

AL

TG Search and Rescue

May 6, 2009

(with "Oscar" as a Featured Guest)



Book # 2 of a Series

Lee J. Pullen

Written in Beecher, Wisconsin

First Edition
July 30, 2012

Other books by Lee J. Pullen

TG the Terrific
[Biography of the original TG]

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Dedication

To Robert A. Grandaw of “BBG Investigations and Securities LLC,” an important force in providing a hostile environment for illegal local activities. Bob has been active in setting up security systems for his clients. Many of them have summer or weekend cabins in Northeast Wisconsin. Besides his electronic surveillance systems, he makes random personal visits to their properties at any hour of the day or night. Bob is also the driving force in establishing and managing an active “Community Watch” program that provides eyes and ears for local law enforcement. (He doesn’t get much sleep.)

Dedicated July 30, 2012

Readers Comments

"As long as children build snowmen in front yards and grown men write tenderly about beloved dogs, there is hope for the world."

Pat Goetz, Racine

(ed. note – Ms. Goetz is an established Wisconsin writer)

Featured Guest

The “*Featured Guest*” in this book is Oscar, the Black Lab friend of the family of one of our daughters.

Each future book will have a different real pet as a “Featured Guest.”

If you want to honor your special pet as a Featured Guest in a future book, please send a photo to tgsbook-author@yahoo.com along with a description of him or her. It can be a dog, cat, horse, bird, or any other kind of pet. I do not take bribes, but if you want to make a donation, please contact H.O.P.E. Safehouse in Racine. You will find their up-to-date link at <http://tg-books.yolasite.com/links>.

Introduction and Acknowledgements

A special thanks to my wife, Gail. She has a special love for all animals. I love you!

Thanks to my friends and relatives who have read and re-read the drafts of this book. Their comments and suggestions have been immeasurably helpful. Janet, I could not have done this without you. Thank you.

I am in awe of H.O.P.E. Safehouse and the wonderful work that they do for animals. Please visit their website at www.hopesafehouse.org. And send them a donation if you are moved to do so.

“HOPE takes in animals that have been abandoned, abused or injured, give them the medical attention they require, and re-home them through adoption. HOPE does not take animals in from the general public, but rather ones that meet the above criteria, or are on death row at the humane societies or animal shelters.”

While this book is a work of fiction, it is a story I believe could have happened had certain events come together. Some of the characters in this book are loosely connected with my family. Some of them are real, but remember that this book is fictional. The reader is cautioned that real Search and Recovery teams would not do their professional work in the manner described in this book of fiction.

The inspiration for me to begin writing again is solely from the friendship and wonderful books written by best-selling author Janet Elaine Smith, who lives just six miles away in Amberg, Wisconsin. Please visit her website at [http://janet elaine smith0.tripod.com/](http://janet_elaine_smith0.tripod.com/). She also heads a Christian writers group in our area.

**Lee J. Pullen
Beecher, Wisconsin
July 30, 2012**

Chapter 1

Young Al

“You good man. Got nice kid. I want you to have my biggest stash. Just dig it up and it is yours. Take your kid and show him. The fish are jumping out of the tub and running away with the sunflowers. See the pizza they bring me? It tastes lousy. Take it away.”

“Honey, just relax. This isn’t pizza. It is your favorite prime rib dinner. Open your mouth so I can give you another mouthful. I’m sorry Tony, but his dementia is particularly bad today. He drifts in and out of it. Sometimes he seems to be making sense, but most of the time I can’t figure out what he is talking about.” Mrs. Capone was a very quiet and calm person for having lived with her gangster husband for so many years.

Al Capone’s former personal driver, Tony Graceffa was visiting again today with his young son. “Nearly each time I have been here with my son, he mentions something about his biggest stash or greatest treasure. He has even said that it was 137 feet southwest of the southwest corner of the building, but he never says what building he is talking about. Do you have any idea what he is referring to?” Tony had been Al Capone’s personal driver since he was seventeen. He had never heard Capone say anything about his ‘greatest treasure’ until his dementia started. Of course, Tony was always told to never ask and to keep his ears closed when he was around Capone all those years.

“I assume it is just something from his imagination that keeps coming up,” Mrs. Capone said laughing, “But if you want to go looking for it, dig it up and give it to your son. You are welcome to it. He was so happy when you named your son after him. I know he would be happy if you found his treasure. I do not think there is any chance that it exists, though. He never mentioned it to me except when you and your son were with him. You are both so kind to visit him. Your son is growing into a fine young man. You and your wife are bringing him up with kindness. How old are you now, son?”

“I am nine, Ma’am.”

“Thank you for visiting again with your father.”

Young Al smiled and nodded.

Mrs. Capone had been taking care of her husband in their large Miami home since 1942, when he left a Baltimore mental hospital to live out his life at home. She thought back to the way her husband had become “Public Enemy Number One.”

Capone was born in Brooklyn in 1899 and began running with street gangs there. Eighteen years later he met the gangster, Frankie Yale, who employed him at a bar in Coney Island. One night he verbally assaulted a woman at the bar and her brother punched Capone and slashed him across his face. He became known as “Scarface” from that incident.

He had been running a numbers game in Brooklyn and after moving to Baltimore with his wife and first son, he was asked to join Johnny Torrio in Chicago. He had run errands for Torrio when the two lived in Brooklyn together. Prohibition had begun in 1920 and Torrio needed Capone to help with his bootlegging business.

They ran a lucrative business which expanded to intimidation when they tried to get their mayoral candidate elected in 1924. They even shot and killed some voters. Capone’s brother, Frank, was gunned down by the Chicago police.

In 1925 Torrio left the business entirely to Capone and went back to Italy. With his growing wealth Capone moved his headquarters to a fancy suite of rooms in the Metropole Hotel in downtown Chicago. The newspapers estimated his income at \$100 million annually. He spent his money lavishly. Much of it went to common people and he was considered a kind of Robin Hood figure by them.

However he also became more brutal with his enemies. As 1929 began, Capone controlled the illegal liquor business in Chicago. Other gangs wanted to get some of the business for themselves and there were assassination attempts on him and his top hit man, “Machine Gun” Jack McGurn. On February 14th, while posing as police, McGurn’s men gunned down seven rivals in a North Side garage at 2122 North Clark Street. This caused the media to call him “Public Enemy Number One¹.”

Capone hired seventeen year old Tony Graceffa to be his personal driver. They often took trips into the Northwoods country of Wisconsin.

Capone robbed small, lightly guarded banks and made off with large amounts of cash. Tony was always able to speed away from these crime scenes without leaving a trace of their whereabouts.

¹ The author has a brick from that garage after it was torn down. You may see it on display near the meat counter in the Pembine Food Depot, Pembine, Wisconsin. It was loaned to the owner, Tim, to display when he makes his “Capone Roast.” If it is not on display, ask to see it. (Tim cuts and makes his own really wonderful meat products.)

On many other trips to Wisconsin with Tony, Capone purchased large parcels of property in heavily wooded areas. Local workers were hired to build lavish multi-structure homesteads. He also purchased a hotel and golf course complex on Miscauno Island in the Menominee River between Wisconsin and Michigan which became The “Four Seasons Island Resort”². His guests from Chicago were transported there in well-appointed railroad cars for parties that went on well into the night.

Capone had a lot of trust in Tony and often gave him hotels, other properties and large amounts of money before the government arrested Capone on tax evasion and sentenced him to prison in 1931 for eleven years.

He continued to run his business from prison and was caught bribing the prison guards. The government transferred him to Alcatraz in 1934 to keep him isolated from the outside world.

Capone had contracted syphilis as a young man and his health deteriorated. The syphilis led to brain damage and dementia. After only eight years in prisons, the government transferred him in 1939 to a Baltimore mental hospital.

In 1934 Tony, then married, had a son that he named Al, after his former boss. Tony first took his five year old son to see Capone in Baltimore. Capone became visibly emotional upon learning about and seeing a young Al. They often visited him and watched as the disease progressed. It waxed and waned from day to day and later from hour to hour. During some of his better moments Capone told Tony about his largest stash worth millions of dollars that he buried in Wisconsin. Tony had not seen anything buried during his years of driving Capone around. If it existed, it must have been buried before Tony was hired. He never heard any of the other gang members talk about it so he assumed it was just part of Capone’s incoherent babble. But after hearing it repeatedly and precisely the same way over the last four years, he began to think perhaps it was real.

Tony tried but could not get any more information on the location of the stash from Capone. It was always told as being 137 feet southwest of the southwest corner of the building. But he could never find out what building Capone was babbling about. When Capone died in 1947, Tony felt that the location of the treasure, if it indeed existed at all, would always remain a mystery.

After Capone’s arrest, Tony was able to escape from any criminal prosecution and raised his only child, Al, on his income from his hotel businesses and from his many assets. Prohibition was gone and Tony led a law abiding life.

² <http://www.thefourseasonswi.com/>

Al graduated from high school and attended Cornell University, graduating with double majors in Hotel Administration and Italian Studies with a specialty in Italian Art. With the financial support from his parents, Al received a Master's Degree in Hotel Administration. He also traveled extensively in Italy, collecting rare Italian art works. After he decided to settle down, he joined Tony in the Chicago hotel businesses working his way up in the company. Tony promoted himself to Chairman of the Board to make room for Al to become President. This gave Tony more free time and he decided to take several trips to northern Wisconsin to see if there was any truth to Capone's claims of a buried treasure.

Each time he took a "treasure hunting trip" as he called them, he told Al where he was going. Al recorded each of them, in case he needed to reach his father for some important business matter. When Tony passed away in 1992 shortly after his 80th birthday, Al mourned the loss of his father. Although he had never gone on any of the treasure hunts with his father, he felt he needed to visit some of the areas his father had gone to for his searches. There was something magical about the Northwoods that always beckoned Tony. Al wanted to see if he could discover what had drawn his father to the area—aside from the obvious treasure hunt. His dad always talked about the call of the Northwoods.

So on the tenth anniversary of his father's death, Al drove up to the Crivitz area in northeastern Wisconsin in early May 2002. In Marinette County as he crossed Highway 64, he felt a transformation come over him. The high speed highways ended and he found himself in the small towns of Coleman and Pound where he drove on slower winding roads. The trees now, even after he left the towns, were closer to the road. Everything was so different from what he had been used to. Even the trees were different. There were evergreens everywhere he looked. With the deciduous trees just beginning to leaf out, he could see out into the woods. Or did they call them forests up there?

Chapter 2

TG Search and Rescue

Skip Jordan was at his two-story log cabin home in Beecher, Wisconsin, where he lived with his wife, Mae. It was tucked back into the woods away from the road. He and TG, his Border Collie, had just gotten home after completing a search and rescue job. It had been an emotionally draining experience after a tornado ripped through a community. TG was highly skilled in finding people buried in collapsed houses. She had rescued several dozen people—some were very badly injured. In each case she had told Skip where the people were and Skip directed the rescue workers in getting the people to safety.

They were the “TG Search and Rescue” team and Skip called TG the production manager because she was the one responsible for the team’s results. Now that they were back home in the Northwoods, it was important to get all of their gear ready for whatever their next assignment might be. This time Skip needed to replenish only their food and water supplies and recharge the batteries in his well-equipped back pack. His son, Scott, the team’s chief pilot, was across the road at their private airfield doing the maintenance work on their two planes.

The next assignment could come at any time. The calls were usually from a sheriff somewhere in the lower 48 states, but they could also be from the FBI or the International Red Cross. A few times they were sent to other countries. Skip just never knew when or where they would be called or what they would be searching for.

They did not request any payment nor would they accept any. Skip had accumulated a very large sum of money in his earlier years so they were very comfortable without receiving any payments.

TG had been a stray for fourteen weeks when she decided to live with Skip back in January of 2006. At first Skip did not even know what kind of dog she was. While she had the body shape of a Border Collie, her hair was only half the length of a typical Border Collie. No two people at the local dog club had the same idea of just what she was. They were fairly certain she was a mixed breed of

some kind. She did not have the black and white coloring of a typical BC. She was a tri-color with brown and white legs, brown eyebrows, a white blaze down the middle of her face and some brown on the sides of her face. When they started their training classes, Skip wondered if she was unhappy. She did not hold her head up; she lowered it in line with her back when she went through their routines. That is when Skip noticed that the Border Collies in the room had the same posture characteristics. She did have a black tail with a white tip just like the Border Collies in their class. Alone on a mission to identify her, Skip explored the American Kennel Club (AKC) standards for a number of different breeds before learning that his TG was a Smooth Coat Border Collie. She fit every one of the AKC descriptions for the breed. The AKC also stated that various colorings and markings were acceptable.

Together Skip and TG went through nearly all of the available dog training lessons before they both decided to become trained in search and rescue work. Somewhere along the way, TG taught Skip how to communicate mentally with her. They were able to send mental pictures back and forth to each other. This is the core reason they were so successful in their SAR (search and rescue) work. Skip could talk in full sentences with TG. She could reply mentally to him in full sentences. Skip told people sometimes her sentences came to him in a thought, but he said usually he felt he was hearing a voice in his head from her.

Not everyone believed him at first and a couple of people told him he should seriously consider consulting with a psychiatrist because of the voices in his head. Every law enforcement person they worked with was convinced of their ability to mentally communicate. Most of them did not understand it, but they all believed it, because they saw the results.

Their team was extremely well equipped for nearly any situation they might be called into. They had two planes, a modified V/STOL Harrier jump jet and a Bell 417 seven passenger jet helicopter. These were called by their nicknames, TG-1 and TG-2. They allowed the team to quickly get to almost any location regardless of whether there was an aircraft runway nearby. Once they arrived at a site, they could use their ATV to reach other locations that might not have an acceptable landing place nearby.

TG and Skip performed the SAR tasks while Skip's grandson, Ed, operated their Command Desk using resources developed or invented by Skip's daughter, Beth. Scott, Skip's son, was their chief pilot and chief mechanic for both of their planes.

The telephone calls always came in unexpectedly, to Skip at least, but TG knew when they were coming. Today TG ran over to Skip and lifted her left paw.

Skip instinctively reached for the telephone and said, “I still don’t know how you can tell that a call is coming in.” Just then the phone rang. “TG Search and Rescue, Skip Jordan speaking, how may we help you?”

He recognized the female voice on the line as belonging to Joyce Radcliff, the sheriff of Marinette County, Wisconsin. “Skip, I’ve got another job for you and TG, if you are available.”

Skip put her on speakerphone. “Hey, Joyce, thanks for remembering us. We just got back from the last job, so of course we can help you. What’s up?” He was kidding when he mentioned “remembering” because TG’s team had not only worked with her several times before, but they both attended the same church in Pembine, just down the road from Skip’s house. They were both on the church’s board and TG often went to the meetings with Skip. She really liked Joyce.

“There has been a rash of trespassing reports in the last two weeks. The MO has been nearly the same each time, leading us to suspect that the same person is involved with each one. This guy has been caught on Robert Grandaw’s security cameras. The problem is that he has never been seen in person by anyone so he has never been followed. We need to find him and find out why he is trespassing. He must be looking for something. We just do not know what it is, but he has got to stop. Can TG track his vehicle’s scent down the road so we can find him?”

TG used her highly developed mental communication abilities to flash a message to Skip, “Of course I can.”

“TG says she can do it, Joyce. Can you get the three most recent sites for us? We will start at the oldest of the three and work our way forward. That should give TG a good sense of where he went next. Oops, our production manager just corrected me. She says she only needs the most recent one and that knowing the direction of a scent is one of her specialties.”

TG sat smugly, thinking that Skip should have learned that about her by now. They had been doing SAR work together for several years now.

“Not a problem. I will make a call and then call you back with the location and we can meet there.” Sheriff Radcliff hung up her telephone and then called Robert “Bob” Grandaw, the owner of BBG Investigations and Securities LLC. Bob is both a licensed Private Investigator and a Security Consultant. The last camera sighting of the trespasser came from the Jacobsen cabin in Dunbar, close to Bob’s house. “Bob, I have the Border Collie, TG, and her search and rescue team on your case. Can you meet with us this afternoon at 1:30 at the Jacobsen place? Good, we will see you there.”

In the meantime, Skip alerted his grandson, Ed Jordan, that they were starting another job. At seventeen, Ed was already a veteran team member, having

started out on their Command Desk when Skip first put it into operation. Ed did all of the coordinating within their team and also between their team and any of the law enforcement agencies that might be involved. He also handled all of their high-tech equipment. They had multiple computers monitoring sophisticated systems, most of which had been invented by Skip's daughter, Beth, their own technology geek. Besides his abilities with technology, Ed was quick witted and had a keen sense of knowing what to do next in any situation the team members found themselves in.

"I heard the call come in and am already moving our satellite into position over Dunbar." The FBI had given them one of their satellites after the team had proven they could solve their cases with the FBI more quickly by using it.

Skip's next call went to his son. "Scott, can you fabricate an air scoop for the front of our SUV, the one TG calls a bus? It needs to pick up road scents for TG and enable her to read them from inside the SUV. She needs to track a vehicle down the roads and I certainly do not want her walking down the middle of the highways. Oh, and I will need it by 1:15 this afternoon. Sorry."

"Sure, I have the materials that we'll need. Mark is a great fabricator and together we can get it for you by then."

Scott and Mark had been best friends for many years and Mark was their alternate pilot. They had met when they were in the USMC together. They were both licensed to do any of the maintenance on their planes as well as fly them.

TG was excited at being able to go on another job. She never grew tired of it. She knew they wouldn't be starting until this afternoon so right now she just wanted to play catch with Skip and her tennis ball. Skip said, "Go get your ball and we will go across the road to our airfield where I can throw it way out there for you."

TG grabbed her ball and nearly danced on her back legs as she bounced up and down towards the door. They lived in a thickly wooded, mixed wood forest across the road from their airfield, *Jack Pine Knob*. TG loved chasing her ball down its dirt and grass runways. The farther Skip could throw her tennis ball, the better she liked it. She always anticipated where he was going to throw the ball and she was so fast she usually caught the ball before it hit the ground. If he threw it exceptionally far, it might bounce once before she caught up to it. Skip would sometimes throw the ball in the opposite direction, but TG was always anticipating and running in the direction the ball was going to be thrown. Skip had long ago stopped being amazed by her ability to read his mind. He just naturally knew and expected her to read his mind.

The runways were long enough that Skip could get in his exercise by running towards TG as she was returning each ball. During their play he effectively ran the length of the runway several times.

TG would never tire out, but Skip had his limits. “TG, let’s go home for lunch. We have to start our new job over in Dunbar this afternoon.”

She barked once in recognition and headed for the driveway to wait for Skip before crossing the road. She could certainly cross safely on her own, but Skip always wanted her to cross with him. Maybe he wanted her protection; he never explained it to anybody.

Skip’s wife, Mae, had lunch ready for him and TG’s Purina Pro Plan® bowl was always full, next to her water bowl. She ate small amounts of food at a time two or three times a day on a very irregular basis. Skip noticed that she ate a lot only every third day. *Must be a carry-over from before dogs were domesticated*, Skip thought.

At 1:00, TG alerted Skip that it was time to go to their meeting with Joyce and Bob. She ran to the gear closet and hit the pedal Skip had built there so that she could open the closet door. She pulled out her fluorescent yellow vest with the bright red symbol of the International Red Cross on it. She also pulled the charging plugs out of Skip’s 70 pound similarly colored backpack. “Thanks, TG.”

They headed over to their waiting SUV that TG called a bus. Scott and Mark had beautifully fabricated and installed a removable road-air scoop for TG that directed the air to TG’s specially built safety seat next to the driver’s seat. “Very nice, Scott. Please tell Mark how pleased I am with it. I don’t know how you guys did such a professional job so quickly.”

