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EXCLUSIVE!

The Story Trujillo
Doesn't Tell:

**WHY GERRY MURPHY
WAS REALLY
MURDERED**

25¢ October

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TV's "LOVABLE LOUSE"





EXCLUSIVE!

THE STORY TRUJILLO DOESN'T TELL

Why
Gerry Murphy
Was
Really
Murdered



*Startling, new findings indicate
that the American pilot who knew too much
was murdered for reasons other than
his part in the Galíndez disappearance*

by **ANDREW ST. GEORGE**

LATE on a shimmering, sunny November afternoon in 1955, a thin, bespectacled young draftsman in wrinkled suntans and a cheap polo shirt coaxed his sagging Plymouth into the parking lot behind the Club Zanzibar, just off Miami Beach's Gold Coast. He unrolled a sheet of cardboard and wedged it under the windshield wipers so that the scrawled lettering faced the street:

4 SALE
NEED \$\$ SACRIFICE
GOOD MOTOR SEE ATTENDANT

Then he climbed back into the front seat and dug into a brown paper bag containing a sandwich and a small bottle of ginger ale. It was dinnertime, and he had no place else to go.

Almost precisely a year later, in November, 1956, the same fellow stopped by the Club Zanzibar on what was perhaps a brief, sentimental visit. This time he reclined in a sparkling \$5,000 convertible, displaying with equal ease a handmade Irish linen suit that cleaners seldom assessed under 200 smackers, a set of monogrammed saddle-leather bags and the devoted companionship of a chic brunette.

"Coming or going, Mr. Murphy?" grinned the club's night man, who had limped up to handle the door—an honor he usually denied guests. (*Continued on next page*)

◀ **"NIGHTMARE EMPIRE"** of Dominican dictator Trujillo (opposite page) swallowed Murphy, shown in happier day.



The Dominican Republic: Just 800 miles from Miami, on the isle

Gerry Murphy *Continued*

"Both," said the man in the handmade suit. And though he never knew it, he was dead right. Gerry Murphy meant to say that he was just passing through Miami Beach that evening; but he had, in truth, come a long way in a very short time, and his journey was already pointed beyond the dark horizon. In fact, on that November evening in 1956, Gerald Lester Murphy, 23, had just 17 days left to live.

Considering that the cause of Gerry Murphy's death has mushroomed into the biggest international crime controversy since Mata Hari, it is remarkable that the consensus regarding the manner of his death is just about unanimous: he was murdered.

But how?

The government of the Dominican Republic, in the stilted phraseology of its Attorney General, the august Dr. Elpedio Beral, states that Murphy was killed in a drunken cliffside brawl. That is the official explanation, the one Murphy's family and girl friend were fed. But opponents of the mail-fisted Dominican regime say it did not quite happen that way. They insist that Murphy knew just a little too much about a lot of dirty doings and was pitched off the cliff into shark-filled waters by the underlings of aging Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo.

Rep. Charles O. Porter, a jut-jawed Democrat from Oregon's Fourth District, calls the official Dominican statements bushwah; he suspects—and when an Oregon

Democrat suspects, he suspects loud and clear—that his constituent Murphy was rubbed out on Trujillo's direct orders.

And why?

Once a man is gone his past must supply the answers. Gerry Murphy was born in North Dakota in July, 1933. At 16, a shy, thin-faced lad with a shaky little smile, he became the first Eagle Scout in the peaceful little township of Granville. His parents still recall with sad pride the speech he delivered on that occasion.

At 17, Gerry had known the intoxication of his first solo flight. He had become, in fact, plane-struck. His room had been turned into a hangar for scale models of flying machines, and he spent his nights boning up on their wingspan and engine displacement. He spent every free moment out at the airstrip with the fellows who ran the local air-taxi outfit, known as Greene's Flying Service. By the time he was ready to graduate from high school, he held an instructor's and ground-school teacher's rating at Greene's. By then, Gerry knew unerringly what he wanted from life: flight.

However, tragic heroes—and Gerry was destined to become one—traditionally possess a tragic flaw that trips them up. Gerry's was in his eyes: he was myopic.

The Air Cadets turned him down when his sight test failed to measure up to minimum requirements; then the Air Force refused to induct him at all; and finally the commercial airlines rejected him for the same reason.

