit of say... 100-150 men, better get two units and hit two spots. One is 12th and Clairmount, that's where it started and the other say Euclid just to make the point. These units set up to come in from all four sides at once. They come in like gang busters. Full riot gear, shot guns, tear gas, masks, sticks, everything. They cut 12th one block north and south of Clairmount and block Clairmount both sides of 12th. Then on command they fire four separate volleys in the air from the North, South, East, West, so everyone on 12th knows where they

are. An attention getter. You close in from the north and south with two ranks shoulder to shoulder and squeeze the crowd between you. All the while announcing over bull horns that everyone in this area is under arrest. Then, and this is important, you show you mean business by firing in front of the crowd into the pavement. This load can be bird shot. But they'll know we're not firing blanks when they feel the ricochet off the pavement. The remainder of the loads are double ought buck, which you shouldn't need to use. The first rank then goes in and splits the mob into manageable size units and arrests them while the second rank stands guard, shot guns ready. You arrest all you can handle and transport. You pick the worst ones and if necessary let the others go but not before you put the fear of God in them and make sure they know that the next looter seen on the street is a dead mother. If you have trouble with the arrests you put on your masks, gas the crowd and drag them off vomiting and choking. I'll guarantee the looting stops, right now. All that's required is a patrol car cruising the area to show the flag. End of riot on 12th Street and anyone considering trying it in any other area will get the word, 'the Cops are kicking ass and mean business.' Just like the word is out now, the Cops ain't shit. By tonight this whole town is going to be like 12th."

Mike Ferrara got out at the City-County Building and went up to check in with Cassidy, while Kabinski went off to Beaubien. Mike briefed Cassidy on the sweep. Cassidy brought him up to date on major developments elsewhere, none of which were favorable.

Sean Cassidy's Office. 1700. Sunday 23 July 1967 (First Day)

"The Mayor is meeting with community leaders to discuss our options, of which there are none." Cassidy reported shaking his head.

"I'm afraid we will be forced to call Romney (George Romney, Governor of Michigan, and Republican Presidential contender)

for help. That will really hurt him, not just politically, but personally. Jerry is trying to find a way to bypass Romney and go directly to the President. Even if we could legally and it doesn't look like it, Washington would most probably resist. They want the Governor stuck with the onus of this for as long as possible before the President sends the Army in to save him and us. Romney has the Guard and State Police standing by and ready to move when the Mayor makes a formal request."

"You mean the Mayor is going to request the National Guard?" Mike asked incredulously.

"That's all there is since he can't spare enough State Police to have much effect and once we ask for help George will be in charge, not us." Sean replied.

Mike Ferrara asked. "Do you know anything about the Guard?" Cassidy shook his head in the negative.

Mike Ferrara sat back and looked at Sean Cassidy. "How can I describe the Guard to a non-military, Irish, City boy like you," He paused lit a cigarette and said flatly. "Picture the Elks Club with guns."

Sean Cassidy looked right at him for a few seconds. "It's not a joke, you're not kidding are you." Mike Ferrara slowly shook his head from side to side. "No, I'm afraid not."

2030 (First Day)

Kabinski and Ferrara cruised slowly north, in a marked DPD car, up Woodward. There was little traffic, all of it heading north out of the City. At 2100 a curfew would be in effect. The Mayor had made a formal request and National Guard units and a few State Cops were arriving and taking up positions. At Grand Blvd. they came across the first "Guard" troops, a Corporal, a Private and

two Specialist 4th class standing on the sidewalk near some wooden DPD barricades. Apparently they were waiting until 9 to block off Woodward and Grand Blvd. Kabinski stopped the car. They both got out and walked over to the troops. Mike Ferrara went up to the Corporal, produced his Military identification and his City I.D. and spoke to the Corporal who continued to stand in a relaxed position, his M-1 Garand rifle held by the barrel with the butt on the pavement. "I'm Lieutenant Ferrara, U.S. Army Reserve and an aide to Mayor Cavanagh. This is Captain Kabinski of the Detroit Police Department." No response. Lieutenant Ferrara continued, "Corporal since you are on active duty, charged with the responsibility of this intersection I would expect you to come to attention and have your men do the same." The Corporal gave the order and the group lined up and came to a posture that vaguely resembled attention. Their weapons were M-1 Garands. "Are your weapons loaded?" Lieutenant Ferrara asked. "We were issued some bullets but they aren't loaded. At least not mine... Sir."

"Have your men do Inspection Arms Corporal," Ferrara responded.

The Corporal turned to the men and gave the command, "Inspection Arms." The men brought their weapons to Port Arms, drove the bolt back to the open position and one live round was ejected from the Private's rifle, hit the concrete with a metallic clink and rolled off the sidewalk, over the curb, into the gutter with another clink.

The Corporal went over to the Private "God damn it Webb, I told you not to load until I gave the order."

"Sorry Jim, I just wanted to be ready case anything happened."

The Corporal motioned to Ferrara to step away from the men and said. "Lieutenant my men are a little nervous about being here. We were up at Summer Camp in Grayling, they alert us there's a problem in Detroit, load us on trucks, drive us down here and now the four of us are on a street corner in Detroit and told to stay here till relieved. None of us ever been to Detroit, we're a Quartermaster Unit out of Port Huron."

"Ok, this is what we'll do," Ferrara replied. "your job is to setup these barricades and not allow anyone passed unless they are in an official vehicle or have I.D. and a pass. The curfew is in force at 2100 hours. Do you have communications?"

"I've got this Prick 10 (PRC 10 radio) but I guess it don't work. No one answers when I talk."

"We'll have the cops come by every hour and you can use their radio if you need anything. Now let's make a plan for your barricades and the way you're going to operate here." Ferrara pulled out his Luckys. "Need a cigarette?" "You bet," was the response.

Ferrara and Kabinski drove west from Woodward on Grand Blvd. toward General Motors Headquarters. Its utilitarian bulk loomed up on their left, the granite façade abruptly stopping at the 14th story of identical windows. The ground floor was open to the public and displayed the Company's newest products. The remainder of the building was off limits to the public. The 14th floor was the sanctum sanctorum, the executive floor. It was here the most exalted GM executives resided and controlled the destiny of what was widely regarded as the most powerful Corporation in the world. This floor controlled half the cars sold in the United States and had no interest in selling in any of the relatively miniscule foreign markets. Imported cars accounted for less than 10% of U.S. sales and these sold to special markets. The hippies bought VW Beatles and micro busses, to be

different. The old rich bought Mercedes and Rolls to prove it. The young rich, wind in the hair types, bought the British and European sports cars to be uncomfortable. Californians bought a few toy Jap cars for their wives, God only knows why. The 14th floor couldn't relate to California.

That is not to say GM didn't have its detractors. The smaller auto companies like American Motors, their former CEO George Romney and now his successors were constantly urging the government to break up GM. These pleas fell on receptive ears in Congress which was constantly introducing bills and holding hearings to determine just what GM was doing that was wrong. The consensus was that it was just "too big". A Congressional staffer concluded it was "the world's largest industrial enterprise and the world's largest private government, a sovereign economic state, unaccountable to the citizens of any country." In other words, Congress couldn't control it.

Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, the self-appointed economic guru of the Eastern Liberal establishment made himself rich and famous by proving conclusively that the massive, modern multinational Corporation, read GM, would take over the Country and then the world That it was "Invulnerable to competition and dangerous to society."

Ralph Nader was also becoming famous, although he refused to become rich, by proving GM could build a safer car but would not, and was now attempting to convince Congress to make GM build them and people buy them.

The 14th floor could care less about these, nattering, nabobs of nihilism. Their old nemesis the United Auto Workers Union (UAW) was now a member of the team. They had a working agreement; GM would provide the management, materials and facilities, and in return for the highest pay and fringes in the

world and control of the shop floor the UAW would assemble cars for them.

Kabinski pulled the car up in front of the main GM entrance, triple 60' arches supporting a covered entry leading to the main building with the words GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING above the central arch and clock above, all in grey granite. The entrance projected the message for all employees that when you entered this portal you were on General Motors Corporation time. Ferrara walked up to the arch below the clock, it said 9:10. "Stop where you are. This is General Motors Property and you are trespassing." A disembodied voice commanded.

Ferrara stopped and said "I'm Mike Ferrara aid to the Mayor and I'm with Captain Kabinski of the DPD. We are checking the area and wanted to verify you are OK here."

A GM Police officer stepped out of the arch's shadow. "This is GM property and them spear chucker's know better than to screw with us." He waved his hand in a downward motion and Ferrara saw the movement of what appeared to be two shotgun barrels being lowered in the shadows.

"Stan, this is Monkowski." The GM cop hollered. "You get this shit straightened out or me and the boys will come out there and we'll end this bull shit in a flash."