“All we need are the right tools, Dad. I’ll head home for lunch. Ed is already at the Command Center.”

“Yep, I’m right here, Skip,” Ed replied. Ed often called his grandfather, “Skip”, just because it was quicker to say. “I have opened the circuit to the sheriff’s TGPad.”

The TGPad looks like a modified clipboard sized flat screen with a bunch of buttons along both sides. It is an invention of Beth’s that she had created before the introductions of the iPhone or Tablet. Every member of the team had one and they gave one to each law enforcement official they had worked with.

Ed continued, “Our satellite will be in position in 47.6 minutes.” Ed’s timing was always precise; he never spoke in generalities when it came to time.

“Great, thanks, Ed. We are heading out to Dunbar now.”

“I know. You are on Highway 141, accelerating to the 50 mph speed limit with a full tank of gas. TG is buckled in next to you, your backpack is fully charged and in the seat behind you. Your pulse is 58.”

“Sounds like you are monitoring everything as usual. We will talk when we get there.”

“Sheriff Radcliff’s TGPAD is telling me she is enroute to the meeting now too. Don’t forget to give Bob a TGPAD. He will be a valuable asset to the team.”

“Got it, Ed. I have several extra TGPADs with me.”

“Your ETA is 1312 and a half.”

After turning onto US Highway 8, Skip replied, “Thanks. Looks like a clear road ahead so I can shave some time off of that. You wouldn’t know about the road conditions until our satellite gets into position, would you?”

“Skip, don’t go too fast. There are a lot of deer out in that area. Besides, Joyce has the hammer down and she should overtake you in 8.27 minutes. You don’t want to start off your meeting with a speeding ticket from her. That would be funny, wouldn’t it? The sheriff asks you to go to a meeting and arrests you for speeding! I could put that on Facebook!”

“Don’t, ‘cause it isn’t going to happen.”

“Ed, just focus,” came a warning from his dad, Scott, who was always listening in.

“Focusing.”

Skip was able to concentrate on his driving and formulate some plan options during the rest of his drive. The sheriff sped past him and waved a greeting as she passed.

The Jacobsen cabin where they were meeting was deep in the woods off Lake Lundgren Road. Both Bob Grandaw and Joyce were there when Skip drove up. He popped TG’s door open with an electronic door release button on his dashboard. TG’s seatbelt electronically released too and she jumped out. A couple of sunlight beams that were able to get through the pine tree canopy flashed brightly off her fluorescent vest.

“Skip, nice to see you again. I always enjoy working with you, TG, and your team. My TGPAD is turned on and working. I think Ed must have activated it.” Motioning to Bob, she said, “Skip this is Robert Grandaw, and Bob, this is Skip Jordan. That is TG working over there, inhaling everything in sight.”

They exchanged greetings while Joyce continued. “Bob owns and operates a security firm. One of his major activities involves electronic surveillance of most of the unoccupied cabins in the county. While there haven’t been any break-ins, his hidden yard cameras have recorded a heavy increase in trespassing. Normally

our department is too busy to respond to minor trespassing calls, but this case is remarkable because of the increase. Something big could be coming, but we do not know what it is yet. That is where you and TG come in.”

Bob continued. “Skip, as you know, I provide a volunteer oversight and organizational management to a Community Watch group in the three townships of Dunbar, Pembine and Beecher. Any strange activity reported by our members gets forwarded to the Sheriff’s Department. We provide hundreds of extra eyes for them. The strange thing about these trespassing incidents is that they do not coincide with the usual ‘strange vehicle seen parked alongside the road at odd times of the night’ or anything like that. This guy just drives to a cabin in broad daylight, jumps out of his truck with a metal detector and makes a few passes in a single line from the house. Then he’s back in the truck and gone. All in ten to fifteen minutes. He never breaks into any of the places that I am watching. He is looking for something, but I don’t think he knows where it is.”

Skip handed Bob a TGPad. “Thanks for the rundown, Bob. Before we get too far along here, I want you to take this and keep it with you. My daughter, Beth, invented these and we call them TG Pads. Joyce already has one, as do all of the other law enforcement people that we have worked with. With these we can be in constant contact with each other. They work off our satellite so you cannot get out of range with it.”

Bob interrupted, “Your satellite? How did you pull that off?”

“After convincing the FBI Director that it would make us more efficient in terms of shortening our case solving time, he finally relented to giving us one. In return, Beth provided them with a lot of satellite direction and searching skills, both in software and hardware.”

“You work with the FBI too?”

“Can’t talk about cases, but yes. Bob, I also want you to meet the head of our Command Center, my grandson, Ed. He is right there on your TGPad.”

Ed’s face came up on Bob’s TGPad. “Hi Bob. Glad to meet you. Welcome to our team.”

“Hi Ed. I am glad to meet you too. This is getting more interesting by the minute. I am glad Joyce has you guys on board.”

“Bob, Skip hasn’t told you yet, but you can reach me 24/7 on your TGPad. Just talk to it. If I am sleeping, it will wake me up and record everything you have said. It will play back to me at a higher than normal speed until it catches up to you in real time so just keep talking and I won’t miss anything. Its battery will last fourteen days without a charge in total darkness. If it does need a recharge, just expose it to any source of light twenty-five watts or greater for four hours. It will

also work well inside concrete buildings or tornado shelters. It is pretty rugged, but if you just happen to hit it with a double bladed axe, call any of us on your cell phone and we will replace it right away.”

“If I just happen...”

“Well, you get the idea. Bob, do you get a video feed from your remote security cameras, and how often?”

“They are all constantly recording into my office computer. My screen shows eight at a time and it changes frequently, but it takes quite a while to cycle through all of the cameras.”

“That is great news, Bob. This is Beth. Can I drive over to your office when you are through with your meeting? I would like to set another TGPad next to your computer and tweak the TGPad to feed all of the cameras simultaneously to Ed. We will set up enough screens to watch all of them at the same time. It will also send us alerts when any non-four-footed animal activity is detected.”

“When we have solved this case, can I buy that from you? It would really help me with surveillance.”

“Sure, and I will modify it to work directly with your system instead of ours.”

“Bob, you will own it as soon as it is in your house, but we do not accept any funds from anybody for anything,” Skip added. “Has anyone come up with any theories as to what this guy is looking for? Or more importantly, where is he going to strike next?”

Bob began first so Joyce let him continue. “He has probably been to more than just the cabins that I am watching, but all of the cabins that I have seen him at have been old ones. Some have been remodeled over the years, but they are all about 70-80 years old or more. He has never even looked through any of the windows. He always starts at a corner of the cabin then walks as if he is counting his steps before he starts searching with his metal detector.”

“Bob, this is great information. What corner of the cabin does he start at? Is it always the left-front where TG is exploring now?”

“No, it could be in the front or rear, but always a corner.” He paused and was clearly processing data so neither of them interrupted him. “Skip! It has always been the southwest corner! It is beginning to look like he has a treasure map but he just doesn’t know which cabin to start at. And the map must be at least 70-80 years old.”

Ed started working on the information as soon as he heard it. “Is there any chance this guy could have stumbled on a treasure map from Al Capone?” he asked. “The timing is right and Capone did bury some of his loot in this area.

Maybe a corner of the map was torn off when he found it, so he does not know which cabin he should be starting from. I also have a lead on his metal detector. Wendy Hanson over at Pembine Roadside Repair is an expert on metal detectors. I asked her where this guy might have gotten his. Guess what? She sold one to him. He just walked in and apparently didn't know anything about metal detectors. She showed him a White's Electronics® metal detector pamphlet and he wanted the \$1800 model. Wendy asked him what he was going to use it for and she thought it was strange, but he didn't want to answer her. After suggesting some possibilities of types of metal he might possibly find, he said it might be gold or coins, so she steered him to the \$800 model 'MXT' and he paid her in cash. Joyce, can you get a description on this guy from her and have your artist put together a sketch on him?"

"Certainly. Great work, Ed. I will send the artist over right away and I will go over there, too, when we finish up here," Joyce exclaimed. "Maybe we can wrap this up quickly."

"TG just flashed a message to me that she is ready to track the guy--- and he has a Labrador Retriever with him," Skip said.

"What? What do you mean flashed? Does she talk to you somehow?" Bob had never heard of that before.

"Bob, TG and I communicate mentally with each other as well as any two given people communicate with words. Even better, actually, because we send pictures to each other, too, and we are not limited by distance either. We can be miles away from each other and communicate as well as if we were right next to each other."

Joyce added, "Besides their incredible communication skills, TG has the human equivalent I.Q. of over 180. She is both extremely smart and insightful. Stick around her for a while and you will soon see what an amazing dog she is."

Bob answered, "I am beginning to think that she is not just an ordinary dog."

"Nope, she is a four-footed human." Both Skip and Joyce said that at the same time. She obviously had heard that from Skip several times. Skip just smiled at her.

TG flashed to Skip, "Can we just get going, please? The guy was here early this morning – about six hours ago."

Ed got TG's message, too, so he added, "Our satellite is on station overhead now, TG, so you and Skip can head out now."

"You two are ganging up on me. OK, TG and Ed, we can leave now." Then he filled Bob and Joyce in on TG's message.

Bob said, “She is right on. He was here at 7:50 this morning. Does Ed hear TG too?”

“Yes, when she wants him to.”

Bob asked Joyce, “When you talk to Wendy, see if she got a good description of this guy’s truck. All I have are partial photos of his truck, which are not much help. No license plates either.”

“OK. Hopefully she will have something.”

“It is a dark blue older Ford pickup, but she said that it doesn’t have any plates on it.” Ed was always amazingly fast with information. He had already talked to Wendy again.

Bob just shook his head in wonder about this team.

Chapter 3

The search begins

TG and Skip got into their SUV and buckled up. Skip announced in a monotone voice for the record, “Beginning search phase May 6, 2009 at 1405 CDT.” He turned their bus around so their new scent scooper would start picking up the critical scents for TG.

She was processing them as soon as they began to move. When they got to the end of the Jacobsen’s drive, TG flashed, “Go just a short distance in each direction.” Skip headed left first and was about to go the other way when TG flashed, “This is the right way. The guy and his dog came in this way then went out the same way.” This was opposite to the direction that Skip and TG had driven in and they were now going deeper into the woods.

There were many lumber camps active here in the very early 1900s. Lumberjacks had cut down nearly all of the trees by the early 1920s. Very few homes were here to save the trees on their property, as today’s homeowners would have done. Many homes here probably even cleared out the trees for farmland, even before the lumber jacks came through. There are many reports of White Pine trees having had six to ten foot diameters. That could make a lot of construction lumber.

In spite of all that clearing, this area is called the “Northwoods” today. Various pine species and hardwoods have regrown here, either by natural means or by planned reforestation. Skip was driving through an area of Red Pines that were replanted by Marinette County. The county acquired much of this land for back taxes, when the early pioneers went bankrupt and had to give up their land. It is easy to identify the planted areas, because of the regular spacing of the trees. He loved living up here. He was smiling when TG barked at him, “Wait, backup! Go gee on that road.”

Skip had used “gee” for right and “haw” for left as commands for TG when they first began obedience training. She was about five months old then. Now the tables had turned and she was giving him directions using gee and haw. He was used to it, but it still made him smile.

Right after turning down this road, Ed told him, “Skip there is nothing down that road but an old burned out cabin on the left about a mile down. Then after another 200 yards, it comes out onto Highway 8 again.”

“Thanks.”

TG wanted to stop and get out when they got to the burned out cabin.

“Skip, the fire department says it burned when it was hit by lightning two years ago. It was empty, but it had been built in 1924 by someone from Chicago. The County Clerk says the papers on that house, and quite a few others, were stolen in a robbery in 1926.”

“Interesting. It could have been Capone’s gang trying to cover their tracks. There is a fresh hole here, out from the southwest corner of the foundation. Wait while I pace it out. OK, it is 137 feet due southwest from the southwest corner. All of the footprints here are the same depth, so he did not carry anything out of the hole, nothing weighing more than ten pounds, at least. It looks like it had been a trash pit; there are a lot of old empty cans scattered around. I am making plaster casts of the shoe prints. I am sending you a photo and I’m leaving an electronic marker tag here for it. TG has not found anything else of any interest here. She said the tracks leading out are 48 minutes more recent than the tracks coming in. He must have had to really work at that hole. He had to dig up a couple of large shrub plantings. They were burned out above ground, but the roots must have given him a tough time. This confirms our theory that he is looking for something that is buried.”

“Beth, hear that? Ask Bob to re-arrange his cameras or add new ones that will concentrate on 137 feet southwest of the southwestern corner of older cabins and houses.”

“We are already on it, Ed. Bob left me here at his office to finish up linking you into his surveillance system. He has a really nice setup here—very well equipped and very organized. He left earlier after packing a bunch of equipment into his truck. He is headed out to customers’ sites that haven’t been visited by this guy yet. He says there are a lot of them.”

“Beth, how many is a lot?”

“Sorry, Dad, guess I am not as focused on numbers as Ed is. I’m more into getting information, but Bob did say that he only had four dozen cameras in stock and he would order another eight dozen for next day delivery from his supplier.”

“Where’s his supplier? Scott could fly there and back today yet.”

“I told him that, but he said he couldn’t put up and test more than three dozen today. He did not want us to bother.”

“How many could he install if he put them up and you did the testing?”

Ed said, “Skip I’ve got him on his TGPad. He said if Beth was up to it, with her help he could install five dozen today and six dozen tomorrow by noon. I told him she would love to do that for him. His supplier is in Bensenville, a mile west of Chicago’s O’Hare airport. Dad is warming up TG-2 and I have FAA clearance for him to land in the supplier’s parking lot in one hour and seventeen minutes. Dad will be back two hours later plus or minus twenty-six minutes giving him time to load the cameras. He will land and meet Bob, who will be waiting outside the ‘I Don’t Know’ bar in Middle Inlet. Joyce, can you have a deputy at Middle Inlet to assure a safe landing site?”

“Joyce was flabbergasted. “I’ve known you guys for several years now, but that was the fastest that anyone including my own department has ever put that much information together. And yes, I have a new hot-shot deputy currently on the other side of the county that will enjoy a fast run like that.”

“Is that Jim by any chance?”

“Yes it is.”

“OK, that will cut thirteen minutes off anyone else’s time to get there. I will have Bob there early and if you will patch me into Jim’s radio, I will keep him safe from the eyes of our satellite. We don’t want him running into any deer on the road.”

“Done. I will make the arrangements here.”

“Thanks, Ed and Joyce. Beth, are you OK with the added work?” Skip never assumed anything.

“Dad, you know I live for this. Of course I am, even if it takes all night.”

“Thanks, I figured you’d like that. And thanks to you too, Scott.”

Scott was just about to record the start of his flight. “K, Dad. TG-2 lift off from Jack Pine Knob, May 6, 2009 at 1431 CDT. Climbing to 1,000 feet. Forward speed 260 mph. Destination Bensenville, Illinois for security supplies. ETA 1548.” Breaking away from his monotone recording voice he said, “Dad I am going to pay for the cameras. I’ll make sure they don’t process Bob’s credit card. After all, we are the ones that asked for and will benefit from the use of the cameras.”

“Once again, I can see that we all are on the same page. Thanks, Team.” Skip was proud of his team and even more proud that he had raised his family like this.

Skip was busy finishing the plaster casts of the guy’s footprints in the freshly dug dirt. He had also made casts of the dog prints that were there. TG assured him these prints were from the guy’s Lab, and not from any other wild animal.

As they got back into their bus, Skip thought the guy was probably hungry after doing that much work just before noon. So he was not at all surprised when TG led him east on Highway 8 then south on Highway 141. She kept tracking the guy's truck. It turned west at Amberg and continued to "Julie and Lori's Downtown Café." "Tell me TG, did he go here to eat or do you just want me to go in and get a steak for you from Julie? Besides, Julie is probably not here this late in the day; I'll have to ask Mary for something for you."

"That would be nice, but I am still working. That guy went here to eat. Go in and find out all you can about him." TG was a little putout to think that Skip would accuse her of aborting her job.

"Hey Sweetheart, I was just kidding."

"Julie's" was on Dutton Street in Amberg. Back in the days before street signs were installed, everyone called it Main Street. At the turn of the 20th century, Amberg was a thriving community with three hotels. Nearly 1000 lumberjacks plus many men employed by its huge granite industry, made Amberg a very active town. Now it was a very small unincorporated community. People left the camps after the forests were cut down. People left their homes after the granite quarries were abandoned and left to fill up with ground water seeping into the pits. People left their new farms when the bottom dropped out of the potato market. Several large fires wiped out the hotels. The only nonresidential buildings left on Dutton Street were a tavern, "Julie's Café," a convenience store, a U.S. Post Office and a block building used by the telephone company. They are all on one side of one block on Dutton Street. The other side is an open park, lined with large trees, that is used as a farmer's market in the summertime.

"TG, do you want the windows all the way down? I'll park across the street in the shade."

"Yes. Sometimes I bark at my friends and they will come over to pet me."

Skip went in and found Mary very busy, even though there were not many customers inside the Café. The lunch crowd had cleared out and it was before the arrival of the evening meal crowd. While the layout of the Café was fairly typical with its lunch counter on the left, tables in the middle and booths along the right wall, the food was anything but typical. Julie was an incredible cook and she treated every customer as if they were long lost family members. Even when she was busy, she would leave the kitchen briefly to go out and hug a customer. She was well known for serving large quantities of food for very reasonable prices. Skip's family often ate there, but Skip's favorite was "Julie's" Thursday Special of all-you-can-eat pizza. He made a mental note to be there tomorrow for pizza if he was not still working on this job.

“Hi, Skip. Where’s your wife?”

“Mae is at home. I am out on a job with TG right now.”

Mary teased, “And did you get hungry or did TG?”

“Neither, I need some information.”

She suddenly got very serious. Some of the regulars stopped eating and chatting to listen in. They knew if Skip was on a job, it had to be serious. “What kind of information?”

“You were here this noon, right?”

“Yes, I came in early today.”

“A guy that we are looking for, just to ask him some questions, came in here to eat before noon, according to TG. He was driving an older dark blue pickup. He left his Labrador Retriever in the truck and his shoes may have been muddy. Do you possibly remember seeing him?”

“I sure do. He has been here just before the noon rush for about two weeks or so now. I know he is the one, because he left a muddy mess from his shoes for me to clean up. He said he was very sorry, but he had to chase his dog across a muddy field. I took out a steak bone for his dog and I thought it was odd, but his dog didn’t have a spot of mud on him. You know I always take food out to TG and other dogs that come here with their ‘people.’”

“Bless you. Can you tell me anymore about him? A description would be good, but does he talk about what he is doing up here?”

“He has black hair that is starting to turn gray. I would say he is at least 70. He has a distinctively Italian nose – just like my uncle’s nose. He always pays in cash and tips me at least 25%. He seems to know a lot about Chicago and he knows where William Amberg’s Chicago home was. You know, THE William Amberg that started this town back in 1880.”

“Did he ever mention Al Capone?”

“Not that I remember. But you know they say that old Scarface used to come up here a lot to hide from the law. Should I ask him about Capone?”

“No, definitely not! I will be in tomorrow, can you very discretely point him out to me?”

“I don’t work tomorrow, honey. I have next week off and we are leaving early to visit family in Denver. Sorry.”

“That’s OK. From what you’ve said I can watch for his truck outside and then follow him in. Maybe I can strike up a conversation with him. Hey, thanks anyway. You have been a big help already! I hope you have a great time next week. Have a safe trip.”

“Oh we will, thanks. What do you want this guy for?”

“Just information for a case we are on, that’s all. Don’t start any rumors, OK?”

“Won’t be from me. I don’t talk much.”

“I will try not to laugh too hard over that one. Thanks, Mary.”

