

Life With One-Time U2 Pilot Said Like Disappearing Houdini

Detroit—(AP)—Barbara Gay Powers says her life with former U2 pilot Francis Gary Powers "was like being married to a disappearing Houdini."

"My husband would appear out of the blue and vanish again just as quickly; I never knew how or why or when," Mrs. Powers said in an interview with the Detroit Free Press.

The attractive 28-year-old brunette, who was divorced from Powers last January, is in Detroit working with a writer, W. W. Diehl, on her life story.

Powers, shot down over the Soviet Union in 1960 and convicted of spying in a sensational Moscow trial, now is working as a test engineer for Lockheed in Burbank, Calif.

The couple met at Turner Air Force base in Albany, Ga., where Powers was an Air Force pilot and Barbara was a secretary at a nearby Marine supply depot. They were married in 1955.

The next year, Powers left the Air Force. Mrs. Powers said he told her he was resigning because "I have a chance to make a lot of mon-

ey... but Powers wouldn't say what he was doing, or where he was going."

"He gave me a fictitious address and a number I should call in an extreme emergency," she said. A few months later she called the number and told the man who answered she was going to join her husband, who then was in Greece.

"At first, the man tried to discourage me," she said. "I could hear sounds over the phone like people whispering and bustling around. At last he said, 'All right, Mrs. Powers, go to the King George Hotel in Athens. Your husband will meet you there.'"

Returned to Georgia

The couple lived in Greece. But Mrs. Powers was still in the dark about his job. "Sometimes he would pack summer clothes when he came for his brief visits, sometimes winter ones," she said.

"That was the only inkling I had as to where he might be going. Most of the time, I just wondered."

She had to leave Greece because of Communist rioting, went to an air base in Tripoli and then went back to Geor-

gia where she had a miscarriage. Then she went to Turkey where for the first time she saw the U2 plane her husband was flying.

Living was high on the base near Adana. "I'd be a fool and a liar not to say we had some marvelous times," she said, adding that "there's no doubt the other wives (of regular airmen) resented our high living."

The U2 pilots on the base drew up to \$2,500 a month. The end came in the spring of 1960. Powers left on April 27 for an extended flight. He flew to Pakistan and then on May 1 left from there on a 3,500-mile flight over Russia.

On May 4, at 5 a.m., Barbara was awakened by a knock on the door of her trailer home. Mrs. Powers, on crutches because of a broken leg suffered while dancing, hobbled to the door.

Flew to New York

She was greeted by two men who identified themselves as agents of the Central Intelligence Agency. They told her to pack and come with them. She flew with them to New York.

"I knew something was up,

but I knew it would do no good to ask," she said. "We landed at Idlewild and were met by a big black limousine. I didn't even have to go through customs."

They drove down to her home. On the way, Mrs. Powers remembered it was Mother's day and asked the CIA men to stop so she could get a present.

"Finally, just 20 miles from home, at Eatonton, Ga., they stopped and told me to go into a drug store and buy my gift," she said. "I hobbled across the street into a drug store and a big black headlight hit me in the face. It said 'U2 Pilot Shot Down Over Russia.'"

"My crutches just slid out from under me and I fainted. When I came to I was hysterical and crying. The two men had run across the street to pick me up. They were crying too."

"But why couldn't they have told me sooner? Why did it have to be like that?"

Mrs. Powers went to Russia in August, 1960, for her husband's trial. He served less than two years and was exchanged on Feb. 10, 1962, for

Russian spy Rudolf Abel. Looking back on her life as the wife of a U2 pilot, Mrs. Powers said "I'm glad it's all over. We were like prisoners living in palaces."

When she finishes her book, she said, she is going somewhere and "take a long, long rest."



Small Worlds Around Us

By LYNN M. WATKINS
(Register and Tribune Syndicate, 1963)

Deer Might Be Saved By Mirrors Set Near Road

The night was very beautiful. The road ahead was straight and smooth. The purring motor seemed eager to go faster and faster—an invitation accepted by the driver. The tires sang a soft, rubbery song, the air whistled past and the ribbon of concrete rushed under the fast moving car.

Both the driver and his companion saw the sign beside the highway? Caution: Deer Crossing. The sign flashed past, ignored by both occupants of the car. The car rushed on,

the headlights shining brightly. A slight rise and there, hypnotized by the headlight glare, stood the deer.

Instinctively, the driver knew that to swerve merely a few feet would catapult the car into the roadside ditch. He slammed on the brakes. The tires squealed, followed by the sickening thud of a ton and a half of steel striking a fleshy body.

Interfere With Pleasure

The deer was dead. The car was badly smashed. The driver was angry. He didn't care about the deer. He was only concerned about the car, the delay and the inconvenience of being wrecked on the highway at night. He failed to understand why such a silly thing as a dumb animal should be allowed to interfere with his pleasure.