Kabinski hollered back from the car. "You hold the fort here Monk. We'll take care of things out here."

Ferrara went back to the car and they headed across the deserted Grand Blvd and 2nd St intersection to the Fisher Building. While constructed as an office building it appeared like a cathedral of the high middle ages. Its single spire, with the green copper roof and gold cap, was visible throughout the City. The highly decorated exterior included gargoyles. It's vaulted

ground floor concourse spared no expense. Floors, walls and ceilings in marble and gilt, with terracotta ornamentation and a rococo style with Mayan and Aztec accents. What might have been blank spaces contained brightly painted wall murals and designs.

They cruised slowly along the west side of 2nd St. and stopped at the Fisher Theater entrance, which was dimly lit. Kabinski rolled down his window. "This is Captain Kabinski Detroit Police. Things OK here?" A uniformed Fisher Building cop came out under the marquee "Yah. It's quiet here but I heard what sounded like trouble up by the Saks Building. You might want to head up there and see what's going on."

Kabinski said thanks, turned on the lights and siren and they headed north on 2nd. The Saks Fifth Ave Building was across 2nd street from the Fisher Building and in the next block north. The street lights were all lit on Grand Blvd and 2nd behind them, ahead they were broken, the area dark. The large plate glass windows were broken and empty. This was Saks Fifth Ave. Detroit store, a big 4 story Building. Ferrara said, "I've been in there with my Mother and that place is full of very valuable stuff. We better go in." He reached for the shot gun.

"Mike, sit tight. We're not here for that. I'll call it in." Kabinski got on the radio, gave a condition report and asked for some cars down here at Saks. The response was that it is logged in and the request is on the list. A very long list.

"Looks like their rent-a-cops either took off because of the looters or joined them. If Saks wants this store protected they better do it themselves. Appears we're fresh out of protection." Kabinski said as they did a few tours around the area, seeing furtive shadows among the building that disappeared at their approach, and cruised slowly further west on Grand Blvd by the boutiques and bistros, 'Topinkas On The Boulevard' and the

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others that catered to the theater crowd which appeared to be generally intact. They continued past the Harlan House Hotel to the John Lodge and headed south toward downtown.

Chapter 4

0020 hours. Monday 24 July 1967. (Second Day) The Mayor's Office

Mayor Jerome C. Cavanagh was at his desk speaking on the phone. Sean Cassidy sat in one of the soft leather sofas his head nodding, eyes closed. If anyone were to look north to the City beyond they would find the downtown area was quiet, as would be expected on a Sunday night. Looking beyond they would notice that much of the horizon was painted a burnt orange.

The Mayor had been receiving condition reports every half hour. Since darkness covered the City they became steadily worse. Large City maps covered the walls of the conference room where aids stood by pinning the locations of major disturbances and others plotting graphs of the police reports by time and frequency. In the early minutes of the Second Day, while many of the City's residents stoked the fires that sent sparks and flames rising in the dark sky like a new charge into a blast furnace, the Mayor had called his friend Hubert in Washington.

The office door opened from outside and a disembodied arm rolled an open bottle of Old Overholt, 151 proof Jamaican rum, into the room. While Sean watched it roll slowly across the floor toward his desk a match lit its tail and the flames moved like a crown fire across his white, deep pile carpet toward him. He wasn't able to move. He had to move.... his eyes opened and he was looking into the haggard face of Governor George Romney

who was speaking to him. Sean fought off his desire to close his eyes and take his chances with the rum fire.

"Governor, my apologies, I was dozing...I guess." Sean Cassidy stood, shook himself awake and made for the credenza and the coffee pot. "Jeez, I need a coffee, can I get you one...ahh... anything, Governor?"

Since the Governor didn't drink coffee, tea or caffeinated soft drinks not to mention alcoholic beverages, there was very little in the Mayor's office to pacify him. In any case the Governor was not about to be pacified and he nodded toward the Mayor whose back was to the door, feet up on the credenza behind his desk and asked to whom he was speaking. "The Vice President, Sir." was Cassidy's reply.

George Romney's eye brows lowered, his mouth tightened and his jaw jutted even further forward into his- I'm very displeased to hear that you people would attempt to circumvent your Governor and deal directly with Washington, but in view of the people I am working with I'm not surprised-look. The eyes fixed on the back of the Mayor's head or the need for a drink caused him to swivel around. At which time he interrupted his phone conversation to say he had, "Hubert" on the line and would the Governor care to have a word with him. Returning to the phone, "Hubert, George would like to say hello." He passed the phone to George, got up and went to make a drink.

"Mr. Vice President..." "George it's good to hear your voice," the VP interrupted him and continued in his high falsetto voice. "I am so very sorry to hear of your troubles there in Detroit. It comes as a surprise and shock to all of us here that this unrest could occur in a Model City like Detroit, but I am confident that with people like yourself and Jerry on the scene that this will soon be resolved and Detroit will emerge stronger and wiser, etc....etc.... and you have my personal assurance that, etc...."

Hubert continued in his sympathetic very sincere monologue at some length.

The VP was in fact a truly sincere man who had sympathy for all of mankind's woes and not having personal resources, soon found that sharing the resources of the Federal Government with those he judged in need was personally satisfying and enabled him to reap political rewards.

The Governor waited impatiently until the VP's high, kindly whine wore down and began his pitch after the usual platitudes. George dropped into the Hubert mode, explained the situation and told him that he and Jerry might need some help in the form of Federal troops and anything he, Hubert, could do to assist in making them available, should the need arise, which of course they all hoped and prayed would not come to pass, but on the other hand it etc., etc.

Hubert on his end waited sympathetically until George finished his backing and filling and replied in all honesty that if it were up to him they would have whatever was needed but as VP his authority was limited to an advisory role and as they all knew the President was currently dealing with a number of problems and he would suggest the Governor speak to the Attorney General (AG), Ramsey Clark. After ending his conversation with the VP the Governor said nothing and seemed lost in thought.

"Jerry, I'm going to call the Attorney General and tell him that Federal troops may be required, just to be on the safe side."

The Mayor didn't respond. "Do you have a problem with that?" was Romney's question.

The Mayor finally responded. "It seems as though it is the prudent thing to do."

George Romney then called Ramsey Clark, the Attorney General (AG), who was in bed and after a very brief conversation informed him that Federal troops "Might be required in Detroit." The AG then called the White House and after receiving authorization and instructions regarding the Governor, called Harold Secor, Secretary of the Army, and instructed him to prepare for a possible movement of troops to Detroit. The SEC Army then called General H.K. Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, who thereupon called the Commander XVIII Airborne Corps at Ft. Bragg, N.C. The XVIII Corps was composed of the 82nd Airborne Division stationed at Ft. Bragg, units of which were always on alert as an immediate response force ready to move and fight anywhere in the world within hours. The 101st Airborne Division, the other part of the XVIII Corps was stationed at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky, some of their units had seen action in Vietnam. During these hours Ramsey Clark had received more detailed instructions regarding the conditions under which Federal intervention might occur. LBJ's position was very clearly stated to his AG and could be described briefly as follows. If George Romney expected help from the White House, he had better learn to grovel.

Not only was George Romney running for the Republican presidential nomination to oppose LBJ in the 1968 election, LBJ also had a personal dislike for George and considered him a pompous, holier than thou religious nut. The AG called Romney and informed him of the administration's position in political but unmistakable language. There ensued a series of phone calls and telegrams between the AG and Governor in which Clark wanted Romney to formally declare he was unable to control the situation and the word 'Insurrection' be used in his request for troops.

It was Clark's belief that the state of affairs in Detroit was being 'substantially exaggerated' by Romney. This was in part due to the calls General H.K. Johnson made to General Simmons,

Commander of the Michigan National Guard and Inspector Arthur Sage of the Detroit Police who both indicated they did not believe Federal troops were needed. This convinced Clark that Romney was playing politics, as usual. AT 0600 the SEC Army called the AG and asked whether he wanted the alert up graded to a movement order which would be necessary now if the troops were to be in Detroit by noon. Clark's response was he could "probably start letting down," but the situation was still fluid.

By 0715 that morning the XVIII Airborne Corps Commander reported to General Johnson that he had plans prepared, ready for implementation to move one Brigade of the 82nd Airborne Division and one Brigade of the 101st Airborne a total of 5,000 men to Detroit when ordered.

At 0815 Governor Romney phoned the AG, and read a lengthy telegram requesting troops. It "Officially recommended the immediate deployment of Federal troops into Michigan to assist local and State authorities in reestablishing law and order in.... Detroit." Romney indicated that less than 4,000 Guardsman, 500 State Police and 1,500 Detroit Police were available at any one time and they were unable to cover a city the size of Detroit, 139 square miles. He also indicated there was "no evidence Detroit was in a State of insurrection."

