

I SPY FOR THE C.I.A.

The author spills the beans. Squeals. Confesses. He rats on his fellow spooks. He comes clean about the company. He asks that his name not be used

The Central Intelligence Agency recruits pretty much the way any other government agency does. They're in the phone book, for one thing. And the academic community is full of former intelligence types who keep an eye out for hot prospects the way a Notre Dame alumnus might scout the local high-school football teams. And they send recruiters around to campuses, too, just like I.B.M. or General Motors. They've even put out a little recruiting booklet.

Some recruiters sneak around the campus so quietly you'd hardly know they were there. Others, like the guy who interviewed me, just slap notices on the bulletin boards and sit back and wait. The interview consisted almost entirely of me telling him about myself. But all the way through, he kept repeating and repeating that the whole process was top-secret, burn-before-reading stuff. It was a little confusing to me why it should be so secret, since he didn't tell me the first thing about the Agency. But if you can't stand a little confusion, you don't belong in the C.I.A. anyway.

Afterward, I got curious as to what the hell I'd be doing, so I went to the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, and got hold of all the magazine articles on C.I.A. that I could find. It was a good idea, actually; those articles gave me a remarkably accurate notion of what I was in for.

The majority of people who go to work for C.I.A., like the majority of people who go to work for anybody, do it because they need the job. But the C.I.A. has a special little problem. Suppose it hires you straight out of college, or out of another job. Normally you could start the new job right away, but not in the Agency. You need a top-secret clearance, which takes at least two months and maybe five or six months to get. In the meantime you're on the payroll, but there's nothing much you can be permitted to do. So you go out to Langley or somewhere every day and watch training films, so to speak. Two of the perennial favorites are *Walk East on Beacon* and *The House on 92nd Street*. The figuring is that there's enough authenticity in a lot of the better spy movies so that they have at least some value as training. Besides, what the hell else can they do with a guy till he's cleared?

It's routine for agents to get a certain amount of physical training. You get sent down to Fort Benning for general P.T. and toughening, and maybe a few parachute jumps. The standard military hand-to-hand combat training. Nothing special. I know if somebody ran across the room right now and gave me a karate chop to the side of the

neck, I'd probably drop like a stone. And so what? There's none of that manslaughter and torture and tough-guy stuff, at least not if you work out of an embassy.

As we got better and better after the war, the Russians began to respect us more and a funny sort of unspoken gentlemen's agreement grew up between us. There was the same sort of thing between British Intelligence and the Abwehr during World War II. We each do our own jobs, and let each other pretty much alone as far as the rough stuff goes.

Now, it's different sometimes with the intelligence services of the smaller nations. For example, take that Moroccan political leader who was kidnapped in Paris and disappeared a while ago. Or the man the Egyptians bound up and placed inside a trunk for shipment from Rome to Cairo. But even there, the significant thing was that the guy was *alive* inside that trunk. If they had planned on killing him, Rome's as good a place for that as Cairo.

A great deal of the training is in photography and on techniques of bugging and visual surveillance. This is stuff you *will* use, not like the hand-to-hand combat stuff. Another fascinating part of the training was in what we call "penetration." The cops might call it breaking and entering. In fact, they do sometimes.

At the end of the instruction in lockpicking and other entry problems, they send you out on a little field exercise in penetration. The instructors supply you with plastic strips for slipping locks, gear to take care of alarm systems, jimnies—what amounts

to a complete burglar's kit. Your job is to get into a factory or a store or whatever target they've picked out for you. Once you're inside, you're supposed to take pictures of documents or letters, anything to prove you completed the assignment. I got through mine all right—it was a fairly straightforward job on a plumbing-supply house that didn't even have a burglar alarm. I took a few pictures of various bills and stuff and beat it, and the only problem was that I was scared to death all the time.

You're pretty much on your own, you see. The instructors don't set up these things with the cops or the owners of the building, or anything. That would ruin the whole point. So you *can* get caught. Part of the exercise is trying to escape or talk your way out. If you flunk that particular part of the test, and people do now and then, naturally the police throw you in jail. Because naturally you don't carry around credentials or anything like that, and you can't say you work for the C.I.A.

With your one call you get in touch with your "lawyers," and the Agency starts pulling wires at the top of the police department. Some police chiefs kick up a storm and get mad as hell, but in some cities the cops cooperate by letting you go without beefing too much. It's just like countries overseas. There are friendly countries where it's easier to operate, and there are unfriendly ones. Well, there are friendly cities here, and that's where we'd concentrate most of the penetration problems.