“Can I take a bone out to TG? I will go get one.”

“OK, but she is so serious when she is working that she may refuse it.”

She went back to the kitchen and came out with a steak bone with chunks of meat on it. They went out the door together. TG was waiting impatiently for Skip.

“Mary, TG said thanks, but would you please put it in the back seat.”

“She doesn’t want it now? She’s hard for me to understand.”

“That is because you treat her like a dog and not a four-footed-human.”

“Really? I will have to think about that.”

TG asked Skip to get back out onto the road.

Ed said, “I do not have any video coverage of the guy going to the Café. Our bird was not in place by then. Right now, I have the satellite computer set to track every dark blue pickup truck, but do not have any erratic movements on any of them yet. Beth has 83 feeds coming in here, so far, from Bob’s surveillance cameras. The satellite computer is watching for any blue trucks, Black Lab dogs, guys walking with a metal detector, or just any activity at cabins marked as not occupied on this day. No hits yet, but the guy could be at a cabin that is not covered under Bob’s surveillance systems. I don’t know why anyone would choose to not have Bob watch their place. That is just plain stupid.”

“That is one of the first times I have heard you voice an opinion. You usually restrict yourself to just the facts. That was a breath of fresh air, thanks.” Skip truly loved his family and he always encouraged them to grow.

“Thanks. I have been going over the complaints Bob recorded and sent to the sheriff. It looks like this guy only hits in the morning and only on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. That’s typical for a crook that wants to avoid stumbling onto some owner making a weekend or extended weekend visit to his cabin. Skip, do you have any ideas on what this guy does in the afternoons, evenings, and weekends or where he is hiding?”

“Mary said he has only been around here for about two weeks. Ed, call the local realtors and see if anybody fitting his description has purchased a home or cabin recently. You might ask them if anybody has asked for a list of available older cabins they would like to see, under the pretext of purchasing one of them. While you are doing that, I am going to drive TG to each of the motels in the area to see whether the guy is staying at a motel.”

“OK and I will keep a watch on the motel parking lots to see if he shows up at any of them either before or after you get there.”

“Thanks, Ed. Come on TG, let’s go searching. Just alert me if you pick up a fresh scent from the guy, OK?”

She flashed that she’d like to watch the computer screens with Ed, because her eyes were better than his.

“But he does not have the nose that you have and we need you here with me.”

“I heard that. Does TG think she can replace me, again?”

“Sorry Ed, I should have hit the mute button before I replied to her.”

“I would have noticed if you had done that and wondered what you did not want me to hear. So it is just as well you didn’t. Besides I am not worried that she will replace me. My fingers have more dexterity and I can type faster than she can.”

“Ed, have you taught her to type too?”

“No, Grandpa. Just kidding.”

Scott’s voice came over their TGPads, “OK, back to work, team.”

Whenever they went “off-focus,” any of the team members was authorized to remind them of their jobs. Skip had given each of them equal responsibility for the success of the team. Anyone of them could admonish anyone else. No one took offense, except maybe TG. She was good at her work and she knew it. Skip was the only one who could scold TG about anything. She loved him and trusted him completely. The feelings from Skip for TG were mutual.

Chapter 4

April 2009

The recession had taken its toll on Al Graceffa's family. Each of his three kids, Dominick, Maria, and Bart were struggling to keep up with the payments on their multi-million dollar homes in the Catskill Mountains. None of them liked the traffic or the masses of people in Chicago and moved out as soon as they were old enough.

Al had stayed in Chicago where he was born. He lived in a large penthouse suite on top of the Grand Italian Hotel on Chicago's north side. It had thirty rooms including a ballroom that was rarely used. The western portion of the roof area contained air conditioning equipment along with a helicopter landing pad and a Reception Center. Before his wife died of breast cancer five years before, they used to go for long walks along the lakeshore.

He lived alone now and lived comfortably with his private staff occupying the floor below him. They had served him for many years and he trusted each one.

He and his wife had the hotel's penthouse remodeled to their specifications several times. It was U-shaped. Its east side faced Lake Michigan and it was completely open. The center of their space was a large park-like setting as the hotel occupied an entire city block. One corner held a swimming pool. All of their interior walls were floor to ceiling glass, so they could see their park and a spectacular view of the lake from anywhere in their house.

But today Al was thinking about his kids. The recession had robbed them of their assets and incomes. They were in danger of losing their homes in the next few months. He thought about his own assets. Although the daily and weekly hotel bookings were down, most of his income was from a large number of well-to-do people leasing his hotel rooms on an annual basis. Splitting up his hotels and giving them to his kids would not provide them the immediate cash boost they needed. He wished his father had been able to find the large stash of money that Al Capone had told them about.

He decided to plan a trip to do some searching, himself.

Chapter 5

Maria

“Hello, Dominick? Bart is on the phone too. I am concerned about our dad. His housekeeper called me and said he went up north to his cabin with his dog for a week, but that was two whole weeks ago. He has not called and is not answering his cell phone.”

“Maria, remember he doesn’t always get cell phone service up there,” Bart cautioned her. He often said that Maria had a Type AA personality and that she insisted everything always go according to a plan—her plan.

“I don’t care if he does or not, he should have called by now. He has had plenty of time to call. I think he has Alzheimer’s!”

“Just because of this? I don’t think so,” Dominick cautioned.

“This is not the first time he has failed to comply with his own rules. I have been keeping a record and there are twenty-three incidences on it. I have had his housekeeper telling me about them. I told her I was concerned about him, especially after Mom died.”

“What can we do about it?” both boys asked at the same time. Maria was the oldest and the self-appointed leader of her siblings. When she decided something, she expected everyone else to agree to it, too, without objection. The boys had long ago learned it was easier to go along with her than to have her wrath directed at them.

“I have started the process to have the court declare him incompetent, and I am going to call the sheriff up in Wisconsin to find him.”

Bart shot back, “Why would you do that? He is OK. I talked to him just before he left. He was fine.”

“Look, Baby Brother. You have got to understand about these things. You are too naive! Talking to him will not tell you *anything* about whether he has Alzheimer’s. He has to be observed, watched—and I am telling you he has Alzheimer’s and that’s all there is to it! Now listen up, you guys. When we get him committed, we will be able to control his fortune. You know what that means. He has been promising us that he will help us out with our mortgages. Now we

will not have to wait for him; we can just pay off our mortgages. He has wanted to help us. Well, this is the time.”

Maria paused for effect, then went on. “We have each been given notices by our lenders that we have three months to get caught up on our mortgage payments or they will begin foreclosures on us. This is our golden opportunity. We can help our father help us. Agreed?”

This time it was Dominick’s turn to stick his neck out. “This seems like stealing.”

That did not set well with Maria. “You idiot!” she screamed. “If we do not step in now, he could spend it all on something or someone foolish. Maybe he is at a casino right now, dropping our money at the blackjack table. Or he could be chasing some gold digger woman with a dozen kids and if he marries her, she would get *all* of his money when he dies. She might even have him killed to get his money. No! We are going to protect what is ours. I am going to call that sheriff right now. Just put your sad faces on when the news media contacts you. *Do not say* anything about his money. They will pry you for more information, so just say he is missing and that I am the family spokesperson.” She hung up the telephone abruptly. The conference call continued, leaving the two boys still talking to each other.

“Dom, do you think she can pull this off? I sure could use the money.”

“Me too. She usually gets what she goes after. It may be a struggle, but she will do it. Hang tough, Bart.”

“You too.” He had no more than hung up the telephone when the local CBS station was ringing his telephone.

Chapter 6

Something more urgent

Skip and TG had just checked out two of the motel parking lots. Both came up negative for the treasure hunter. That's the name Ed had come up with for the guy they were looking for. Sheriff Joyce Radcliff's voice came over their TGPad.

"Skip, TG and Ed, I am requesting you put your hunt on a back burner. I have something more urgent for you to work on."

"OK. What's up, Joyce?" Skip answered before Ed had a chance.

"I just got a call from upstate New York that an elderly male Alzheimer patient is missing in Marinette County. The man's daughter called and sounded frantic, if not a bit demanding, saying her father left his home in Chicago two weeks ago, headed for his cabin up here. He did not return as expected in one week and they have lost contact with him. He had been diagnosed with mild Alzheimer's, but the disease recently appears to have progressed rapidly. His name is Al Graceffa. He is seventy-seven years old, five-feet ten-inches tall, of Italian descent, black hair graying around the temples. He has his Black Lab, Oscar, with him and is driving a new white Cadillac SUV."

Ed spoke up first. "It sounded like our treasure hunter up until the 'new white Cadillac SUV' part. Does he keep a dark blue pickup at his cabin? And where is his cabin?"

"Whoa, Ed," Joyce replied. "I thought the same thing. His daughter said she didn't know anything about any old blue truck. She said he liked new cars and had a new one each year, so he would not be keeping an old truck. She only knew that his cabin was somewhere near Pembine, Wisconsin. He and his now deceased wife were the only people that had ever been to the cabin. They apparently did not even entertain guests there. Although they had the cabin since before the kids were born, for some reason the kids were never allowed to even see the cabin. It was just a private getaway for the two of them. Let me anticipate your next question, Ed. There are no records of any property in Marinette County belonging to anyone with Graceffa as a surname."

“I suspected as much. I’ve used the county’s online records to build a database for each township with the most expensive homes and cabins at the top of each list. I have matched Bob’s client list with these. My thinking is that Bob has met each of his clients, at least when he contracted with each of them for his services. I have him looking at the list on his TGPAD and marking each of the expensive places where he has not met the owner. This was for our treasure hunter, but it should be helpful with our missing guy too. If Graceffa is staying at his cabin, we should be able to find him soon.”

“Good thinking, Ed.” Skip was always proud of his team. “Joyce, is there anything coming up here so TG can get his scent? If not, maybe they could take some of his clothing to a local helipad and Scott could pick it up while he is still in the Chicago area. Then we would have it here in just a few hours.”

“Good thinking, Grandpa. Joyce, have them use plastic gloves to put some of Mr. Graceffa’s clothes, preferably unwashed since he last used them, into a sealed plastic bag, then take them to the manager’s office at the Grand Italian Hotel for delivery up to their helipad. I just received FAA clearance for Dad to land there for the package.”

“Ed, do you have some sort of mind reading capabilities like TG or was that just a lucky guess? Al Graceffa owns the Grand Italian Hotel and lives in the penthouse there! I just had not finished giving you guys the rest of the information yet.” Joyce was amazed.

“How about it, Ed? Can you bark like TG too?” Skip teased.

“No comment, Skip. TG can give you her own opinion of my abilities,” he said shyly.

“Joyce, yes, Ed can do that sometimes, but when you are as bright as he and TG are, sometimes things just seem to come together almost magically for them.”

“Skip, your whole team is amazing.”

“Skip, Bob has gone over my lists and we are down to forty-seven in the Pembine-Dunbar-Beecher area where there are expensive homes and he has not met the owner. I have a call in to the county assessor so that we can identify which of these date back to at least the early 1930s. It looks like the assessor is calling me back now,” Ed said. “I’ll get back to you.”

“Great work, team. I doubt whether any of my detectives could have made this much progress so quickly. I am so lucky to have you living right here in the same county with me. Thank you!”

“Hold the kudos, Joyce. We may have a long way to go yet.” After a short silence, Skip continued. “I am still bothered by the similarities between these two guys. They might be one and the same or they might even be working together. A

guy with a metal detector and a rich guy from Chicago. What are they doing? Ed, stay on the search for the blue pickup truck, but add in a search for a late model white Caddy SUV too.”

“I’ve already got it added into the search. There is nothing like that on the move.”

“Will your computer pick it out if it is parked?”

“Yep, but I am only dedicating ten percent of its effort to parked vehicles! Those on the move are getting the most attention so that we don’t miss our target vehicle.”

“OK, just keep me informed.”

“You got it, Skip. I usually locate my target in less time than this. Perhaps it is not in this area. If I expand the search radius much more, the computers could overheat. I could be watching a smoldering bunch of chips and wires. I have several backup and standby computers so I will put them temporarily into the search so that I can expand my search radius out to thirty miles. That will include all of northeast Wisconsin, south past Crivitz, and west to Laona.”

“Team, this is Scott. I have picked up Bob’s new cameras. The people here are very helpful and very interested in our team. They suggested an upgraded camera for Bob, so I bought a gross of the newer models for him. They hadn’t processed his credit card yet, so he won’t have any charges. They have also developed some detection systems that we might be able to utilize. I put them in touch with Beth to see how we can help each other with new equipment. She said we would even provide field testing for them on any equipment they have under development. This could become very beneficial to us as well.”

“Dad, will you be able to pick up the clothing from the hotel and still make the camera transfer to Bob on time?”

“Ed, I am always on time. You know that. There is a lot of air traffic around O’Hare today, but they are giving me a lift-off window in four minutes so I can keep on schedule. I know a couple of Chicago FAA people and they have given me the airspace I need. I have to be ready to respond if they can get an earlier window for me, so I’ll be silent for a while.”

“Godspeed, Scott.” Skip was always delighted with the performance of TG-2. It was the only Bell 417 that had ever been built. Bell went overboard on the interior appointments of this craft, as they had used it to capture increased helicopter sales at the Heli-Expo 2007 in Orlando. Disappointed when it did not generate any sales for that model, they were relieved when Scott asked about it, just as the Expo was closing. He was able to purchase it at a very reasonable price. The insides were spacious and very flexible. It could be configured in many

different ways. Although it could carry seven people, TG Search and Rescue rigged it with a separate exercise room for TG's comfort. They could have any lighting level they wished inside without bothering the pilot during a night flight. They could also rig it with two life support gurneys for emergency transport or, as in today's flight, for hauling cargo of various shapes.

They used TG-2 primarily for short hops, but they used TG-1 for everything else. TG-1 is a Harrier GR.9A jump jet they purchased from the UK's Royal Air Force. It started out as an FA2 Sea Harrier and was modified to a GR.9A when the RAF equipped it with Mark 107 Pegasus engines. When they got it, Scott sent it back to Boeing and had it stretched and modified to handle passengers, some cargo, and an ATV. It carried four Sidewinder air-to-air missiles and two Harpoon air-to-surface missiles which they have had to use when they were working for the FBI. While it can travel at Mach one, they do not travel that fast over the continental United States to avoid creating sonic booms.

Scott's flight to the Grand Italian Hotel went smoothly and they were ready for him when he landed. To ensure TG-2 would not be blown off the top of the hotel by an unexpected gust of a Chicago windy-city-special, the ground crew clamped the Bell down quickly. Scott jumped out and went into the pleasantly appointed Reception Center adjacent to the penthouse. A woman was waiting for him.

She was a kindly older woman, probably in her late seventies, dressed not in a hotel uniform, but nonetheless in a spotless comfortable dress. She met Scott with a welcoming smile. "Good afternoon, sir. I am Pam, Mr. Graceffa's housekeeper. I was asked to give you some of his personal things so your dog could detect and learn his scent. I keep everything clean for him so all I could come up with was his lounging jacket. He never wanted it washed. He liked it just the way it was, he always said. I am loaning it to you. Please do not let your dog chew it. It is his favorite. When you find him, he would be happy if you gave it to him at that time."

"Pam, I am so happy to meet you. My name is Scott Jordan and I am with the TG Search and Rescue team. The President of TG Search and Rescue is my father, Skip Jordan. His dog is TG, a Border Collie, who is highly trained and is exceptionally successful in search and rescue work. I am sure she will find Mr. Graceffa very soon and I assure you she will not chew his jacket. Can you tell me some things about him? When did he leave? When did you expect him back? What signs of forgetfulness have you noticed?"

"Of course. He left here in his white Cadillac SUV. I have written his license plate number here on this paper for you. He left with his dog, Oscar, and

said he would be back in one week. I do not know what you mean about forgetfulness. His mind has always been very sharp.”

“Oh, we were told he was diagnosed with mild Alzheimer’s Disease.”

“Most certainly not! You probably heard that from his overbearing daughter.”

“Do I sense you do not agree with her and possibly do not like her?”

“Forgive me. It is not my place to say these things.”

“Pam, please. We will hold your opinions in confidence, but it could be crucial for us to know them. Is his daughter the only one that says he is forgetful?”

“He forgot Maria’s birthday last month, according to her. Actually, he had a gift for her, but decided not to give it to her when she refused, for the third year in a row, to come for a visit. I overheard their telephone call. Oh, please do not repeat this to Mr. Graceffa! Maria was yelling at him. It was difficult for me not to hear as he was in the kitchen where I was working. He looked at me and winked when he told her he must have forgotten. She sounded very mad. Who knows? She has probably convinced her two brothers that he is forgetful too. I do not trust her!”

“Thank you so much, Pam. That is very useful information and we certainly will not let him know you told us. Did he say where he was going? Do you know where he went? Does he have a cabin somewhere?”

“Well...” She hesitated. It seemed to Scott that she knew, but was not supposed to tell anyone.

“It is OK, Pam. If it helps us find him, we will not tell him that we got any information from you.”

“Well... He does have a cabin in Marinette County in Wisconsin, but he has never told its location to anyone. He has mentioned Pembine several times, but I do not know if it is there or they just enjoyed that area. I am sorry, but they were very private about their cabin.”

“Thank you so much, Pam. Here is my card. Please call if you think of anything else or even if he comes back home unexpectedly. If I cannot answer, because I am flying a plane or something, the call will be routed to my son, Ed. He runs our Command Center. He is listening in on our conversation right now, so he knows your concerns and how helpful you have been. Please do not hesitate to tell him anything that you would tell me. Are you OK with that?”

“Yes. Thank you for telling me. Mr. Graceffa and his wife, before she passed away, have both been so good to me. I hope you find him in good health and soon.”

“I will call you personally when we find him, but I will let the Marinette County sheriff call his daughter.” Scott winked at Pam as he said that.

“Thank you, Mr. Jordan.”

“Please call me Scott or I will turn around to see if my dad has walked in behind me,” he said with a smile. “I have to get back to Marinette County now, but we will be in touch with you.”

“Pam, this is Ed. Please feel free to talk with either of us.”

“Oh, where did that voice come from?”

“I have a speaker built into my jacket. That was my son, Ed. I told you he would be available if I am not.”

“Yes, I remember. I was just surprised to hear him.”

Scott thanked her again and excusing himself, walked back to TG-2. He thanked the ground crew for their expertise and climbed into the bird. Before beginning his pre-flight instructions, he looked around at the view. He had been higher off the ground many times, of course, but he had never experienced having been at a living quarters this high off the ground before. He always put his trust in his aircraft, but he did not know if he could trust an architectural structure enough to be completely comfortable living in a house this high off the ground. He knew it was not logical, but he was just not comfortable without the safety of an airplane around him. He quickly went through the checklist and started the engine.

Chicago Air Control gave TG-2 airspace between two flights, a FedEx inbound from New York and an inbound United Airlines from Cleveland. Scott was up and well north of the United’s path in half the time he had available for proper airspace separation. “Dad, where do you and TG want to meet me with Al Graceffa’s clothing? I will be at Middle Inlet to drop off the cameras ten minutes ahead of schedule.”

Always the exacting person, Ed cut in, correcting him with, “Eight and a half, Dad.”

“TG and I are enroute to Middle Inlet now. We will meet you there. I am anxious to have TG clear up whether we are looking for two people or one.”

“Skip, I’ve located a white Cadillac SUV in the Piggly Wiggly grocery parking lot in Crivitz.” Ed was clearly excited with his discovery. “I called them and learned it has been parked there for about two weeks. They were about to report it to the sheriff, thinking it had been abandoned.”