At 0945 Romney after conferring with local leaders, including Walter Reuter the UAW Union President, sent another telegram again officially requesting Federal troops.

By late morning it was apparent to the White House that neither the problem of Detroit or the Governor were about to go away and at 1040 the President met in the Cabinet Room with a few of his advisors. These included Robert McNamara the Secretary of Defense.

Robert McNamara had made his reputation at the Department of Defense, the War Department at that time, as one of the 'Wiz Kids' who helped win WWII by optimizing production through the use of numerical analysis. When Henry Ford II, AKA, 'Hank The Duce', finally gained control of Ford Motor Company from his father's cronies he brought in the wiz kid number crunchers including McNamara to find out if FoMoCo was making or losing money. After extensive crunching the answer was, losing a lot, but, not to worry, there was still plenty left. Henry II then followed GM's example and reorganized the company placing the financial group in control with McNamara in charge.

LBJ and McNamara were currently fully immersed in micro-managing the War in Vietnam and had little time for Governor Romney or Detroit and the meeting was adjourned to be reconvened later in the day.

Ferrara and Kabinski were touring the city at first light. Things were relatively quiet. The riot was resting. It had been a bad night, the looting, burning and shooting had spread throughout the City.

The majority of the City was holed up, guarding their property and hoping it was over. Fires were burning along the main commercial streets. Buildings had been hosed down and others burnt down. Most of the worst fires had been asphyxiated but continued to smolder internally, exhaling the putrid smoke of an oxygen starved burn as though the City was a smoldering garbage dump or a vast ashtray. The Police and Guard had check points at the major intersections but had not been able to establish control of any of the major thoroughfares during the night. The riot seemed to flow around their check points and they had the uneasy feeling that they weren't in control but rather under siege and being watched from all sides from the dark. The Guard troops, who had no training in riot control, lacked leadership and direction and had no knowledge of the

area, were lost and scared. During the night they could hear the noise and see the fires around them and occasionally could see shadows of the 'night fighters' and responded with blind indiscriminate firing. The Detroit Police had armed themselves with their own long guns, most of them their own deer rifles and shotguns brought from home. Many had been on duty more than 24 hours and were worn, stressed, mad and ready to fire at anything that resembled a looter.

Their squad car was slowly traveling up Grand River Ave, stopping at the check points, Kabinski talking to the cops, Ferrara to the Guard. Most of the traffic during the night was emergency vehicles, fire trucks and ambulances. Most of the check points admitted to taking 'Sound shots' during the night, with the quantity of brass shell casings littering the intersections bearing mute evidence.

Mike suggested they run over to the Michigan Bell Building and get a report from Lem Nixon. They were at the north limit of the area considered passable. Grand River Ave. northwest of Grand Blvd. was a no go zone unless you had a heavy military escort and preferably an armored vehicle. It was 'Indian Territory' even in the daylight.

They found Lem having breakfast at the Lindell across from the Bell Building. Mike introduced Captain Kabinski, they both ordered a big breakfast and asked Lem about conditions.

Lem replied, "We've got the building almost topped out and we've got a good view to the northwest toward 12th. I've got at least ten men at all times, all armed, four up top with scoped rifles and glasses and the rest patrolling the building perimeter. Occasionally the guys up top report cars moving into the area and dropping off men looking for loot. We give them two quick warning shots and if they don't beat a hasty retreat we open up from above and we move to engage them from down here. Only

had to do that twice. The word gets out and we haven't had much action since. We're having a hell of a good time. Just wish there was a little more action around here."

"There is plenty enough up the road," Mike replied.

They finished breakfast and Lem grilled them on the latest developments. They thanked Lem for breakfast and prepared to leave and Lem said. "You need any help I got 40-50 volunteers standing by waiting for a call, most with military training. You just say the word."

They drove east on Michigan Ave. to the City-County Building and entered the political arena which was in as much chaos as the rest of the City.

The biggest conference room, now the Situation Room, was in a frenzy. Mike picked two press status reports, handed one to Kabinski and read the first day statistics. These included a report on riot related incidents on an hourly basis, arrests and injuries, all in the multi hundreds. There were no confirmed dead reported Sunday but there were a number of dead reported during the Sunday night Monday morning period.

Chapter 5

The White House Washington DC, 1100 Monday July 24, 1967
(Second Day)

The President directed Robert McNamara to issue a movement order to deploy the Paratroops to Selfridge Air Force Base, northeast of Detroit and called Cyrus Vance and requested him to serve as the President's man on the scene, to evaluate conditions. The President had used Vance, formally an Assistant Secretary of Defense, for special assignments in the past and Vance of course had no choice but to accept and left Washington with a party to make an on the spot assessment at 1400 hours. An airlift of two Brigades left Ft. Bragg and Ft. Campbell at the same time.

Arriving in Detroit Vance made a quick tour by auto and reported to the President that he did not currently see the need for Federal troops. Romney is said to have commented in reply that "rioters gotta eat too." Vance passed by the Police Command post at Herman Kiefer Hospital, did not stop and didn't speak to any police. As afternoon faded to evening the impasse continued and Governor Romney's statements to the press became confused and contradictory. The UAW President Walter Reuther and the black Congressman Charles Diggs Jr. spoke to the President and continued to urge the deployment of troops. Congressman Connors refused to recommend troops fearing "it might inflame the rioters."

THE WAY IT WAS

LBJ finally reluctantly gave in and issued a proclamation that the riot "Cease and Desist," and ordered Federal troops into the City at 2320. The President then gave a radio address at midnight. During the short, 7 minute, speech he stated 6 times the reason he committed Federal troops was because George Romney could not control the situation.

Units of the 101st and 82nd Airborne were on the streets of Detroit's east side by 0230 of the third day.

City-County Building Tuesday 25 July 1967 (Third Day)

Mike Ferrara found an empty canvas cot in the corridor near the Command Center and fell into it with an olive drab wool Army blanket and slept for four hours until 0600 when the morning activity began. He made coffee at the pot in his office and prepared to face the day, dirty and unshaven, then had a change of heart, left word where he was going and went home. On the drive up Jefferson Ave. he saw troops of the 82nd at the major intersections. These troops stood erect and carried M-16 rifles cradled in their arms with highly polished jump boots and starched green fatigue uniforms, pants bloused over the boot tops and an emblem of a silver parachute and wings over their left pocket. They bore no resemblance to the National Guard troops and didn't appear to belong to the same Army. When he arrived at the Parkstone he noted the Indian Village area was undamaged although he had noticed a number of stores along Jefferson had been broken into and a few burned. After a shower, shave and a change of clothes he was back in the Command Center at 0730 where Stan Kabinski was reviewing statistics. They were shocking. The count was 15 dead, 1500 arrests, hundreds of injured and 600 some fire runs. The hospitals were over capacity and had beds in the halls. The court system was over whelmed and prisoners were being taken to pens out at the State Fair Grounds.

Chapter 2

August 1958 Job Site Michigan State Highway Department Project.

The man stood beside a dust covered red Ford pickup and watched a cloud of dust moving toward him. The dust was created by a yellow Cadillac traveling down the clay grade at high speed. The Cadillac arrived, depositing another layer on the pickup with Hampton Construction painted on the door and Bob McCoy, the waiting man.

McCoy nodded and greeted the man who emerged from the Cadillac. "Howdy, Mr. Hampton."

Hampton replied with a slap on Bob's shoulder, "How the hell are you Bobbie."

"She's go'n pretty good, stays dry and we'll have this piece whipped in another week or so."

Wade Hampton was already looking beyond him, where, off in the distance, he could see twenty-odd yellow monsters moving in a carefully choreographed routine, the object of which was to move 100,000 cubic yards of dirt from an ever increasing hole, the borrow pit, off to their right and place it in an ever decreasing depression to their front where the roadway lead.

They watched for ten minutes as the scrapers, AKA, pans or pulls, picked up some 20 yards of dirt from the borrow pit and hauled it a ¼ mile down the grade where they spit it out and returned for another load. If the show went as planned the scrapers would never stop, only slowing down to load and unload. The scrapers came into the pit empty, at full speed, slowed and made a wide turn back to the direction they had come. Approaching the cut-area they lowered the cutting edge on the bottom of the pan, shifted to lowest gear, cutting into the clay and put the pedal down, forcing the dirt into the bowl. As the load in the pan increased slowing down the forward progress, the push cat, a tracked Caterpillar dozer, clanked in behind, put its massive blade against the scraper's rear steel ram and pushed until the scrapers bowl was heaped full. The scraper raised its cutting edge, dropped the closing gate at the front of the bowl and labored out of the pit while the dozer dropped off to pick up the next one. At the fill area the scraper raised the front gate and activated the push face at the pan's rear forcing material out while on the move. The unloading had to be done in a controlled manner. If the dirt was forced out too slowly, the scraper would be out of the fill area before he was empty. If the dump was too fast, the rear wheels, which had to travel over the material being deposited would bog down and he would be hung up until a dozer arrived to push him off.