The cast of characters:

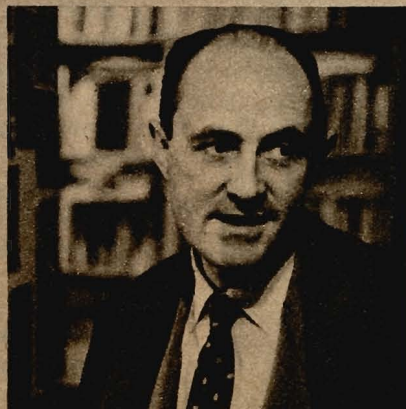
three can't speak,

one won't speak, and one

is battling to discover

who did what to whom

HE BEGAN IT . . .



MISSING Prof. Jesús de Galíndez was kidnaped by Dominican agents and flown out of country by Murphy.

HE WENT ALONG WITH IT...



FORTUNE-HUNTER Murphy got secret job after Galíndez affair—he smuggled explosives into Cuba.

where Columbus is buried, began a strange tale of intrigue, kidnaping and murder

Gerry toyed with the idea of becoming an aeronautical engineer. By this time his family had moved to Eugene, Oregon. Gerry attended classes at the University of Oregon and Oregon State College, but flight—the sound and sight and smell of planes—kept beckoning him irresistibly. In November, 1955, he moved to Miami, where friends had promised him a chance at occasional air-taxi jobs and perhaps a coveted co-pilot's opening with Riddle Airlines.

To pay his room rent on SW 9th Street, Gerry worked as an aeronautical draftsman, but it wasn't much of a living. He had to sell his car for a grubstake, and the promised chance at a big-time job with an airline seemed farther off than ever.

Then, in one of the sleazy but haughtily expensive passion pits around Flagler Street, Gerry Murphy made a new friend. The identity of this man has been veiled in mystery for so long that a couple of false suspects have been stuck with the role—false suspects who are, however, innocent of very little except this particular opening gambit. Actually, the man who met and marked Gerry in a downtown Miami nightclub was a veteran Caribbean intelligence officer, the sort of hardboot Sunday supplements usually call "spy-master"—Colonel Salvador Cobian.

In a way, Salvador Cobian was an Eagle Scout, too, although a very special kind. He had advanced to the exalted rank of chicken colonel in the intelligence service

of the Dominican Republic—a tropical land only four hours removed from Miami and reportedly so small that it is entirely covered by the iron fist of Rafael Trujillo. For several reasons—though Col. Cobian cared to admit none of them aloud—Gerry Murphy looked like a likely lad.

Colonel Cobian was visiting Miami in November, 1955, in pursuit of a strange and savage project. The project happened to be a pet of his master, Rafael Trujillo, and this automatically made it a top-priority, do-it-now operation as far as the Dominican Government was concerned. And thus Cobian happened to be sipping Bacardi *anejo* in Miami and keeping an eye out for likely lads when he stumbled into Gerry Murphy.

Soon afterwards, Gerry Murphy was introduced by Colonel Cobian to a four-dollar steak in an expensive Miami restaurant; and by the time the steak had gone the way of all meat a third man had joined Murphy and Cobian at table.

He was a tall, slender, disdainful chap with a pencil mustache and eyes as cold as a reptile's. He introduced himself as Arthur. As Murphy soon learned, his real name was His Excellency Brigadier General Arturo Espaillat, and he was, among a great many other things, Colonel Cobian's indisputable boss.

During the next couple of months or so, Gerry Murphy did very little except submit to a series of shrewd little personality tests adminis- (Continued on page 61)

HE PLANNED IT . . .



WEST POINTER Arturo Espaillat, former Dominican consul in N.Y., recruited Murphy for dirty work.

HE WAS BLAMED FOR IT . . .



BEMEDAÍED flier Octavio de la Maza slew Murphy in fight, say Dominican police, later hanged himself in prison cell.

HE IS INVESTIGATING IT



SEEKING facts on intrigue, Rep. Charles Porter of Oregon gets cold shoulder at Dominican Embassy.