“Thanks, Ed. After TG gets a scent off the clothing, we will continue another four and a half miles down to the Pig and check it out. Scott, you have the license number so we can check that out, unless the plates have been removed. If they are gone, I’ll read the VIN to Ed and he can check it with the Illinois

authorities. By the way, we just checked the Evergreen Plaza apartments parking lot in Wausaukee and TG said our guy hadn't been there either."

TG flashed Skip that the guy had been on this part of the highway, but it was eighteen days ago and it was not in his blue pickup truck. Skip asked, "TG, if he left his Cadillac in Crivitz and he went by here, but not in his blue pickup, what vehicle was he in?"

She just said, "It is his smell, but the other smells from his truck are not here. Could he maybe have added those truck smells after he went through here? Sorry, but I can't give you the color of his vehicle from this jumble of smells, especially when we are traveling this fast. That would take a careful examination of the road surface itself."

"I am not letting you out onto this highway just to learn the color of his vehicle. That's Ed's job."

"Do you mean he can get out onto the highway and smell it for me?" She shot Skip a silly-looking glance and wagged her tail. She loved jokes.

Skip just looked back at her through his eyebrows with his head down and smiled back at her.

When they arrived in Middle Inlet, Bob was just getting out of his truck to move things around and make space in it for the eight dozen cameras he would be receiving from Scott. He did not know yet that Scott had decided to get a gross of the larger upgraded cameras for him instead. Deputy Jim was already there and had roped off a large area as a landing zone for TG-2.

"Hi, Skip. Hi, TG. I did not know you were going to meet me here too."

"Hey, Bob. Did you know that the sheriff has changed the game plan? She wants us to find a missing person first, then we will get back to locating your guy. Scott is bringing us some of the missing guy's clothing so TG can track him down."

"Nobody told me. What do I do now?" Bob was obviously disappointed. He had put in a lot of effort today and wanted to wrap up this problem for his clients.

"Keep doing what you are doing, Bob. We did not tell her, but we can handle both cases at the same time. Ed is scanning the area with our satellite so he may as well watch for both of the guys. We will maintain our effort on your trespasser. Listen. That sounds like Scott approaching now. See that bright object up there? That's TG-2, our helicopter. You might want to get back into your car. She kicks up a lot of dust when she lands."

"I've never seen a helicopter move so fast before."

“She cruises at 260 miles an hour. Oh, and we have some surprises in there for you. You will have to wait until she touches down to find out. TG, back into the bus.”

Bob sat, wondering what Skip meant about surprises. But for now he was watching as a large helicopter painted in a bright fluorescent yellow with a big red cross on its side was settling into the dust in front of them. When the rotor blades came to a rest, the door opened and out jumped a tall young man with a wide grin. When he took his helmet off, Bob was surprised to see that he was blonde. Skip, who was already out of his vehicle, had dark hair. These two were father and son? Bob got out too and saw TG run to the pilot for a big greeting.

“Hey, TG! How’s my girl?” She always greeted Scott like she had not seen him in weeks. Scott was squatting and getting his face washed.

“Bob, this is my son, Scott.”

“Nice to meet you, Bob.”

“You too. That is one big bird you are flying!”

Grinning, he said, “She does the job for us.”

“Thank you for getting the cameras for me so quickly. You cut down the delivery time by at least two days.”

“Ah, Dad, did you tell him?”

“No, but I did say that you had a surprise for him.”

“What’s up, guys? The sheriff told me your team was always full of surprises. I thought she was talking about all the help Beth was giving me.”

Scott spoke first. “Well, you probably won’t be able to get all these cameras into your truck. Just take what you will need for today and I’ll get the rest to your house in an hour. Is someone at home?”

“I should be able to, I have had eight dozen in my truck before, but yes, my wife is at home.”

“I kind of upped your order by 50%. I got you a gross instead, and these are larger than the ones you ordered. I upgraded them to their newest model with a lot more features.”

“Wow, Scott, thank you. I didn’t know they had their newer model out yet. How much more do I owe them? I already paid them with my VISA card for eight dozen of their regular cameras.”

This time Skip spoke. “That is another surprise for you. This is on us. All of it. Scott had them cancel your order and our team paid for the whole thing, including shipping and handling,” he added with a wink.

“But why? I did not ask for that.” TG started dancing around Bob. He felt she understood and was confirming that they wanted to do this for him. The shock on his face began to change into a smile.

“TG says that you understood her just now. I am impressed.” Skip was visibly happy. “Not everyone learns to communicate with her so quickly!”

“I thought I could hear her saying, ‘Yes, yes, they are yours.’ I did not believe it at first, but it kept repeating.”

“Excellent, she just told me that is exactly what she told you. And then you sent back to her the word ‘Really?’ didn’t you?”

“I thought it, but I didn’t know that I was sending it to her. Thank God you have such a wonderful dog to work with!”

“That is exactly what TG stands for: Thank God.”

Scott reached back into the cockpit for a plastic bag with clothes in it. “Here, TG. This is Al Graceffa’s coat.”

TG took one smell and flashed to Skip, “That’s him. That’s the guy I was tracking.”

Skip smiled an I-thought-so smile and told the team, “TG just gave us a huge break in both cases. Ed, open Joyce’s channel on her TGPad. I want her to hear this too. We are looking for *one* person. Al Graceffa, who was reported as a missing Alzheimer patient is actually the guy we were looking for as the trespasser/treasure hunter. TG has just confirmed my earlier suspicion. Joyce, you can combine these two cases. This puts a new twist on the data that we have.”

Joyce responded, “That was fast, TG. Good work! Thank you.”

Ed added, “While we do not know what he is looking for, Scott came up with interesting information from Graceffa’s housekeeper. She apparently did not tell Graceffa’s daughter that he had Alzheimer’s. I suspect the daughter came up with that on her own. Joyce, whether or not he has the disease is not something that our team will decide on, but it could be in your jurisdiction. Did she commit a crime by giving you misinformation? If so, why? This is certainly not for us to determine. We will, however, continue to feed information to you.”

“Thank you, Ed. You are certainly correct and we will be looking into that. I want to evaluate Graceffa myself before we will return him to his home in Chicago. Let’s find him.”

“Thanks, Joyce. We will be going to Crivitz to see the Cadillac next. We like to shorten our communications, especially when things get tense so we will drop his last name and just call this case, ‘AL.’ Is that OK with everyone?” Skip got an affirmation from everyone.

“Scott, I will leave you and Bob to decide the logistics of off-loading his cameras. TG, let’s go to the Piggly Wiggly store to check out an abandoned car. We will be in touch.” TG was already jumping into her seat in their bus.

As they drove south, Skip noticed that although Crivitz was only twenty miles south of his house, there was a slight difference in the amount and development of the tree leaves. He remembered his father saying that for every one hundred miles south that you go, plants are one week further along in their development. At this time of year even a day or two made a difference in the tree leaves.

Skip drove around the Piggly Wiggly store to the southeast corner of the parking lot and found a new white Cadillac SUV with Illinois plates matching the number Scott had given him. A deputy sheriff was already there waiting for them. He introduced himself as Deputy John Stevenson.

“Sheriff Radcliff said I should meet you here and open the vehicle if you and the dog wanted to check around inside of it. Nice dog. I have just been assigned to a squad, so I have not met you before. I have been working as a jail officer for ten years and I have heard a lot about you.”

“Thanks, John, and thank Joyce for us too. Yes, could you please let us inside? Do you need to get any prints or other evidence before we go in?”

“Yes, I am also an ET, an Evidence Technician, so I don’t have to call anybody in to do it for me. This will just take a minute.”

“That is OK. As you can see, TG is busy searching the area anyway.”

“You did not even give her a command to do that. She just did it on her own!”

“She knows what to do and she does it. My job is just to drive her around, follow her, and communicate to others whatever she has discovered. She is our team’s production manager and is responsible for getting the job done. The rest of us are just her helpers.”

John stopped for a moment and just stared at Skip, then at TG, then back at Skip.

Skip laughed. “I have seen that look before. Pausing to process data with a strange look on your face is a part of your training as an officer. I understand. But that is the truth and I am not stretching it one bit. Right now TG is telling me that the guy left this car here and walked over there to the Ford dealership across the creek. I’ve got to go join her. We will be back soon.”

“OK, go ahead. There are some hairs here that I want to get.”

Skip thought, *probably Black Lab dog hairs*. He followed TG across the creek. She led him on a zigzagged path through the used-truck lot then headed for the building.

People up here were not as surprised as people in a larger city would be if a dog walked into the dealership, followed by her owner. They were mostly surprised at her bright yellow jacket with Red Cross symbols on it that matched her owner's jacket.

Skip was quickly approached by a salesperson who asked if he could help. Skip asked if anyone remembered selling a dark blue pickup truck to an older guy by the name of Al Graceffa who had a Black Lab with him.

Jeff, the salesman, had watched the deputy drive into the parking lot next door and stop on the other side of the creek and he had seen Skip and his dog drive up to the deputy right after that. It looked like official business, so he did not hesitate to answer. "Well, I can match a little bit of that. There was an older guy a couple of weeks ago, but he was alone. No dog with him that I saw. We thought it was odd when he just walked in without a trade-in and bought a pickup, but that was not his name and he bought a used red pickup, not a blue one. If you want his name, I can look it up for you."

"Yes, please. If you need to, I can ask the sheriff to call you and request the man's name."

"I saw you with the deputy over there so there won't be a problem. It is public record anyhow."

He was gone for just a moment before he returned with a photocopy of the Bill of Sale and handed it to Skip. "His name is Oscar Sorenson. Funny, but he did not look like a Sorenson; he was definitely Italian. His address is in Oconto County. I asked how he got here and he just said that he got a ride from a friend. We did not see anyone else though. Now, this is strange, but just this morning we had a request from the State DOT. They said the guy's address does not exist. That is all we had to go on. He even paid in cash—green stuff, not even a check. He showed us his ID. Is he in trouble?"

"I don't know. We just do search and rescue work. We are trying to find him for a client. Here's my card. Would you please call me if you see him again or you think of anything else?"

"Of course, um, Mr. Jordan," he said, looking at the card.

"Thank you. And just call me Skip." TG was already waiting at the door to go out.

Ed said, “Wow, this is getting more interesting. He drove up here in a white SUV, bought a red truck and now it is blue. He is using a different name. This may take longer than a single day to solve.”

“Yep, that is what I am thinking too. Now let’s see what this Caddy can tell us.”

Deputy John was just finishing up when they approached. “There was a black dog in here with the driver.”

TG said the dog was Oscar and the driver was Al. Skip passed that on to John.

“She even knows their names? Wow. He had a suitcase in here, probably some clothes. And a padded dog’s bed too. Only one set of prints. No other human had been in here. Either that or it had been thoroughly cleaned.”

“Probably both. Al is well-to-do and probably had a staff to keep it clean. Can you lock it up again? I am going to attach a tracking device underneath. If he comes back and moves the car, we will know immediately. Would you also please tell the manager of the Piggly Wiggly that I will pay him whatever he wants to allow this car to stay here perhaps a couple of weeks more? You can tell him or her that this is an active case with your department. Thanks!”

As Skip and TG were getting back into their bus, Skip called Ed. “Were you able to find anything for an Oscar Sorenson? Also, can you locate an abandoned red pickup? Look within walking distance of a used truck dealer. I doubt he would have had it painted blue, because he showed up on Bob’s cameras with a blue truck shortly after he bought the red one. There would not have been time for the paint to dry.”

“Already on it, Skip. There is no Oscar Sorenson in either Oconto or Marinette County. It is odd that he took on his dog’s name for an alias. As far as abandoned red pickups are concerned, we have learned he is certainly determined that he does not want to be found. He made these elaborate preparations to avoid being traced. Now if we could just figure out what he is looking for, TG could probably find it first.”

“That is certainly a mystery. When Scott gets home and has TG-2 bedded down for the night, have him call Al’s housekeeper. See if she can think of anything that he may be out looking for.”

“Great idea, Skip, but that could take an hour or more. I will call her and see if she will tell me.”

“OK, Ed. Just don’t spook her. She could be hiding something too. We just do not know.”

“I’ll go easy,” Ed said in an unusually slow and calm manner.

“Mr. Graceffa’s residence, this is his housekeeper. How may I help you?”

“Hello, Pam. This is Ed Jordan from TG Search and Rescue.”

“Oh hello, Ed. I recognized your voice right away. Have you found Mr. Graceffa already?”

“No, not yet, but I do have some more questions if you have the time to talk for a few minutes?”

“I have not thought of anything else, but of course you may ask me anything.”

“We have discovered that Mr. Graceffa switched to a different truck after he got up here. Do you know anything about that? Does he do that each time he comes up here?”

“No, I have never heard anything like that before. His wife and I used to talk a lot, but she never mentioned that.”

Ed became very encouraged when he thought he could learn more from Pam through Al’s deceased wife. “What did she like to do when they came up here?”

“She enjoyed the flowers, trees, wildlife, but especially the birds. They used to go and sit by the many waterfalls. They enjoyed taking long slow drives along the back roads. She always kept a record of the different birds they saw.”

“Did they ever look for buried treasure?”

There was a long, almost uncomfortable silence. Stammering, Pam began to slowly answer. “I, I, I am not sure.”

“What do you mean, Pam?” Ed tried to push her gently for more information.

“He may have gone to do that, but I am not supposed to know about it.”

“I am sorry to pry, but could you explain that to me? I do not understand.” Ed kept pushing gently to get her to give him a better insight as to what Al was doing.

“His father used to go looking for it and when Mr. Graceffa was younger, he sometimes went with his father, but they never found it.”

Ed was getting excited. He wanted to scream, *what is the “IT” you are talking about?* He kept control of his voice and asked, “What were they looking for?”

Pam felt she had overstepped her bounds as a housekeeper, but if Mr. Graceffa was in trouble, she wanted to help him. “Mr. Graceffa’s father, Tony Graceffa, was Al Capone’s favorite driver.”

Ed’s eyes nearly popped out. He connected Skip’s TGPad to the recording he was making so Skip would be hearing the phone conversation from the

beginning. Their equipment would speed up the playback so Skip would soon be caught up to real time. Skip signaled Ed that he was listening.

Pam continued. “Al Capone had always treated Tony Graceffa very well, so when my employer was born, he was named ‘Al,’ in honor of Al Capone. Mr. Capone was so pleased that he told Tony Graceffa that he wanted Tony’s son to have his greatest treasure.”

“And what was that, Pam?” Ed was getting closer to what he wanted, but he wasn’t quite there yet.

“He never told anybody what his greatest treasure was or even where it was.”

Ed wanted to scream, *What?* but he held it in.

Skip was up to real time now so he heard Pam at the same time Ed did.

Ed asked, “If this was his greatest treasure, what were the others like?” He thought he would try to get the answer by coming at it from another direction.

“Oh, I do not know about that. About all I have heard is that Al Capone surrendered millions of dollars to the U.S. Treasury officials after he was arrested, so, I suppose his treasures were large amounts of cash that he had hidden in various places. Mr. Capone never kept any of his money in banks. He always said banks could be robbed so easily. It has always been whispered about among Tony Graceffa’s house staff and us that Mr. Capone’s largest amount of cash was never found. A story passed down from Tony Graceffa’s original staff is that several armored cars carrying gold bars were robbed in northeastern Wisconsin in 1928. The story goes on, saying that the trucks were found empty, but neither the drivers nor the gold was ever found. The news reported that the drivers made off with the gold. It was not learned until years later that Al Capone had already been, ah, working that area. Tony Graceffa was hired as Al Capone’s driver in 1929, when he was seventeen, so he had no first-hand knowledge of the stolen gold. He also did not talk to anyone except Al Capone himself during the time he was the driver.”

Skip thought this was getting more interesting all the time.

Ed thanked Pam for telling him that story, but he just had to ask, “Do you think Al Graceffa might be out looking for the gold now?”

“Oh my, I would not know. But it would seem to be possible, wouldn’t it?”

“Thank you for your trust in us to tell me that story, Pam. Do Al’s children know about this?”

“I never heard it mentioned among the family members. Only when Mr. Graceffa and his father were alone together—and then very seldom—almost never since Mr. and Mrs. Graceffa were married.”

“How long have you worked for Al Graceffa?”

“Mrs. Tony Graceffa hired me in 1933 right after they were married. Then she wanted my current employer to have my services when Mr. and Mrs. Al Graceffa were married.”

“Pam, I would not have guessed you to have even been born by 1933.”

“Oh thank you, but I was born in 1917, so I will be ninety-two in a few months.”

Scott had been listening too and softly said to the others, “She appears to be in her seventies.”

“Pam, thank you again for trusting us. I have to get back to work now. We are trying to find Al, because he has been reported as missing. Your information will be added to what we have already collected. I am sure that you have helped us to locate him so that he can soon be returned to his home in Chicago and you will be able to rest easy. Again, thank you, and if you have any questions or additional thoughts, please call either me or Scott, my dad. Good bye.”

“And I wish to thank both of you too. Please have a blessed day. Good bye.”

Skip had been listening carefully and could hear Ed typing at his keyboard throughout the conversation. All conversations were digitally recorded so he knew that Ed was multitasking and was performing online searches relating to Pam’s story. “What have you turned up, Ed?”

“Pam’s story checks out. There is no recorded suspicion of Al Capone having stolen the gold bars. There are two tons, spelled T-O-N-S and not T-O-N-N-E-S, of gold bars missing. That works out to about 4,535 bars at 400 troy ounces each. Back in 1929, each ounce was worth \$20.67, but now they are about \$920 or over \$4.17 million for all of them.” Ed had rounded off their value because of the large daily fluctuations in the price of gold.

“We do not know if Al is looking for it, but it certainly seems reasonable, given his secrecy. I am going to call in the FBI and they will want to call the Treasury in too.”

“Skip, I already have Agent Warren on your TGPpad for you,” Ed quickly announced.

“Hey, Warren, Skip here. How are you?” FBI Agent Warren and Skip had worked together on several cases and knew each other’s voices.

“Hey yourself, Skip. I see that your grandson put the call through. That only happens when you have a case to discuss. What’s up?”

Skip explained the events leading up to his call.

“That is a really cold case, Skip. I will open it up immediately and I’ll alert the Treasury guys too. They will probably get so excited that they will fly in up there before I can get there by car from Chicago.”

“I know you will let my team finish its work here, Warren, but we haven’t worked with the Treasury before. Will they get in the way, or will they let us work? You know, TG may be the only one that can solve this case.”

“Relax, Skip. They can be reasonable. It is a cold case for them too. And I will tell them that I have the greatest confidence in your team. Without TG, they will go home empty-handed. I will make sure they know that up front.”

“Thanks, Warren. As you know, TG doesn’t take directions well and she is able to solve this by herself.”

“Say, how about if I have them fly into O’Hare and you pick us all up with your jump jet? That would really impress them and show them that you aren’t just a bunch of amateurs. Then we can get updated together during the flight up to your airfield.”

“Warren, you read my mind. Did TG teach you to do that?” Skip was just kidding him and Warren knew it.

“Oh sure. Like I could ever do what she does! Well, that will never happen. I will call Ed when I find out their arrival time in Chicago.”

“Agent Warren, this is Ed. That will be fine. My dad will meet you with TG-1. I will set up its conference room with an A/V show with handouts. We will bring each of you up to speed.”

“Ed, let’s go one step further. Could you be involved with the updates? Just do not let them know that you are, what, seventeen now? At least not until we get up there. We want them to be team members and not directors.”

“Warren, don’t worry about Ed or any of our team. People usually come onboard with us in just a few minutes when they see what we can do and how we do it.” Skip was confident and did not want Warren to worry about them. At least he did not think that it was going to be a problem. He hoped. The call completed, Skip continued to think.