McCoy winced inwardly each time one of his operators got bogged down loading or unloading. It happened, but not often or for long. They, the operators, were good. He knew it and he know Wade Hampton knew it.

McCoy had been in the business for ten years. He had operated most every piece of equipment and was enough of a mechanic to know what made them run. He had been with Hampton five years now, had become a superintendent, and was planning to stay with him. They were both country boys and spoke the same language. But his Boss was more than just a good old boy who

could talk a farmer out of his last mule. This boy was going places, either big or broke and McCoy was planning to stay around to find out which.

McCoy know that a lot depended on this job and how he handled it. Most of the company's dirt moving equipment was right there. This was their chance to show the Highway Department, the banks and the Yankees in the business that these country boys came to play. However, it went, McCoy knew it beat slopping hogs in Arkansas. Wade Hampton finally turned and moved toward the pickup. "Take me down to the pit."

They drove the job, through the borrow pit, down the grade, through the fill area and to the next cut and fill section, Hampton asking questions, McCoy answering. On the return Hampton gave his orders. "I gotta have 20,000 yards a day out of this iron to do any good out here. I figure you might be getting 17-18,000 now. Go to 10 hours starting today, six-ten's while the weather holds. The deeper you get into that cut the wetter that clay will get. We get any rain you'll be down 2-3 days. Cut a sump off on the far side and grade it off every night so it'll drain. I'll get you a disc out tomorrow to help break up the clay."

"OK." McCoy nodded, "Boss, we're having trouble keeping up with the pans on the fill. You know we could really use a dozer on rubber, like the Tournatractors they got out. They could move fast, knock down the loads the pans dump and pull a sheep's foot or disc if need be. Those tracked Cats are so goddamn slow."

"Yeah," Hampton replied, "I got a salesman from Telford Equipment calling me every week, trying to push them. I think you'll stick them come the first rain, but we could shore use them today. I'll see if I can make a deal and have them send one out as a test. Shit, if they do half what he claims they could do a lot of good on that fill, rather than chewing up the tracks on

those Cats.... How you fixed for operators? I may have one or two coming loose next week if you can use'm."

"I got one kid out there thinks he's a cowboy. I give him a couple more days to shape up or he's down the road. Yea, if you got anybody free send him down." McCoy replied.

"I'll send out another mechanic to help change engines in that D-8 tomorrow. Get him back to the shop as soon as you can spare him." They arrived back at Hampton's Cadillac and Hampton peeled a couple bills from the wad of cash he carried and handed them to McCoy. "Bring in a few cases of beer Saturday after work, the boys might be get'n thirsty by then, and we're having a little cookout at my place Sunday next, be sure you bring the kids and the Mrs.- you hear."

"Yes Sir, Mr. Hampton, we'll all be there."

Wade Hampton got in his Cadillac and headed back down the grade leaving a trail of dust. He stopped at a pay phone, called his office about the disc and mechanic he had promised McCoy, then headed North toward the Straits and Mackinac Island where the Road Builders Summer Conference was starting tomorrow.

Dropping his car for valet parking at the Arnold dock at Mackinaw City he boarded the ferry as they pulled in the gangway and cast off. The departure horn brought the gulls off their white topped wood cluster piles and they accompanied the boat out of the harbor, squawking for attention. Mackinac Island was visible on this clear sunny day five miles Northeast. A moderate breeze out of the Northwest was raising whitecaps on the deep blue- green water of the Straits and they began to roll as the waves caught the port beam and passed under. Wade Hampton surveyed the lower deck loaded with cases of canned goods, crated vegetables, bikes, luggage and those passengers

who preferred to stay out of the wind. He climbed the stairs to the open upper deck, took a spot along the port rail and looked to the Northwest where the bridge connecting Michigan's two peninsulas was nearing completion. The Bridge would mean the end of the car ferries which the State Highway Department had operated between the two halves of Michigan for the last fifty years and the end of hours of waiting on the docks for the ferry during the summer and the 12-20 hour waits during deer season.

He considered the Bridge an interesting lesson on the political process in Michigan. The Bridge had been built neither by the Highway Department or the State but rather by the Mackinac Bridge Authority a quasi-official body created by the State of Michigan. The Authority had been given some seed money and the right to collect tolls on the Bridge if they could finance and construct it. The Authority had gone to D.B. Steinman one of the top bridge design firms who produced a preliminary design and cost estimate, and then the Authority went to the New York Bond Men to sell the idea. The Bond Houses were convinced of its economic feasibility and underwrote \$100 million worth of bonds which, they sold, and were to be repaid from the toll fees. During this period from inception to completion there was of course a chorus of comments that it was unconstructable, because of unstable foundation soils, ice jams, strong currents, high winds, and other hazards yet to be imagined. Then there was the specter of the suspension bridge in Seattle which had dropped its main span in the water a decade ago with a number of people on it. But this one had been constructed on schedule, under budget, and was scheduled to open this year. The politicians were now lining up to have their picture taken at the grand opening of the 'Mighty Mac'. As he looked at the Bridge he thought of its construction; of the men that sunk the foundation caissons into the limestone 200 feet below the lake and the men who assembled the massive towers and hung them with suspension cable 500 feet above. Even he was awed by their

accomplishment. Now after five years of construction these men, known as the 'Men from Mackinac' were gone, looking for the next big job and telling stories to anyone who would listen about the 'Big Mac' bridge, the longest suspension bridge in the world, which they had built.

Looking toward the Island the white Grand Hotel was immediately and unmistakably apparent with its thousand-foot façade spread along the bluff, above the lake. Columns supporting the green roof ran the length of the building with an American flag at each column and another atop the cupola at its center. Left of the Grand, along the west bluff ran a string of 20-30 room, Victorian style, summer homes that were dwarfed by the Grand. To the right of the Grand, separated by the golf course, was a large white house which served as the Governor of Michigan's summer home. Further east on the bluff the stone palisades of the old British fort overlooked the village and harbor.

They rounded the breakwater and made fast against the long wooden dock. He made his way down the dock toward the shore and was met by a group of young men calling the names of the Island's hotels and the unmistakable smell of horses. The Grand's barker asked for his luggage tags, he had none, his wife had driven separately with the bags, and indicated the coach to the hotel. The coach was a maroon enclosed English Stage with wooded spoke wheels, rear entry and seating for eight. It's two horses were harnessed in black leather with silver fittings. Up top was the red coated coachman, his high black hat complementing the tall black brushes on the horse's forelocks. He knew no automobiles were allowed on the island but the main street filled with milling tourists, bikes, horse drawn carriages and their smell, was still unexpected. He asked the coachman to ride up top since the passengers for the Grand would easily fill the coach. As they clopped slowly west along Main Street the coachman allowed that most of these 'Fudges'

would be gone back to the mainland by six o'clock and the island would quiet down. The coach made its way out of town; the horses settled into their harness, lowered their heads and started up the hill on the boulevard leading to the Grand Hotel. They passed a small stone church and golf course on their right. The coachman heard his passenger mutter something about 'being damned' and cocked his head to find him look in to the left where a helicopter sat on the large lawn area below the Hotel.

"First one of those I ever seen up close," the coachman offered.

"First time I ever seen that one." replied Hampton.

"What's that writing on the tail?" The coachman asked.

"FERRARA CONSTRUCTION," Hampton read the lettering.

"He must be staying here. You know him?" the coachman asked.

"He's a Road Builder," Hampton replied.

"Must be a good one." the coachman responded.

"Must be," was the reply.

The driver dropped the conversation, continued up the boulevard, swung left along the front of the Grand and stopped under the yellow canopy at the center of the porch. Wade Hampton handed the coachman a bill, climbed down off the coach, up the red carpeted stairs leading to the lobby and made for the desk.

"I'm Wade Hampton, my wife should be here already. Where ya keepin her?"

The desk clerk flipped through a box of cards and replied his wife had checked in, gave him a room key and wished him a pleasant stay. He pocketed the key and looked over the lobby.

The lobby included the front center section of the building with windows looking out on the porch, the trees and pool below, and the lake beyond. It contained a loose arrangement of a variety of furniture that invited lounging. It was time for afternoon tea. The black formally dressed waiters with pots, cups and cakes on their silver trays moved among the guests spread through the room in relaxed disarray. The people in their multi-hued clothes gave the impression they belonged here. Wade Hampton couldn't say he felt the same.