Another thing that takes up a lot of your year or so training time is language study. The language requirements are at least as stiff as they are for State. Stiffer, really. The State Department guy is mainly dealing with people inside the Embassy, or government officials outside who are likely to know English. Although it may be a handicap to him not to know the language, he can still function. But the C.I.A. guy is sure to find himself dealing on his own with characters who don't know a word of English. He can hardly function at all unless he has a language capability.

The big thing that people outside never seem to grasp is that the C.I.A. is first and foremost a *government* agency, with all that implies. It's a government agency first, last and always when it comes to time-in-grade for promotions, that sort of thing. And there's always a little old grey-haired lady—though I must admit they were a little younger overseas—who checks over expense accounts and keeps track of every penny spent. Receipts for everything. How come

Behind the Iron Curtain the spy is even more the hero, a recent phenomenon. When the Soviet spy Rudolf Abel went home in exchange for Francis Gary Powers in 1962, there was no mention of the fact in *Pravda*. But now Abel has been publicly honored and part of his story dramatized on Moscow television. A number of novels, movies and TV plays depict exploits of loyal Communists engaged in espionage. "Gordon Lonsdale," a Soviet spy who operated in England, has written his memoirs under the title *Spy*; the book is selling briskly. Several of those active in "Red Orchestra," a Communist espionage ring that operated in Europe during World War II, were honored through postage stamps issued by East Germany in 1964. And there is a street in Moscow named for Richard Sorge, a spy who is given much credit for saving the U.S.S.R. in the early Forties. Sorge's grave in Japan is decorated on ceremonial days by International Communist delegations.

you tipped the cabbie fifteen cents when ten is standard? That kind of thing. I imagine that the C.I.A.'s unvouchered funds are more closely checked than the vouchered funds of most other agencies. That's what always gave me a kick about James Bond. How did he ever get those damned stone-crab and champagne dinners past the little old grey-haired lady?

Your situation overseas is that basically you come into a country cold for your two-year hitch. You inherit all the agents that the man before you was running. He inherited them, too, and probably most of them date back to the time just after the war when we were starting out in business.

We usually try to have somebody or several people in the police on our payroll. They're not in a position to gather much pure intelligence, but they're handy for knowing who's in jail, and for helping you get through red tape. Pretty often the police are ideologically on our side anyway, and fifty American dollars a month, say, can bring a lieutenant of police up to the level of a colonel. Often the host country knows who our contacts are in the police department, and sometimes even informally desig-

him a really fine watch—one of those ones that winds itself and gives you the date and plays *Yankee Doodle* on the quarter hour or some such damned thing. I don't remember what kind we finally got, but I do recall our field was kind of limited because the station chief felt he should Buy American. Whatever it was, it was the most expensive watch in the whole United States, and the boss gave it to this guy at a nice little ceremony after a fancy lunch. "It's a personal gift, straight to you from Mr. Hoover," the station chief said, and the policeman couldn't have been happier or prouder. The station chief just didn't have the heart to tell the poor guy that Hoover had been put in charge of hitchhiking and juvenile-delinquency statistics years before.

The standard Communist pattern overseas is to work with and through student organizations. Our general pattern is that most of our contacts and agents are with the police and the military and the wealthy sector of the community. I'm not saying it's a good thing or a bad thing, but it's a necessary thing. For one thing, it's a question of risk. The policeman who turns out to be in the pay of the United States probably isn't going to be in too much danger from his fellow policemen once he's found out. But the leftist student leader on our payroll would be in real trouble with his pals.

It's one of the standard complaints about the Agency, of course, that all we do is hang around with the Fascists and the military and the cops. There's probably an element of truth in it, but it isn't the Agency's fault. In a lot of parts of the world, it's just that those are the kinds of people who are going to be sympathetic to our aims. The liberal, the leftist student, is almost by definition more or less anti-American. Obviously he's not going to be interested in signing on as a spy for the capitalist warmongers.

But you can't blame the C.I.A. for how he feels. We didn't make the world; we just have to try to operate in it. Actually most of my training and most of the people I served with had a liberal tinge, if anything. A Stevensonian Democrat would feel right at home in most parts of the C.I.A.

Turn the thing around and sometimes it's easier to see what the work involves. Suppose you're an intelligence officer assigned to the Russian Embassy in Washington. You've inherited agents from your predecessor, and you've got to figure out how to contact them. The regular spy-movie stuff is just what you do. Meetings in public places, in the men's room at diplomatic parties. Drops. Safe houses. It really happens.

