Without a Badge
by Jerry Speziale with Mark Seal

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THE JUNKIE

I'm standing on the corner of 119th Street and Park Avenue in Spanish Harlem, anxiously awaiting the 1:00 A.M. opening of a shooting gallery. My clothes, rescued from a Salvation Army bin, are smeared with dog feces. My hair, long and braided in cornrows, is dotted with dirty beads. My arms are pocked with track marks.

It's the middle of the night, but it's rush hour on this dark corner beneath the El platform, on a street reeking with urine and teeming with junkies. Every ear is tuned to the moment when somebody whistles, signaling the opening of the shooting gallery. I'm hopping up and down, hands in my sweatshirt, asking everybody, 'What's out?' Meaning what variety of heroin, coke, or crack will be served up when the gallery opens.

'Yo, dude, when they gonna bust this door open?' I ask. 'How much longer we gotta wait?'

The other junkies gather round. They know me as Crazy Jerry from Jersey, a loud, in-your-face guy who's always screaming obscenities, picking through garbage, and generally acting deranged, and they're hoping that maybe I'll share my bag with them. But once that whistle cuts through the night, it's every man for himself. We all rush toward the graffiti-covered door of a dilapidated tenement.

'Line up! Line up!' commands a grimy, rail-thin Spanish ghetto guy in a dirty T-shirt. We all do as told, fifty suddenly obedient junkies in a line, each rolling up our sleeves to show the doorman our tracks, proof that we're not cops. I shove up my sleeve when it's my turn.

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The Junkie 1 'Just gimme the dope!' I say, acting panicky. The mangy guy at the door backs away from my stench and ushers me inside.

I step into a crack-clouded, urine-scented, gutted shell of a building with lightbulbs hanging from sockets. It's a smoky den of needles, guns and dope, the floors littered with a dozen addicts sampling the wares. I thrust a fistful of cash at the dealer, a shirtless skeleton wearing only cut-off jeans and a do-rag, and cop my bag, ignoring his young Dominican bodyguards with their shaved heads and automatic pistols. Then I rush back out into the night like any junkie who's eager for a fix.

But it's all a masquerade, designed to help me 'get over' – pass as a junkie and make a buy. My stained clothes are just a costume. My track marks were made with theatrical makeup. My cornrows are beauty parlor extensions. My high is from the NYPD-sanctioned beers I tossed down to take the edge off the evening. Crazy Jerry from Jersey is Jerry Speziale, undercover cop. Through the Kell transmitter wire taped up the middle of my back and the microphone snaking up the front of my chest, I signal the backup cops, who rush in for a bust.

Everybody warned me, 'White guys can't get over.' But for the last three years, I've been getting over nightly, helping our unit become the most productive in NYPD history. We're the NYPD Street Enforcement Unit, a citywide narcotics unit dedicated to fighting street-level drugs. Going undercover is the quickest way for an NYPD cop to achieve the coveted gold detective's shield. But the last three years have taken their toll. I've been shot, robbed, run over by a cab, pushed off of a roof, beaten by rogue cops who didn't recognize me . . . and much more. Worst of all, the work has ceased to be satisfying.

It's one bust after another after another, sometimes ten times a night, and we never seem to make a dent in the traffic. We bust 'em one at a time, a street at a time, sometimes a neighborhood at a time, two hundred cops leaping out of city buses in massive raids. I score in shooting galleries, tenement flats, street corners, makeshift labs . . . every imaginable variety of sordid locale, where the difference between life and death is how fast I can score and get out the door, without ever letting anyone make the connection between Crazy Jerry from Jersey and the busts that follow. Each night is an endless stint of theatrics, during which I'm acting crazy but silently praying, 'Please, God, don't let them make me.'

Meaning ID me as a cop.

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Because if they do, I'm dead.

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As dawn breaks on another all-nighter, I'm driving home in my fifty-dollar orange VW Cheech and Chong mobile, still dressed in my costume, reeking of dog feces, sweat, beer, and crack. When I pull into the beautiful new town house community where I live with my wife, Maggie, who is about to give birth to our first child, the morning smells like bacon and eggs.

None of our neighbors know that I'm a cop. I park the Bug and trudge toward our front door. Just then, I see my wife and a neighbor, a young woman who's pushing a baby in a stroller. 'Pretty soon, Maggie,' I hear the woman tell my eight-months-pregnant wife. 'Yours will be here before you know it.' They stop in midsentence and stare at me as if I were something out of a horror movie.

