



A Spy Story

Andrew Tully

OVER a convivial lunch at a private Washington club, a retired spymaster chuckled when the talk got around to the subject of female spies.

During the Vietnam War, a neutral country was suspected of giving secret aid to the Communist side. Ingrid was assigned to pilfer some code books from the home of the head of the country's purchasing commission in Washington.

A comely lass, Ingrid arranged a meeting with the man by posing as a free-lance writer. Her prey was not the commission's boss but a young aide with a reputation for womanizing. Predictably, and with all assistance from Ingrid, he fell in love with her.

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EVENTUALLY, Ingrid put it to him bluntly: She wanted those code books. She had her man well taped; he acquiesced after less than an hour of tearful pleading by his mistress. Besides, there was \$10,000 in it for him.

Thus, a few days after the chief's departure for six weeks' home leave, Ingrid and her young man showed up at the chief's home one midnight after apparently having looked upon the wine at its reddest. The young man gave the watchman a wink, and explained they had nowhere else to go, alas. The watchman returned the wink and opened up.

Ingrid and her lover spent several nights in the house during the next two weeks, always tipping the watchman generously. Then one night they arrived in a cab and Ingrid staggered out, waving a bottle of champagne. Inside,

she insisted on pouring the watchman a drink. He had two glasses of the bubbly and dropped off into a heavy coma induced by a Mickey Finn.

Forthwith, Ingrid summoned the cab driver, an expert locksmith from the spy shop. This craftsman solved the combination of the safe in 32 minutes flat, and Ingrid left him and her lover to tidy up while she hurried off with the code books.

Ingrid carried on their affair for another three months and then introduced her lover, by prearrangement, to a stunning blonde who proceeded to take him for her own, again by prearrangement.

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BUT, SOMEONE asked the old spymaster, what happened to the watchman and the young man?

"Oh," he said, "things turned out rather well. We had a man waiting to talk to the watchman when he came to. The man had \$5000 in cash with him and the offer of a job in an American embassy in Southeast Asia. He took his family with him.

And Ingrid's heart throb?

"He stayed on the job until we learned that he was under suspicion and was about to be shipped back home to be shot. A U.S. immigration official took him into a little room at Kennedy International Airport in New York, and he never did make that plane. His guards, who were waiting to take him back home, were told he was transporting two kilos of heroin."