WHY GERRY MURPHY WAS REALLY MURDERED

continued from page 15

tered by his two new friends. He took a couple of trips to Ciudad Trujillo, the sun-baked, fervid little Dominican capital. His flight fares were "defrayed in advance," as the term goes, by Colonel Cobian; and upon arrival, Gerry found himself accommodated, somewhat to his surprise, in an expensive suite of the Hotel Jaragua, the Republic's leading hostelry, where room rates run up to \$30 a day.

It was a good thing that an unseen benefactor's hand picked up all the checks, including drinks at the plush bar and fresh flowers on the night table. "The onliest thing I had to do was wave," Gerry once told a pop-eyed friend.

GRADUALLY, it developed that Gerry was expected to do a few other things, too.

Colonel Cobian had great plans for his new-found *norte-americano* friend. But first, there was a little favor to be taken care of for the fellow who had become Gerry's closest chum in Dominica—General Arturo Espailat.

Early in March, 1956, Gerry Murphy flew north from Ciudad Trujillo. He popped up in Linden, New Jersey, where he rented a yellow, twin-prop Air Force surplus Beechcraft plane with a closed cabin from a rental agency called Trade-Ayer. He wanted, Gerry explained, to take some businessmen on air junks.

When the time came to discuss the rental, Murphy remarked that he'd pay it in advance and in hard cash. He pulled a heavy wad of C-notes from his pocket and flipped off eight bills. The agency man swallowed, but said nothing; whatever else he'd done, Murphy hadn't printed the C-notes himself. They were sound enough. And so a couple of days later, Murphy flew his new ship to Newark.

From Newark, Gerry hopped over to Staten Island in the late afternoon of March 10. Next day, a couple of gasoline drums connected to the main tank by way of a special hand pump were installed in place of the rear cabin seats. When asked the reason for these long-distance flight fixings, Gerry explained dryly that he planned to tour the Azores non-stop.

At eight in the morning of March 12, 1956, Gerry Murphy sauntered into the Flight Control Room at Newark Airport and casually checked himself out in the log. For "Destination" he put down "Miami, Fla."

At 9:44 Gerry set his wing flaps, revved up his twin bombs and took off gracefully from Runway 7. But, out of the control tower's sight, he veered away from his course, settled the plane low over the highway and began to navigate by terrain.

At 10:30 he landed at Zahn's Airport, an out-of-the-way, little-frequented aerial backwater near Amityville, Long Island.

Here Gerry Murphy had a strange rendezvous.

He took aboard some gas, then went back to the flight log to sign out. He was alone in the room. The line of his own handwriting stared him in the face:

Pilot: Gerry Murphy
Owner: Same
Home Base: Miami, Fla.
Plane: Beech
Registration: 68100
Arrival: Local
Departure: Miami
Arrival Time: 10:30 A.M.
Departure Time:

Without hesitation, Murphy wrote under the bracket headed "Departure Time:" 11:30 A.M. This would give him, for the record, exactly one hour on deck at Zahn's Airport—no more. And then Gerry Murphy, instead of getting ready to leave, settled down to a long, hard, silent wait. Well after nightfall, a heavy ambulance swept up to the darkened main gate of Zahn's Airport. There were only two men within sight: the tautly waiting Murphy and the night watchman, an easy-going caretaker named Anthony Frevele.

The ambulance jumped forward and spun to a stop on the runway. There was a muffled stir of panting, hurried movements and a man on a stretcher, covered with a dark blanket, was lifted from the car and hoisted aboard Murphy's Beechcraft.

A heavy-shouldered, felt-hatted figure climbed into the plane after him. The man on the stretcher gave off a peculiar, sharp stench; he seemed to be half-conscious and groaned brokenly.

IF GERALD Lester Murphy, the erstwhile Eagle Scout and eager student, thought or felt that anything was wrong, he gave no sign of it. He swung behind the wheel and pulled on his gloves. He was a pilot now, a full-fledged airman captaining his ship. If the man in back in the cabin, the man strapped on the stretcher, was in trouble, that wasn't the pilot's concern; the pilot's concern was the plane.

The engine spat and sprang to life. By midnight, Gerry Murphy and Beech #68100 were airborne. The man on the stretcher, struggling against unconsciousness, sobbed out—for help? Gerry Murphy fixed his eyes on the dark windshield and kept his back to the man on the stretcher.