At the East end of the lobby was a sign, Salle a 'Manger. Through the arch he could see a long, seemingly endless, room where black waiters were making up tables. After watching them he concluded the far end was mirrored, but mirrors or not it was the largest dining room he had ever seen. Retracing his steps to the desk at the center of the lobby he located the Carousel Bar. The pink and white décor and prancing ponies were not what he usually encountered in a bar, but.... One booth in the corner contained three men and one was waving and hollering his name. It was a long, dry, drive up and these peddlers might as well buy his bourbon as anyone else. He ambled over and in his best down home drawl said. "I see you boys all herded up here just waitin to grab some poor country boy and sell him a stony piece of ground."

One was Jim Clark, a salesman for Telford Equipment. Virtually all of Hampton's equipment was Caterpillar and Telford didn't sell Cat, but he continued to call or stop in at Hampton's office anyway. The second was Greg Maston a cement salesman for Peerless Cement Company, Hampton had run into him at various functions, bid lettings and conventions over the years. Greg attended them all. Greg was one of the thoroughbred

salesmen of which each cement company kept a full stable. Greg rose to his six foot plus height, held out a bronze arm and grasped Hampton's hand in an extra firm but not quite bone crushing grip. Staring deep into Wade's eyes, he declared in a well-modulated baritone how pleased he was to see him here with such sincerity that Hampton, who considered himself a better than average bull shitter, knew he was in the presence of a real pro. The cement business was one of the few which had no price competition. The manufacturers in the Michigan market had a gentleman's agreement that set a price that would provide a fair return on their not inconsiderable investment in manufacturing facilities while keeping it low enough to discourage outside suppliers from entering the market. Since the fine white powder which was sold as Portland Cement was virtually identical whether it was made by Peerless, Huron, Dundee, Aetna, Penn-Dixie or Medusa, the buyers; contractors or concrete suppliers, bought the brand their favorite salesman sold. The only thing a cement salesman was not capable of providing was information, other than price, regarding his product. If a technical question arose regarding the use of the cement or the production of concrete, it was immediately passed back to a technical representative to answer. This policy of technical ignorance in the sales staff was encouraged by the producers. In an industry where a significant number of 'concrete' contractors described themselves as 'cement' contractors, the lack of technical expertise in the cement industry sales staff went largely unnoticed.

The last of the trio was Skip McClellan the sales manager for Michigan Tractor and Equipment Co, the Caterpillar dealer for southeastern Michigan. Skip was the elder statesman of the group and what the other two might aspire to be in twenty years.

His white hair contrasted with his deeply creased, tan face, developed after thousands of hours on the golf course and an

occasional trip to the job site to watch his products perform. His solid bulk which got him a football scholarship to Michigan State University thirty years ago, had since developed into what might be described as the early stages of obesity. His greeting to Hampton took the form of controlled backslapping and civilized name calling. Wade Hampton sat down as the waiter came rushing over.

"Get me a double sour mash, easy on the water, get these high rollers another and give the bill to this brown fat one." Hampton ordered.

"You're in good form today Wade," said the brown, fat CAT peddler.

"I was out this morning watching some of that iron you sold me work, before heading up here. That is a goddamn long drive, bout time somebody built a freeway up here." Hampton replied.

"It's in the program, Ohio line to the Soo, no stop lights, 400 miles of concrete, four lanes wide." Greg Maston couldn't help himself.

"I suppose you boys already got figured out your commission on the cement and iron it'll take to build that 400 miles." Hampton replied.

"Maybe I should start selling 'Whirly Birds' if that's what all if that's what all you contractors will be buying when this program gets rolling." Clark offered. "Mario Ferrara has been giving rides all day to anyone brave enough to go up."

"Shore is a high priced toy." Hampton commented.

"Mario swears by it; says he doesn't know how he got along before. And now with all this new work and him working out of

state also, he figures it will be a necessity." Maston offered in defense of his best client.

"No shit, is that so." was Hamptons comment. "Oh, it's undoubtedly the wave of the future Wade." Maston persisted, missing or ignoring the sarcasm.

"Well, I'd surely enjoy staying around and drinking your whiskey all day, but I got to check in before Becky dumps my cloths out in the hall." Hampton downed his drink and got up.

He pointed at Jim Clark," You call me next week, I might take a look at those rubber-tired dozers of yours. Even though Skip tells me they won't push horse shit downhill."

"Yes Sir, Mr. Hampton, they are great pieces of equipment and I know you could use them." Clark replied.

Skip broke in, "I'll have Marg call Becky and see if you're available for dinner."

"Whatever the girls set up is fine by me." Hampton said on his way out.

Jim Clark suddenly remembered he had to leave also, and hurried out in Hamptons wake.

"Looks like CAT better think about getting some rubber on their dozers." Greg Maston couldn't resist the chance to get a shot in.

"I don't make'm, I just sell'm", replied Skip wearily, knowing Maston wasn't interested in an explanation of the pros and cons of rubber tired vs. tracked dozers.

"I never got a chance to talk with Wade before, since he doesn't do any concrete paving. Seems like a real 'Good old boy'. Where'd he come from?" Asked Maston.

"If that's your way of asking what brand of Red Neck he is; he never says much about his background. Kentucky, Tennessee I would s'pose. But I don't think it's the Bluegrass Country. I would suspect he is more familiar with mules and moonshine than thoroughbreds and Walking Horses." Skip answered.

"You know, a lot of our truck drivers have that kind of accent, I was never too sure where they were from. Anyway, I hope Jim can sell him a couple dozers, I mean, since you don't make'm. He looks like he is hot to buy some." Maston said.

"Now you may be under the impression that since Wade Hampton falls into what you might think of as a 'Hill Billy' and since you might think of them as whisky drinking, truck driving, women chasing, guitar playing, honky tonkin, fools, that makes him one too. Well, I'll tell you something, just between us peddlers. He may or may not be all the rest, but he ain't no fool. Now, I could go on and continue to give you the benefit of my years of experience in this business but I'm not quite drunk enough...yet. I think I will go up and dress for dinner and then get down to some serious drinking. See you at dinner."

Skip McClellan was up and leaving the table as he called back to Maston. "Get the tab will you, I'll get it tomorrow."

Dinner was in the Salle a' Manger. Wade knew that was where the mules ate back home. If that's what they called the dining room up here it was O.K. by him.

Dinner was an event which began with the Sommelier, who carried a huge gold key hung on a heavy gold chain around his neck, who made recommendations; he then took the wine order

and sent the cocktail waiter for the drink order. One person at each table then filled out the dinner order card by polling everyone at the table and checking off the order on the card provided.

The waiter arrived, reviewed the order, answered questions and began delivery of the appetizer, soup, salad and on and on. Delivery of the dinner was not a small part of the production. It was served by tuxedo clad, black waiters traveling throughout the huge room at a pace just under a run, carrying four-foot diameter trays over their heads stacked 3-4 deep with covered dishes. One of the Detroit contractors commented that he knows they weren't from Detroit, they moved to fast. They were in fact from Georgia. Many had spent 20 summers at the Grand as waiters, and the Maître d' and the Captains had 30-40 summers. It was a profession not a job. After spending two hours over dinner, desert, coffee and after dinner drinks, the guests moved to the lobby where a string ensemble was playing. Coffee and after dinner drinks were being served by black waiters, dressed as though this were a Mongol palace during the Raj. If they were out of place on Mackinac Island, no one seemed to mind.

By now the band was playing for your dancing and drinking enjoyment in the Supper Club, off the lobby. The band quit playing at 10:00, 11:00 on Saturdays to allow those guests with the good sense to go to bed, to sleep. Those with less sense could move out of the hotel to the Snack Bar across the road, which also served as the 19th hole during the day. Or, they could get a carriage to take them downtown where some of the hotel's bars had entertainment on weekends, in season.

The Island's saloon keepers kept close tabs on the conventions and could tell with great accuracy how business would be based on the type of convention being held. Some groups like the Educators, had the desire but not the money, others like the Medical types, had the money but preferred to drink to excess in

private. The Road Builders were one of the few groups who met the highest expectation of the Island's saloon keepers. Not only did they have the money and the desire to create a public spectacle, it was considered by many to be a sacred duty. The Snack Bar, whose placard above the piano read 'Entertainment by and for the Guests' and a painting below of a clown with the words, 'Scaramouche- He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense the world was mad.' The last call came at 1:30, as required by Michigan Law, to a nearly full house and by 2:30 the absolutely final last call. They finally had the place vacated by 3:00 AM, as the last carriages from town dropped those who had ventured downtown, back at the Grand and headed for the barn.

Breakfast the next morning was a quiet affair. Most of the women had the sense to remain hidden in their rooms and it was a predominately male group which quietly nursed their coffee in the dining room. A few managed to retain the bon home' of the previous evening, probably indicating they still hadn't sobered up. Others of the group looked down right ill. Most were watching the parade the waiters lead down the Salle, to gauge how their competitors had fared. Jim Clark came down for breakfast alone, and while being escorted to a table, noticed Wade Hampton sitting alone at a two-person table set along the windows. He broke away from the black clad waiter and asked Hampton if he could join him. He was, of course, invited to sit and the waiter filled his cup with black, hot coffee, which he sorely needed. Jim Clark was one of those who still retained some of last night's spirits in his circulatory system and proceeded to regale Hampton with the highlights of the previous night's events. Hampton, still waiting for the coffee to relieve some of the dull ache behind his eyeballs, wasn't able to match Clark's enthusiasm and listened with minimal interruption.