Maggie, who wholeheartedly supports me in my police career, is nonetheless repulsed by my appearance. Ashamed, she quickly looks away and breaks down crying.

And I know I've got to find a way to rise above the grind of busting junkies on the street.

I've got to find a way to get to the source.

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Years before, Maggie had saved me.

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My father was a New Jersey barber. He ran a shop called Gerard's in the city of Paterson. When we moved into the borough of Totowa, he had another shop where he worked by himself. When we moved to Wayne, he eventually ran a shop with six or seven haircutters called Mario Gerard's. My mother worked as a law firm paralegal. And I was – well, I wouldn't say I was a juvenile delinquent, but I was definitely a wild and energetic kid.

I wasn't robbing banks or sticking up stores. I was just the type of guy who would get on a snowmobile in the winter and taunt the cops into trying to chase me. Or find a thousand ways to drive my only sister, Debbie, who was four years younger than me, crazy. Or I'd get my dirt bike and hang out at the shopping mall looking for mischief. I became a member of a small-time street gang called the T-Bowl Gang. The gang was named for the local bowling alley, the T-Bowl. We'd get in fights with other gangs from other towns. By the time I was fourteen, I was already off on the wrong foot, drinking booze, getting in trouble, tearing up my town.

At fourteen, I also got a part-time job, working every night after school. The Wayne Hills Mall was going up, and I went down and worked construction. By the time I had my driver's license at seventeen, I got a job driving a tow truck as a highway 'recovery specialist,' the authorized wrecker for the New Jersey State Police. Clearing wrecks. Towing deadbeats.

Then I met Maggie Reinhardt, and she became the light of my life.

I met Maggie when she was fifteen and I was eighteen. She worked for a modeling agency and they were doing a fashion show for a boutique in the Wayne Hills Mall. She was walking through the mall, and I was hanging out in front of an arcade with my 'T-Bowl' gang jacket, when I saw her for the first time.

'Did anybody ever tell you you're beautiful?' I yelled across the mall.

Maggie looked at me and gave me the finger and said, 'Get lost!'

Those were our first words.

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Finding out about Maggie was my first real investigation. I went to Wayne Hills High School and Maggie went to Wayne Valley High School. Her family was straitlaced. Her father had just passed away at forty-two of a heart attack. He had worked for Winer Industries, selling clothes to JC Penney and all the resale shops. His death left his family okay financially, but emotionally there was a big hole in their home. Maggie was devastated.

One night her school had a bonfire. I parked across the street and said 'Hi' to Maggie as she passed, and she said 'Hi' back. I found a mutual friend and convinced her to get Maggie to meet me. I parked my tow truck outside Maggie's house as our friend walked in, and pretty soon Maggie emerged.

'Do you want to go for a ride with me?' I asked her.

'Sure,' Maggie said, and we went on our first date. We towed a car and then went to McDonald's, where the drive-through attendant alerted Maggie's brothers where she was and who she was with. Her brothers went into Full-Alert Status. They'd heard I was a badass, and they were determined to rescue their sister from me. But it didn't work. We started dating and in 1985, Maggie and I got married.

With Maggie, I found my focus: to have a family and a great job. I loved law enforcement, and law enforcement straightened me out, and all that came from Maggie.

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I've always loved action. As a kid growing up, my big dream was to become a fireman. I became a maniacal fire buff, always hanging around the fire department. My dad would walk me up to the firehouse and I would sit on a fire engine. But it was my uncle Tony, my mother's brother, who pointed me toward my career.

Uncle Tony was a New York State Trooper. He was one of the original undercovers on the New York State Police; he helped bust the Hell's Angels. He wore this big

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Afro and a leather jacket with chains and earrings and drove an old Cadillac Seville. I always looked up to Tony. I was entranced by all of his undercover adventures.

Sometimes, Tony and his partner would come to my grandmother's (Tony's mother's) house, the two of them looking like desperados, and they'd take their guns out of their waistbands and show them to me. How cool was that? To masquerade as a badass to bust the bad guys? I saw myself in that role . . . someday.

By the time I got out of high school I was focused on becoming a cop. I took the New York State Police test, and I scored fairly well. By then, uncle Tony was a sergeant in the state police detective bureau and a representative for the Troopers' Union. He knew me as this wild kid who probably would have destroyed his career if he vouched for me to get on the New York State Police.