He had heard those sobs, though. Months later, Gerry—a very different Gerry—told his fiancée: "Why, I knew that fellow wasn't sick. He was drugged. I knew it right away. He kept mumbling and muttering, just kept on. . . ."

Gerry Murphy also knew "that fellow's" name.

The man on the stretcher was none other than Dr. Jesús María de Galíndez

of New York City; author, lecturer and a member of Columbia University's teaching faculty. Dr. Galíndez, who was trapped and strong-armed on March 12, 1956, by agents of Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo, had committed a singular crime: he had written a learned doctoral thesis about the Trujillo regime which displeased the dictator.

We know today that Dr. de Galíndez paid the price of that scientific exploration by suffering abduction in midtown Manhattan by agents of a foreign tyranny. We also have reason to believe that he finally paid the price of a slow, torturous death at the hands of the senile, sadism-twisted dictator.

"I am a believing Catholic," Dr. Galíndez had said in his last will and testament, written before his abduction. "God," a Columbia chaplain remarked recently, "whose own Son suffered torture while ambitious Roman careerists stood by washing their hands, God cannot have forgotten Jesús de Galíndez in his hour of extremity."

Just exactly what Gerald Murphy did after delivering the drugged Jesús de Galíndez into the hands of Trujillo's torturers at the Dominican Republic's Montecristi Airport on the morning of March 13, 1956, is not recorded. But it is known that the Hotel Jaragua provides hot and cold running water and scented soap for visitors who feel an urge to wash their hands.

Later, after Gerry Murphy's own disappearance in December, 1956, when his name was linked with the Galíndez scandal, those close to the young flier made an attempt to protect his memory—in all probability, the memory of a dead man. Thus the legend was born and grew that Gerry Murphy did not realize at first what was going on. "Gerry thought," said a friend, "that he would be flying a charter run to Florida with some sort of invalid."

Though this happens to be a nobly intentioned theory, this reporter cannot lend a hand to its propagation for one reason alone: it happens to be untrue.

THERE IS the damning evidence of Gerry's behavior in preparing for the fatal flight of March 12: he lied and falsified entries about it not once but a dozen times.

To Trade-Ayer he told a tale of "businessmen's air tours." To the Staten Island mechanic who installed his spare tanks and the pump designed by Murphy himself, he spoke of "flying to the Azores." Of his log entry at Zahn's airport only the signature seems to have been in good faith. Here Gerry falsified the "departure time" entry *in advance*, indicating that he had been warned to provide himself with an alibi for the evening.

At no time did Gerry Murphy declare

WHY GERRY MURPHY WAS REALLY MURDERED *continued*

or admit—as law, custom and flight regulations require—that his destination from Zahn Airport was Montecristi Airport in the Dominican Republic.

Murphy's friends speak fervently of his consuming "love for flight." In this they are largely correct. But that, of course, merely points up that Murphy must have known in advance the nature of his "charter flight" from Zahn's Airport. Otherwise, why should a dedicated pilot embark on a series of misstatements and forgeries that could lift his license? There is, evidently, no other explanation.

AND IF there is little doubt about Murphy's foreknowledge of his lethal adventure, there is no doubt whatever as to his *post facto* awareness of what he'd accomplished. He told Sally Caire, the pert, petite brunette Pan American flight hostess to whom he became engaged in September, 1956, about it. And he told at least two friends.

"I've seen Galíndez," Gerry boasted to Sally in November, 1956. "I tell you, he's alive as you or me. They didn't kill him. There's no need to. They're going to make an example of him."

The word "they" in these remarks refers, it should be noted, to Rafael Trujillo and his secret service stalwarts, who have been known on occasion to inject air into a prisoner's testicles, or tie off his wrists until the hands, shapeless and purple like dangling eggplants, reacted with blinding pain to the tap of a pencil—to have done these things to citizens who were mere run-of-the-mill recalcitrants, perhaps lacking in appreciation of Dictator Trujillo's benefactions.

What should they have done to Jesús de Galíndez, who was to be made an "example"? Perhaps it is just as well that we don't know.