Naturally he completely overlooked the fact that it was more his fault than it was the deer's. He had failed to heed the warning sign and the fact that he was exceeding the speed limit meant nothing to him. He felt, as altogether too many people feel, that absolutely nothing in this world should interfere in the slightest with our right to travel as we wish.

Imagine such a ridiculous situation, a four-footed, dumb animal, causing an accident to such a superior being as a man in a motor car; a man and machine jeopardized by unnecessary things.

Is There An Answer?

So, you might reasonably ask, is there an answer? There is, or at least a new thought offers a partial solution which gives promise of help for both the motoring public and a let-live formula for the deer and other living creatures that make the mistake of crossing a highway at night. Fortunately, the solution will not be expensive or even difficult to put into operation.

Human nature being what it is, and since animal behavior follows a fairly well-known pattern under most circumstances, it would seem that the animals are the ones to make the adjustments. They can be made to help themselves in spite of their natural aptitudes.

Deer cross the highways at specific points, as testified by the signs "deer crossing." Of course the animals do not know what the signs say and the motoring public doesn't seem to be attentive to the fact. The deer's natural action, when the bright light strikes its eyes, is to stand motionless and usually right in the road. Thus, posts might be set on the sides of the road, each post equipped with a mirror and adjusted so that approaching cars' headlights strike the reflectors and deflect, at about a 90-degree angle, off into the woods. The deer, back from the highway, would be blinded by the light and remain in the safety of their own woodland.

Pioneer Spirit's Gone

Dick West Handles The Heavy Work As Family Prepares Vacation Trip

By DICK WEST



Washington—(AP)—Where are the pioneer women of yesterday? What has happened to the adventurous spirit that sent our foremothers trekking across the plains in covered wagons? Now-a-days you have trouble getting a woman to trek across the street in an air conditioned station wagon. Especially if her children are trekking with her.

The reluctance of modern women to trek around in a car full of children is a cause for national concern.

I encounter trekking resistance each summer when we are planning our vacation. My wife will argue vehemently against any trip of more than five blocks.

At times she resorts to petty obstructionist tactics, like hiding my road maps.

I might mark this down as a case of individual eccentricity had I not heard so many other wives voice aversion to the open road. Apparently the problem is widespread.

If there were any real hardships involved, I could understand it. But everyone who watches television commercials knows that a family can travel in these times with ease and comfort.

I do everything possible to lighten the load for my wife. We divide our vacation preparations roughly as follows:

I lay out the route and she does the packing, takes the cat to the boarding kennel, stops the milk and paper, arranges to have the mail forwarded, finds someone to water the flowers, gets the car serviced, notifies the relatives that we will be dropping in on them, and floats a loan at the bank.

It is no easy job to lay out a route, but I accept that chore as part of the fun of vacations. For some reason my wife doesn't seem to regard her assignments in the same spirit.

On the road I continue to accept most of the responsibility. I do the driving and she coordinates the bathroom stops, keeps the baby from grabbing the steering wheel, arbitrates disputes between the older children, keeps the baby from climbing out the window, watches for restaurants and motels, and keeps an eye out for the highway patrol.

Travel has a strange effect on her. For instance, she dislikes driving, but after 400 or 500 miles she practically begs to take the wheel.

In a short while, or as soon as I find out what she did with the car keys, we will be trekking across the plains on this year's vacation trip.

I reminded my wife that my great-grandmother crossed the plains with 100 head of cattle.

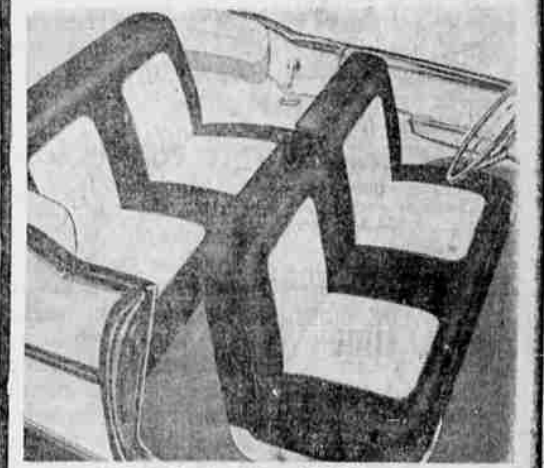
"Some people have all the luck," she said.

SMALLPOX VANISHING

Stockholm—(AP)—Health authorities indicated today they soon would declare this capital city free of smallpox after a virulent outbreak which killed four persons. Twenty-five persons contracted the disease, believed to have been brought in by a sailor.



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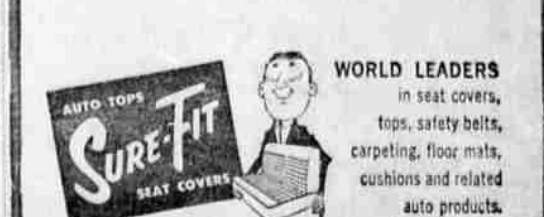
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