

ESPIONAGE:

A Spy Goes to Heaven

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He was the spy who came in from the Establishment—a witty, fecked, donnish sort who fairly doted on James Bond but would have looked silly in a trench coat. Allen Welsh Dulles was a middle-aged international lawyer, well-heeled and well-wired, when he and the espionage business discovered in 1942 that they were made for each other. Walter Mitty couldn't have dreamed it better. Dulles ran a brilliantly successful spy network under Hitler's nose during World War II, later—as a planner and then director of the CIA—built a vast peacetime espionage apparatus for a nation that had hitherto shown neither the taste nor the gift for this kind of enterprise. “Your successes are unheralded, your failures trumpeted,” John F. Kennedy once told

him. But, when he died of the flu complicated by pneumonia last week in Washington, Allen Dulles left behind a reputation as probably the best American intelligence chief of his generation.

He was born 75 years ago into one of those families that seem marked for public service, if not precisely for spying. His father was a Presbyterian minister, an influence that showed less on Allen than on his austere big brother John Foster, and there were two Secretaries of State and an ambassador to the Court of St. James's in the family. Allen, bright and implacably jolly, followed Foster through Princeton and the Foreign Service (including a tour in Woodrow Wilson's peacemaking mission to Versailles), then into law practice in New York. He took occasional government errands, but not till his pal the late William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, head of the World War II Office of Strategic Services, offered him a job after Pearl Harbor did Dulles discover his thing.

Craft: His thing, of course, was what he later called the craft of intelligence, and he plied it masterfully well. Operating out of a fifteenth-century house overlooking the Aar in Bern, Switzerland, Dulles mobilized a network of operatives, maquisards and miscellaneous contacts reaching into the German Command. One informant, a well-placed anti-Nazi, filtered 2,000 top-secret Foreign Office documents on microfilm from Berlin to Bern. Another contact, high in Hitler's *Abwehr*, tipped him on the 1944 assassination plot against the Führer. Dulles's sources put him onto the German V-2 rocket experiments at Peenemünde as early as 1943, and subsequent Allied air raids set back the program by at least six precious months. His biggest coup of all came when, after months of painstaking negotiation with high-level Gestapo and German Army contacts, Dulles brought off the surrender of 1 million German troops in northern Italy almost a week before the Third

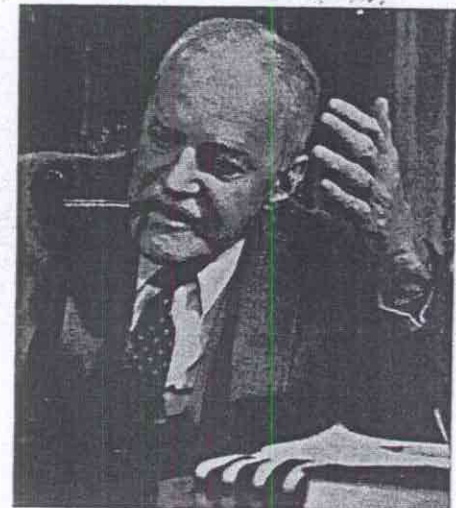
Reich itself collapsed in 1945.

Dulles returned briefly to private practice but soon found himself helping Harry Truman organize the CIA out of the remnants of the OSS in 1947, later returning to Washington to consult with the then director, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, for six weeks on a project. Six weeks turned into eleven years. Dulles was named deputy director in 1950, director with the advent of the Eisenhower Administration in 1953—an appointment that put him in tandem with brother Foster, Ike's Secretary of State, and gave them extraordinary power over U.S. policy during the frigid worst of the cold war.

Keep out of politics, Dulles always said, but the fine line between an intelligence estimate and a policy paper was not always easy to draw. Dulles's CIA pulled off some spectacularly successful operations, among them the fall of Iran's anti-American Mossadegh government in 1953, the 1954 anti-Communist coup in Guatemala and a world scoop on Nikita

Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech to the Twentieth Soviet Communist Party Congress in 1956. A possibly apocryphal tale has it that Dulles sold Eisenhower on the U-2 spy plane by showing him photos of the Augusta National Golf Course shot from 70,000 feet up—yet so detailed that Ike could spot a golf ball on a green. The U-2, in any event, was Dulles's baby, and, until Francis Gary Powers's spy plane was brought down in 1960 by a Soviet missile heard around the world, the operation was one of the most lavishly profitable in all espionage history.

Torpedo: Yet Americans have always been squeamish about clandestine operations—a fact of life that doubled the protestations and pain when the CIA's operations were caught out. The U-2 adventure is recalled less for its successes than for the fact that it gave Khrushchev a chance to torpedo an impending summit conference. John Kennedy, who reap-



Dulles: A Mitty dream come true

pointed Dulles and J. Edgar Hoover in his first official act, ultimately soured on the CIA chief for touting the disastrous Bay of Pigs assault on Cuba. "Dulles is a legendary figure, and it's hard to operate with legendary figures," JFK said at the time, and soon he told Dulles himself, "Under the British system I would have to go—but under our system, I'm afraid it's got to be you." It was.

Even in retirement, Dulles continued the family tradition of service: he sat on the Warren commission and he made a reconnaissance tour of racially tense Mississippi for Lyndon Johnson in 1964. But mostly he worked on his memoirs, anthologized spy tales and savored his memories. Ilya Ehrenburg, Stalin's favorite propagandist, once wrote of Dulles that, if he should somehow get to heaven "through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars and slaughter the angels." Dulles presumably was flattered—and, though none of his colleagues believed that he would raise hell in heaven, none doubted that he would at least have a good line on the other side.