But we do know, on evidence volunteered by Murphy's friends, something no other publication seems to have told its readers: that if Gerry had not vanished in Ciudad Trujillo, he would be a prisoner in the Federal detention block of New York County today and under indictment for complicity in forcible abduction. Forcible abduction means kidnaping, and even under U.S. law—which, of course, makes allowances for judge, jury, solid evidence and similar accoutrements ignored by dictator's—kidnaping brings the same ultimate penalty: death.

Although there are some who regard Gerald Murphy's disappearance and probable death as Biblical justice in the Galíndez case—remember the eye due for the eye?—new evidence indicates that they, too, are wrong. For the truth, as REAL can now exclusively reveal it from this reporter's investigation in Havana, in Santiago de Cuba, in Miami and in New York, seems to be, from all the gathered

evidence, even more somber and startling.

The truth is that Gerry Murphy's disappearance and presumed death were not the consequence of his participation in the Galíndez snatch, but of something far more ominous.

True, Murphy conversed a bit too casually about his part in the Galíndez venture. If these babblings ever reached the ear of Dictator Trujillo, they must have kicked up something of a storm in the Presidential Palace. But there is little indication that Trujillo took these indiscretions seriously.

Rafael Trujillo had nursed, over the years, such a consuming hatred for Dr. Jesús de Galíndez that he is said to be wholly unable to comprehend why anyone in the U.S. should consider his disappearance a loss.

There are numerous small incidents pointing unmistakably this way. We will quote only one.

In the summer of 1956, Sally Caire thoughtlessly mailed to Gerry in Ciudad Trujillo a stuffed folder of New York clippings about the Galíndez case. Trujillo's mail censorship is airtight, and Sally's missive was duly spotted. Yet Gerry got off with a dictatorial warning not to let Sally clutter up the mails with such trash.

Trujillo's smothered cackling is almost audible behind the boards in this scene. Although the folder was damning evidence that Gerry betrayed his secret to at least one outsider, a foreigner at that—Sally—Trujillo had apparently dismissed the matter with the Dominican equivalent of "boys will be boys!"

By this time Gerry Murphy was deeply embroiled in the sinister Trujillo project for which he had been originally talent-scouted by Colonel Salvador Cobian. The project was aimed, quite simply, at doing away with President Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar, the strong-man of nearby Cuba, and at replacing him with a revolutionary group sponsored by Trujillo himself.

Sounds a bit too strong? Impossible, even? Too dangerous for United States security, for Latin American democracy, to consider seriously? That's what this reporter thought—till he learned better.

Consider these items:

Item One: By May, 1956, Gerry Murphy had been hired as a co-pilot for Dominican Airlines, at a salary of almost \$400 per month. He lived, however, on a \$400-per-week scale. The job with Dominican Airlines was, in fact, partly a reward for the Galíndez kidnaping—Gerry wanted to chalk up some big-time flight credits—and partly a cover for his secret activities. Three-fourths of Gerry's income—with various bonus and expense payments, well over \$1,200 per month—came from his operations as a secret agent for Trujillo.

Item Two: In October, 1956, Gerry

traveled to Havana, Cuba, with a suitcase containing \$30,000, a few charges of a secret plastic explosive called hexite (kneaded inside some large hard rolls) and a set of glass time fuses resembling oven thermometers. He delivered these goodies to a fellow pilot, trusted Trujillo contact and underground revolutionary leader: 31-year-old Calixto Sanchez White, secretary general of the Air Workers' Union in Cuba.

ITEM Three: About ten days later, Colonel Antonio Blanco Rico, Chief of the SIM, Cuba's military intelligence service, was murdered in front of a Havana nightclub. Several other important Cuban officers were wounded, but the assailants were after Blanco. They got him cold. The dead colonel, it turned out, had been among President Batista's most influential henchmen and a personal enemy of Gerry's boss, Colonel Cobian. Pinpointed as having purchased the cars and expensive contraband arms used in the killing with "recently obtained Dominican money": Calixto Sanchez, Gerry's Havana contact.

Item 4: Somewhat later, Gerry returned to Havana with his saddle-leather carry-all. This time, he brought along a somewhat larger bundle of dough—it has since been estimated as high as \$500,000, but more probably about \$150,000—for the revolutionary group patronized by Rafael Trujillo. Calixto Sanchez White let it be known that he could use the money; things were going to boil in Havana.