Much of Clark's story involved Jim Dunnigan, who in his usual high spirits, had provided much of the entertainment at the

Snack Bar. Dunnigan's Company was an Associate Member, a supplier of the Road Builders and he had a house on the Island's East bluff and of course a carriage. As such, he felt he had an obligation as host to entertain the members to the best of his ability and his ability to entertain was, in the best Irish tradition, legendary.

After closing the Snack Bar, Dunnigan had taken any Road Builders who were still walking, in his and another carriage, commandeered from the Grand, to his house for a night cap. On the way it was necessary to pass the Governor's summer residence. Dunnigan, who was a dedicated Democrat and a friend of the Governor G. Mennen Williams and his wife Nancy, stopped the procession at the Governor's residence and Dunnigan lead the group in a chorus of 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'. When the lights flashed on and off in what Dunnigan described as the Governor's bedroom, he was persuaded by some of the partially sober members of the group that it might be a smart idea to get moving before they found themselves lodged in the Fort dungeon. After a chorus of 'Good Night Nancy', led by Dunnigan in his impossibly loud tenor, they continued eastward to his house, where they all had a nightcap as promised. Dunnigan then proceeded to pass out on the couch and when his guests finished their drinks they were returned by carriage to the Grand. As Clark finished his story he was forced to admit the last part was a little fuzzy.

Hampton offered that they were lucky "Soapy" wasn't up here this weekend. He would have shot the Republicans in the group and horse whipped the Democrats. Clark mentioned that this coffee didn't seem to be helping him much and Hampton agreed. He waved down the waiter and ordered a couple of Bloody Marys. After another round and breakfast, they were in much better humor and ready to face the day.

Jim Clark said to Hampton, as a reminder to himself, "I'll have to be sure to thank Mike Ferrara for getting me back to my room. He was with a bunch of us most all night and my wife tells me he brought me back to the room and that without him I wouldn't have made it."

Chapter 2

Ferrara Construction Offices December 2, 1967

The letter was addressed to Dominic Marinzano, President Ferrara Construction, Inc. From the Ministry of Public Works, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. It contained an invitation to attend a pre-bid conference to be held in Jeddah on January 17-19, 1968 for a substantial tunnel and open cut sewer system in Jeddah. The letter indicated the invitation was being sent to a select number of American contractors and that all expenses would be paid by the Government of Saudi Arabia. Dominic had never been out of the country and readily accepted.

The flight followed the usual route to London where at Heathrow he boarded a BOAC flight to Rome arriving late in the evening where he was escorted to the transient passenger Air Saudia V.I.P. lounge. It had been more than 24 hours since he had departed Detroit and wasn't able to sleep during the flight.

Saudi Arabia and all Air Saudia flights were dry. Coffee, tea, soft drinks, fruit juice were available but alcohol was forbidden. The VIP lounge was an exception. He ordered a Martini and had just finished it when a man introduced himself as an official of the Saudi Government and indicated his flight was ready to depart and to please follow him. Dominic Marinzano was taken to a private car which transferred him to a Learjet waiting on the apron. After being escorted aboard he was served a drink and informed the remainder of his party would be arriving shortly.

The Ottoman Turks had built the building in the 1870's as a prison. It was of dark basalt cut from the mountains near Mecca, 40 miles east. The Jeddah police used a part of the upper level as the City jail. The remainder and lower level was used by the Prince of Jeddah who represented the Saudi government.

On arrival in Jeddah Dominic Marinzano was brought there from the airport by ambulance, taken below and dressed in a thoub (a full length cotton shirt). He was placed in bed in a secure, hospital like, windowless room until he regained consciousness. Upon awakening he was served water, sweet tea, soup and flat bread by two men dressed as hospital staff, who were mute. On the 2nd day a man in a medical coat entered and said, with a British accent, "I am Doctor Smythe. I hope you are well. Please be seated Mr. Marinzano, we need to talk."

"Doctor, yes, I'm Dominic Marinzano and I don't know where I am, how long I been here, or why, no one will talk, what's going on?"

"Mr. Marinzano you are here because we need to talk. Please relax; I have some things to discuss with you."

"I'm the one with the questions, not you, and I want some answers and I want my cloths, passport and wallet back. I'm an American citizen you can't hold me. Let me out of here NOW."

"I'm afraid I can't do that. You need to calm down and after we talk I'll explain, but you will remain here until you have answered some questions that I will pose to you."

"I'm leaving, now get out of my way."

Dominic wasn't having any more of this, and came, moving fast, toward Doctor Smythe. The Doctor without taking his eyes off him, reached behind, knocked on the door and stepped aside.

The door opened and two good sized men went by Dr. Smythe and each grabbed one of Dominic's arms. The doctor made a motion across his eyes and a hood was dropped over Dominic's head which muffled the oaths coming out of him. After a wrist lock was placed on one arm and hammer lock on the other the tone from under the hood turned to screams. They marched together down the hall, the Doctor leading. He stopped and opened a steel door. One of the men holding Dominic put a thumb under his jaw and Dominic screamed and tried to rise to the ceiling, they stripped off his thoub and hood, then released the pressure and pushed him into the blackness and the door closed solidly behind him.

He fell forward onto a stone floor, got up and cracked his head on the stone ceiling hard enough to see colored lights, turned and hit the door with his fist. He heard only the cracking of his knuckles and felt a sharp pain run up his arm into his elbow. He turned and felt along the wall to the rear and back to the door on the opposite wall. Cut stone walls, ceiling and floor. At the back a small lip protruded from the wall. Above it water leaked slowly out of the wall and ran into a small hole in the floor. This was done by feel; there was nothing only darkness and silence. He waited for his eyes to adjust and listened. Nothing, no light, no sound, darkness and silence like he had never known. He tried to stop the growing fear. Think, relax, there is nothing here, nothing to fear. He sat naked on the cold damp stone, tried to clear his mind and relax and waited for something to happen. As his mind struggled to adjust to its present condition it began to understand with the loss of light and sound it also lost all sense of time. It was struggling to determine how much time had passed and was passing and was forced to conclude it had no means of measurement and could not. He just sat on the floor and waited. After some time had passed and nothing changed, he could feel his stomach and bowels contracting. There was a growing dread of, of what, of nothingness? He tried to take stock of his situation. He didn't know why he was here. Where he was.

How he got here. Or even what time, day, week, or month it was. His only indication was his beard. He had left Michigan clean shaven and now had, what, a 3, 5, 7day growth. Was that how he was to keep time from now on? And worst, since he didn't know why he was here he wasn't able to even speculate how long he would be kept here, wherever it was, and if he would be able to stay alive naked in the cold damp cell. He tried not to consider the possibility, but he could be here forever. The dread became more intense, he needed to act to do something. He could do nothing and started to curse and as time passed the curses turned to supplications and then he wanted to start screaming but he would not allow himself to do that. Somehow he knew if he started to scream in panic he wouldn't be able to stop.

There was a microphone in the stone wall and a male nurse was constantly on duty. Any noise from the cell triggered the recorder. The nurse noted the time and a description of the sound. Doctor Smythe and a Saudi Army officer visited the monitor room every few hours.

The Doctor kept a running memo noting his patient's mental condition, trying to gauge the point at which Dominic would be ready for an interrogation that would produce meaningful results. The Officer was there to provide a status report to the Prince. By the 3rd and 4th days he was able to report that Dominic's anger had turned to fear. His threats had turned to pleading, begging and he was approaching panic. When the Doctor had been asked by the Prince to give an estimate of the time it would take to extract a true statement regarding the events surrounding the crash he declined to estimate. He explained that since Dominic wasn't subject to actual physical pain, only discomfort, it was purely a mind game. The mind, he explained, had always functioned primarily as a processor of external information received and transmitted by the body's sensors. Dominic Marinzano's mind was receiving almost no information, nothing, no sight, sound, and only the same damp,

fetid smells. His sense of touch remained unchanged, only the rock walls and steel door were identifiable. Normally the mind functioned to reject extraneous information and processed what it considered applicable to the current situation. Nothing was being received. The Doctor further explained that occasionally there are people who, it seems, are able at will, to place their mind in neutral and wait for some occurrence to return to functionally. Dominic isn't one of these. There is also the condition when after a prolonged period of inactivity, the mind chooses to shut down since it is receiving no stimuli and has no reason to continue to operate. The Doctor felt this is the condition that would be occurring when Dominic went silent as he would eventually. It was then left to the Doctor to determine how long to leave him in that condition. He would probably emerge in a semi-catatonic state and if the condition persisted the hoped for results of the treatment would be frustrated.