Uncle Tony could have gotten me on with one phone call. He worked in Albany and he knew the superintendent. The guy was once his partner. But Tony didn't help me. I never got called for my background, never got called for my physical, never got called at all.

My alternative was the NYPD or staying local. My father knew some politicians and a captain at the Passaic County Sheriff's Department, Joe Vacardipone. Joe was well liked by the sheriff. I had already taken the NYPD test and begun the process of applying there, but my father thought New York City was too tough and dangerous. He talked to Joe, and Joe got me an interview at Passaic County. Damn, if they didn't sign me on.

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In 1981 I had my first job in law enforcement. The position, corrections officer. I was working in the jail with hardened criminals, moving them throughout the facility, taking them to court and to the gym, doing odd jobs around the place.

Then the NYPD called. It was 1982 and the department desperately needed new officers. The drug wars were raging and record levels of crime had left the force shell-shocked and riddled with vacancies. Officers were retiring or just quitting in

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record numbers. The NYPD, trying to keep pace with demand, was bringing in three thousand new recruits at a clip.

When I got the call, I almost dropped the phone. I had been accepted in the next class at NYPD! I was supposed to be signed in that same Friday and was told to report to induction with my New York State driver's license and be ready for service. This was what I'd wanted, but now that I had it, I didn't know what to do.

Pretty soon there was a chorus. Maggie, my parents, everybody all told me to forget about New York. 'Hey, listen, you've got a great job here,' they said. 'You're safe in Jersey. There's no real danger. You just started. Don't leave for New York City. We don't want you to do this.'

I might have followed their advice. But then, on the day of my acceptance, I was talking to John Turre, a canine officer at the Passaic County Jail with ten long years on the job. 'I got called for the NYPD and they want me to go Friday. What would you do?' I asked John.

He looked at me and said, 'Kid, get the hell out of here.'

I went home and told Maggie that I'd decided to go with the NYPD. She tried to talk me out of it, but I was determined. Without telling her, I got up the next morning and drove over the George Washington Bridge and got sworn in, one more rookie headed to the Police Academy.

After the swearing-in ceremony, I got a New York City driver's license and, because I was required to have a residence in New York City, found a dirty, rat-infested apartment in an old walk-up in Brooklyn. It was in a basement and it had a bathroom that was shared with three other guys. One of my roommates was a Middle Eastern refugee who played the mandolin all night long. The bathroom was so filthy I had to take a shower with my sneakers on. When I got home and told Maggie what I'd done, she looked at me as if I had just said I was leaving her.

That night, she drove into the city with me to help me bring my stuff. She walked in, took one look at this filthy excuse of an apartment, and began begging and pleading

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with me not to stay there. But it was too late. I was a member of the NYPD, and I was ready to go wherever my new job would send me.

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I was assigned to patrol in the Bronx, stationed in what they call an A House. A precinct is called a house, and the department rates them alphabetically – an A House, a B House, and a C House. C Houses would be located in low-crime areas like Staten Island. B Houses would be somewhere where there wasn't much happening, maybe out in Queens in a neighborhood like Forrest Hills.

A Houses were different, dangerous. They were in places like the South Bronx, Harlem, Washington Heights, or the Lower East Side. A Houses were the worst of the worst, and I absolutely loved it. I'd work twenty-five jobs a night, probably five to eight of them involving shots fired or a man-with-a-gun. It was nonstop action, all night long. I'd go from job to job to job. It was high crime and fast paced.

Then in 1986, I got my chance to shine. I was in the foursix precinct in the Bronx with another patrol officer, my buddy John Lynn. He was a really easygoing guy who loved the outdoors and snowmobiles, motorcross and mountain bikes. Even though we each only had two years on the job, we were considered 'hair bags,' meaning veteran officers in the precinct.

John and I were a radio car team, but that night the brass broke us up. We were experienced guys who knew our precinct boundaries, and they wanted each of us to work with a rookie. They put me with a guy named James Clark, a young, Irish-looking kid with light brownish red hair that he wore short and combed back. He was quiet, and even quieter now that he was a brand-new boot on the street with a partner that was anything but conventional.

Because John and I were friends – we went on vacations together, and we were really close – we had an unwritten rule that we would back each other up on whatever job we got with our respective rookies.

