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## The Washington Merry-Go-Round

## CIA Life in SE Asia Is Not All Intrigue

By Jack Anderson

The popular impression of CIA men in Southeast Asia is of lean-faced James Bonds talking in whispers to Indochinese beauties in dingy bars or of bearded guerrilla experts directing Meo tribesmen in the Laotian jungles.

The real McCoy, more often, is a rumped civil servant going to lard, who worries about when his refrigerator will arrive from the States and plays bingo on Tuesday nights.

This is the unromantic picture that emerges from an instruction sheet handed to CIA pilots leaving for Udorn, Thailand. The CIA uses a front called Air America to fly missions out of Udorn over Indochina.

Instead of pressing cyanide suicide capsules upon new recruits, the stateside briefer slips them a bus schedule for CIA personnel between Udorn's CIA compound, schools and banks.

"A bowling alley in Udorn has league bowling," the CIA confides to its pilot-agents. Their wives are given such hush-hush CIA tips as "water should be boiled three to five minutes prior to drinking, but it is safe for cooking and washing dishes of it is brought to the boiling point."

The cloak-and-dagger boys are told they will have a su-

permarket, swimming pool, free movies, the "Club Rendezvous" (which doubles as a chapel on Sundays) and bingo on Tuesday and Saturday nights. The CIA bars are called The Pub and the Wagon Wheel and shut down at midnight.

The same humdrum life style can be found at such CIA outposts as Vientiane, Laos, where CIA men usually live with their families in villas and dine at the town's few French restaurants.

One lonely CIA flier, who had left his family in Florida, worried about their safety after reading about racial demonstrations at home. "I'm going to bring them out here where it's safe," he confided solemnly to my associate Les Whitten in Vientiane last summer.

But if the CIA living conditions are vintage suburbia, some of the missions are dangerous. The CIA pilots fly supplies to CIA-backed Meo tribesmen in Laos hinterlands. There are also more hazardous missions, such as flights along the Red Chinese border and ammo deliveries to tiny airstrips in Communist-infested country.

Footnote: Much of the recruiting for CIA pilots is done out of a modern, gold-carpeted office in downtown Washington with "Air America" on the glass doors. One of my report-

ers, posing as a pilot, was interviewed by H. H. Dawson, a beefy man in shirt sleeves. He said prospects were dim right now, because the number of fixed-wing pilots had been cut back from 600 to 500.

Dawson said the basic pay is \$22.98 an hour for captains, \$13.93 for first officers, with bonuses for special "projects." A top CIA pilot can make as much as \$100,000 a year flying high hazard missions. In addition, station allowances run \$320 a month at Saigon, \$215 at Udorn and \$230 in Vientiane.

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