

WASHINGTON SCENE

BY GEORGE DIXON

CPYRGHT

Our great super-sleuth, who goes around trying to look so lynx-eyed we're afraid he'll scare all our lynxes, is Allen Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles. He's head of the hush-hush organization called the central intelligence agency.

"Allen Dulles—public eye!" television whodunit fans call him here in Washington.

Dulles, he sees all, knows all. He's as uncanny as Sherlock Holmes before he took to the needle.

The big cloak-and-dagger man not only knows all the secrets of this country, but of every other country on earth, and we hear he's got a couple of undercover agents planted on Mars.

Recently he journeyed to Europe to make a recheck on his ferreting. After draining every country dry of its intelligence, he decided to rest his mighty brain in Switzerland for a spell.

But when he got to his vacationing place he found himself without so much as a disguise to change into. He had shipped his baggage to one mountain resort and himself to another.

The great mantracker, from whom nothing is hidden, couldn't find the right mountain.

Can't Find His Head

This is utterly irrelevant, but somehow I've been reminded of a fellow who worked up a reputation as a great solver of mysteries in New York some years ago. Whenever Manhattan had a mystery case that got a lot of newspaper space this wizard used to offer possible solutions.

I never heard of any of them panning out, but nevertheless he enjoyed quite a following until he was destroyed by a barbed witticism from a bona fide copper. Describing the amateur, this working gendarme said:

"He couldn't find his head in the dark with both hands free."

But, getting back to Allen Dulles, I would say that the CIA is probably no more inept under him than it was under his predecessor, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, who now works for Allen's brother, Jimmy, as under secretary of state.

"Beetle" Smith, as he is called hereabouts, was consistently able to find his head in the dark, but I hear he had to call in FBI agents to check that it was really his head

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Before Beetle was booted upstairs, the CIA covered itself with glory by contacting a member of the "anti-Communist under-



ground" in Poland. The Pole talked them out of a sum said to be approximately \$1,000,000.

But, after getting the million, and also a super-secret document, the Pole disappeared. It occurred to CIA, rather belatedly, to run a check on the fellow.

CIA found the answer in its own files. It had a dossier on the Pole identifying him as an agent of the Communist political police in Poland.

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