

The weekend of March 26-27, 1966 should seriously be considered as a possible story line for that show of shows, "That was the week that was". Events of that infamous weekend, if they went according to a script, must have been written by the Grand Master himself...with considerable help from his downfallen son.

A simple admonition from me to George when he left Fort Sherman Friday night turned out to be insufficient to save him from himself. At every conceivable (choice of words...?) turn, he put his well-heeled foot in it, thus having to extricate himself from a verbal and mental morass that would have made whimpering cowards out of the likes of William Jennings Bryant, Adlai Stevenson, Winston Churchill and many other great verbalists of western man.

The sore, and particularly tender spots of his lovelife were parade before his bloodshot eyes with unerring accuracy and effectiveness by Susana. She, of course, was playing a role cast somewhere between Pandora and her box, (word choice...?), Medusa and her modernistic hair style, and Caesar's wife who, upon hearing of his murder, said to the TV camera..."Only Tide"...

Anyway, Friday night passed, Saturday arrived and so did Pandora's Box. ~~Contemplating~~ Contemplating a two-day orgy, George greeted her not unlike a hot dog. But, alas, he had mental torture ahead of him, payment in full and with interest for high living and low lying. Words he had stretched from woman to woamn, from country to country were now to snap back, coil about his tender neck, and orally crucify him before the eyes of his own conscience.... a most severe judge given to solace in alcohol. This judge had his day, incidentally, judging by the hollow look ~~my~~ Judas LeFever wore.

We are continuing this story in the saga of George LeFever on page two.... mainly because page one ran short.

Friday night. No, we had progressed to George picking up Susana at Tocumen. That's an airport in Panama. And George was there. So was Susana, fortunately for this tale.

The weekend had what might loosely be termed an auspicious beginning. George missed Susana. Girding up his courage for the big pickup, he sat in the airport bar drinking. And there was Susana. True love leaped in his throat. He sank it with the rest of his vodka martinis. He dashed for door. He went out the wrong one. And he missed her. Proper connections were later made and finally the two were on their way to Panama city and a rendezvous with a hotel registration clerk, one of these possessing a total lack of vision, an absence of love for his fellow man, a sense of total nonappreciation for love, and a mercenary heart. \$18 per night. Should any man, I ask you, have the right or the position, to put such a price on true love?

A resounding NO is the only answer. But there he stood. A clerk. And a blot, a ~~blatant~~ blasphemous blot on George's anemic checking account. But George, being the nice guy that he is, merely coughed politely, whirled his mental wheels of financial configurations, decided on a go signal, and deposited his true love in a 'single' hotel room which, for some reason, had two single beds in it. That's a story in itself and we really should not dwell on it here, but we will anyway.

George is not guilty of pre-planning this. He is never guilty of pre-planning anything. But rising to the occasion, he offered a sly smile as an excuse, tendered appropriate signs of his true love, and from there we can only surmise what happened. *More here! The Twinkl / Iron / office*

Sunday morning. Roughly, as much as we can make of a rather incoherent story, this day began at the same instant Saturday night ended.

The Hilton is a modern, if sedate, hotel. At # 3:30 in the morning, one does not expect to find ^astubble-faced, semi-loaded individual⁴..touted as the paragon of lovers throughout Latin America...stumbling towards the elevator. But there he was. Our hero. Trying desperately, with the often incongruous reasoning ~~of~~ born of much alcohol, to save his true loves image before the public by leaving 'early'...? Half an hour later, his heart, his conscience, and rapidly his checkbook, rent by a sense of loss, he settled, if not sank, into bed at the barracks. Barracks? you ask. Sorry. We forgot to mention he is a soldier of the United States Army. A photographer, as a matter of fact.

Women being wont to do things to their hair during periods of real or imagined stress, Susana did, on this fine Sunday morning, do her hair. Whatefer 'do' means.

George called. It seems he can't make it to church this morning. Running late. But they, being true, compromising lovers agreed on Sunday evening for a farcical conversation with God. But between and betwix this time and that conversation lies the tale of the shrew...or was it screw...as this was the beginning of the apparent end for George's love. Enter characters Samarkanda, Shirley, Harriet, Vicky, Mrs Robertin, (known to those who are foolish enough to admit to a first name basis as Linda), Mrs Devan, Erika. Fantastic? Not really. Remember, this is George LeFever. Addendum: Alba and Patsy. Add to these The Ballingers, the LePages, several drinks, Pisco sours especially, stir gently while dropping pieces of LeFever into the concoction, and things begin to stiffen?

Eggs Benedict. Pisco Sours. Sunday morning with Captain Ballinger. Words to make your mouth water? Maybe the first the two parts, Add the third, and provocative is the word.