

## MIKE CAUSEY

*An Epitaph for a Friend*

On a cold, windy night many years ago, a distinguished-looking gentleman climbed out of his limousine and walked up the driveway of a big house in Arlington.

He told the man who answered the door that he was sorry, indeed, to intrude, but could he possibly get directions to Central Intelligence Agency? He should know the way, he explained, but normally he had a driver and had somehow gotten himself turned around.

For a couple of seconds, the man in the bathrobe and the man in the pin-

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strip suit just looked at one another. Then they began to laugh.

The lost motorist, it turns out, was Allen Dulles, masterspy and then director of the CIA. The one house he had picked for directions was occupied by none other than Jerry Klutz, master reporter and editor of The Washington Post's Federal Diary column.

Klutz took Dulles in from the cold. He gave him a hot drink and carefully drew the CIA director a map showing him how to find the CIA. When Dulles reached for the map, Klutz mentioned that it was most difficult getting anything out of the CIA and would it be possible to cut some of the red-tape? The director said he thought it might. Then he got his map.

That story never made it into print. But whenever anything about the inner workings of CIA's personnel system did come out it was generally under the by-line of Jerry Klutz.

Jerry died Tuesday in California, almost seven years after he cranked out his 8,700th column. During his 29 years with the paper he became one of the best-known, most recognizable people ever to hit this town. He refused a number of offers to do "inside" books because, he said, it would take time away from the paper and the column and he didn't want that.

He was honestly dedicated to giving his newspaper readers the daily news on what was happening with their jobs and he didn't want anything to get in the way of that.

I worked with him for more than a decade and got to see a side of him that most people—who viewed him either as—a superb and steady reporter, or a journalistic terror—didn't.

In private he could be very shy, ex-

cept with his closest friends. On the job, however, he was a bulldog who wouldn't let go, and wouldn't take "no"—or "yes" if he didn't believe it—for an answer. He was from Missouri, literally. He was sometimes awed by the powerful people he met and covered. But like Dulles, they rarely sensed it.

Once at a party, Lyndon B. Johnson, then Vice President, borrowed my favorite ballpoint pen to make some notes. When he finished he absent-mindedly slipped the cherished implement (it cost \$3.98 and wrote underwater) in his pocket. I moved toward him and the Secret Service moved toward me. I retreated and LBJ moved off.

Jerry had been watching the incident, and walked up and asked, "What happened to your pen?" I gestured toward the Vice President and said, weakly, "He took it!" Sensing my discomfort, and knowing my fondness for the pen, Jerry marched over to LBJ and said something like: "Lyndon, you still swiping pens?"

LBJ looked bewildered. His eyes narrowed. The Vice President came over and said: "You picked the right man to get your pen back. Jerry's about the only man in town who can tell me what to do." I got the pen back.

The Jerry Klutz I remember—tough reporter notwithstanding—also was a bit of a soft touch. He would spend hours collecting old eyeglasses from friends and then take them to the Society for the Prevention of Blindness. He took part in a lengthy, sometimes uncomfortable gerontology study to help medical research. He told his family that when he died, he wanted his body given to science.

Every year he would study the progress of the Evening Star's send-a-kid-to-camp fund. He would figure out how much they needed to meet their goal and quietly send a check—demanding only that the donation be listed as anonymous. Down-and-out newsmen and old government buddies always knew where they could get a loan, or a handout.

It would certainly embarrass him to hear it, but a lot of people think he was an even better man off the job than on it. And that's quite an epitaph.

Funeral service plans are still incomplete, according to his family. But they will be held within the next few days at the Murphy Funeral Home in Arlington. The family requests no flowers, but perhaps a donation to your favorite charity, if you want.