And there come times when you want to see a guy face to face—out in the country, maybe, or in a park. And you don't want anybody knowing you know the guy. Nobody following or watching.

But you're a big boy. You know that that window across Sixteenth Street from the Embassy, the one that's always dark, ain't no broom closet. And you don't make the mistake of thinking those guys down the block in the parked car are insurance salesmen—those two guys wearing the narrow-brimmed hats. You remember the time a few years back when the American Air Force

officer was dumb enough to toss a note on the Embassy lawn saying he wanted to sell secrets, and the F.B.I. practically caught it before it hit ground.

So you've got to dry-clean yourself before you contact your man. Dry cleaning is a standard part of our training, and I imagine of intelligence-work training anywhere. It's an F.B.I. term, but we used it too. It means getting rid of a tail and again it's standard spy stuff, as routine as making important calls from an obscure pay phone.

Probably the best way is the old classic

An ex-intelligence officer says: "I would hear from my contact in Washington maybe once a year. One time—I'll never forget it—he told me a C.I.A. boy would be out personally to help me with a project. I'd spent several weeks on a South Pacific island getting properly tanned, grizzled and equipped with the right kind of Hawaiian shirts to make me look as if I belonged out there. Then this C.I.A. guy comes off the plane in a bowler hat, umbrella, trench coat and with a face pale as ashes. This was fairly typical of the kind of muck-up they made. In my circles, we used to call them the Christians In Action."

nate the man as liaison officer to us and then politely overlook the money we pay him.

I know it seems funny that the host country sometimes knows perfectly well who our agents are, and that neither of us cares. But people forget that most of our intelligence effort overseas is directed at finding out what the Chinese and the Russians are up to there, and not so much at the host country *per se*. We're mildly interested in what goes on in Ecuador, for instance, but we're only vitally interested if what goes on is going on because of the Communists. Or if it might benefit them. Pretty often, the host government doesn't mind if we keep an eye on what the Russians and Chinese are up to locally.

Quite often you run across a certain political naïveté among policemen. In South America, some of our police agents still think they're working for J. Edgar Hoover, since the F.B.I. had South America as its own bailiwick before World War II. I heard of at least one cop who thinks that. This fellow gave us first crack at questioning a Cuba-trained agitator his men had picked up, and we wanted to do something special for him. The station chief's idea was to present him with something nice at a little ceremony. We hit on the idea of getting

During the first three-quarters of 1966, Americans will be able to witness twenty-three movies and ten regular television programs based on themes of spying, international espionage or undercover operations. What the producers have in mind, of course, is profit. But in addition: Norman Abbott, director of *The Last of the Secret Agents?*, says, "We're getting back to the fun of old-time movies. The audience now has been trained to follow fast-cut, fast-moving events on the screen. I've told our art directors to make the sets as though they were doing them for Lubitsch." A producer of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* says, "The spy thing is a godsend to writers. It's a very flexible, handy convention to work within. It constantly tests the writers' ingenuity and excites them." Buck Henry, a co-creator of *Get Smart*: "None of it is new. I mean Sherlock Holmes and Watson, what a pair of campy, modern characters they were. That nutty junkie with his hat turned around and that dumb doctor. God, if Doyle were alive today, what he could do with a TV series!" Saul David, producer of *Our Man Flint*: "Man is an economic animal until he's got his belly full, then he becomes a dreaming animal and he needs illusions, fantasy and freedom. Freedom, mainly—a need for direct response. I've told our writers that Flint can do anything at any time as long as it doesn't defy ordinary Newtonian physics." Buck Houghton, producer of the pilot of *Blue Light*: "When the spy trend gets to Allen and Rossi, you can forget it; that's the end." And finally, Mort Fine, one of the producers of *I Spy*: "I'd say after this spy trend we'd go back to the romantic love stories again. We can't keep on with sex this way. I mean, you take all those dikey broads on *U.N.C.L.E.* Where is mother in all that?"

business of taking public transportation, switching a few times, and trying to make sure you jump aboard just before the bus or subway pulls out. Another thing is driving into a large building with its own garage. You park your car, disappear fast into an elevator and come out some other entrance on foot. One of the State Department's little victories in life was getting the U.N. Building declared out of bounds to the F.B.I. So a Communist-bloc diplomat can drive right in, walk right out, and dry-clean himself practically automatically. It drives the F.B.I. nuts.