Item 5: Then Calixto Sanchez did something Gerry considered plain unfriendly. He made a request to have Gerry sent to Cuba again in late October, this time on a surveying job. The Cuban revolutionaries had just the job for Gerry: first off, they wanted him to find a place for landing a C-46 near Havana. The plan was as follows: with Gerry at the controls, the C-46 would take off from Ciudad Trujillo, dive down over Havana and bomb the Presidential Palace in broad daylight, preferably killing President Batista. Then Gerry would land the C-46 at the prearranged airstrip and unload some revolutionaries from Trujillo land, who would join in the general free-for-all.

This was too much even for an adventurous Eagle Scout, and Gerry resigned from all his posts in the Dominican Republic, from co-pilot to courier, on Thanksgiving Day, 1956. He went briefly to Miami, but returned to Ciudad Trujillo on December 2 to dispose of his car and sundry belongings prior to leaving the island for good.

Sally Caire was the last person to see him alive: they met briefly at Ciudad Trujillo airport on the afternoon of December 3. Gerry was, on his way to the



MIAMI: Gerry lived in this house on SW 9th Street while working for Guthrie.



CIUDAD TRUJILLO: At posh Jaragua Hotel he lived life of luxury on huge salary.



PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: Through these portals he went, never to be seen again.

Presidential Palace to answer a special summons from Trujillo himself. Sally, who had only a 20-minute stopover between flights in Ciudad Trujillo, took off, and Gerry drove his squarish little English Ford out of the airport and slowly down the cobblestoned streets toward the palace. He was seen entering it a little before 3 P.M. But no one saw him leave. In fact, no one has seen Gerry Murphy since.

A few weeks later, the Dominican Government produced a report on the whereabouts of Gerald Lester Murphy, U.S. national. Gerry, the report said, had been a homosexual, and had gotten into a drunken fight about it with a large, loudish Dominican fellow-pilot named Octavio de la Maza. De la Maza hit Murphy, and since the entire hassle had taken place conveniently near a sheer cliff over a shark-infested stretch of sea, Murphy staggered backwards, fell into the sea and was seen no more.

How did the Dominican Government know all this? Why, very simple. De la Maza had conveniently killed himself in a police detention cell—he had reportedly garroted himself with a piece of mosquito netting—after leaving a carefully calligraphed confession of his deed.

It was all too slyly stupid, too brutishly banana-fingered for even the State Department's stiff "see-no-evil" outlook. No one believed Trujillo or his stately Attorney General. The whole tale, from homosexuality to suicide, seemed like a carefully concocted alibi on Trujillo's part.

FBI handwriting experts made quick mincemeat of the combined confession and suicide note allegedly left by Murphy's "killer." Octavio de la Maza had, it is true, killed before, and at least once he'd killed a friend over an argument. But he'd been known to feel no remorse over killing, and was not the suicidal kind. His alleged confession, it turned out, was a not very successful product of Trujillo's court counterfeiter, the usually dependable forger, Alonzo Alonzo.

"The Dominican Republic," reported New York columnist Murray Kempton, "is forging ahead on all fronts." Said a dry official note: "The U.S. Government considers the Murphy case unsolved."

Recently, when the Murphy affair came under the scrutiny of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the Dominican version of Octavio de la Maza's death took another bad beating. The Dominicans said de la Maza had died by hanging. Yet two U.S. Embassy officials insisted they had seen "what looked like a wound" on his corpse. Where did that "wound" come from if de la Maza had indeed garroted himself into oblivion?

Since Murphy was a native-born U.S. citizen, his death precipitated an uproar. Those who knew Gerry described him as a "good boy," a "sweet kid." In Congress, he was the subject of an angry address by Rep. Porter and of heated debate. Murphy was identified variously as "gentle," "conscientious," "honest," and a "splendid young man." The aching pity of it was that Gerald Lester Murphy had been all these things to people, and perhaps more. He had been, certainly, a fine airman, a loving husband-to-be and an obedient son.

