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Mrs. HAWG is CHAWMING

everywhere there's lots of
piggies
leading piggy lives
you can see them out to din-
ner
with their piggy wives
clutching forks and knives
to eat their bacon

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—
Cynthia Helms, wife of Richard
McGarrah Helms, Director of the
Central Intelligence Agency, re-
cently relaxed in the living room
of their posh Chevy Chase apart-
ment long enough to chat with
Sarah Booth Conroy, a report-
er for the "food, fashions, fam-
ily, furnishings" page of the well-
known cosmopolitan daily, The
New York Times. The interview,
published in the October 1 Times,
reveals that Cynthia is the fas-
cinating, vivacious, incisive, and
alluring creature we would ex-
pect to find marching step-on-
step by the side of so noxious
a sleuth.

"Yes, I do like design," Mrs.
Helms told Miss Conroy while
looking about the room. "I bought
the furniture at Thieves Mar-
ket (a warehouse of shops in
Alexandria, Va.). I like having
my clothes made, for the same
reason. I pick out the fabric—
I've bought two pieces this year
at the G Street Remnant Shop—
and take it to a woman who has
sewn for me for years. She can
copy anything. I do have a Ches-
ter Weinberg, but even in the
expensive dresses, you can see
yourself all over again every-
where. So I like to have at least
my evening things made."

She and her husband like to
spend their spare time reading
spy stories to one another for
reasons which are not hard to
imagine. "His son Dennis, a New
York lawyer, sends him espion-
age novels. We like to read to
each other. He finds it restful.
We both keep three or four books
going at once; I carry a book
around with me." When the fan-
tasy wears thin, the two of them
have a conversation.

"His life is full of Govern-
ment," Cynthia explained. "It's
all so serious, so it's nice for
me to have something different
to talk."

"at most of the universities in
the area," which has spawned
some witty repartee between
Cynthia and the CIA captain.
"When I told Dick, he said, 'Min-
eral collection!'"

Mrs. Helms maintains a warm
fondness for her children by a
previous marriage. One son, Al-
lan, she gurgled, "is blonde, hand-
some, and majoring in girls at
Hobart Collage."

Mrs. Helms is quite a girl.

She got a job as one of the
two members of the Smithsonian
Institute's Radio Smithsonian
staff which produces programs
for the CIA's above-ground prop-
aganda wing, Voice of America, a
world-wide radio network. She
went to work because she "wasn't
any good at ladies' luncheons"
and besides it gives her
something to say to her weary
husband when he comes home
from a long day of crushing rev-
olution in the Third World. "Now,
when Dick comes home and says
he has a good story, I say, 'Just
wait until you hear what I've
learned about the blue whale.'"

Their marriage, which is just a
year old (both were divorced),
is clearly vital, intense, and full
of fun. Her career is strictly a
sideline. What she really enjoys
is her home life.

"Yes, I like to cook, I do Eng-
lish, French and recipes my dip-
lomatic friends give me. Right
now, I like to do beef bourgui-
gnonne, with French bread and
a salad.

"My poor husband has had
crepes three times in a row.
I've just learned how to make
them. My older daughter said,
'Mother, you've got to learn how.
They're so elegant.' So I bought
myself a crepe pan and learned
how to do the whole bit, including
the flaming.

"Now we have crepes stuffed
with lobster and crepe desserts
and crepes all over the kitchen
tap. They're nice because you
can make them ahead."

Her interests range outside of
the kitchen, though. "I am having
bookcases made to hold my min-
eral collection." She has taken
geology courses, she explained,