"The Lost Boys covered in the neighborhood of 1,000 miles, from Sudan to Ethiopia, back to Sudan and finally to Kenya — a column of mostly children that stretched for miles across the equatorial wilderness." From "The Long, Long, Long Road to Fargo," by Sara Corbett, Page 48.
WHAT DID THE C.I.A. DO TO HIS FATHER?

ERIC OLSON'S LIFELONG MISSION IS TO PROVE THAT HIS FATHER'S DEATH WASN'T A SUICIDE. BY MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

PHOTOGRAPH BY TARYN SIMON

For a quarter of a century, a close friend of mine, a Harvard classmate, has believed that the Central Intelligence Agency murdered his father, a United States government scientist. Believing this means, in my friend's words, "leaving the known universe," the one in which it is innocently accepted that an agency of the American government would never do such a thing. My friend has left this known universe, even raising his father's body from the grave where it had lain for 40 years to test the story the C.I.A. told him about his death. The evidence on the body says that the agency may have lied. But knowing this has not healed my friend. When I ask him what he has learned from his ordeal, he says, "Never dig up your father." Then he laughs, and the look on his face is wild, bitter and full of pain.

On Nov. 28, 1955, around 2 a.m., Armand Pastore, night manager at the Stater Hotel opposite Penn Station in New York, rushed out the front door on Seventh Avenue to find a middle-aged man lying on the sidewalk in his undershirt and shorts. "He was broken up something awful," Pastore told reporters many years later, flat on his back with his legs smashed and bent at a terrible angle. Looking up, Pastore could see a blind pushed through an empty window frame high up in the Stater. The man had fallen from the 15th floor — apparently after crashing through a closed window — but he was alive. "He was trying to mumble something, but I couldn't make it out. It was all garbled, and I was trying to get his name." By the time

Erin Olson still lives in the family's ranch house.
ERIC IS CRAZY, ERIC IS OBSESSED,' HE SAYS, MIMICKING HIS ACCUSERS. 'FINALLY, I AGREE,' A MANIACAL Cackle. 'BUT... THE POINT IS... AND HERE HE EYES GO FLAT AND HERE AND RESTLESS... AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE DAMNED ROOM.'
Clockwise from top: In July 1976, Frank Olson's family received an apology for his death (from President Ford). One of the children articulating their father's authority from the local paper. A family photo (Eric is the Scout taken soon before Olson's death).