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I got an alarm call to Webster Avenue, went there, and found nothing going on, so I called it in as an accidental trip or a faulty alarm. Then I heard over the radio, 'Ten-thirty in progress,' which means a robbery was going down. A guy with a gun was holding up somebody in a vestibule. I heard that 'Forty-six King' – John Lynn's unit – was headed to the scene. I was 'Forty-six Eddie,' so I said over the radio, 'This is Forty-six Eddie, I'm going on a back,' meaning a backup.

We raced to the scene. Rookie Jimmy Clark was driving our old Dodge Diplomat, and the farther we drove, the worse the neighborhood got. Tenement buildings on dirty streets with garbage strewn along the sidewalks. The buildings all looked the same – vestibule-type jobs with dingy little courtyards in the middle. The smell of urine wafted up from the street. It was, in short, junkie heaven.

I radioed John Lynn; he was almost there, and I was still a ways away. I asked John to give me a description when he got there. Once he got to the front of 1790 Weeks Avenue and walked into the courtyard and then into the vestibule, John encountered one Benjamin Clark, who was acting mighty strange. His eyes looked all buggy. He had a horrendous case of the shakes. He was drenched in sweat and hellbent on robbery and homicide.

We were about to be introduced to our future.

Benjamin Clark was standing in a big, downstairs vestibule, in the middle of one stairway going right and a second stairwell going left. Lurking in the shadows, Clark would wait for people to walk through the doorway, then line them up on the wall to rob them. He was screaming, 'Get on the wall! Spread-eagle!' when John Lynn found him. He already had a few people against the wall. One of the witnesses said that when Clark heard sirens heading his way, he fired a gunshot into the floor and said, 'Fuck them! I'm ready!'

Clark fired on John and hit him through his holster, grazing his hip. John shot back at Clark and then ducked into a doorway to reload his gun. My rookie partner was driving and he started to pass the building. 'It's right there!' I shouted. I opened the door and leaped out of the moving car, just as I heard John yell, 'Ten-thirteen, shots fired! Ten-thirteen, shots fired!' In the courtyard, I could smell the gun smoke. John's young partner had run back out of the building when John came under fire, and was hiding in the garden.

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One of the people lined up on the wall was a woman named Lisa Gist. When John came in, Gist tried to escape and Clark shot her in the back of the head. She went down and her body blocked the door. She was bleeding profusely, but she was coherent, saying, 'Help me. Help me.'

That's what I heard when I rushed into the building.

'John? John?' I was yelling. I saw him hiding behind the door, while Clark was reloading his gun. I fired a shot and hit Clark in the ankle. Clark took off, bolting up the stairwell, with me hot on his trail.

The next officer on the scene was another rookie, a brave woman named Crystal Rodriguez, and she followed me up the stairs. Just as we made the turn for the fourth floor, Benjamin Clark fired again. His shot hit the cinderblock wall, and a big chunk bounced off and hit me in the head.

I thought I'd gotten shot in the head, and I'll never forget that feeling. Maggie was pregnant with our daughter, Franki, and I had this vision that I was never going to see my daughter, or see my wife again. That gave me the strength to fight.

Crystal and I took cover, trying to shoot up the stairs, while shots rained down on us. One hit Crystal in the badge, another right in the rim of her vest. She looked at me and said, 'I think I'm hit.' I threw her into the arms of another officer who was coming up the stairs, then ran back up after Benjamin Clark.

All I could see was his muzzle flash blazing down from the darkness above. The next thing I knew, I felt a fiery pain in my forearm, and this time I knew I'd been hit.

I ran back down the stairs. It was 4:00 A.M. by then and I started calling for more assistance: helicopters, emergency services, SWAT teams, everybody.

We set up a perimeter around the building. But crazy Benjamin Clark went up to the roof, jumped to the top of an adjoining building, took off his pea coat, and walked

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out the front door as if he were just a normal person wondering what the hell was going on. He was walking down the sidewalk when a sergeant yelled out to him, 'Hey, pal, get out of here, there's some nut shooting.'

I spotted Clark and jumped up and down yelling, 'That's him! Police!' When he didn't surrender, I fired my gun at him and he started shooting again.