Dominic Marinzano was removed from his cell 15 days after he entered. The Doctor's job now was to bring him back into the world by reactivating his mind and allowing his body to recover. He had lost 30 pounds during his confinement. He had been fed only flat bread, of varying quantity, slipped into his cell through a slot in the door at intermittent intervals, never on any schedule.

The Doctor slowly brought him back into the world and soon the problem was keeping him on the subject of his brother-in-law's death since he now felt the need to talk at length about a wide range to subjects. The interrogation went on for weeks with the recorder constantly running. The Doctor synthesized the information and it was given to the Prince along with the recordings. Dominic was held in his room under observation while he recovered physically and mentally. The Doctor continued to monitoring his condition and awaited orders from the Prince. Dominic was never informed where he was or why he was there.

Chapter 1

Hampton Construction Novi, Michigan -June 15, 1969

Mike Ferrara walked out of the Hampton Construction office heading for his car. It was going on 6PM and time to go home. He had had a full day, per usual. Things were busy under normal conditions and in addition Wade had decided to bid on the site grading for the Dallas/Fort Worth Airport; said to be the biggest earth moving job in North America. Things were hot at Hampton Construction. They needed to collect all the data available regarding the site: weather patterns, labor availability and abilities of the local labor force, the reputation of the owners his managers and engineering firm, the competing contractors, the equipment and personnel required, the estimated production rate and the soils. There was a huge quantity of dirt to move on a huge site and the Texas soils were reportedly some of the worst in the country.

But enough of that for today; now he wanted to get home and see Julie. Their place was only fifteen minutes from the office. His Corvette was parked in the lot in the front of the office building. The lot was fairly empty. He recognized a few of the engineer's cars, the rest were other office staff or whoever. He noticed a dark sedan that he didn't recognize moving through the lot toward the exit. At his vette he pulled out the keys- "oh shit," dropped them. He reached down - WHAM - he was slammed against his car and went down on his face. Mike's mind started working madly. Why am I down here on the pavement?

He dropped that line of inquiry and decided to get up. OK, he lifted his head and moved his arms, but the pain in his left arm told him it wasn't working and looking down on the asphalt he could see his blood pooling under him on the pavement. That was a gun shot. I've been shot. What the hell, who did that? Think- what do I do now? I'm flat on the pavement between my vette and the car in the next bay and no one can see me from the office. He tried to get up using his right arm only and couldn't. To get up he had to reorient his body to grab the vette with his right hand and ignore the pain in his left arm and shoulder. His left arm hurt so bad he didn't have enough breath left to curse it, but he knew it was that or lay on the pavement and bleed out. He finally got up and fell across the hood of his 'vette.

Jim Seneca was still at his desk with a window on the parking lot. He looked up when he heard a loud noise that could have been a gun shot. Looking out the window the only movement was a car driving out of the lot. He walked to the front door and said to the few still at their desks, "Sound like a gunshot to you?"

"Yea, could have been. Anything out there?"

"Na, nothing." He went back to his desk, decided he had had enough for today, put his papers away, got his stuff and went out into the parking lot where he saw a body leaning over Ferrara's Corvette. He ran over and saw it was Mike bleeding on the hood.

"Mike what happened?"

"Been shot, need a medic and a bandage to stop the bleeding."

Jim ran back to the office, called the cops and told them to send an ambulance and a cop and hollered for someone to find the first aid kit. By the time the ambulance arrived there was a group milling around the scene talking in low excited tones and

a few guys holding a bandage on Mike's shoulder trying to stop the bleeding. The medics took over, threw Mike in the back and took off siren screaming.

When Mike opened his eyes he was looking at Julie, which made him very happy.

"Glad to have you back with us."

Mike nodded, trying to clear his head, "Good to see you. What happened?"

"Somebody shot you, in the left shoulder, from behind. How do you feel?"

"Like I'm in a daze, the drugs I guess."

"They worked on you and say you'll be alright. Go back to sleep. I'll be here."

Julie called Woz and met the next day with Woz and Stan at the hospital and Julie briefed them on what she knew. Mike was awake and they went in.

"Stan, Woz thanks for coming by."

"Mike, we didn't expect this, sorry."

"Neither did I. I wasn't paying attention."

"How's the shoulder?"

"They say it's busted up a little, nothing major."

"What can you tell us? We stopped and talked to the Novi Cops. They don't seem to have any ideas."

"They were here and I told them what I know. I was leaving the office walking to my car, got to the car and dropped my keys. I reached down to pick them up and wham, I'm down, no warning, nothing."

"What about before the shot. What was going on?"

"He was behind me I didn't see anything."

They went over to the bed, Woz put his hand on Mike's good shoulder, Stan shook his hand. "We're glad you're still with us. You rest up, we'll check around and see what we can come up with."

They said a few words to Julie and asked when he would be discharged. "They're estimating 3-4 days."

"I see you have a cop outside your door, good." Woz commented.

"It was Wade Hampton who insisted on that. Is that necessary?" She asked.

"Oh, yeah." They both replied, and turned to Mike. "Your boss?"

"And a good friend, a friend of my father; I told him about you and all you have done for me and he said if you think of anything that needs to be done, ask him. He has a lot of pull around here. Julie, give them my card. The office is close by."

Before leaving Novi they stopped at Hampton Construction, introduced themselves and asked to see Wade. Wade met them at his secretary's desk, took them in his office shook hands and said, "I'm told you have been looking out for Mike for the last few years and I'd like to thank you. I've known Mike all his life and was a friend of his father. Is there anything I can do for you or Mike? Sit down."

They sat in the big leather sofa facing Wade's desk and Stan said. "Mr. Hampton we are happy to see the Novi Police have a man on Mike's door but we think additional measures should be taken."

Wade held up his hand. "Call me Wade, cut the Mister stuff."

"Stan, Woz" they replied.

"What have you got in mind?"

Stan spoke, "We would like to see Mike moved to a separate area. An area unrelated to trauma cases, like the cancer ward, something like that. Leave the Cop where he is but leave the room vacant. Woz and I will stand guard at Mike's door. We will go over to see the Novi Police Chief but I'm afraid he might not take suggestions from a Detroit Captain and a P.I. But if you could talk to him before we do, it may help."

"Sounds like you think they'll try again." was Wade's comment.

"Yes," It's perfect for a hit. They know his location, one man to draw the cop away and the second one steps in the room, two shots with a silenced .22, and they walk away. Who ever tried the first time wasn't a pro, this time he will be and if he can get to Mike, he's dead."

Wade shook his head, "Shit, this all started years ago and it's still continuing, and getting worse"

"Wade I was a Warren Cop at the time that chopper went down and did the investigation until the politicians shut it down. Damn shame, but this is now and we have to keep Mike alive."

He stood up behind his desk. "We're going down to the Police Station and get it done. You're with me."

The Chief of Police signed on to the plan and went to the hospital to get it done.

Woz took the first shift outside Mike's door.

Mike was sent home two days later with his arm taped to his body and a cast on his shoulder.

Julie had quit her part time job at one of the local shops and was acting as nurse between the daily visits of the RN. They said it would be more than a month before he would have the full use of his arm and shoulder.

Mike and Julie were living in a town house in Novi. Mike beefed up the security of the doors and windows, kept his .45 close by and a shotgun in the closet, and was satisfied that this was as good as possible for now.

Stan and Woz met at Woz's office to discuss the situation.

"Woz, any word on the street?." Stan asked.

"I've had a couple snitches on the inside of Macomb Distributors for some time and after the latest I got back to them. Now that Guido is gone the Company passed down to Angelo. He is ten or so years younger than Dominic and his job has always been running the warehouse; managing the drivers and trucks, getting them loaded, inventorying stock, making sure the stuff gets to the bars and liquor stores. Well he's a big mouth, talks to the drivers and guys in the warehouse and he also considers himself a hitter. Likes guns, pistols. He even has a pistol range in the warehouse. Well, he is now running the company and doesn't work in the warehouse but he comes by occasionally to BS with the guys there, and my guy says he has been bitching about Mike Ferrara, the guy he says blew away his brother and

swears Mike is going to pay for it. Maybe he is all mouth and no action but he is my only lead.”

Stan didn’t respond for a while. “Normally the guys that talk a big game are all talk, but maybe he made the shot. A fairly accurate shooter but he is sure no pro.”

Woz called Mike at home and set up a meet at Mike’s place. “Now that you’re on the mend we wanted to talk a little more about the shooting. You OK with that?”

“Shoot, scratch that, go ahead. I’ve had a week to think on it and may have some things we can use.”