What happened to Gerry Murphy to turn him into an agent—and then a victim—of what the New York Times recently called "the world's most complete tyranny"—Trujillo's nightmare empire?

Part of the explanation was furnished recently by an exceptional radio documentary entitled "A Chronicle of Terror." Assembled by Jay McMullen, the Columbia Broadcasting System's enterprising young writer-producer, the recorded voices of living witnesses threw a sharp light on every facet of the Galindez-Murphy case.

"Gerry's tragedy," said a perceptive observer after the broadcast, "was the tragedy of any American kid swept up in a maelstrom of intrigue and terror. Gerry had little moral perspicacity. He was like the GIs who end up in trouble on overseas posts—he couldn't judge for himself."

"To Gerry," said another investigator, who'd come to know the missing airman through months of work on his case, "to Gerry it probably didn't sound real from the outset that his passenger on that first 'charter flight' from Zahn's Airport would be an 'invalid.' If he'd been dealing with Americans, fellows like himself, he would

have cut loose from the deal quick. But these were *foreigners*. Their troubles were alien troubles; nothing they did, nothing that happened to them seemed *real* to Gerry. He got to feel that this was a foreign world where American standards simply didn't apply—and he had no others to apply. So he didn't apply any."

"He just went along with the gag, you mean?" asked someone.

"Yes," said the investigator. "Except that it wasn't a gag. It was real and damn sad."

The saddest part, at least so far as Gerry Murphy is concerned, may be the real circumstances of his disappearance. It is generally assumed that Gerry "got lost," as they say in Trujilloland, because he tried to cut loose from the Dominican dictator. But recent evidence indicates that there may have been an entirely different motive for it.

Gerry may have vanished, not because he wanted to leave Ciudad Trujillo, but because *he didn't leave soon enough!*

By the middle of November, 1956, Trujillo had suddenly decided to reverse his foreign policy and patch things up with his arch-enemy, Cuban Dictator Batista. And this meant that those involved in the planned assassination of Batista had to be silenced.

Colonel Cobian was the first to go. Early in November, 1956, his "sudden" death was announced in the official Dominican press. For the foreign reporters there was a more elaborate version: Colonel Cobian had gotten into a fight with his senior assistant; they drew in the same instant. Now both were dead from each other's fatal bullet.

Gerry, had he been addicted to reading obituaries, could have sensed a warning there. But Gerry had never been much of a reader.

In contrast, Arturo Espailat—who had, according to Murphy, "masterminded" the Galindez kidnaping—continues to prosper. After a stint as Dominican Consul General in New York—an appointment which reflects Trujillo's grisly sense of humor—he was recalled last spring to Ciudad Trujillo and promoted to cabinet rank. The United States State Department has repeatedly asked General Espailat to

WHY GERRY MURPHY WAS REALLY MURDERED *continued*

waive his diplomatic immunity and submit to questioning about the Galindez-Murphy incident. The reply from the Dominican Republic has been a thunderous silence. Trujillo has not even had the courtesy to acknowledge the State Department queries, an attitude almost unprecedented in diplomatic circles, especially on the part of a supposedly friendly nation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Murphy, Gerry's bereaved parents, received a curious mis-sive in the mail last March 23, however. It was a Dominican Treasury check in the amount of \$35,000, an award paid as

compensation for the loss of their son.

Only four days later, on March 27, Gerry's parents turned over the untouched Dominican check to a special trust fund created "to further a thorough investigation into the disappearance of Gerald L. Murphy."

And since among the fund's trustees, along with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and their minister, appears the name of Rep. Porter, the bulldog Congressman who had first brought Gerry's disappearance to national attention, it may be safely assumed that the Galindez-Murphy affair is not yet over; it's just begun. **END**



GERRY can't speak; and Trujillo won't.



PHIL SILVERS: TV'S LOVABLE LOUSE *continued from page 35*

One is the quality of affection which Silvers imparts to the role of Bilko. No matter how audacious his schemes may be, you can't get mad at the guy. "I'm a lovable louse," Silvers says happily. Furthermore, when the chips are down and someone seems likely to get hurt by his shenanigans, Bilko either backs off or reverses his field to aid the unfortunate. In one episode when a couple of minks Bilko had purchased (with the platoon's savings) for the purpose of breeding had turned out to be non-breeding, Bilko and his cohorts prepared to put them to sleep ceremonially in a gas chamber. But just as the switch was about to be pulled, the Sergeant broke down and ordered a stay of execution.

