

Chapter Four

Carlos flew into an empty room at the Holiday Inn. He knocked the telephone receiver off the hook and pecked the "O". "Get me the sheriff, will you please?"

"Yes sir," sounded the quick response from the desk clerk. In just a few seconds he had the connection.

"Sheriff's office, Deputy Wilcox speaking, can I help you?"

"Deputy Wilcox, this is Agent Carlos Huff from the Border Patrol, Del Rio office." Ever since Bernie started using Eddie Blueeyes last name, Carlos adopted Dr. Huff's last name. "You have two of our undercover agents locked up there in Magnolia. These boys are on their way to New Jersey with a shipment of drugs. We are close to busting a gang in New Jersey and we need those two boys to continue their trip. They don't look like much but that is what makes them so good. You have to turn them loose immediately and if they need assistance I would appreciate it if you would indulge them their every need, within reason of course. Your office will be reimbursed for your services or cash outlay. You must do it right away as the gang in New Jersey is expecting them. Do you have any problem in following my instructions?"

"No sir, Agent Huff. Only thing the Sheriff is out of town until this afternoon and I cannot turn them loose until he returns. I will sure tell him what you said or have him call you. What is your number there?"

"Deputy Wilcox, I'm going to say this one more time before I call the FBI and Bureau of Alcohol and Tobacco. I need those boys moving toward New Jersey. NOW....DO

YOU HEAR ME OFFICER? Carlos was screaming into the phone causing Deputy Wilcox to jump up out of his chair and come to attention.

“Yes Sir, I’ll get right on it Agent Huff.”

Carlos stepped on the hook to disconnect and headed back for the Sheriffs office. As he flew into the jail Deputy Wilcox was opening the cells and explaining to the men that he was turning them loose since they were on a special mission.

Bernie saw Carlos fly in so he knew the plans have been carried out successfully. He whispers to Tye, “Ask the man if you can borrow a better vehicle. Tell him you want a Ford Van or something similar if he has one.”

Tye had told him earlier he was having problems with his car was the reason Bernie was bringing this up. Turns out they had some drug bust vehicles in the city garage and one was a late model four door Ford Pickup. Perfect as for as Bernie was concerned. He did not want to be cooped up inside a closed cab with a couple of smokers. That was just too dirty and smelly for Bernie.

Deputy Wilcox brought the pickup around and the boys came out of the jail with a few belonging, threw them in the back, and start driving off without even saying thank you to the Deputy.

Bernie was mounted on Carlos’s back and before the pickup got too far or fast, Carlos made a perfect landing in the pickup bed. He had done that many times with his buddies on the Border Patrol. The agents would even speed up and slow down trying to make him have a hard landing. Sometimes he did take a spill but most of the time he made good landings.

There was a spare tire in the bed of the truck and it made a good wind break for the two travelers. Bernie got down under the middle of the wheel and Carlos got between the bed, wheel and the suitcase. If it rained they might have to talk to their buddies about getting them some more cover, but for now this worked great.

Every once in a while, especially at the stops along the road for red lights and such, Carlos would fly up high enough to see where they were. They did not want these two venturing off the selected roadway.

While they had been in the jail, Bernie and Carlos had discussed the best route to take with Tye's help and also other details of the trip. He claims to have made many trips back and forth between East Texas and Washington. He said he had gone through Magnolia many times before and had not had any trouble. He had stopped at that particular bar to see a girl that worked there. She was on her days off and the girl that was there was not nearly as impressed with Tye and Jethro as the two had hoped she would be. Matter of fact, she found the two men very annoying and did not want any off their off color jokes or the pinches the two of them were issuing. She told the bartender about them and the fight broke out creating their present problems.

Tye and Jethro switched off on the driving duties. Of the two, Jethro was the smoother. He could take off and stop and not throw Bernie and Carlos around. It was not long at all until they could tell who was under the steering wheel without looking to see who was driving.

Although Bernie and Tye had talked about the way they were going, Bernie did not completely trust the two of them to do exactly what they had talked about. The plan was to take US Highway 82 to Tuscaloosa, AL then I-20 up to Birmingham; then I-59 north.

At Chattanooga, TN they would discuss the way to go from there. After dark, Bernie and Carlos slept while Jethro and Tye were pushing the Ford Pickup down the road, making real good time.

The next morning Bernie climbed up on the edge of the pick up bed to watch the scenery and villages flying by. Ethelsville, Mcshan, Coal Fire, Reform, Gordo, Coker, so Bernie says to Carlos, “Get the map; I don’t remember towns with such screwy names. I think they are on some other road.” But about that time a U. S. Highway 82 road sign came into view, letting them know the boys have not left the prescribed route just yet.

Jethro stopped at a drive-in at Chattanooga and ordered some food. While they were there Tye struck up a conversation with a couple of girls in the car parked along side them. When the girl asked what they did for a living Jethro spoke up and said they were presently hired to do some undercover work for the Border Patrol and were on their way to New Jersey with a load of drugs. Big Mistake. She cute blonde says, “Law enforcement, huh, my Dad is the local Sheriff.”