I emptied six shots into him, but he didn't stop. He started stutter-stepping, dancing like a deer. He'd turn around and shoot, and then he'd go down on his knee and he'd get up and run and turn around and shoot again. I reloaded and fired six more and although some found their target, the guy didn't even flinch. He began running again, with me hot on his heels.

By then a dozen cops were shooting at Benjamin Clark. It was like the gunfight at the OK Corral, just a crazy rain of blood and bullets. Clark never stopped firing at us until about twenty of us emptied our guns into him and Benjamin Clark bounced all over the street like a rubber ball.

When he finally fell, we found all these vials with little white rocks in them, scattered around his body, and we thought, What the hell is this? They looked like miniature white peanuts. We'd never seen crack before.

Although we didn't realize it at the time, Benjamin Clark was our first taste of a revolution that would soon put the NYPD to a bloody test. By 1988, the department would be buried in a wave of coke and crime. And just as Benjamin Clark was the first foot soldier of what would be an epidemic of crack that would ravage New York City, I knew I had found my calling as a cop.

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When they wheeled me into the hospital, the attendants wanted to call my wife. I told them absolutely, positively no.

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'My wife is having a troubled pregnancy, you push me to a phone and I'll personally tell her that I've been shot,' I said. I wanted Maggie to hear my voice so she would know that I was okay.

All through my hospital stay, I thought of three things – Maggie, our baby, and becoming an undercover cop. I had already interviewed to become a narc and hoped to be accepted as a 'Ninety-Day Wonder,' a member of the ninetyday program in which NYPD would take successful street cops from busy precincts and try them out for ninety days in undercover work. If you were accepted into the program, after three years of undercover assignment you would get your gold detective's shield, pushing the normal route of seven years down to three.

Becoming an undercover narc was a fast track for getting to detective, but being a narc was the toughest job in the city. Buying drugs and hanging with dope dealers wasn't a favorable assignment; the brass knew that everybody wasn't cut out for it. When I applied to do my ninety days, I expected to be accepted right away, because there weren't a lot of guys crazy enough to do it.

The shooting made up my mind for me.

While I was in the hospital, then-mayor Ed Koch paid a visit, along with Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy and other members of the brass. I remember them circling my hospital bed, surveying the damage. One of them said to me, 'What do you want to do with your career?'

I didn't hesitate. 'I wanna be a narc,' I said. I told them that I'd put in for my ninety days and they looked at me as if I had ten heads. I'd just survived a blazing gun battle, and they were giving me the chance for some cushy assignment; asking to become an undercover narc was like trading a winning lottery ticket for a postage stamp. Any sane guy would have said he wanted to work at Police Plaza and push papers around all day. But I wanted to be an undercover.

When I returned to my precinct after sick leave, there was a telephone message waiting. I'd been accepted as a 'Ninety-Day Wonder,' and I would be assigned to the Street Enforcement Unit, a citywide command in Manhattan.

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What did I know about being an undercover narcotics agent? Absolutely nothing. There were no schools for hanging out in shooting galleries or masquerading as a junkie, and the NYPD had no formal training for this type of work. Everything was on-the-job training. I learned fast. First lesson: it all comes down to listening, eavesdropping, wiretapping.

Every undercover develops his own technique and 'front', or style of masquerade. The best undercovers I've seen, whether in a police department or a federal agency, are the ones that really believe in what they're doing and throw themselves completely into playing the part. When you're totally into your role, you actually believe that you're a junkie – or a drug smuggler. That's why the psychological affects are so strong and so serious. You become that person for a time.

That's what happened to me. For the next few years I carried out variations on my Crazy Jerry routine. In New York's most crack-infested neighborhoods, I posed as a lowlevel drug user to set up buys and busts. Working with the NYPD Organized Crime Control Bureau, Street Enforcement Narcotics Unit, I was involved in taking down thousands of street dealers. But I was frustrated, because I could see that I was still just skimming the surface of the drug trade. I was far from the source of the problem.

Three years after going undercover, I got a promotion to one of the fifteen DEA task force groups on Christmas Eve, 1989. The New York Drug Enforcement Task Force (NYDETF) is the longest-standing drug enforcement task force in the nation, dating back to 1975. To get into a task force, agents weren't recruited by the DEA but by whatever agency the officer originally belonged to. Each agency – the DEA, the NYPD, and the New York State Police – recruited their own members and assigned them to the DEA task force.

