



# Anybody Can Go to CONEY ISLAND

*He didn't like anything about Anne—her nut-eating family or the way she laughed at him or anything. But when he stayed away from her, he was miserable*

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

YOU want to know about Anne, I'll tell you about Anne. I'll tell you how I came to dislike her father and her mother and her Uncle Rodolfo—who ever heard of having an Uncle Rodolfo?—and that street where she lived and a lot of other stuff.

But first off, you don't mind, I will speak very briefly not of Anne but of Betsy. I like to talk about girls. I could tell you about Sandra in Chicago, too, but it might bore you. It bores me.

Well, Betsy. Where she lived, it was Park Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, one of those big, big apartment houses where the apartments all have eight, nine, ten rooms each, and the maid sleeps in; and where they have separate elevators on different sides of the building, and big, red-faced doormen—old guys—who are always so polite.

I was seventeen, and I knew Betsy because her brother went to my school. It was a private school, and the main difference between me and Betsy's brother was that his parents could afford it and I don't think mine could.

Anyway, to make my own money, Saturdays and Sundays I worked as a messenger for Western Union, at their branch on Twenty-second Street in the short block between Broadway and Fifth, in back of the Flatiron Building. Sunday is the tough day, because they close down the other branch offices in the neighborhood, and you have to deliver telegrams over an area stretching from the East River to the Hudson River, and from Sixteenth Street north to Thirtieth. You can't goof off, either, because you have to clock out with each batch of telegrams and clock in when you get back, and they only allow you so much time.

It's a stretch of town that covers a lot of New York. You have the Seamen's House Y.M.C.A. on the West Side, and Bellevue Hospital on the East Side, on First Avenue; and the brassière manufacturers and drug wholesalers, and the big Masonic headquarters, and the Armenian section in the East Twenties, and then the snooty Gramercy Park section. I guess you can learn a lot. Main thing I learned, at the time, was that you deliver a telegram, get it signed for and get out of there.

Those walk-up apartment houses—they're the next grade up from the real old tenements. You build a house that's got more than five floors in New York City, it has to have an elevator. That accounts for all the five-story residences. Every telegram I got, it was always the fifth floor, and it was always bad news. Most people who get telegrams in that part of town only get them when it's bad news. You don't want to be there when they tear open the envelope and read it.

One time I delivered a telegram to an old lady

back in the rear apartment on the fifth floor, and I was going down the stairs fast when I heard her calling me. I pretended not to hear her, but she kept on calling—"Western, Western," like that—so finally all right, I turned around and climbed back up there. She had the door open just a little, and the opened telegram was in her hand, and for a minute I thought oh—oh, this one doesn't read English, and she wants me to read it to her. But all she did, she reached out her old arm, with the skin all tired and the veins on the wrist all blue, and she put a penny in my hand. A tip. I took it, too.

And after a day of that, I'd go home and get a shower and put on the good suit and go up on the Lexington Avenue subway to take Betsy out.

Well, anyway, this night, her people were just finishing dinner, and they had company. I walked into this big dining room where they were all sitting, and they wanted me to sit down and have some dessert with them, and sure enough, pretty soon Betsy starts talking to me about how she's heard I'm working week ends, and her old man says to me—he's an importer or something, lots of money—he says to me, "Just what is it you do?" And I said, "Well, sir, I'm in communications," and they all nodded very seriously, but back behind their eyes they were laughing, and I knew it.

Well, in this story I'm telling now, believe it or not, that just about takes care of Betsy. It doesn't tell much about Betsy, but, you know what I mean, nothing really ever tells much about people like Betsy. Looking back, though, it ties in. Now you jump seven years and you come to Anne, and this is about Anne.

I WASN'T going to school with anybody's rich brother when I met Anne. I had gone to college, too, but on my own. I met Anne at one of those club dances they're always having in the Bronx. Sid Miller, who works with me, and his wife Louise (and I wished I'd seen her before he did) were going to this dance, and there's always a lot of stag business, boys and girls, at something like that. "You'll meet somebody," Sid says to me, and I said no, girls who come unescorted are not my type of girls. But I went, and this girl was standing over to the side of the dance floor, the one I thought was unescorted, turned out to be Anne.

What I couldn't figure was how somebody like that would have to go anywhere without a guy, so what I did, I went up and asked her. I went up and told her my name and I said, "All I want to know is, why'd you come without a guy?"

She told me her name and she said, "I didn't."