He was more afraid of calling, “Wolf!” What if there was no treasure? What if Al was looking for a lost wedding ring or some other relatively small item? What if Tony had lost something in his later years and Al was trying to find it in remembrance of his father? No, if that was the case, he would not have dug such a deep hole that they had seen earlier in the day, a hole that apparently had been a trash pit before the cabin was burned. Al’s metal detector had registered a large quantity of metal at various depths, causing him to dig it up. Skip had to assume Al was looking for a buried treasure, but would they be able to find it? What if Al

found it and removed it before they found him? To maintain TG's success rate, they just *had to* find it first. After going through all the scenarios, he asked Ed, "Have you come up with anything else, Ed?"

"Hey, Skip, I was just going to call you. I've got two things for you. First, Sheriff Radcliff has assigned a detective to me. I've got him dusting off their cold case files on the gold heist. All I've got there so far is that there is a lot more information in the files than had crept into the legends of the disappearance. He will have it finished before Dad has to leave tomorrow to pick up the T-men and Agent Warren."

"Good. What's the second?"

"The DMV guys just processed a transfer of title for the red pickup that Al purchased. He apparently traded it for something else. Let's hope it is our dark blue pickup that you and TG have been tracking. They are faxing me the application. OK, it is on my screen now. You and TG should head for Aurora, Wisconsin. Before you get there, I will have made contact with the guy that made the trade with Al. He works at a bar up there and I can see the red pickup sitting at the bar now. It is on County Road N."

"We will be there in 49 minutes, Ed. Thanks."

"If I was driving, it would be 6.3 minutes earlier."

"I am driving at my speed; you can drive your computers at your speed. Besides, the speed limit through Niagara is 25 before we get to County N and we wouldn't want to read about a fluorescent yellow streak speeding through their streets."

"I already have the guy on the phone. He is the bartender and he will be there until closing tonight. I did not tell him you would be coming in to see him."

Skip drove as quickly as he could. Highway 141 to Niagara was in poor condition. He had heard the State was going to be rebuilding this section of road in a year or two. *None too soon*, he thought.

Except for briefly in Crivitz, TG had not been working for the past few hours and she was anxious to get back to work again.

While navigating the slow section of Highway 141 inside the Niagara city limits, Skip again marveled at the sheer beauty of the towering cliffs on the opposite bank of the Menominee River. With the tree leaves not yet developed this early in the spring, all of the jagged rocks could easily be seen. They were a glistening red in the evening sun. Not as red as the iron-rich hills in Iron Mountain a couple of miles north, but an impressive sight just the same.

Soon he turned off onto County Road N and at the top of the long hill he was able to get up to highway speed for a few miles before getting into the winding roads leading down into Aurora.

The bar was just ahead—and there was a red pickup truck. He pulled into the parking lot and popped TG’s door open when he came to a stop. TG was out in a flash and instantly confirmed Al had driven it. This was the red truck they had been looking for since confirming its purchase in Crivitz.

Skip and TG went into the bar. The sight of a man and a dog both dressed in fluorescent yellow with bright Red Cross markings on them caused an immediate stir among the patrons. Several of them choked on whatever was in their mouths at the time. A couple even sprayed their drinks out of their mouths. Some thought they were about to be warned of an impending tornado. One especially inebriated man thought they had lived through a direct hit and were being rescued.

TG did not like the smells in there and flashed Skip about it. Skip flashed back to her that they would be leaving soon. She also flashed that Al had been in there.

The bartender asked if he could help Skip as there was nobody in the bar that needed rescuing. He thought they might be lost.

“Sorry to interrupt, but do you own the red pickup outside?”

Now the bartender thought they were rescue workers and somebody had crashed into his truck. “What happened to it, hey?” He was right at least about them being rescue workers. He talked in the classic “yooper” style.

“The truck is OK, but we are looking for the guy that sold it to you. Did he trade it to you for a dark blue pickup?”

TG said, “This guy’s scent and others were with Al and Oscar wherever the blue truck went.”

The bartender said, “The truck’s hot, hey?”

“No, not at all. He paid cash for it. But did you make a trade with him?”

“Oh yeah! He just walked in here and sat right there in front of you.”

Skip interrupted, “Yes, my dog let me know that he sat there.” He wanted to impress on the bartender that his interest was in Al and not him. The “TG Search and Rescue” on their coats would be explained by TG’s report.

“Yeah! Your dog is right, hey. And you are right about the trade. As I started to say, he just walked in here and sat down and before he even ordered anything, he wanted to know who had the old beat up blue truck out there. I told him it was mine and he said he wanted to trade his truck for mine. I didn’t know why ‘cause mine is twelve years older than his, but mine is a three-quarter ton and his was only an F-100 and it looked better too, hey. Heck, I don’t need a heavy

hauler anymore, so I agreed. We made an even trade, as is. He gave me papers showing he had just bought it down in Crivitz the day before. I thought he was nuts, but sometimes good deals just come along, hey?”

“Did he say where he lived?”

“No, I didn’ need that anyways ‘cause I always carry my title in the glove box. I jus’ sign it over to him and that was that, hey. He didn’ even buy a drink, he didn’. He just drove off with my old blue truck. Strange guy, hey?”

“Did he look like an Italian in his seventies?”

“Yer got that right. Had an elegant air ‘bout him, too, he did. A real educated guy. He in trouble?”

“No, but we are assisting the Marinette County sheriff in locating him. He is listed as missing. Here is my card. Would you please call me the moment you see him, if he ever comes in here again? We would all appreciate it.”

“Why’d he want my old truck?”

“That is one thing we do not know, but at least I am on his trail to find him.”

TG flashed, “You mean I am on his trail.”

Skip flashed back to TG, “Sorry to say it that way, TG. I did not want to let him know the whole story. Let’s get out of here.”

TG turned to go out even before Skip thanked the bartender, then he apologized to the patrons for the interruption. One lady said, “Look! The dog even knows when they are going to leave. Must be a pretty smart dog.”

TG took that as an insult to her intelligence.

“Relax, girl,” Skip flashed to her.

Back outside in the fresh Northwoods air, TG drew in several long breaths and sneezed twice, shaking her head each time, to clear the alcohol smells out of her nose. “Hope we don’t have to go back in there again.”

“Well, we did not learn anything new about Al’s whereabouts, but at least we can drop the red pickup from our search.”

Ed replied, “Sorry you had to go through that, TG, but you confirmed Al’s having been there. It will help you to know the bartender’s scent doesn’t need to be categorized anymore.”

TG flashed to Ed, “You may think it helps me, but it only helps you. I didn’t tell you about the other smells coming from the blue truck. Besides Al, Oscar and the bartender, the truck smells tell me that it has also carried a woman, two kids, groceries including ‘Beggin Strips’®, a female Beagle in heat, two cats, four chickens (two Rhode Island Reds and two Barred Plymouth Rocks), and a Vietnamese Pot Bellied Pig.”

Ed just replied with a soft and slow, “Oh.”

Skip was glad he wasn't driving on the road yet or he would have had to pull over. He was laughing so hard, he couldn't see. It was rare when somebody could get the best of Ed like that. Out loud so Ed could hear him, he said, "Thank you, TG, for that dissertation. We all know about your incredible abilities. Ed did not mean to tell you what to do. After all, you are the production manager."

TG felt she needed to reprimand Ed, just to put him in his place once in a while. She still considered Ed to be a kid and she wanted to train him to correctly understand her.

"Ed, do you have a time that the T-Agents and Warren will be able to leave Chicago?" Skip asked.

Ed was an excellent multi-tasker. He could take a reprimand from TG, do several different computer searches and talk on the telephone all at one time.

Skip was reminded of a former boss of his, who conducted their weekly meetings by having them both talk at the same time, often about different projects. At first, Skip used to record their meetings on tape, but he found that listening to the tapes was not helpful. They were impossible to understand. As their skills improved, they were able to cut their meeting times in half. He never forgot the look on his boss's secretary's face the first time she walked in on one of these meetings. Later, on his way out of the boss's office he stopped at the secretary's desk to explain. She said that it sounded like they were arguing, but they were both smiling and nodding. She just did not know what was going on. Skip never saw his boss conduct any of his other weekly one-on-one meetings like that. When he asked his boss about it, he smiled, saying that none of the others could handle talking, listening, and taking notes at the same time. Ed certainly could have done it.

Ed had been mentally listening to TG and talking to Warren at the same time. Sometime ago Skip had related his multi-tasking story about his boss to Ed. Ed was determined to master multi-tasking and he certainly did just that. He was excellent at it. "Warren told me there would only be one Treasury person, probably because it was such an old, cold case. His name is Derek Summers. He grew up in the Carolinas, but he has traveled extensively. Still, the Wisconsin Northwoods will be a new experience for him."

"Hope he doesn't mind wood ticks," Skip said, pulling one off of his leg.

"Don't know about ticks. Didn't ask. Warren said that Derek will be coming with an open mind, realizing that we have not actually found nor even confirmed that the treasure exists. I am very confident, after receiving several updates from our detective at the sheriff's office, that the treasure does exist. TG has her work cut out for her, but she will be famous after finding two tons of gold

bars and solving a very old mystery. She can be looking for both Al and the gold at the same time, because when she finds one the other will be nearby. I am trying my best to get a lot of good inputs for her to process. Left to follow her intuition, she will find both Al and the gold.”

It sounded to Skip that Ed was trying to butter up TG.

TG just said, “Of course I will.”

Ed continued. “Anyhow, Summers is taking a red-eye to Chicago tonight, arriving at 0718 tomorrow. Dad will leave at 0505, a half an hour before sunrise, to give him time to refuel, before picking up his passengers. I will call our nearby neighbors so they don’t think he is just playing with the jet engines that early in the morning. They say they appreciate it when I call them the day before. I have a presentation package to get ready so that it will be on TG-1 before he leaves.”

“Ed, I am going to drive TG through the motel parking lots in Iron Mountain, Quinnesec and Norway, Michigan just to be sure we are not missing anything, then we will call it a night. Don’t stay up all night working on this. You are still a growing young man and you need your sleep.”

“No problem, Grandpa. Thanks. Call me if you find anything.”

“Certainly.”

As they drove north into Kingsford, TG flashed, “Neither Al nor the bartender ever went this way. It is a waste of time, but I will enjoy the other smells along the way. Just do not try to trick me into going to the vet, just because this is a different way to go to the Iron Mountain Animal Hospital.”

“Nope, I couldn’t fool you if I tried. You are too good at reading my mind. Relax and enjoy the ride. Besides, I thought you liked her.”

“I like Doctor Kim, but I am busy working right now.”

“OK. Well, I am with you and we are both working so no vet visits today.”

Chapter 7

Day #2 - Surprises

The next morning FBI Agent Warren met Treasury Agent Derek Summers in Chicago as he was getting off a U.S. Airways plane. It had just come in from Ronald Reagan International Airport in D.C. After their greetings, Derek asked, “Where do we go to meet this little jet that is taking us up to Pembine?”

Warren grinned at the obvious put-down. “It is right over here. U.S. Air let him pull up to one of their gates that will not in service for a couple of hours.”

“That is very unusual for a private jet. How did you pull that off?”

“I didn’t. TG Search and Rescue has an extremely capable man at their Command Desk. He can make nearly anything happen. This is just the first of many, many surprises in store for you today.” Warren was doing his best to get Summers to allow the team to do their work without interruptions from Summers or himself. “It is right here at the next gate.”

“Holy Cow! What is that?” Summers was pointing out the window to a bright yellow jet that was unlike anything he had ever seen before. He had expected a small corporate jet or less, but this was... He didn’t know what it was.

“It is a former Harrier jump jet that they had stretched to carry passengers, emergency stretchers, or freight. With V/STOL capability they can drop right into a tornado aftermath, for example, and get the injured to hospitals more quickly than any other mode of transportation. Over longer distances, to specialty hospitals for example, they can get there much quicker than a helicopter. Oh, and they do have a helicopter too. Come on. I’ll introduce you to the pilot.”

By now they were down the stairs and outside, next to TG-1. A crowd of onlookers from the flight Summers had been on were staring out the windows above them. A tall, handsome blonde young man in a neat but comfortable flight suit approached them smiling broadly with his hand extended.

Derek greeted him with, “Hi, I am Derek Summers. Are you the one that runs the Command Desk?”

Scott grinned and said, “Hi, Derek. No, I am Scott Jordan, the chief pilot for TG Search and Rescue. You will meet him soon enough. Hi, Warren. Nice to see you again. It is always a pleasure. If you will both come this way we can get into

TG-1 and away from all the staring eyes up there in the windows. Derek, do you have any checked baggage?”

Warren and Derek turned briefly to see all the spectators before Derek answered that he only had a carry-on. Scott led them to a stairway that he had dropped down from the airplane.

As they got in, Scott continued. “Please buckle your seat belts, yadda, yadda. Have a comfortable flight. The chair on the left side of the cabin is for you, Derek. Actually, you may stand and move about during the takeoff and landing—if the tower lets me take off vertically, that is. It depends on traffic conditions, but I have already talked to them about it. It would impress the heck out of our audience up there too. Everyone ready? I’ll be talking to the tower now, but will be giving you some more information when we leave O’Hare’s airspace.”

Derek couldn’t believe the space in this cabin. He cautiously asked Warren, “Weren’t those Sidewinders under the wings? What were they doing there? What is this team all about?”

“Whoa. I’ll try to fill you in, but Scott is the one to ask. Yes, they have had to use Sidewinders and Harpoons in some of the operations they have done for us. They are licensed to carry them, but they cannot fire a missile without a code from our director. They maintain an ‘always-ready-for-anything’ preparedness level.”

After starting the two engines, Scott turned their speakers on so they could hear the flight controllers.

“Ground, TG-1 ready to leave the gate. Request designated space for vertical takeoff.”

“TG-1, Ground. Move out 500 feet away from gate. Transferring you to Departure.”

“TG-1, Departure. As soon as the next inbound has landed, we will give you a go for a vertical departure.”

“Departure, TG-1. Thank you.”

“TG-1, Departure. You are clear for vertical takeoff. Godspeed. We need to drop in on you up there sometime, Scott.”

“Departure, TG-1. Roger. You know you are always welcome.”

Derek looked at Warren in amazement. “They know each other too?”

“Let’s see. That is three surprises now and we are just getting off the ground. Want me to keep counting for you?”

“Good grief. Ah, no, I am from Treasury and we know how to count.”

Warren liked that. Derek seemed to be even softening his posture already.

The vertical takeoff was as smooth as going up in an elevator. Derek's mouth was open in amazement. He just kept looking all around him.

"TG-1 passing 2,000 feet. Repositioning thrusters for horizontal flight. Will continue climb to 20,000 feet. Chicago, we will notify you when we leave your space and will then contact Milwaukee. Have a good day."

"Roger TG-1. Have a good flight, sir."

Scott called back to his passengers, "Hey, guys, how did you like that? Smooth takeoff, wasn't it!"

Derek said he had never experienced anything like that in his life. He really enjoyed it. "How did you guys get a plane like this?"

"We got it from the UK's Royal Air Force when they were converting to a different set of birds."

"And you have a helicopter too?"

"Yes, a rare Bell 417. The only one ever made."

"Your team is amazing."

"This a good time to bring you two up to speed on our current job and to fill you in on why we invited you to join us. There are bound manuals in the pockets on the sides of your seats. They are loaded with all the information we have accumulated since we were invited to begin this search by Marinette County Sheriff Joyce Radcliff late yesterday morning."

"All this in less than one day," Derek exclaimed looking at the size of his manual. "This is amazing."

Warren said, "Wait until you meet their production manager, TG. She is the real brains of the team. Nobody ever disagrees with her and she has never been wrong."

"I thought TG was the name of their dog?" Derek asked, puzzled.

"Right, but when you meet her and watch her work, you will understand."

"Really?" Derek sounded less than convinced.

"Positive. Just please let her operate the way she wants to. All the humans on the team are really just her support staff, but as you will see, they are amazing in their own right."

"This should prove really interesting. I planned to direct this operation, but I am willing to evaluate them before I decide to take over."

"Thank you."

Scott could hear Warren softening Derek so he did not interrupt them. Now it was time to give Derek his own TGPad and continue the surprises. "Push the button on your armrest to bring up your work desks. Derek, you will find a TGPad

attached to yours. That is why I directed you to that particular chair. It is a communication device that our team invented.”

All Derek could say was, “Why don’t we have these things? Does the FBI have them?”

“No. Only those of us that have worked with TG Search and Rescue have them. They are not for FBI members to use with each other. They are mainly to communicate with Skip, their president and Ed, the Command Center director.” Warren was proud to show that he already had his own.

Scott led them through the use of the TGPads then asked Derek to call Ed.

“Mr. Ed Jordan? This is Agent Derek Summers. Good Morning.”

“Hi, Derek. You too, Warren. Just use first names, please, in the interest of brevity. I have prepared an A/V presentation for you. In a moment, ‘Play–Pause–Revisit’ buttons will appear on your TGPads. You can watch the presentation on the screen that is now dropping in front of you. You may follow along with your bound manuals. If you are like me, you will want to make notes in your manuals. At the end of the presentation, it will show you how you can bring up any portion of this A/V on your TGPads at any time for review. Everyone ready?”

They were both amazed this time but they said they were ready.

“OK, here are your buttons on your TGPads. Either one of you may use any of the buttons as you wish. Enjoy, and please call me at any time if you wish further information or have any questions.”

Derek looked at Warren. “Will the surprises keep coming?”

Warren replied, with a twinkle in his eye, “I am sure of it!”

The A/V was professionally done. It even had a musical background that rose and fell as the drama of the investigation rose and fell. After they were brought up to speed on everything, including a full report on the cold case from the sheriff’s detective, the team members were each introduced as their pictures were shown.

When it was over Warren asked Derek, “Impressed?”

“Completely! I have never seen professionals and certainly not amateurs rise to this level of professionalism. I am glad that I am along to watch.”

Everyone on the team breathed a sigh of relief when they heard that. Ed typed a message in a small font onto Warren’s TGPads saying, “Thank You!” He erased it before Derek could see it.

Warren said, “So do you want to meet Ed?”

“Absolutely! Why wasn’t he on the team photos and introductions?”

“I guess he was behind the camera,” Warren lied. “Ed, are you available to let us see you on the screen?”

Finally! Ed thought. “Yep, here I am. By the way, there is a camera above the screen so I can see you in real time too. Good Morning. Any questions? You did not call me during the presentation.”

Derek looked stunned. The Command Center director staring at them was nothing more than a teenage kid. How could he be in charge of so much and be such a great director and... He tried to smile, but his face was still in shock. He finally stammered a feeble, “Good morning, Ed.”

Ed said, “I know what you are thinking. I get that all the time. Yes, I am seventeen and Scott, your pilot, is my dad. And yes, he takes his orders from me. But at home, I take orders from him and Mom,” he laughed.

“I am sorry. Was I that obvious? Warren told me to expect a lot of surprises, but that one really threw me. I am so very glad to meet you, Ed. You have done more in less than 24 hours than I have ever experienced in an SAR team. You are truly amazing. May I come into your Command Center for a short visit? I promise I won’t get in your way.”

“I was hoping you would come in; I was about to invite you. The FBI director was in here a couple of years ago, but my Aunt Beth has added so much more since then. We like to show it off. I also hope you get a chance to learn to communicate with TG before you have to go back. You will not truly understand our team until you have a conversation with her.”

Slowly saying each word, Derek said, “That should be interesting. I am looking forward to seeing her.”

“Talking with her,” Ed corrected.

“Um, OK, talking with her. That is a bit hard for me to imagine at his point, but I will keep an open mind.”

“That, sir, is exactly what the first step is in communicating with her—an open mind. You will understand when it happens. TG is listening from several miles away from me right now and she just told me that I was right in what I told you about an open mind.”

“You can do it too? I thought only Skip communicated mentally with her.”