There are two main reasons for the friction—and it's no secret that it exists, God knows—between us and the F.B.I. One, I think, is the difference in the *type* of personnel. Putting it very, very roughly, the type of guy we get is probably a little closer to what the State Department gets, the type of guy the F.B.I. gets is probably a little closer to what the metropolitan police de-

partment gets. I don't mean that to sound as snotty as it probably does. I'm just trying to suggest a general attitude or orientation. We like to travel, they like to stay home. We're maybe more inclined to languages, communication generally. We're a little more interested in politics, where they're interested in law. They're much more conservative, on the whole. That kind of thing.

The second big reason for friction is probably inevitable, but it's damned tiresome at times. It's that the F.B.I. is in the business of catching spies and we're in the business

thrown together a lot socially with the other C.I.A. people at your station. There's no rule about it, but you feel more relaxed when you're with your own kind, so to speak, and you don't have to worry about what you might let drop. You have to get permission to marry, of course, and if you marry a foreign national they just ship you back home and fire you out of hand. It's easier all around to marry a girl who already works for the Agency, and a lot of guys do.

It's not official policy to stick to yourselves; it just seems to happen. Officially, you're supposed to make as many friends as you can outside the Agency and the Embassy. Not that you're recruiting them as agents, but say you need to get somewhere in a hurry and you need some kind of special permit to go there. It speeds things up if you have a friend who has a friend, *et cetera*.

People in the Embassy get to know who you're working for pretty fast, but you're still supposed to keep up the facade. In fact, it's important that you do, outside the Embassy. One of the first things they pound into you during training is always to call the Agency the "company." Americans are constantly talking about the company this, and the company that, so if anybody overhears you, no harm is done. Or you might call it the firm or the office. But never the C.I.A. or the Agency, even among yourselves.

It's pretty easy to maintain your cover with foreigners. I mean, if you tell a Swede at a party that you work at the U.S. Embassy, he's usually satisfied. Tell an American that, though, and he asks you what you do there. So you tell him you work in the Civil Affairs Group, or whatever the local cover name is, and he asks what the hell the Civil Affairs Group does. At that point, you mutter something about in-depth surveys of sociological parameters in the civil-affairs sector, and suddenly spot an old acquaintance across the room.

Here's a little free advice to the new Ambassador who wants to know exactly what the C.I.A. is up to in his country. He has the right to know, of course, ever since Kennedy put out that order saying the C.I.A. was subordinate to the Ambassador. But the right sometimes tends to die from lack of exercise, and the whole thing sort of winds up being negotiated locally.

But suppose our new Ambassador decides he *does* want to know, calls in the station chief and says, "Bill, I wonder if you'd outline your program to me?" Well, Bill's been around a while, and he tells the Ambassador just what he wants to tell him and no more. If there's ever a kickback later he just says, "Gee, Mr. Ambassador, I didn't think you were interested in anything but the broad outlines of our program. I didn't want to waste your time with piddling little stuff like the palace coup last week."

So what the ring-wise Ambassador will do is wait till he's been in the country about six weeks, and then call Bill up. It's best if he calls him at home, at some odd hour like nine at night, and tells him to drop by at another odd hour, say seven-thirty in the morning, before the Embassy is open. That way Bill sweats all night and shows up at seven-thirty in the Ambassador's office com-

pletely off balance. Then the Ambassador sits for a few minutes, looks kind of mournful, and finally says, "Well, Bill, I think you'd better tell me all about it."

Bill naturally has to spill all his guts, because he hasn't the slightest idea what the old bastard might have stumbled onto.

Remember in *The Ipcress File* movie, where the C.I.A. man was colored? It was a damned good touch, really. There are a lot of Negroes in the C.I.A., and more come in every year. It's a terrific field for a Negro, because in whole big chunks of the world he has the enormous advantage of not standing out in a crowd. If there's any discrimination in the C.I.A., it's against women. Plenty of women work for the Agency, but mostly in various technical or administrative or specialized or scholarly capacities, and mostly back in Washington. All this stuff about the beautiful spy gritting her teeth and using her body for her country is so much crap. Whenever we need that kind of thing done, it comes under the category of what you might call a locally negotiated purchase.