Well, then I had to say (Continued on page 54)

By the time we got to the boardwalk, I was glad we came. There were people, but not so many as I had expected. There was plenty of room on the boardwalk

## Have you seen these five men? They're German prisoners of war wh

Why did it take the FBI more than seven years to track down escaped German war prisoner Reinhold Pabel, whose story appears below?

It's a tribute to the federal agents that they caught him at all. Of the 430,000 Germans and Italians held in POW camps in this country during World War II, a total of 2,803 escaped. Most were quickly caught, but a number who spoke English well attempted to assume new identities, as Pabel did, and melt into obscurity. Tracing them was a needle-in-a-haystack operation: a scant 6,000 FBI men combing almost 160,000,000 people. A Chicago police officer said after Pabel was arrested: "Any prisoner of war smart enough to go to work in a big city, as Pabel did, or lose himself on some remote farm, ought to be able to remain at large forever."

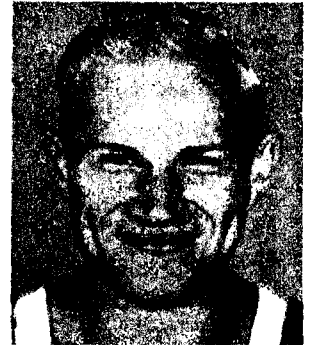
Yet today, only five escapees are still free. The FBI has weeded out and captured all the others. For the remaining five, it's probably only a matter of time before the G men catch up with them (although it might be a different matter if their fingerprints and other identifying data were not on file). You may be able to speed up the process. Here are the pictures of the Nazi POWs still at large; if any of these men look familiar to you, notify the nearest FBI office at once

**Curt Richard Westphal**



Now 31, Westphal, an ex-sailor and truck driver, broke out of a camp in Bastrop, La., in August, 1945. He is stocky, ruddy and blue-eyed

**Werner Paul Lueck**



Lueck, now 33, is blond, blue-eyed, of medium height. He weighed 167 when he escaped from Las Cruces, N.M., in November, 1945

# "IT'S EASY TO BLUFF



Reinhold Pabel, as a noncom in the 115th Panzer Grenadiers of Hitler's First Army

Doubt it? Then read this astonishing adventure story by a captured German soldier who broke out of an Illinois prisoner-of-war camp almost eight years ago, married an American woman, started a small, successful business in Chicago, and might still be at large, if—

**L**ET us suppose for a moment that you are an ardent Communist living behind the Iron Curtain. You have been thoroughly trained in espionage and sabotage. You have learned to speak English with only a slight accent. One day your superior officer orders:

"You will proceed to Canada and cross into the United States. You will establish residence in Chicago and obtain a post-office-box address under the name of Joseph Brown. You will not under any circumstances communicate with anybody in this country or with personnel in our embassy or consulates in America. Instead, you will live as an ordinary American citizen. It should be relatively simple for you to establish a small mail-order business, preferably as a dealer in rare books. You will support yourself from this business indefinitely; it may be 10 or 20 years before you hear from us. When the time for action arrives, you will receive a personal letter containing coded orders.

"Then," your superior officer concludes, "you will carry out the acts of sabotage described in your orders."

If you were that hypothetical agent, do you think you could live in Chicago as Joseph Brown for the next 10 or 20 years without being caught?

When I asked an American friend that question

recently, he commented: "The *saboteur* wouldn't have a chance. The FBI would grab him in less than a month." My friend may be right; I hope so. But I think a well-trained *saboteur* could slip into the United States and live here comfortably and undetected for an indefinite time. In fact, barring the outbreak of a war, I believe he could stay in this country long enough to collect Social Security benefits!

I make that statement on the basis of my own experience. I am a former noncommissioned officer of the 115th Panzer Grenadiers of the German First Army. On September 10, 1945, when I was twenty-nine, I escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp near Peoria, Illinois. For almost eight years after that, I lived openly in Chicago under the name of Phillip Brick.

As Phillip Brick, I washed dishes in restaurants, set pins in a bowling alley, clerked in a bookstore and worked in the circulation department of the Chicago Tribune while accumulating the \$450 it took to open my own bookstore, the Chicago Book Mart, at 1021½ Argyle Street. As Phillip Brick, I courted and married my American wife. I have a ten-month-old son, Christopher Brick. Six months after I escaped, I filed my first American income-tax return, signed Phillip Brick; I have

Collier's for May 16, 1953