“Nope, we all can, but Skip is the best at it. They are incredible together. You will see.”

Just then both Derek and Warren felt and heard a cut in their forward thrust. “Gentlemen, we are over Green Bay and will be descending for the next 80 miles. Would you like a nice gentle landing or one using full air brakes, like you probably saw in the ‘Top Gun’ movie? If we did that then you could use the barf bags located in the pockets under your seats and between your legs,” Scott teased.

Warren spoke first. “I think I’ll just choose option one.”

“That works for both of us. Maybe some other time, thank you.”

Scott tried to sound disappointed, “Oh, and here I thought we could have some fun. OK, we will come in easy and at 2,000 feet we will switch to a vertical descent onto our fireproof landing pad. We have to be very careful that we do not start a grass fire. When the DNR determines that the fire danger is in the ‘Extremely High/Red Flag’ category we have to land in Green Bay. Ed always calls the DNR before we land or take off to determine the current fire conditions. By the way, if we get to ‘Extremely High’ during your stay with us, there is a ban on outdoor smoking.”

Derek and Warren looked at each other and they both shook their heads. Derek told Scott neither of them smoked anymore.

Ed added, “The DNR even bans smoking when you are fishing out on the lakes or the wide dammed up river flowages during the ‘Extremely High’ times. ‘No’ means ‘no’ with them.”

“Have there been any forest fires up here?” Derek asked.

Ed told them about the Peshtigo Fire that occurred on the same day as the Great Chicago Fire, October 8, 1871. The Peshtigo Fire destroyed more land and killed many more people than were killed in the Chicago Fire. “But more recently we have had some smaller fires, typically less than 500 acres of land involved. Of course the present day firefighting capabilities are so much better now. However, we are on call to make large water drops with TG-2, our helicopter, when requested. We are on call, but we have only made training water drops—so far. By the way, Pembine DNR reports the fire condition is ‘Moderate’ today.”

Scott advised, “Gentlemen, we will be landing soon, but before that, I will circle around the area of our search concentration. I have our bottom camera projected onto your screen. Ed will put markers on your screen and will tell you what to look for. We are coming up on Crivitz and he will point out Al Graceffa’s abandoned, or shall we say parked white Cadillac SUV first. There it is now.”

Ed continued with the narration, pointing out each of the cabins where Al had trespassed and where he had dug the hole at the burned-out cabin. They saw Bob’s car parked at one of the cabins. Skip and TG were parked at the Italian Inn Motel in Amberg. Ed zoomed in the camera and Skip waved to them when Ed told him to, on his TGPad.

Skip said, “Good morning. TG and I decided to pay a visit to Umberto Spataro, the owner here. He grew up in the Chicago area where Al Capone was active. He has a wealth of knowledge about the Italian mindset back then and I was hoping he could help. He always enjoys seeing TG too.”

“You can see we are all in constant communication with each other,” Ed said. “You will be landing now. Dad, please direct them to the Command Center. I want them to get a look at it.”

“Will do, Ed. Warren and Derek, normally Skip would be here to welcome you, but as you have seen, he and TG are busy gathering information. Ed will arrange to have them meet you. If not here, then we have a car for you to use to go where they are. We are right over Jack Pine Knob, our airfield, right now and are beginning our vertical descent. I will leave the bottom camera on so you can watch our descent on your screen or from your windows—your choice.” Then Scott broke into his monotone official voice. “Green Bay, this is TG-1 on a vertical landing at Jack Pine Knob. Thank you. Good bye and have a good day.”

“TG-1, Green Bay. Good day, sir.”

Derek and Warren looked at each other and grinned. Warren had been on TG-1 before, but he still got excited with the vertical takeoffs and landings. Derek was amazed by everything he had seen so far. TG Search and Rescue was so much more advanced and professional than any private group he had ever seen.

Chapter 8

Command Center

After the engines were shut down, Scott opened the door and led his passengers to the small terminal. There were tinted windows in every direction and they could see right through the terminal. When they got inside, there were some chairs, two empty desks each with a telephone, and several free drink and snack dispensers. There were no people inside. Derek was beginning to wonder where the Command Center was located. Scott led them to a door in one corner that looked like a small closet. When opened, it exposed a stairwell going down. As they entered, the stairway flooded with LED lights which remained on until they entered another door at the bottom. Looking in, they could see it was a very advanced computer control center. Monitors covered three walls and there seemed to be racks and racks of computers everywhere. A teenager was busy typing on a keyboard. He was so fast that his fingers were a constant blur. He got up when they entered the room. “Hi, Derek, I am Ed. Warren and I have met; good to see you again, Warren. Derek, I recognize you from the TG-1 camera. Please, come in and look around. Welcome to my cave.”

Derek thought, *Cave. That is a perfect description of it.* It was cool, probably at the perfect operating temperature for the computers, and it was semi-dark. Besides the light from the monitors, the room was lit with LED lights both from the ceiling and from under the computer racks. The bluish LED light gave the room a mysterious look.

Ed explained that the LEDs did not give off any appreciable heat and the room was temperature controlled by heat pumps that extended down only ten feet below the floor into the sandy ground water table. “I do not have to stay here all the time. All of this can be transferred to a number of different stations that can be run as substitute Command Centers. They are in both of our planes, a converted UPS truck, and my bedroom at home. When I am sleeping, the programs can wake me up at any time, when necessary; otherwise it is all recorded and I can review it in the morning.” Ed was grinning broadly.

Derek ventured to ask, “Do you have a life?”

“This is my life. What could be more rewarding than finding lost people, rescuing people trapped in the rubble left by a tornado, or any number of other serious situations?”

As if on cue, two monitors suddenly were outlined in red flashing LEDs. Swinging toward them, Ed announced. “They found something. Come over here and have a look.” The screens each had a bright circle around a portion of the image. Ed was rapidly looking back and forth at them as he managed the controls with his keyboard.

“This one on the left, spotted Al’s blue truck on Highway 8 and the other one is back-tracking the image of the truck, to where it may have originated. We had not located his cabin prior to this so this should help us. We can watch his truck to see what he is going to do next.”

“Skip, I am tracking Al’s truck westbound on 8. My reverse-tracker is zeroing in on his cabin. It just made a hit on a private drive off Cemetery Road and it is working on a confirmation. It just finished. Wow! It is a big place deep in the woods. The program settled on a large attached garage. That would explain why we have never seen his truck parked anywhere in the enhanced moonlight shots.”

“Good work. Where is he going?”

“He is still westbound on 8. I will let you know.”

“Inform Joyce, but tell her not to spook him. We want him to lead us to the treasure.”

“I am sending a recording of your response to her TGPpad now.”

“Do you always call your grandfather, ‘Skip’?” Derek asked.

“Usually. ‘Skip’ takes less time to say than ‘grandfather.’ He even told me to call him that when we get busy.”

“Looks like this place can get really busy too.”

“You want busy, you should have been here when the team was out on a rescue and almost got caught in the middle of a raging forest fire. That is the first time I actually got scared and I was way back here in my cave!”

“Is it true, I have heard that you have given orders to sheriffs, the FBI and possibly the CIA?”

Warren smiled and nodded when Derek mentioned the FBI.

“I will only answer the ‘sheriff’ portion of that. We have such advanced technology that it only makes sense for them to utilize it fully. Skip decided that we should fully incorporate the agency that we are working with into our team. My job boils down to providing information and logistics, then assimilating all of it into actionable decisions for specific team members. That translates into giving

them orders when appropriate. We accomplish our objectives quickly, because of our teamwork.”

Warren could see Derek’s expression. Derek was very impressed with Ed.

“Skip, he turned off onto Lundgren Lake Road. What are your plans?”

“I am still talking to Umberto. If Al holds true to course, he will probably go to ‘Julie’s’ for lunch. Keep me posted. I want to meet him there and see if I can engage him in a conversation.”

“Joyce, keep your squads away from Amberg for the next hour. Skip wants to talk to Al at the Café if he shows up there.” Ed gave the sheriff an order just as he had explained to Derek only seconds before.

A few minutes passed without any talking. Derek and Warren continued to look around and watch Ed at work. “Skip, Al has stopped at an older cabin. The owners do not appear to be there. He is unloading his metal detector and Bob’s camera is recording the event. Wow! This is one of the new model cameras that Bob got from Dad yesterday. Nice and sharp full color video. I can even move the camera around and zoom in. The sound is very good too. It self-cancels out any wind noises. Al is pacing off the distance from the corner of the cabin and scanning the area with his detector. I could hear him say, ‘Not here either. Only one place left.’ He put his metal detector back into the truck and he is talking to his dog, Oscar. He said, ‘let’s go eat, then we will search the last one after dark.’ Now they are driving away. I’ll track them to confirm they are heading for ‘Julie’s.’”

“Ed, where is the car we can drive? I want to go there and arrest him. We can get him to tell us the location of the treasure.” Derek apparently could not let anyone else be in control.

“Sorry Derek, but you have no grounds for an apprehension. No treasure has been confirmed. Al’s only actual illegal activities, so far, have been trespassing and improper registration of his vehicles. The State has not issued any arrest orders, no warrants have been ordered, and I will not let the sheriff approach yet. Even if you had keys to a vehicle, I can shut it down from my computers here, if you get too close. We do need you and Warren to be here with us because we believe this will develop into a Federal case. It may turn into that after dark tonight, from what we just heard. We still need to know the whereabouts of the alleged treasure. Can you work with us on this?” Ed gave it to him with both barrels.

“I apologize, Ed. I am just used to being in control. We are here by your invitation and we thank you. You have the Command.”

“No apology needed, but thank you.”

Skip had been listening and thought Ed had handled that very well. He told Derek, “Ed takes his job very seriously and he is incredibly good at it.”

“How is TG handling this inactivity?” Ed asked. “Did Umberto throw a ball for her?” Ed was immediately back focusing on the team.

“She is very patient. She said that while I am in the café, she wants to talk to Oscar. Maybe Al has told him where the last place is, that he wants to search tonight. She also made me promise to bring out one of Julie’s special steaks for her.”

“Way to go, TG! That is an excellent idea. Well, they both are, I guess, ‘cause Julie cooks the best steaks. Al is still heading in the right direction to go to ‘Julie’s.’”

Derek’s jaw dropped. It never even occurred to him TG could solve this case by communicating with another dog.

The three of them watched as Al’s truck turned south onto Highway 141 after traveling east on Highway 8. “Julie’s Café” was only nine miles away. Derek asked, “Aren’t you afraid that your helicopter will spook Al?”

Ed furrowed his brow while he pondered what Derek was talking about, and then he realized Derek thought the video was coming from TG-2. “This video is coming from our satellite, not from a helicopter. And, no, he won’t be spooked by it.” He chuckled.

“But how do you keep the image right on top of him all the time? The satellite images I have seen just show wide-scale still photos. Your computer must process the images and just show us the portion with the truck in it. Pretty clever!”

“Well, yes and no. It is our own satellite. Maybe we should call it TG-3. Yes, the computer processes the image, but then it flies the satellite to be directly at the truck’s zenith. Unless he parks under a bridge or something, then we just move it over a few hundred miles, until we can see the truck underneath with an angle shot. It is always very useful to us. Of course, I rely on TG to make the positive confirmation from the ground level. She is invaluable. Now you are going to ask me how we got our own satellite, aren’t you?”

“Yes, exactly. Do you read minds like TG does?”

Before Ed could reply, Skip called the team and Joyce. “We just learned something from Umberto’s stories that could break the case for us!” Skip was excited. “He said Capone’s mode of operation was to kill anyone that could link him to any of his major heists. Normally, during a robbery, just his gang would be there. Al Capone would be in control from a distance, but never at the scene. The story running around Capone’s part of Chicago back then was that Capone and only one gunman took out the armored trucks. He made the truck drivers dig the

hole. He then killed them and left them in the hole after the loot was lowered in. He and his gunman filled in the hole then made two trips to an abandoned granite quarry with the trucks. His gunman rolled the trucks into the pit. Back in Chicago, Capone was remorseful that his gunman didn't get out of the second truck quick enough and he drowned when it went under the water with him in it. That would explain why Capone was the only one who knew where the treasure was. It had all been planned that way."

Beth asked, "So how does that break the case for us?"

"TG has also been trained as a cadaver dog and she will be able to pinpoint the location where the two armored truck drivers are buried along with the gold!"

Derek could immediately see why it was best to let the team operate without his direction.

"Skip, Al stopped at 'Julie's' and is going in. Lots of locals there, I'll call and have them be sure there is a seat open next to him for you."

"Thanks, Ed, I am parked in back so I won't spook him with our bright colored SUV. I'm taking my bright jacket off and TG's too. I'll go in the back way through the adjoining pub next door."

Lori, the manager of "Julie's Café," had gotten Ed's call and was looking for Skip when he arrived.

"Hi Skip! You are early today. I saved your place up here at the lunch counter for you."

That was a lie, but Al would not suspect anything was strange when Skip sat next to him even though there were other stools open at the counter. "Grill is still open. You want your omelet?"

"Thanks." Skip winked at Lori.

She asked Al, if he wanted his usual too. He nodded.

Skip had an opening. "What is your usual?"

Al looked at him. He had not seen Skip before, but Lori did say that Skip was early today. "I like the Italian meatball bomber sandwich. I grew up on them, I guess."

"I like most Italian foods too. I grew up in Racine. Both Racine and Kenosha have sizeable Italian populations. The best restaurants in town were all Italian."

"So you are not from around here?"

"No, not originally. We moved up here a few years back. I was raised out in the country and always wanted to live in the woods. Do you live in the woods or in town?" Skip wanted to see how far he could push Al.

“I have a place out in the woods when we are up here. Otherwise... Well, we just like it here. We like the isolation. I just come in here for lunch once in a while.” Al thought, *I almost said too much there.*

Skip noticed that Al backed off before telling him that he was from Chicago. “Yep, same here. My name is Skip Jordan. What is yours?” Skip reached his hand out in a friendly manner to shake Al’s hand.

“Nice to meet you, Skip. My name is Erv Iversen.”

Ed immediately went to work on the computer to try to make a match on either Erv, Ervin or Erwin and either Iverson or Iversen. Nothing. Nothing at all came up, nor was it even close to the names of parcel owners anywhere along Cemetery Road. Ed spoke softly into Skip’s earpiece, “He must have made that one up on the spot.”

TG flashed Skip that she was already finished with her talking to Oscar and he shouldn’t forget her steak.

“Lori, could I get a carryout steak for my dog, TG, please?”

“Oh, you got a dog, outside? Mine is waiting out in the truck too. Lori, may I please have one for my dog too? Thank you.”

“Julie leaves off the spices when she knows it is for a dog. She will do that for yours too. Some of the spices like garlic and onion are bad for dogs.” Skip hoped talking about their dogs would disarm Al a bit. “What is your dog’s name?” Skip wondered if Al would give his dog a fake name too.

Al had never thought anyone would ask about his dog’s name so he did not have a fake one ready. He just said, “Oscar. He is a Black Lab and he is my favorite companion since my wife passed away five years ago.”

“I am sorry for your loss. It sounds like she enjoyed it up here too.”

Al just nodded. He did not want to tell Skip where he was from.

As if on cue, a tall teenager walked into the café. “Hi Mr. Jordan, I saw TG outside, so I figured you were in here.”

“Hi, Billy. Aren’t you in school today?”

“We have the day off today because there were no snow closing days this winter. I thought I’d better get busy collecting donations towards my ski equipment.”

Al said, “Isn’t it the wrong season for skiing?”

“No sir. I have joined the Crivitz Ski Cats and we will be practicing in the water very soon now.”

“Oh! I am sorry. I was thinking about snow skiing.”

Skip told Al, “Billy is an excellent gymnast and the water ski team practices in the school gym during the off season. He moved here from South Dakota to live

with his aunt after he lost his parents in an auto accident last fall. The Ski Cats are very lucky to have him!” Turning to Billy, he asked, “How much do you need to raise?”

“To start with, my slalom skis are \$580 a pair and they said I need a backup pair in case I break them. Then there are the jumping skis, vests and headgear. I need to save up for college in two years, so I wondered if I could get donations for some of my equipment.”

Skip had pulled out his checkbook. “I am writing this for \$650, Billy. It will cover one set of slalom skis and the sales tax. When it comes time to place your order for all of your equipment, let me know if you are short.”

Billy was unusually speechless. Before he could recover, Al had reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He counted out six one-hundred-dollar bills and a fifty. “Here, kid. I’ll match Mr. Jordan’s. And if he will kick in another two hundred, I will match that too.”

Skip smiled and pulled two hundred dollars out of his pocket.

Al, being true to his word, quickly matched the extra amount.

It looked like Billy was going to cry. Finally catching his breath, Billy stammered, “Thank you both so very much. I did not think I would be able to raise even \$500, but \$1,700 just like that is too much to even think about. Oh, thank you. Thank you. Thank God!”

“Yes, and she loves you too, Billy.”

Al furrowed his brow. *God. She? What was he talking about?*

Skip smiled at Al and explained, “Thank God” was his dog’s name, TG for short. He meant no disrespect. He was only bringing TG into the conversation too. Skip thought differently now about Al. *Here was a guy willing to give a lot of cash to a local kid in need that he didn’t even know. Al deserved respect.*

“Hey, speaking of TG, Billy. You need to get that money into the bank right away. Run down to Bank North and I will tell TG to go with you. Let her take control. If she suspects someone is following you, she might push you into Mathis’ Ace Hardware store for your safety.”

Before Billy could go, several other regulars from the café gave Billy some additional money. Julie had been watching from the kitchen and went out to give Billy some money too. She gave Skip and Al big smiles and said, “You are both just awesome people. You really made my day!” After thanking everyone, Billy left.

Al said, “What about your dog? You said you were sending her with Billy.”

“I did that already. Look out the door; she is with him.”

Al went to the door and looked out, then came back to the lunch counter as his food was being served. “There is a tri-color dog with him. Is that your dog?”

“Yep, that’s TG, my Border Collie. She and I communicate mentally. For instance, she just told me they are crossing the railroad tracks.”

Al slowly said, “That is about where they would be right now. Border Collies are kind of smart, aren’t they?”

“She is very exceptional.”

Lori almost added something about her, but thought better of it when Skip frowned and shook his head slightly.

“That was very nice of you to support Billy’s dream of performing in the water ski shows. If you are up here this summer, they have a show Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the County Park on the south side of Lake Noquebay, just east of Crivitz. Billy is expected to be their star aerial jumper. Like I said, he is an exceptional gymnast. He wants to create some jump routines that have never been done before. I just hope he doesn’t get hurt.”

“I am proud to have helped him and I will most certainly be there to watch him.”

Unless you are in jail, Skip thought.

Before they finished eating, Billy came back in with his aunt, “Oh Skip, thank you so much for all you have done for Billy since he has been here with us. You are always so generous with your support. And is this Mr. Iversen, Billy’s other major contributor? Thank you so much for your very generous gift.”

Al seemed very pleased that Billy had returned with his aunt. He said if Billy did well with his skiing, he would set up a scholarship fund for Billy. “I am impressed with you on several levels, young man. I expect you to be a success in life and I want to make sure a financial burden does not get in your way to that end.”

It was more than his aunt could handle, she broke down sobbing. Billy asked Mr. Iversen for his address and promised to send him regular updates.

Skip’s eyes got very wide at the thought of getting Al’s address so easily.

Al waved off the intrusion into his privacy, telling Billy to just focus on his studies and that he had ways to keep an eye on him.

Ed turned to Derek and Warren. “Wonder what he meant by that? Is he connected with the gang?”

Warren said he would run a check to see if Al had any Mafia connections.

Skip heard them and spoke to Al. “We have a great P.I. up here, if you want him to keep tabs on Billy. His name is Robert Grandaw and he is licensed.”