Like any other employer, the Agency is interested in your draft status. The policy has changed from time to time on that. My own military service was out of the way when I was hired, so the issue never came up. But the Agency was in a period of tremendous expansion from 1948 to about 1953, and some guys got in who hadn't done their hitch yet. Toward '54, we were cutting down a little because of overexpansion, and I knew a few cases of guys who'd come in waving draft notices, and the boss would say, *Sorry about that*, and two years later they quietly wouldn't be rehired. And I know at least one case where they were anxious to keep the man, and arranged with the Army to give him a discharge after he had served only six months.

But the size of the Agency has more or less stabilized now, and the policy is only to hire men who have their service behind them, or are exempt one way or another. The C.I.A. is much more comfortable about

C.I.A. facts: When the agency was created after the war, it raided the F.B.I. for some of its top men. The residual result of this is a permanent rivalry between the organizations and no small amount of resentment on the part of the F.B.I. Also at the outset, the C.I.A. hired a public-information director whose sole function was to say, "I can't tell you anything." Corridors in the C.I.A. buildings are painted pink, orange and green to improve the morale of the employees.

of spying. Every time Hoover goes running off at the mouth about stiffer sentences for spies, and stiffer laws, and these damned lenient judges, a thousand lumps rise in a thousand C.I.A. throats. Hoover's men don't have to be on the receiving end of any reciprocal action overseas. Ours do.

I don't have any firsthand knowledge, or even secondhand, but I bet there were C.I.A. people who were mad as hell when Hoover shot down the consular agreement with Russia. Here the Kennedy Administration beats its brains out trying to convince the Russians that its scheme to put consulates all over their country is just a little diplomatic convenience, a sort of a tourist service rather than an espionage network. Suddenly Hoover shows up on Capitol Hill and he huffs and puffs and he blows it all down by testifying that those crafty god-damn Russians are just liable to use *their* new consulates here to spy on us.

The State Department types in the Embassy tend to treat you like a brother-in-law that everybody knows is in numbers. You're welcome at the family get-togethers, and everybody respects you because you're such a good provider. But they all make an obvious point of never asking what line you're in.

Most of the State types have the notion that our security is terrible. "What the hell, I was only here three days before I knew who every spook in the place was," they say. And it's true enough. We're not very secret that way. We don't have to be.

But the State Department guy hustling along the hall may have a report on the hydroelectric potential of northern Finland under his arm, or a report on the success of a new wheat hybrid developed in North Dakota for use in cold climates. The folder under the C.I.A. guy's arm, on the other hand, is full of U-2 pictures of Little League games in Sverdlovsk or something. So who we are isn't secure. What we do is.

The way it works out, you tend to be

Luncheon in C.I.A. land: A reporter writes, "I have this friend in the business. I had lunch with him recently at a place outside Washington. I've done this several times. This is open country, mind you, woodland primarily and some farmland and minimal evidence of habitation. I meet him at a point along the highway and we get in his car. We drive to one of two restaurants out in these boondocks, an occasional car with Oriental license plates parked outside, and inside at noon the woodlands suddenly produce whole flocks of intelligence people—a few in uniform, most in tweeds or business suits. Way out there in the woods. The whole thing is more than faintly hilarious."

it this way, because it doesn't place them under any obligation to the Defense Department. Now the Agency doesn't owe anything to anybody, which preserves its options, as they say in the White House.

Did you ever sit in the Senate gallery and watch Senators talking to each other down below? Nine times out of ten they'll cover

their mouths with one hand, as if they were whispering into the other Senator's ear. But they're not. Anybody with C.I.A. training would recognize right off that they're guarding against lip-readers. It's become a pretty standard thing nowadays to use a long lens and take movies of two guys talking on a street corner, say, or maybe in the building across the street from you. Then you run the film over and over and over again before a trained lip-reader, and eventually he'll be able to put together about eighty-five percent of the conversation.

When you've seen this done to the other guy once or twice, you get a little careful. Watch two Agency men talking in a restaurant, and more often than not they'll be shielding their lips with their hands as unobtrusively as possible, maybe by manipulating a pipe or a cigarette. I even knew one man who had trained himself so carefully that whenever he talked, even in a closed room among friends, his lips would stay practically still. It was a damned eerie thing to get used to at first—trying to figure out where this disembodied voice was coming from.

Another thing you find yourself doing is just casually feeling under the edges of desks and chairs when you sit down. The main thing you find is chewing gum under your fingernails, of course, but constant caution gets to be a habit. You know from your own experience that often there isn't time to bug a place properly, which would mean you'd need electronic equipment to find the bugs. So you have to be alert for the hurry-up jobs as well.