They made a little more small talk before Tye let the girls know they had appointments they had to keep in New Jersey as several law enforcement agencies were waiting on their arrival. So as much as they liked visiting they were going to have to leave.

The cute blonde got out of her car and walked over to the pay phone as soon as the trays were being taken from the windows. Carlos flew up on the wire near the phone, away from the girl, but close enough he can hear her talking to her Dad. He could not hear every word, but he heard enough to know Tye and Jethro were being reported as possible drug runners. Carlos could not wait to tell Bernie.

Tye started out driving the next leg of the journey, fairly slow, so Carlos did not have any trouble overtaking them. They made it just out of the city limits when the siren and red lights started behind him. Jethro looked around and let out a couple of expletives, telling Tye he was driving too fast. Tye spoke up and said, “No man, I was just doing the speed limit and enjoying the drive. It must be something else.”

The sheriff got out of the car and stood up. He had to be at least 6’9” and weigh about 350 pounds. He adjusted his gun belt as he walked up to the back of the pickup. If they were truly drug runners he may need to draw that side arm. He had no intentions of letting a couple of punk kids get the best of him. He noticed a big black crow that had lit on the edge of the pickup bed. The sheriff thought that was kind of strange but as soon as the pickup moved he knew it would fly off.

When the sheriff was along side the pickup and looking at Tye’s driver’s license, Carlos hopped down in the pickup bed and Bernie climbed into the harness. Within seconds the two of them were up in the nearest tree nestled back in some heavy leaf cover, listening to the Sheriff interviewing the two boys.

“Where you boys headed in such a hurry? You ran a stop sign back yonder a couple of streets. We have a rule down here you got’ta come to a complete stop at them stop signs. You can’t just roll on through them. You boys traveling on business or pleasure?”

Tye speaks up, “Well sir, we are kind of on a special mission.”

Sheriff laughs, “What kind of mission. Mission from God? You boy’s kin to the Blue’s Brothers? Har, har, har ...” the Sheriff laughs so hard at his own joke he goes into a coughing spell. After he gets over the laughing spell, he says, very seriously, “Tell me, what mission? What is the deal with you boys?”

Sheriff looks at Jethro and says, “What is this special mission all about boy?”

Tye speaks up, “We are on our way.....”

“Let the big boy talk. He can talk can’t he? You just hush up. You do some talking there, Mister.”

Jethro goes to stuttering and trying to talk, “Well, sir, you see, it’s like we were in jail and the Border Patrol agent said he needed us on this mission....”

The sheriff pushes back his patrol hat, widens his stance, adjusts his gun, puts his hands on his hips and says, “You were in jail and the Border Patrol needed you to go on a mission for them? Aw, yeah. I see. Have you ever worked for them before?”

Tye says, “No sir, we...”

“Would you shut your face, motor mouth and let the big boy do some talking? I want to hear what he has to say. I will ask you about this later, believe me.” He turned and looked at Jethro again. “You go ahead with your story boy. Who was it asked you to help them out?”

“Well, sir, I guess it started when the crow flew into the jail cell and started talking to me. I had been kind’a drunk....” Says Jethro.

“A crow flew into the jail cell and started talking to you?? Un-huh, I see. Well, and you were kind of drunk, you say?” Sheriff was getting this strange look on his face.

“Well, that is, it was after the mouse climbed up on me and yelled in my ear, scaring the hell out of me....”

Tye speaks up and says, “You are getting it all screwed up, Jethro. Officer, it did not happen like that at all. The crow did not have anything to do with it, at first anyway, it was all the white mouse..”

“The white mouse, huh? Un-huh, I see. The white mouse screams in your ear, huh? Un’huh. Well, what about this? Ya’ll get out of the car with your hands high in the air. Don’t try anything funny. I got a pretty wife and a beautiful daughter and I’m going home to them tonight, so you boys better be good. Get out slow and easy. You boys are high, I can tell you that, some kind of powerful stuff, and you are so high. Put your hands on the hood and no funny moves.”

In a manner of a couple of minutes, the boys are back in custody. Tye looked up in the tree and saw Carlos and Bernie. And says, “Wait Sheriff, there they are, up in that tree just watching us, the agents in disguise. They can tell you all about this gig. We got a date in New Jersey and in Washington. In Washington with the CIA is what I’m talking about....this is big stuff. We are trying to catch a rouge CIA agent. Those two up there are in their disguises but they can tell you all about this stuff.”

“Oh, they can, can they? Un-huh, I see.” He screeched to a halt, unloading his 6’9” frame hurriedly. “Come down from there you two. These two clowns in the car there say you can clear this all up. I can see Mr. Mouse that you are riding Mr. Crow’s back. Does that make you the boss? Are you the pilot or something?” He waited for a while for some type reply and upon getting nothing from them begins to feel rather foolish talking to them. He sure did not want someone to drive by and see him talking to a crow and mouse. This was election year.

“Well, boys, it seems like you two have been on some smack, crack, jack or something.. Maybe you guys speak Crow-esian or Mouse-ca-teer. Har, Har, Har....”
Another coughing spell.

“You boys are going to jail, probably for a long time.”