Al said he had his own connections, but thanked Skip.

After Billy and his aunt left, Al began talking about how he enjoyed helping people that held promise, like Billy. “I wish I could say the same for my own children. I help each of them financially, but at their ages, I should not need to. My two boys are bright enough, but they are lazy and they do not manage their personal finances well at all. Then, there is my daughter. She is downright sneaky and dishonest. I had to change my will after my wife passed away. My daughter has been removed as my Financial Power of Attorney. Otherwise she would probably have me declared incompetent and make a grab for my assets. It just makes me so sad that she has turned out like this.”

Ed called the sheriff immediately with this news. “Joyce, Al thinks his daughter is making a power grab for his assets. He certainly seems in full control of his faculties. Recommend you inform the Cook County Sheriff. She may have broken multiple laws. Don’t know if Illinois has senior protection elder-laws like Wisconsin does, but she sounds desperate and possibly dangerous.”

“Thanks Ed. Good work. Let me know if you would like to hop over to my department. I am serious. You would make an incredible detective and you would be a sheriff of some county in the U.S. in record time.”

“Thanks, but I love it here, especially the variety and the freedom from politics.”

Warren and Derek just smiled at each other. Warren had seen Ed in action before, but he was really enjoying watching Derek experience it now.

Skip was learning a lot about this guy that owned a big hotel in Chicago. He was beginning to like Al. Normally, when the team took on a search and rescue job, they would consider it a successful completion, even before they had gotten to this point with Al, but this job had taken on a new twist. Now they were on a search and recovery of a possible buried treasure. This was something new and probably not a job they would have accepted if they had been called in just for that purpose.

They were finished eating and TG had repeatedly asked Skip when he would be out with her steak. Skip shook hands with Al again and said they would meet again. Skip thought, *a lot sooner than Al would ever expect.*

Al went out the front door and Skip left by the pub’s rear door, next to his SUV. TG was waiting impatiently. She told Skip, “Well, I got most of that, but you will want the info that I got from Oscar. Repeat everything I tell you so Ed can record it.”

Ed heard TG and told Derek and Warren to listen up. “Skip is going to repeat everything TG learned from Oscar.”

TG said, “Oscar is a bright dog and can read Al’s mind very well. Al had not learned how to read his yet, though. That means Oscar will not be letting Al know what I was asking him about. Oscar likes their white car a lot better than either of the two trucks they got up here. Al kept saying that he had a lot of places where he might find a big box of gold. Oscar does not know what gold is, but he knows that Al wants it very much. Al keeps saying ‘When I get the gold, I can give it to my kids and then they will stop begging from me.’ Al had finally checked off all but one of his list of places. They are going to the last place after dark tonight. Al is very sure they will find it tonight, when nobody is around to see them. Oscar said that Al wants him to help do some of the digging too. Now get this. The last place on the list is the ‘Four Seasons Resort.’ Oscar doesn’t know what that means, but I do. I thanked him for being so helpful and told him that I knew he and I were both getting yummy steaks from Julie. That made him real happy. He started drooling right away. Oscar was sitting in Al’s seat when I was talking to him so he probably had it all slobbered up by the time Al got back to the truck.” TG laughed about that.

Skip reported word for word everything TG had told him, even the last part about Oscar’s drooling. Then he gave her a hug. “You are the best detective that ever lived, TG. No people-detective has ever interviewed a dog as extensively as you have. You are just incredibly terrific! I love you!”

“It is just what production managers do,” she flashed. Skip repeated that for Ed too.

“She sure is the best. Congratulations from me too.” Ed was sure they were going to wrap this up tonight. “Here is the plan, team. Joyce, you are in the loop, too, so anything you contribute will be heard by all. Skip and TG, head out to ‘Four Seasons Resort’ now. Joyce, call the owner and tell him we are coming. Let him know this is a U. S. Treasury recovery operation and we do not want any media there. The area will be roped off to everyone that is not on the team. Joyce, I want you to apprehend Al Graceffa on a missing person’s warrant or whatever you can come up with. If at all possible, I do not want him making any court appearances. Derek and/or Warren can decide how they need to handle this, but it is the team’s opinion that aside from using a fictitious name on DOT purchase documents, he has not broken any serious laws. It is also obvious that the trespassing incidents have permanently ceased. TG will lead the investigation at ‘Four Seasons.’ We believe there are bodies buried with the missing gold bars so, Joyce, you will also need to bring in the coroner and appropriate transportation for the recovered bodies. You and Warren can work out jurisdiction of the bodies. Derek, I want you to take care of getting the gold bars out of here and back to the

U. S. Treasury. And TG, I will make sure you at least get a new tennis ball out of this.”

“Ed, I think Bob should be there as an observer. After all, he is the one responsible for the initiation of this investigation.”

“Definitely, Skip. I was just getting the operational managers in line first.”

Derek bristled slightly. He felt as if he had been demoted. Warren noticed it and said quietly to Derek, “He means no disrespect. This is what I meant when I said he gives orders to everyone when he is running his Command Center. Ed is not only quick and decisive, he is very sharp-witted too.”

Derek replied just as softly, “I am OK. It just caught me off guard. I am not used to being called a ‘manager,’ but you are right. He is very good. I am glad to be here at this moment in time to watch this unfold.”

Joyce’s voice came over their TGPads. “TG Team, we have permission from Lloyd Richman, the owner of The ‘Four Seasons Island Resort,’ to conduct our search and digging operation without getting a warrant. Ed, please have everybody in place before dark so that Al will not see any of your team traffic when he arrives. We will apprehend him as he turns off Marek Road. That will show ‘intent’ on his part and it is far enough away that he will not see any of your lights or activity on the island.”

“Joyce, TG, just said that before you intercept Al, she will contact his dog, Oscar, so he will not be a threat to any of your officers. She wants Oscar brought here to her. We will take care of him until Al is released.”

“Ten-four. Thank her for us. I do not want to deal with a scared dog trying to defend his master. She is such a sweetheart to look after Oscar.”

“That she is.”

Warren told the sheriff he would like to be there for Al’s apprehension, as he wanted to talk to Al right away.

“Ed, please send me a backhoe to do the digging. I don’t want to throw my back out.”

A bit sarcastically, Ed responded, “OK, Grandpa.”

“Ed,” Scott cautioned, “be nice. I wouldn’t want to dig up a two-ton box either.”

“Sorry, Grandpa.”

“No harm done. Let’s get back to business. TG and I are enroute now.”

Ed drew a circle around their SUV on his monitor then traced a line to show Derek and Warren the route Skip would take to the resort.

“That is not very far away.”

“No. It is only 8.50 miles from here. Now, look here, as I zoom in the satellite’s camera. This is the perimeter of the ‘Four Seasons Resort.’ It is an island in the middle of the Menominee River on the Wisconsin-Michigan border. TG has her work cut out for her. There are quite a few buildings on the property. Over here on this screen I am pulling up all the known photos of the island from the Capone Days. On the next screen, there I am pulling up all of the building permits pertaining to the property. My goal is to help TG by eliminating the newer buildings from her search and to eliminate any building additions and changes since Capone’s time. Otherwise she could be searching from the wrong spot of the current configuration of the buildings. There may also have been a building back then that no longer exists.” After a short time he exclaimed, “There they are Skip! Your TGPad has a modified current satellite shot of ‘Four Seasons.’ The newer buildings and the add-ons are X’ed out. There are no missing buildings that would have been there back in Capone’s time.”

“Thanks Ed. That will help TG a lot!”

Ed turned to Derek and Warren. “You two should head out to Miscauno Island now so you don’t miss anything. Warren, when the sheriff gets into place I will let you know. Then you can take the car to their roadblock. You said you wanted to talk to Al when he is apprehended. Derek, you will stay at the ‘Four Seasons’ for the recovery, please. By the way, I am putting both of you up there. We keep a block of rooms for our guests. Your luggage is already there. All of their rooms are really beautiful suites. They have a large indoor swimming pool and whirlpool, sauna, massage therapist, exercise equipment and best of all, really great food in their dining room and bars. The resort is on an island and is surrounded by a well-maintained nine hole par thirty-four golf course that was developed in 1924. Stay as long as you like, as our guests and Dad will fly you back to Chicago when you are ready. He will want to visit with Al’s housekeeper, Pam, while he is in Chicago so your ride back will be in TG-2, our helicopter. Now, we can all go back up those stairs that you came down. Dad has your car ready and I am transferring control to our Command Truck. Dad is driving me over to the island too, as I don’t have my driver’s license yet. You can follow us over there. Questions?”

“You seem to have it all covered and under control.”

“Well, if anything comes up, just call me using your TGPad.”

“Do you just leave all of this running when you are gone?” Derek looked around the room again in amazement.

“Yep. It all gets relayed to the Command Truck. I can drive the satellite from there too.” Ed led the way up the stairs.

Derek quietly said to Warren, “He can drive a satellite, but he can’t drive a car? Incredible!”

“I told you that you would be surprised. I predict there are more surprises to come.” Warren was smiling.

Chapter 9

“The Four Seasons Island Resort”

Back up in the daylight, Scott was waiting just as Ed said he would be, with their car and the Command Center truck. With everyone in their vehicles, Scott led the way, east on Weckerle Road, north on Highway 141 and east again on County Road Z. Ed kept up a narration of the sights, history and future plans for the area.

“We are passing “Mary’s Place.” If you like pies, you should stop here at her restaurant. She is known by people for many miles around here as a great baker of her daily fresh pies. I love her raisin pie.” There was a sense of a hungry teenager in his voice.

“As we turn onto Highway Z, you can see the old Beecher Town Hall. If you go here in the winter, you will need to keep your coat on, even while you are inside. The walls stop most of the wind, but on a windy voting day they have to put a rock on top of the stack of paper ballots. They are working on plans to replace it with a new town hall next year.”

After they traveled a few miles, “The trees are beginning to leaf out, but we do not plant our summer vegetable gardens until after Memorial Day as we can still get killing frosts. We can even get a heavy snow in May. It has been very mild so far this month so you should not need to go buy a winter overcoat, besides we keep a stock of them for unsuspecting visitors. Good thing the frost is out of the ground or our digging today would be more difficult. Al probably thought of that, too, and timed his searching with that in mind—or maybe not.”

Derek was watching the scenery from his passenger’s window. “What are those big white flowers on the side of the road?”

“Large White Trilliums, *Trillium grandiflorum*, Ontario’s floral emblem, but its range includes the entire Eastern United States. They prefer rich woods and thickets so they are plentiful around here. You probably do not see them in your well-manicured backyard in Virginia. Do not pick these flowers or dig up the plants or the FBI will throw you in jail.” He laughed at his reference to Warren, knowing that the Wisconsin DNR had jurisdiction over these plants. “Besides they are so sensitive, they will not survive a transplant. No, I have not tried to transplant them, but that is their story anyhow. Another plant that you *can* pick

now is the Common Morel, *Verpa bohemica*. It is an edible mushroom and a highly prized delicacy. With only a very modest degree of caution, they are easily identified from the False Morel. We love it when Mom cooks them up!”

“So, you are a plant expert too?” Derek asked.

“No, but I can name most of the plants around here. What I really like are the birds. Every day that I am not working, I report my bird sightings on *eBird.org*. It is a tool used by birders all over the world to report bird movements and their quantities to the Cornell Ornithology Laboratory.”

“Is there anything you do not do?”

Laughing. “Drive the truck. Dad has been teaching me to fly TG-2. Wouldn’t it look bizarre if I took my Wisconsin Driver’s road test and failed it and then walked over to the helicopter and flew it home? That would be a real LOL.”

“I cannot imagine you failing anything.”

“Me either.”

“Thanks.”

The next eight minutes were quiet while they drove through a mixed forest of trees. Nearly every house was a single-story home. Some were stick-built, but a lot of them appeared to be mobile homes, set into the woods. The only farms in the area were located closer to Highway 141.

“Joyce,” Ed called. “You can park your cars at the Shangrila Airport. Al will probably come down County Z. When he turns south onto Marek Road, I will let you know. You can send one car in behind him. The other should go south on Sand Road to intercept him before he gets to Miscauno Island. He will be boxed in between your cars with a swamp on either side of him. Be sure to bring another driver for his truck. I will let you know as soon as he leaves his property and I will track him all the way for you.”

“Thanks Ed. I knew you would provide the surveillance. I am already at ‘Four Seasons’ with the owner, waiting for your arrival. Good thinking on the interception location, but I am parking the intercept car at the picnic area next to Woodpecker Road. That way, he will not have to rush to get in front of Al. We are looking forward to wrapping this up. Thanks again for your help and for the whole team. I have a tennis ball for TG after she finds the gold.”

Skip added, “TG says to tell you thank you and she is looking forward to the ball. We are just coming over the bridge.”

Joyce said, “I can see you.”

“Derek, we are coming up on Marek Road in a quarter mile. We will be making a right turn, then not too far down the road, a left turn to the island. That is where they will intercept Al.”

“Thanks, Scott. We are right behind you. You people do not drive as fast as we do in D.C. We would have been there in less than half the time, if you were from D.C.”

Laughing, “Got to keep your eyes open for deer on the roads here. And this is also the season for turtles crossing the road. I leave my faster driving to TG-1. I love to push it up over Mach one. But if you want a wild ground ride, Ed can give you a ride on his ATV, if your stomach can handle it.”

“Yeah, I would be glad to. Beth’s private ATV trails are not far from here, if you want a great ride!”

“Ah, no thanks, Ed. But I may take you up on it if I get back this way again.” Derek wondered if Scott was serious about Ed’s ATV driving. He wondered if that had something to do with Ed not having a driver’s license yet.

“Here’s our last turn. Al will be stopped along here before Sand Road comes in from the left.”

“Wow, would you look at that!” Warren spotted the narrow trestle bridge to the island. “It appears to have a loose wooden-plank surface that cars drive on. Is it even wide enough for your truck?”

Scott slowed to the ten mph speed limit to cross the one lane bridge to Miscauno Island.

The scenery changed from a marshy forest to a very well-kept golf course, with an all-white Southern Antebellum style three-story expensive looking resort complex in the middle of it. Instead of driving up the curved entrance way, Scott led them to the rear of the hotel. Warren noticed the well-groomed jogging trail following the western edge of the island. Scott stopped in the rear parking lot next to sheriff Radcliff’s squad car. Skip’s SUV was at the eastern edge of the parking lot, where he had set out a drinking water bowl for TG. As the newcomers got out of their vehicles, Warren noted that Ed stayed in his Mobile Command Center. A satellite dish was raised from the top of Scott’s converted UPS truck. It maneuvered into position with the dish pointed straight up into the clear afternoon sky. Ed was obviously already at work.

The others all converged to where the sheriff was standing with a gentleman from the resort. Derek and Warren were introduced to Joyce and she introduced them to Lloyd Richman, the resort owner. TG ran over to the two newcomers and went up to Derek. She sat in front of him and raised her right paw. Skip introduced him to TG; he had to ask Derek to shake hands with her.

Warren readily reached out to shake with TG and said, “It is nice to see you again, TG. I always enjoy working with you and your team.”

TG gave him a few wags of her tail. Skip told Warren, “She said the feeling is mutual. She appreciates the trust you have in her. Warren, are you really considering getting a Border Collie for your kids? She tells me that you are sending her a picture of a white Border Collie puppy. What is that all about?”

“Yes, that is true. We have our application in at our local shelter for a four-month old boy puppy. After working with TG, I told my wife about her and we just couldn’t consider any other kind of dog. We have a large fenced-in back yard for him to run in. And thank you TG, for encouraging me to communicate with you. TG!! Did you just say ‘Thank you, Red–White–Blue’ to me? I heard it as clear as a bell!”

“Congratulations, Warren. That is exactly what she told you.”

“But why the colors?”

“She thought you might assume the ‘thank you’ portion, but the colors following it would confirm to you, that you did indeed hear her. If more people could just open their minds as you have done, they would be able to communicate with their dogs.”

Derek questioned, “Really? Are you really communicating with TG, Warren?”

“Yes! This is so exciting. OK, now wait. Skip help me with this. Did she just tell me that she wants to come to my house after we get the puppy and train him for us?”

“Is that what you heard?”

“Well, yes, but...”

“No buts. If that is what you heard, believe it. You also have to learn to trust yourself. That will come with more experience. Yes, she and I have just discussed it and I told her she could do the training, if that is what she wants to do and it is OK with you. Just let us know when you get the puppy. In fact, better yet, just communicate it to TG from your home. Then she will tell me and I will call you to set up a time. Too bad we humans are not as good at this mental communication between each other, as we are between humans and animals. We could put radio, television, telephone, and wireless all out of business.”

Derek had heard about TG and Skip communicating, but thought it was just some kind of trick or rare event. But now he was beginning to believe it could become more common. “Did TG just tell me ‘yes very common if people open their minds?’”

“Congratulations Derek! You could go down in the record book as one of the fastest converts in history. You are exactly right, word for word.”

Derek looked at Warren with a big grin. “The voice I heard was so clear and so human-like.”

“Same here. But if it was not human-like we wouldn’t have understood it, would we?”

Ed’s voice came over their TGPads. “I hate to break up this happy party over your discoveries, but TG has an important discovery of her own to make. TG first go to the laundry building, in back where you are. I will check each building off the list on your TGPads, as she finishes her thorough investigation of each one.”

Joyce told them she needed to check on the placements of her deputies and left in her squad.

TG immediately headed for the southwestern corner of the laundry building and began checking the ground for any rising scent from a cadaver.

Skip told Derek and Warren that TG had been trained by one of the best cadaver-search dogs, Zip. While each dog has his or her own unique way to tell their handler when they have found a cadaver scent, Zip would immediately drop on his belly with his nose pointing at the location of the scent. His handler, AJ Marhofke, called his position a “ziploc.” TG’s lock-on position is more like a Pointer. She raises her tail like a flag and points her nose at the location.

Just to preempt the probable next question, Skip also told them, Zip had accurately found an over 1,000 year old cadaver’s burial location. The unique smell of a cadaver permeates the ground above and is slowly released to the atmosphere where a well-trained dog can find it.

By this time TG was already telling Skip they should move onto the next possible site.

Derek was sure the “building” they were looking for must be the main building. He impatiently asked Skip to go there next.

Ed reminded, “Please note on your maps the 1924 building was slightly smaller than the present building. The original dining room at the west end was expanded after that. So the southwestern corner of interest is shown on your maps. We are lucky, the concrete-paved parking lot is close, but not over the search site. TG would still be able to make the detection, but we would rather not have to tear up concrete.

TG went over the area twice and reported two people had been eating a hamburger here last summer, but there were no bodies buried here. She added that one man liked his with catsup, but the other just liked extra butter on his.

Derek asked, "His? Can she get that much information from the scent?"

Ed replied, "Would you like to know their ages, the exact date they were here, or what they were wearing?"

"We do not need to get into that, Ed," Skip cautioned. "Let's get back to the searches. Where to next, Ed?"

"As long as we are here, go across the front road to their refreshment stand."

They did not find anything there, either. One by one TG searched all of the possible sites. It was getting dark. Heavy clouds hung in the western sky and there would not be any light in the sky after sunset. With only two buildings left to search, Ed announced that Al had left his cabin and was heading south on Highway 141 towards County Road Z.

As Al traveled east on County Road Z, TG reported there was nothing at the last two buildings.

Derek asked, "Now what the heck do we do if there is no treasure?" He was obviously frustrated.

"Ed, recheck your data again."

"I have already been over it, twice, Skip. Nothing. Al is about to turn onto Marek Road and we haven't found the treasure."

Joyce said she was still going to intercept Al and she gave the order for her squads to move in.

"Warren, you'd better get back to your car so you can be there for the stop."