"The things we do might seem a little snide if we did them on the outside," says Nat Hiken, who created the show and, until recently, was its writer, producer, director and tribal chief, "but Bilko, after all, is in the Army."

In spite of the show's largely irreverent attitude towards Army life (Bilko's commanding officer, for instance, is depicted as a complete dolt), the Pentagon has never been known to complain about the goings-on. In fact, the Army even lends the show its complete cooperation, passing on all scripts and very seldom tinkering with them. "I get an idea for the show," Hiken says, "I take it to the Captain and he tells me the rules. Once, I asked him how would a monkey get into the Army. I outlined to him how I thought it could be done. It was ludicrous but he said go ahead." That particular show turned out to be one of the most hilarious in the series.

The Army, of course, will not come right out and endorse the show, but it is pretty obvious that even the top brass is

not unhappy about it. Aside from a few old-timers such as retired officers who complain about its being detrimental to the service, the squawks have been few and far between. Silvers once enthusiastically estimated that since the show began, it has trebled enlistments. An unofficial Army source will not substantiate this claim, but will say that the show has had no adverse effect on recruiting. In some cases, kids even came in to enlist because they were impressed by life in the Army as depicted on the show.

One of Sergeant Bilko's admirers, according to Sid Garfield, Silvers' press agent, is the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. "Last year Phil went to Baltimore to receive an award from an advertising club. One of the speakers was Governor McKeldin of Maryland, who is a good friend of President Eisenhower's. He told Phil, 'I know it's the absolute truth that every Tuesday night the White House watches the Bilko show.' Ike says, 'I want to see what that rascal's up to now.'"

Silvers gets a tremendous amount of mail from servicemen and veterans. The letters are almost invariably favorable.

"Most of the mail that comes from veterans," Silver says, "is along the lines of, 'You must have known our sergeant.' They all had sergeants who were promoters like Bilko. Some of them write about experiences that are even more fantastic than the ones we cook up."

"One veteran wrote in about a fantastic scheme a sergeant of his had cooked up. In a small town outside of camp, a store had put a large jar of peas in the window. You had to guess the number of peas in the jar to win a television set. The sergeant decided he'd like the set for his platoon's day-room. He got a jar about

the size of the one in the window and filled the jar with peas. The jar was a little smaller than the jar in the store, but the sergeant knew he still couldn't be more than 200 peas off. So he put 200 of his soldiers in line in front of the store at four in the morning. When the store opened at nine, nobody else could get in line. Each soldier filed in with a number until the one with the number that corresponded to the amount of peas in the jar won the television set for the platoon."

A primary factor in the widespread popularity of the show has been the happy marriage of Silvers and Hiken. Both have much in common, including a love for sports and off-beat characters. Hiken, this season, will take a vacation from the show; he will be replaced by Ed Montaigne, who had been its assistant director from the time it started.

Phil respected Hiken's judgment from the beginning; the writer-producer had had a long and extensive radio-TV background, having worked with Fred Allen, Jack Carson and other first-rate comics. Hiken was the one who conceived the notion of casting the fighter Rocky Graziano on the old Martha Raye show. Rocky later returned the favor by bringing fight-game characters into the Bilko platoon. In addition to such seasoned personalities as Harvey Lembeck, Billy Sands and Herbie Faye, the Bilko motor pool also includes Walter Cartier, an ex-middleweight with 60 fights to his credit; Maxie Shapiro, an ex-lightweight; and Graziano's old fight manager, Jack Healy.

"I wanted a regular bunch of guys. Army mechanics," says Hiken. "That's what we got, a lot of guys banding together and coming through in the clutch."

Hiken has an enormous regard for Silvers' ability to come through in the clutch, too. "I think he'd be great in any part. He stays logical and honest. He's an honest comedian, a great actor."

Silvers brings to the role a know-how that can only be described as instinctive. His only brush with Army life came on USO tours during World War II. "I never got anything specific from those tours," Phil says, "but things stick with me."