Whatever your branch of service, in order to get into the DEA task force, you first had to be a detective. Then you had to have extensive narcotics street and major drug case experience. Then, and only then, could you be considered for an interview before a board consisting of the individual task force's captain, other agents from the DEA, and representatives from the three individual agencies whose members were recruited to serve.

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It turned out to be a very sweet gig. I got a take-home car and thousands upon thousands of dollars in overtime pay. Plus, our task force turned out to be the most prestigious unit in New York City law enforcement. Pretty soon, every New York City narc's dream was to become a member of the DEA task force. But only eighty of five thousand detectives got the call. You had to be a superstar in the narcotics division and it would take a while before you would even be considered.

For fifteen months, I was assigned to Group 77, the aggressive newcomer in a group of mostly older guys. I started pushing for wiretaps. I'd learned all about wiretaps from an expert named Frank Bose, who I called Grandpa. We had worked together in the Harlem Narcotics Unit when I was an undercover, and we had gone on to Group 77 together. Grandpa had worked for the Tandy Corporation as a technician, developing cellular telephones back in the pioneering days of cellular technology. He was like Mr Gadget, complete with the lab coat and the complicated tools, and I couldn't have asked for a better mentor. He was an electrical genius.

I'd wanted to do wires when I first came to the task force, but aside from Grandpa, none of the other members of the group wanted to do anything. Grandpa and I set up our first wiretap on a Colombian trafficker. But we could only get one side of the conversation, his outgoing calls only. The DEA's technicians told us it wasn't possible to pick up both sides of a telephone conversation because the technology wasn't available.

Grandpa and I fought that prevailing logic. We went over and had lunch with some of the guys at Cellular One at the switching station in New Rochelle, New Jersey. We brought them NYPD T-shirts, hats and coffee mugs. I basically served as Grandpa's gofer, carrying his toolbox, while he walked around the switches in his lab coat and met with the technicians, everyone trying to figure out how we could hear both sides of a cell phone conversation. Eventually, we accomplished our goal through what's called a 'loop extender,' a device that places a loop in the circuit that routes the call over a dedicated line to the wiretap equipment for monitoring.

From there I learned how the switch worked, how the cell sites worked, and about the technology. Then I started doing one wiretap after another. As the technology improved, so did my skills at keeping up with the improvements. When Skypagers became popular among drug dealers, I would learn how to tap them, too.

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From the beginning, I wanted to bust the world, while most of the other members of my team wanted to sit around and read the New York Post. At 4:00 P.M., they would say, 'Let's go out and see if we can find some drug dealers.' At 6:00 P.M., it was quitting time. I huffed and puffed all day long, begging everybody to help me kick down doors and clean up the streets. The group's apathy was appalling, considering that we were at war in New York City.

Violent crime was soaring. Coke and crack were flooding the streets. The enemy was from an area of South America known as the 'White Triangle,' with Cali, Colombia, at its apex. The trafficking organizations, or 'cartels', which made their home first in Medellín on the coast and then two hundred miles south in Cali, posed a major challenge to US law enforcement.

Starting where the Medellín groups stopped after being taken down by the Colombian National Police in the early 1980s, the Cali cartels made great efforts to pass themselves off as legitimate businessmen. Sophisticated, wealthy and ruthless, these traffickers had access to the latest technologies, and soon developed an infrastructure much like that of an organized crime or terrorist organization.

But while traditional Mafia families corrupted officers and judges, the Cali cartels corrupted entire institutions of government. During the late 1980s and early 1990s, the cartels generated billions of dollars in drug revenues per year, littering the streets of New York with both coke and the corpses of those who double-crossed them.

The police powers of New York decided to go after the Colombian drug cartels by creating a new 'group.' They already had fifteen special drug enforcement groups, some of them created as far back as 1975, each comprising agents and officers from the NYPD, the New York State Police, and the DEA. There were maybe fifteen guys to every group. In 1990s, they decided to create the new division expressly to go after the Cali drug cartels. Instead of bringing in new members, they asked each of the existing divisions to give somebody up for a new group.

The supervisors of the existing groups were reluctant to give up their best guys to a brand-new operation with no credibility. You don't give up your Mickey Mantle. You give up your liabilities, your loose cannons, your renegades, your wild men. When the 'give up' period came, the members of my old group said, 'Hasta la vista, Jerry.'

I was sent to the new group, which was called Group 93.

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