Leaving aside the technical staff and specialists and scholars and linguists, mostly back in Washington, you say that the Agency's people are divided more or less into three categories. First you have the bureaucracy back in Washington—all the administrators from Raborn on down.

Then you have the agents stationed in the Embassies, maybe five or six guys each, except in the great big posts. Normally these are the guys who eventually drift back to the home office and begin to rise step by step in the hierarchy.

But the agents in the third category practically never rise in the bureaucracy. They spend most of their career overseas, and only get raises for pulling off a spectacular coup. It's sort of like a battlefield commission.

These guys in the third category are the real undercover guys, the guys you see as crowd faces in wire-service photos. Any real risks around that need running, these are the guys who run them. Still and all, there's a certain warmth lacking in the way other Agency people feel toward them. I remember the wife of a friend of mine who had gotten to know one of these guys at a previous post. She was a good, pious, Texas Baptist, and I never heard her say anything stronger than darn, except when she talked about this guy, whom she called The Little Fart.

The funny thing, and I can't explain it, is that these guys out in the field, the guys under really deep cover, often are little guys, physically small, but tough, hard, active guys who like sports and the outdoor life.

God knows where they recruit them, but I always had the impression that most of them had military or police backgrounds. Generally they're dark-complected men with international faces, faces that could be Lebanese or Mexican or Italian or anything. Actually, of course, they're all Americans.

We'd very seldom have contact with them, for obvious security reasons. The station chief would know what they were up to, but he'd leave them pretty much alone. Usually they'd pull out when the particular job was done—after the election, state visit, palace coup or whatever brought them there.

Very often they posed as students. It's a good cover in many foreign countries where a man can be going to school in his thirties or even forties and nobody will think there's anything especially odd about it.

The job these guys often have is to use their energy and their organizing ability and their funds to move into leadership spots in student organizations. Or to found new organizations if none of the existing student groups are friendly to the U.S.

Friendly to the U.S., because guys like The Little Fart are actually *agents provocateurs* more than spies. Those crowd pictures with them in the background aren't pictures of kids spitting on Nixon. They're pictures of demonstrators outside the Soviet Embassy. Most of the work The Little Farts do would be with pretty right-wing groups.

Whenever we set up small businesses as fronts for our people, which we sometimes do, we get ready to grin and bear it when the profit-and-loss figures come through each year. But one case has turned into a kind of classic in the Agency. We had set this guy up with a gift shop in the capital city of a country I won't name, because as far as I know he's still there. And damned if the shop didn't start coining money. They were going crazy back in Washington: there was no machinery to handle a profitable operation. I think they put the dough in some employees' benefit fund that first year, but then the silly bastard came up with another profit, even bigger, the second year. This time they ordered him to move the business into new quarters in an out-of-the-way part of town, where he's been cheerfully losing the taxpayers' money ever since.

Sometimes I get to talking with friends who know I'm with the C.I.A. and they'll bug me about how all the really big coups are dumped right in your lap, like Penkovskiy for us, and Mitchell and Martin, the National Security Agency boys, for the Russians. And it's true enough. One Penkovskiy is probably worth five hundred grubby little agents on the payroll for a few bucks a month, bringing you low-level intelligence that they cribbed out of the newspapers half the time. Afterward they probably peddle it to the Russians too.

But if it weren't for the five hundred little guys we wouldn't have the facilities and the trained personnel to handle the walk-ins, which is what we call guys like Penkovskiy.

For some reason a line from a John O'Hara story has always stuck in my mind: "She began to suspect her husband was get-

SPY GAGS

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the following memo on f

often as possible:
1. Sorry About That.
2. Would You Believe It?
This building is surround
formed men. Would you
I find that rather hard t
Would you believe fiftes
I don't think so.
How about two carhops

Variation:
Stand back—this inn
tains enough nitroglyce
smithereens. What do
I don't believe it.
How about this? I ta
through that window.

3. And Loving It, e.g.:
Those babies are toug
collected every instrum
man. You'll be subje
infinite pain.

And loving it, Chief.
4. The Old Trick.
It's Been Pulled On Me
The old microphone-in-
the fourth time it's bee
Or
The old spy-in-the-co
ninth time that's been p

ting part of his mail at the c
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for the holidays, or to a con
before they leave he borrows
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cause people know him by sig
his wife may have detectives
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his sad little harem of homely
friends' apartments he uses c

Well then, one night he's out
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and she says, *Let's get out of h
is dead.* When the opportunity
some first-rate stuff, by Go
ready. He knows just where
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what records are in the cab
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