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Visit to the New CIA

[redacted]

[redacted] Ace parked [redacted] jammed, [redacted] with out-of-state plates. The big lobby of the Francis Gary Powers Building was filled with patrons of arms, spies and espionage, some containing famous disguises, estimates of Russian troop strength and the like.

Signs showed the crowds of tourists where to gather for the free tours in 12 languages, including Mandarin [redacted]

[redacted] "The new CIA," Wally [redacted] "is always glad to welcome gentlemen of the press."

"Yeah, yeah," Ace said.

"No seriously, things have changed," Wally [redacted] Meeting between an agent and his CIA case officer," Wally said, [redacted] Allen Dulles Memorial Executive Washroom and into the Colonel Penkovsky Memorial Auditorium. The warm-[redacted] Ace [redacted] just [redacted] his drippy pat-[redacted] said, "Let's have [redacted] for every-[redacted] the case offi-[redacted]"

[redacted] bounced out of [redacted] Af precisely [redacted] opened an [redacted] took off his [redacted] instantly his [redacted] appeared. He was [redacted] general with a [redacted] of secrets.

Newspaper photographers clicked like a [redacted] of crickets and the general blinked.

"You crazy?" he shouted at Jones. "They print photograph of me and I get filing squad!"

Jones explained that the new CIA reflected the Washington mood of openness, exposes and immorality.

"Molality, shmolality," said the general, "I'm gonna sciam!"

The audience applauded and some remarked that this was a vast improvement over the old, sneaky CIA.

"Any questions?" Wally grinned.

"Yeah, how . . . ?"

"Now I want to show you our Portugal Desk."

At the Portugal Desk, Wally and Ace watched a half dozen people sitting around drinking vinho verde.

"See?" Wally smiled proudly. "Every other intelligence service in the world is in Portugal, bribing people, subverting officials, and what's the CIA doing? Nothing."