

Attachment to: OFHA-1332

Translation of article in

KANSAN UUTISET, 31 Dec 65, Helsinki, Finland
-----MASTER SPY

Do you know somebody whose abilities indicate that he would be good at spying and sedition? If so, perhaps it would pay him to apply for the top spot in the US espionage organ, the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency). This post is certainly well paid, there's plenty to do and a bottomless supply of money with which to do it. The post is being vacated because Washington does not seem satisfied with its present espionage chief, Vice-Admiral William F. (Red) Raborn.

According to the latest "Newsweek" magazine, Raborn has made some unforgiveable blunders. Sometimes he has not known the names of certain heads of state. Nor has he known certain capital cities and how to pronounce their names. At one meeting he interrupted the speaker to inquire what he (the speaker) had meant by the word "oligarchy." On his first day in office he organized the invasion of the Dominican Republic, bringing the USA into an awkward situation. In addition, he has been overshadowed by the Defense Departments (McNamara's) espionage organ, DIA. And in vying for success, CIA's nine different sections and DIA are spying on one another. And to top it all, Raborn is supposed to be such a poor golfer that it is difficult for an important foreign visitor to lose to him, even out of courtesy.

With the highest and mightiest of all American espionage agents being of this calibre, it is not difficult to imagine the following telephone conversation:

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"Lyndon? Red here. Have you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"That there was a left-wing victory in the Finnish elections."

"That can't be good. Should we do something?"

"Well..."

"Lyndon, don't hesitate. A quick attack is better than long meditation. The president of that country, Cecona, is the one who chums around with those Reds in Moscow."

"Yes...Keko...Keko...I've met him. A bald type."

"Bald? I never heard of a bald Negro."

"What do you mean, Negro, Red?"

"In Africa, everybody's a Negro."

"What do you mean in Africa?"

"In Africa, in Africa. Sudan, Finland, Sambia."

"Red, Finland's not in Africa. It's in Scandinavia."

"Scandinavia? Never heard of it."

"Oh Hell, Red, Finland's in Northern Europe. If I remember correctly, I sang at a market-place when I was there and I handed out ball-point pens at a cemetery."

"Doesn't matter where it is, but the left wing won the elections, and that's bad. It could happen in Africa as well as in Europe. Something should be done. Isn't there any American property there that we could start protecting?"

"Now let's not be in such a rush, Red, like we were in the Dominican Republic. Let's look over the situation and see what happens to the stock of the cellulose factories. That Finland produces a lot of cellulose."

"Oh well, Lyndon, if that's the way you want it. Just one question, though."

"What?"

"What is cellulose, Lyndon?"