"On my way, Ed, thanks."

TG then told Skip, she had relayed the situation to Oscar and told him Al would be safe with the deputies. She also told Oscar that he would be staying with her overnight and that she had some extra tennis balls he could play with.

Oscar replied that he would like that.

Skip had an idea and expressed it out loud. "We have been to each building, but what if Capone's 'building' was a verb and not a noun? We have been looking for a noun-building. Now let's consider a verb-building. What could they have been building back then that had a corner, but it was not a building? Ed, when did they construct each of the bridges?"

"There are three bridges linking these two islands to each other and each one to either Wisconsin or Michigan. That's it! All three bridges were already in place before Capone got here, but the middle one was upgraded from a wooden bridge to its present iron trestle style in 1928. They had to reset the footings for the heavier weight so they were 'building' it then."

"TG, I will meet you at that next bridge over there, go!" TG was already well on her way before Skip finished.

They got into their vehicles as Joyce announced they had Al in custody and Warren was talking to him. She had heard Skip's idea and was hopeful she would not be sued for a false arrest.

The vehicles on the island had not yet gotten to the bridge when TG flashed, "Here they are. I found them!"

Before Skip could tell the others, Ed yelled out, "TG did it! She found the location of the cadavers, so the treasure must be there too. It is dark and she has a reflective vest on, but watch out for her. She is 137 feet southwest of the southwestern corner of that bridge."

Skip called, "Bring over the digger and the lights. We need to wrap this up. Ed, please record the times of Al's apprehension and of TG's find. This is going to be a complex report. We will stay on the job until the treasure is recovered."

"Already recorded, Skip. TG, I think Joyce owes you a new tennis ball."

TG flashed back, "I can't wait. But tell her not to forget to bring Oscar over here by me. I just told him again that everything is going to be OK."

Skip relayed TG's message to Joyce and asked, "Could you please ask Al if we could borrow his metal detector. I would like to see whether he would have found the treasure without TG's help. By the way, how did Al's pickup go?"

"Ed's surveillance was spot on, as usual. Al seemed to have been suspecting something. When we boxed him in, he pulled over and put both his hands out the window where we could see them. His dog did not bark. He just sat there wagging his tail, waiting for us. Oscar was helped out of the truck first and Al asked Oscar why he was abandoning him. Al had several fake ID cards, but he readily admitted to being Al Graceffa. We have not mentioned, to him, his daughter having reported him as missing. That may have to be handled more delicately when the stress of the apprehension wears down a bit."

"Please tell him I will provide him with an attorney."

"If he asks to call one, I will certainly tell him. Can I also tell him who you are and where you two met?"

"Yes, certainly. Thanks."

"OK. Warren, is still talking to him."

"Yes, we are recording their conversation from Warren's TGPad. It is going very well. Calm and smooth are some of Warren's best assets."

Ed announced, "The equipment operator just brought up some human bones. TG's findings are recorded as confirmed."

Adding to Derek's impatience, the Coroner called an immediate halt to the heavy equipment use. The Coroner had brought several trained diggers to go into the hole and use small garden-style tools to uncover and eventually remove the

bodies. There were two skulls so most of the observers believed TG had found the actual site of the treasure's burial. No box of gold had yet been recovered, however. The Coroner wanted to be sure all of the bones were recovered before allowing any further mechanical digging. Ed's insistence of having extra work lights mounted on the digger helped to speed up the locating and removal of the bones.

When the Coroner was satisfied there were no more bones in the hole, he allowed the mechanical digging to continue. Just two feet deeper, the operator announced he had come into contact with something hard. Not wanting to damage the gold bars and potentially lose a few ounces worth of thousands of dollars, Derek halted the mechanical digging and he had his people take over with manual tools. He had arranged for them to be there for the digging and had also arranged for transportation of the gold to the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank.

They uncovered not one or two boxes, but forty-two! Forty were heavy wooden boxes each weighing at least 100 pounds. These he suspected to be filled with gold bars. The markings still readable on the boxes confirmed their contents. The last two were metal boxes with a considerable amount of rust on them. Being close to the river bank, they were in wet ground. But if they had also been exposed to the air, they would have been reduced to a reddish powder by now. They were reasonably intact. After being brought up to the surface, Derek opened them cautiously and found them both filled with banded \$1,000 bills. There were so many that they were worth more than the gold bars, even at today's gold prices!

Derek directed the loading of all of the boxes into the waiting, large unmarked truck with armed guards. He approached Skip and thanked him profusely from the U. S. Treasury. Skip told him not to forget TG. Derek thanked TG and said he would send her a case of tennis balls. Then Skip surprised him.

"Derek, I know you guys have a program to reward finders of missing income tax monies and of the recovery of stolen funds." Derek nodded as Skip continued. "If Al Graceffa had not launched out on his search for this treasure, it would still be in the ground, lost forever. I want you to seriously consider giving the reward to Graceffa. Neither you nor I nor anyone else knows for certain that he would not have turned it over to you, when he found it. Please assume that upon finding it, he would have immediately called the Treasury Department. His dog, Oscar, told TG it was on this island and TG got here first to locate it for him. You just happened to be with TG when she found it. The reward should therefore go to Oscar's human. Period."

"Thank you Skip. That thought had gone through my mind when we listened to your exchange with Al at the café. We can be sure that he will receive

the reward. With your tremendous expenses, I thought you would lay claim to the it and I would not have disagreed with you. You have built a very wonderful, helpful organization. Our country will forever be indebted to you. Thank God for people like you!”

“This is a team effort that would not be possible without TG’s help. ‘Thank God’ is TG’s full name and you have discovered why. It is what people say every time we finish a job. She is such a blessing!”

Warren was still talking to Al when his TGPad beeped. Ed had sent him a text so he could read it, without Al overhearing a verbal message. It read, “Recovered 2 tons of gold bars + 2 large boxes of \$1,000 notes still banded. Skip requests that Al stays at 4 Seasons tonight instead of jail. Oscar will be with us and TG tonight. / cc: Sheriff Radcliff & Derek Summers / signed: Ed Jordan, TG SAR.”

“Mr. Graceffa, you have suddenly become a hero to your Government. The treasure you were searching for has been recovered. What do you think they found?”

Al pursed his lips for a moment as he reflected on how close he had come to finding it for himself. “I do not really know except that Capone told my father it was his greatest treasure. May my father now rest in peace.”

“Would you expect it to be jewelry?”

“No, not really. Capone may have robbed a few banks, but he never robbed individuals. Most of his wealth came from selling boot-leg liquor. My father was his personal driver and he liked Mr. Capone. Mr. Capone was very good to him.”

“So am I to believe this treasure may be a combination of stolen money and Capone’s collection of his illegal income?”

“That is what I was anticipating, yes.”

“What would you have done, if you found two dead bodies in the hole with the treasure?”

Al was obviously stunned. He had never given that a thought. “I, I, I do not know. I probably would have called the sheriff and just left the money there. Is that why I was arrested, because there were bodies in the hole? My father did not like the killings. He only did the driving for Mr. Capone; never for the gunmen.”

“First of all, nobody has said anything about arresting you, although it had been considered. And, yes, they found two bodies, probably guards from two armored vehicles that were robbed. The treasure consists of some gold bars and some \$1,000 bills in original wrappers.”

“It is a good thing I did not find them. I could not have cashed either of them without raising suspicions.”

“No and especially two tons of gold bars and two large boxes of \$1,000 bills.” Before Warren finished, Al had fainted and slumped over in his seat. Warren called on his TGPad, “Can I get an EMT in here? Al just fainted.”

A Deputy/EMT was at Warren’s car immediately, checking Al, who was already coming around.

“Did you say two tons of gold? What would I have done with that? I could not even have lifted it!”

“You fainted before I finished. There are also two large boxes full of \$1,000 bills – still banded.”

“When Mr. Capone said it was his greatest treasure, he certainly had a moment of lucidity, didn’t he! Oh my goodness! The United States Government will be happy to get that, won’t they? Wait, since I did not take possession of any of it, I won’t have to pay any taxes on it, right?”

Warren smiled and told Al he assumed there would not be any taxes on it. Whether he would be paying taxes on any of the large reward money the Treasury would be giving him was not for him to say.

“Reward? What reward? Why would they give me a reward? I did not find the treasure.”

“Do you remember Skip Jordan that you met today at the café and his dog that wanted a steak?”

“Yes, of course. He could communicate, like ESP, with his dog, but how did you know that?”

“Skip is president of ‘TG Search and Rescue’ and TG is his search dog. She was the one that found the gold and money by locating the buried bodies with her keen sense of smell. While Skip could have made a case for getting the reward for himself, he specifically, and forcefully I might add, requested that you receive the reward. I was in their Command Center during your meeting with Mr. Jordan and I heard and saw the entire conversation from his hidden mini-cameras. Mr. Jordan was very impressed with your support for Billy. That was the turning point in this case, where you became a hero, instead of a subject of his search.”

“Please thank him for me.”

“He will be meeting you later after you are comfortably resting in your suite at the ‘Four Seasons Resort’ as his guest. Oscar, will be staying with TG, as her guest in her home tonight, so they can play together. Mr. Jordan has a block of suites at the resort and I will also be staying there.”

Ed’s voice came over the TGPad. “Al, I always use first names, I hope you do not mind.” Al shook his head “no” “My name is Ed and I run our Team’s Command Center. Both my dad and I have had some conversations with Pam,

your housekeeper. My dad flew our helicopter there to pick up some clothes with your scent on them. She was very tight-lipped about your whereabouts, but she was very concerned for you. Dad is talking to her now, to let her know we found you and you are OK. He is not telling her about finding the treasure. That will be your choice, if you care to tell her. For now, she just knows that you are safe.”

“I apparently caused all of you, a lot of trouble. I am so sorry. I am worried about Oscar, though. He doesn’t like most dogs and if he is staying with your dog, I...”

“Al, believe me. Oscar is fine. In fact he is with TG right now. They are both over there on the island chasing tennis balls that people are throwing for them. I am not so sure you will believe the rest of this, but I swear it is the truth. Oscar is the one that told us where you were going to be looking next, and when.”

“You are right. I do not believe that.”

“I was watching you from our satellite and saw that you were headed to ‘Julie’s Café’ for your usual early lunch today, so I sent Skip and TG over there. TG said she wanted to interview Oscar, while Skip was interviewing you. That is when Oscar told TG, what you had been telling him. Then TG just told Skip.”

“Well, I did witness TG and Skip communicating with each other, but Oscar can’t do that.”

“Al, this is Skip. We met earlier today when you introduced yourself as Erv Iverson. I almost slipped and called you “Al,” a couple of times. Oscar does have these abilities too. Did you wonder at all about his behavior when the sheriff stopped you? He did not bark at all and he just got out of your truck and went with the deputy without even being on a leash. Wasn’t that strange?”

“I was too occupied to think about it, but yes, that was completely out of character for Oscar.”

“TG mentally communicated with Oscar when you turned off County Road Z and onto Marek Road. She told Oscar what was happening, so he was not afraid for either of you and he did not even bark. I do not expect you to believe this so TG, Oscar and I will put on a demonstration for you when you get over here to the island. You can first inspect Oscar carefully for a hidden microphone. Then you will either show Oscar something or tell him something in private. TG will ask Oscar what it was, then she will tell me so I can tell you, whatever you told or showed Oscar. As you saw this noon, TG does not talk in the human sense, but she and I communicate mentally. She also understands the human language and Oscar has been with you long enough to understand most of what you say too. TG can also send me verbal messages that I can ‘hear’ in my head. After we convince you, TG wants to teach you and Oscar to do the same with each other. Just think

about how your companionship will become so much stronger when you two can communicate like this! TG will tell Oscar how to send messages to you and I will help you receive his messages. Your lives will change. I guarantee it!”

Warren told Al, “TG taught me to ‘hear’ her in just a few minutes a while ago.” Warren’s eyes widened and he smiled. “She must be listening, because she just told me, quote, ‘That is because you were such a good student, Warren.’ She is easily the most incredible Border Collie you will ever meet.”

“Sorry for being skeptical, but I will try to keep an open mind.” Then Al got a strange look on his face. “Who just said ‘Perfect’ to me? I haven’t heard that voice before.”

Skip replied, “You will hear it a lot tomorrow. That was TG’s response to you. She always reminds me to tell people to keep an open mind.”

Al’s eyes got really wide and he looked at Warren. “Was that really TG?”

“Guess so. She didn’t send it to me. I did not hear it.”

“I can’t wait for tomorrow.”

“Sheriff, with your permission, I will take Al over to the ‘Four Seasons Resort’ now.”

“Certainly, Agent Warren, it is your call. The District Attorney will want to talk to him about the false information he supplied to the DOT for the two trucks and the name on the title of his property on Cemetery Road. He wants to wait until tomorrow for that. Mr. Graceffa, please do not leave the island until the DA has released you. You will meet Skip over there. He has your lounging jacket for you. Pam sent it to him so TG could learn your scent.”

“I will certainly comply. Again, my apologies for all the trouble I have caused you. Thank you for all of your kindness.”

“We may be physically back in the woods, but we are not backwards in our attitudes.” Joyce was obviously pleased with how well this had turned out. She never expected it to be completed in less than two days. *Thank God*, she thought. Then she smiled at Skip’s choice of the name “TG” for his incredible dog.

Epilogue

The DA met with Al the morning after the treasure discovery. He was fairly certain he was going to prosecute Al for several violations:

- 341.08(1) – Uttering – filing false DOT documents
- 706.06 – failure to transfer title of his cabin to his name
- 943.14 – trespassing, multiple counts

However, after talking to both Skip and Al, he decided not to file any charges against Al.

Al's daughter, Maria, was charged with "mischief." She was tried and sentenced to five years supervision for her attempt to obtain rights to her father's assets. This was in spite of Al's plea to dismiss the charge.

Derek informed Al that his reward was one million dollars after withholding taxes. Al split it among his three kids knowing he would have to pay gift taxes on most of it. "Derek-Summers" became a code word at the U. S. Treasury for solving cold cases.

Al changed the ownership records on his Cemetery Road property to his name. It had been registered to Lloyd Brewster Inc. ever since his father had been placed into the victim-witness protection program when Al Capone was arrested. Al Graceffa had maintained the corporation after his father's death. Al had been CEO and President since he turned twenty-one in 1960 and Tony Graceffa had long ago legally dropped his Brewster name, which he never really used anyway. Since the name on the title of the property was a corporation, there was nothing illegal about the title. By the time summer arrived, Al had built a separate cabin next to his, on Cemetery Road. Al split off the land, with the new cabin, as a separate parcel. He transferred its deed to Pam and she moved into her new cabin. He and his staff permanently moved out of the penthouse at the hotel.

Oscar is very happy now that he and Al are communicating with each other as well as any two humans. Skip takes TG over to play with Oscar and Al takes Oscar to play with TG when she is not busy working on a job.

TG spent a few days with Warren's puppy, Eddie, named after Ed. They are communicating very well together. Skip told Warren to concentrate on letting Eddie just be a puppy and get to know them for another month. "Then take him to obedience classes, when he is about five months old. You will be amazed at how quickly he learns. The common practice in dog training is to repeat and repeat the commands until the dog learns. People do not realize their dog already knows how to sit, stay, come, and so forth. It is the people, themselves, that have to be trained to use consistent commands with their dogs until their bond is solid. I recommend the training classes as there are other benefits, including having your dog socialize with other dogs and learning many new things you and your dog can do together. You will have two special factors going in your favor. First of all you have a Border Collie. I only had to show TG twice, when we were learning a new command, before she had it nailed. Second, you will have already established a superior communication with Eddie. If you want to show off in the class, mentally tell him what to do when the instructor gives the class a new command to perform. Eddie will just do it the first time! You will progress faster than TG and I did at first because she didn't teach me to mentally communicate with her until five or six months after we started dog training classes."

Billy received the 'World Water Ski Championship in Men's Jump' on July 24, 2011 in Dubna, Russia. He also received a four-year gymnastic scholarship to University of Wisconsin in Green Bay. Combined with the scholarship from Al, all of his college expenses were paid in full. Billy tried out for the 2012 London Summer Olympics gymnastics team and was accepted. Al told him that he wanted to be there to cheer him on and he would pay for his aunt and her family to be there too.

List of Characters

TG Search and Rescue Team:

Skip Jordan ----- President of *TG Search and Rescue*
Mae ----- Skip's wife
TG ----- Border Collie, Production Manager
Scott ----- Skip's son, Chief Pilot, Chief Mechanic
Beth ----- Skip's daughter, Technology Director
Ed ----- Scott's son (Skip's grandson), Command Center Director
Mark ----- Scott's friend, Pilot, Master Mechanic

Others:

Joyce Radcliff ----- Sheriff of Marinette County, Wisconsin
Robert (Bob) Grandaw ----- Owner/Operator of a security firm; Community Watch volunteer
providing oversight and organizational management
Al Capone ----- Public Enemy No. One
Scarface ----- a.k.a. Al Capone
Al Graceffa ----- President/CEO of several hotels; object of TG's search
Oscar Sorenson ----- an alias used by Al Graceffa to purchase the red truck
Erv Iversen ----- an alias used by Al Graceffa at the café
Oscar ----- Al Graceffa's Black Lab
Tony Graceffa ----- Al Graceffa's father
Lloyd Brewster ----- Tony Graceffa's name from the victim/witness program
Maria ----- Al Graceffa's daughter
Dominick ----- Al Graceffa's 1st son
Bart ----- Al Graceffa's 2nd son
Wendy Hanson ----- Metal detector expert, Pembine Roadside Repair
Warren ----- FBI Agent
Pam ----- Al Graceffa's housekeeper
Derek Summers ----- U. S. Treasury Agent
Billy ----- Teenager, gymnastics, water skier
Julie ----- Owner of "Julie and Lori's Downtown Café"
Lori ----- Manager of "Julie and Lori's Downtown Café"
Mary ----- Server at "Julie and Lori's Downtown Café"
Umberto Spataro ----- Owner of "Italian Inn Motel" in Amberg
Jim ----- Deputy #1
John Stevenson ----- Deputy #2
Lloyd Richman ----- Owner of "The Four Seasons Island Resort of Wisconsin"
Eddie ----- Warren's Border Collie puppy
AJ Marhofke ----- Founder of "911BC K9 Search & Recovery," Summit, Wisconsin
Zip ----- Border Collie, AJ's former cadaver search dog and best friend

To the Reader

Thank you for reading the second of my “Search and Rescue” fictional books. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

In the first one, “ERICK,” I announced there were four intentional errors and asked the readers to report them to me. There is only one in this book and I am again asking you to find and report it to me. You may either report it on my blog page at <http://tg-books.yolasite.com> or email me directly at tgsbook-author@yahoo.com.

Please note that I have changed TG’s birthdate to 9/26/05. Her birthdate in “ERICK” was 8/26/04, but this has nothing to do with the intentional error that I want you to find. If you did notice this, I am very impressed. This change in her birthdate will be permanent.

Do you have a favorite animal that you would like included in a future book as its “featured guest”? If so send me an email. A photo attachment would be nice.

Have you discovered Marta Williams yet? I found her after a Google® search. Her website says she is an animal communicator and she teaches on the subject of the “intuitive connection with animals and nature.” After reading my books about TG, you may still be a skeptic about the communication I had with TG. If so, please look at her blog site at <http://www.martawilliamsblog.com/>. It is listed as one of my favorite links at <http://tg-books.yolasite.com/links.php>. She goes into the subject in great detail and has posted many examples. If I have not convinced you, she will. Then come back and look for my next book which I hope to have ready in six months. (For one special reader, that is 184 days plus or minus 26. ;-o)

Lee J. Pullen

July 30, 2012

email to: tgsbook-author@yahoo.com