“We have a few questions, bear with us.” was Stan’s comment.

“Did you notice anything out of the ordinary before the shot?”

“When I was approaching my car there was a car I didn’t recognize moving behind my car toward the exit and he went behind me when I got to my car. I wasn’t paying attention but I think there was only one man in the car. I’ve been thinking he must have shot from the drive on the way out. The cops say it was a .38 pistol round. That was a 30-40 ft. shot, not bad for a pistol. His mistake was that he fired even as he saw me bending down to get my keys. He panicked and fired instead of waiting until I stood back up. The thing that saved me was a car that was parked between us and when I was down he couldn’t see me on the ground. He is a good shot but his execution was poor. Fortunately for me.” Stan nodded agreement.

“You guys come up with anything?”

“My source at Macomb says Angelo Marinzano, the new president, has mentioned your name and thinks you killed his brother. Therefore, he is the number one suspect.”

Stan continued, "My best guess based on what we know of the shot, once he got in position he wanted to shoot and be out of there, he lost his nerve at the critical moment. So now we have the big question. What does he do now? He has three options. One, try again. Two, hire a pro. Three, forget it. Mike that's what you have to decide, your life depends on it."

Mike replied, "I don't know him, never met him, but I know for him this is personal. It'll be him that comes for me or no one. I've gotta do some thinking on this. Thanks guys for everything. I'm sorry I have to keep adding drama to your lives. This has to end, and soon."

Mike's shoulder was on the mend, the nurse was now visiting twice weekly, he was feeling good and ready to go back to work, except he was worried about leaving Julie alone. He wanted Julie out of there but was afraid to bring it up so he let it ride as long as he could, but it was time and he was tired of being an invalid. He approached her with some trepidation.

"Julie I'm ready to get back to work and earn my keep. I hear that Wade got the Texas job and I'll be spending a lot of time at the office and I thought this would be a good time for you to visit your parents. Hey, you haven't seen them for what, 6-7 months?"

She stopped what she was doing and gave him a sour look. "Do you think you can ship me back to Iowa whenever you find it inconvenient to have me around? If that's what you think, you'd better think again. You got me and here I stay- Iowa! You know better than that!"

He shook his head. "I'd feel much better if I knew you were out of here and home with your parents."

She walked away, shaking her head and mumbling "here I am, here I stay," or words to that effect.

"OK, you win, but tomorrow we are going to buy you a gun."

"Why not," she answered. "And while we're on the subject let's get serious about this shooting, since you say you're back in shape. It's time you told your wife all about this shooting. You seem to think I am in some danger from someone or something. That's enough of you and your secrets, everyone seems to know what's going on except me. I have been very good to date, I figured if you wanted to keep me in the dark, you had good reasons and maybe I was a little scared to know and just wanted it to go away. Sit down and tell me what's going on."

"First we need a drink," he looked at Julie, "bourbon and 7up?" she nodded assent. Mike got himself bourbon and rocks. He sat down took a drink and said, "It now seems with reasonable certainty that Angelo, the youngest Marinzano, shot me and he may try again. I haven't decided how to prevent it and I need some time to think on it. I'm afraid that is what you married into. All I can say is that I thought this was over by the time we married. I never considered Angelo, the youngest. I thought all that was sealed in the past. I was wrong. Take some time; decide what this does to us. This is all my doing and I'm responsible. Julie I don't want to lose you, but it's your call."

They were at their usual juice and coffee breakfast. No one seemed to have any interest in eating much of anything. Julie broke the silence, "Mike Ferrara I've known you long enough to know you are a good guy, honest and straight but I've never had to look deep into your world until now. I'll admit there was a flavor of the unknown and intrigue and that probably made you more interesting. Well it's apparent now that you can be one tough SOB. I understand that you felt you needed to respond to your father's murder and did so. As your wife I vowed to be with

you and support you under most all conditions, better and worse, sickness and health, and I will. I know it would be easier for you if I disappeared, but that's not going to happen. So if it makes you more comfortable for me to have a gun, OK, let's do it. After all, I am a farm girl and guns certainly aren't foreign to me."

She found a nice purse gun, a small .22- revolver she thought was cute. They spent some time at the pistol range. Mike with his .45 automatic and Julie shooting her .22.

Wade had arranged to have the Novi Police to drive by their house every few hours. Mike's mother invited Julie to visit as often as she liked and since they got along well Julie spent a few days a week in Birmingham and his mother enjoyed having a lunch and shopping companion. Mike had Woz find the best security organization and had them install a top quality security system on the house and garage. Mike was worried about a bomb in one of the cars. He didn't expect another attempt at a shooting if they avoided any repetitious behavioral patterns. He and Julie set their schedule so it was intentionally erratic, no habitual patterns in their movements and they attempted to stay alert to everything happening around them. It was wearing but they both knew it was necessary.

Mike Ferrara had serious problems. It wasn't just that he had a killer after him, almost certainly Angelo Marinzano. The other problem was that Angelo had invoked the code of vendetta just as Mike had done, which he had some right to do. In Angelo's mind, he had as much right to kill Mike as Mike had to kill his brother. Mike's biggest problem was that he didn't know if he could kill Angelo and live with himself. He could call it self-defense and practically it was, but he couldn't sell that to himself as a reason for murder. After agonizing over this at length he decided to settle it the way honorable men had been resolving their disputes through the ages.

He called Macomb Distributors and set up a meeting with Angelo the next afternoon. He arrived at their office introduced himself to the receptionist. She made a phone call and asked him to follow her to the offices in the back. She stopped and knocked at a door with a sign reading, ANGELO MARINZANO, PRESIDENT MACOMB DISTRIBUTORS, a voice said come in. She opened the door, Mike went in and she closed the door. He walked through the door knowing he didn't want this. I don't want to have to kill him for his sense of honor, his need for vengeance and I don't want to die trying to resolve this. He confronted a man he had never met before; a man he may be forced to kill. He was looking at a well build six foot Italian standing twenty feet away behind his desk across the room. There was a window on Mike's left, a book shelf against the right wall and a picture on the back wall behind the desk. The picture, that Mike subconsciously identified as an Italian landscape.

Mike began, "Mike Ferrara" and nodded slightly.

"Angelo Marinzano, I don't believe we have ever met. What is your business here?"

"I am here to resolve the dispute between us and I am armed."

Mike pulled his suit coat back, displaying a holstered .45 automatic pistol on his right.

"So am I," Angelo showed a .38 caliber revolver holstered on his right.

Mike said, "I intend to resolve this here and now. I am going to count down from five. Here is your chance to kill me." God, I hope he doesn't pull his gun was Mike's foremost thought.

"5...4....3...." Neither man moved. Mike could feel the sweat running down his body. He had sworn to himself that he

wouldn't draw first but the thought of taking a .38 hollow point in the chest gave him pause. - What am I doing here? - They stared hard in each other's eyes hoping for a sign of weakness, fear, or any indication that would presage movement.

"2.....1.....0" No one moved until Mike backed toward the door and said, "You missed your only chance to kill me without any comebacks. I have arranged, in the event I or any member of my family dies from anything other than natural causes, to have a \$20,000 contract issued on you. I thought you should know." Mike backed out, closed the door and walked out of Macomb Distributors.

He could feel his shirt sticking to his body under his suit coat. He opened the car door got in, and sat there waiting for his shakes to subside enough to light a cigarette and thanked God for his survival.

He went straight home and when he walked in Julie said, "What's the matter?"

"Tough day," he walked to the bar and poured a bourbon. He sat in his chair and took a long drink.

"You don't look good. What happened?"

Mike hung his head and shook it side to side. "I almost got myself killed over a point of honor."

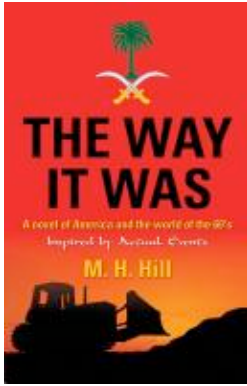
Julie gave him an alarmed look and said, "You did what?"

"I went to Angelo's office and challenged him to a duel. My .45 against his .38, he didn't draw and we both walked away alive."

Julie looked at him like he was crazy and made herself a drink. Mike felt his stomach and body relaxing as the bourbon took

THE WAY IT WAS

effect, but it still took two hands to get the drink to his mouth. "I know, I know, I'm sorry I upset you but it's over. We both survived. God, I hope this is over."



After serving as Military Attache to Saudi Arabia during the Yemeni war of the 1960's, Mike Ferrara returns to his home in the Detroit area, and becomes the Detroit Mayor's aide during the 1967 riots. Mike learns his father, a Michigan road contractor who died when his helicopter exploded, was killed by the Chicago Mob to keep him out of the Chicago construction market, and begins a vendetta against those responsible...

The Way It Was: A Novel of America and the World of the 60's

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