Chapter Forty-eight

Kane called Don Grant when he got off the subway at the 68th Street station. "I've got a bag full of hot stuff. I got a six month computer history on all the cells being supplied by the bank, plus active files on who the bastards are. There are twenty-eight of them. The only thing missing is what they might be planning."

On his end of the connection Grant made the sign of the cross and mouthed a silent, "Thank you, Jesus." He asked, "Was there any trouble? How long before an all points bulletin goes out on you?"

"Don't worry. I took care of that."

"How did you take care of that, Able?"

Kane's voice rose. "I said I took care of it. Now what do you want me to do?"

Grant paused before answering. He said, "I'm sorry, Able. That was really great work, but you need to get a grip. You sound like you're dancing awfully close to the edge."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. So what the hell should I do next?"

"Get on the first flight you can and bring that material to me. This may be the biggest Goddam break we've ever had."

Kane asked, "How about the Judge? Have you heard from him yet?"

"Don't worry about him. He can take care of himself. Just get here as quickly as you can."

"Okay. I'll see you later tonight." Kane hung up and hailed a cab. He said to the driver, "La Guardia. American Airlines."

Grant held the phone absentmindedly, then realized he still had not replaced it in its cradle. After hanging up, he drummed his fingers on his desk, deep in thought. Then he tapped the speed dial on his phone.

When the person on the other end of the line answered, he filled him in on what had transpired. Finally he said, “I’m going to bring in some help to analyze what we’ve got. Goebbels and his wife are in Toronto, too deeply involved in the operation up there to get away any time soon. Les Bladen and his crew are only three days away from dropping the hammer in Los Angeles. I can’t pull them out now.” He checked his watch. “The Judge should be calling in soon. When he does, I’m going to divert him to Dallas. This means I’ll have to move Travis up a notch in the organization. I know that after the meeting in New York, we had decided to renege on our promise to let Travis see the files, but the situation has changed. I’m going to have to let him see them. I need help, and I need it fast. After all, three heads are better than two. And we’ve got to admit, Duncan Travis is smart as hell.”

He listened for a moment, then said, “I understand it’s my ass. I’ll keep you in the loop.” He hung up

Grant was seized by an almost overwhelming worry that the whole organization was careening off in a new direction and that he was close to becoming an engineer on a runaway train. With a heavy sigh, he glanced at the calendar. He grimaced. He said aloud, “Looks like I’m going to miss another Thanksgiving at home. No way can we do what we need to do in the next three days.”

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