

CPYRGH

CIA SECRECY IS LOCAL JOKE

In Langley, Va., Everyone
Knows The 'Spies'

Langley, Va., Feb. 17 (AP)—Out

here in suburban Washington, a spy is a guy named Brown who drives a black car and eats pizza.

This rolling woodland is headquarters for the Central Intelligence Agency, that super-secret, hush-hush, cloak-and-dagger operation people around the world link with mystery and intrigue. In Langley, spies are like crabgrass— all over the place.

The CIA address is top secret. Telephone numbers are unlisted. Cars are unmarked. Ask officially the whereabouts of the CIA and the answer is silence.

Ask in Langley

Ask in Langley. They will tell you it's the big building behind the "Bureau of Public Roads" sign. Tourists reading a map from the local gas station can find the CIA plainly marked.

Important people with business at the CIA are less fortunate. They often get lost and have to stop at the local filling stations.

"We're glad to tell them how to get there," says one gas station operator. "Frankly though, there are lots more people looking for Bobby Kennedy's house. We use the CIA as a landmark."

"They go to the CIA, turn north and then left again at the first road," Senator Robert F. Kennedy (D., N.Y.) lives in adjacent McLean, Va.

The CIA is hidden away just off a major four-lane boulevard known as the George Washington Memorial parkway. Drive to the guard house and a man in a silver and blue uniform says, "sorry, without a pass you can't go in."

"What is this place?" you ask:

Government Reserve.

The guard hesitates, a blank confused expression one finds often when you ask the CIA about the CIA. "This is a Government reserve, for the time being..." he says.

So you drive around to the back entrance — the one that says "Bureau of Public Roads" — and go in unnoticed. The sprawling parking lot is full of cars, many sportscars. Walks are wide and benches are spaced out comfortably like a park.

Headquarters is a modern concrete eight-story building, handsomely blended into the hills and pines. It could be a large hotel. People coming out are nattily attired Ivy League

types with attache cases. There are no signs, nothing to tell you where you are. You stop a passer-by, "Excuse me, what is this?" Again, that confused stare as if you'd walked up nude and spoken Greek.

"We call it 'over there,' says a gift shop clerk. "It means they work for the CIA. Everyone knows them."

At Jim Foster's pizza parlor, they call themselves Brown.

"It's real rough sometimes," Foster says. "They all call in these carry-out orders using the name Brown. Sometimes we have stacks and stacks of pizza orders for people named Brown who drive up in black cars."

"You know who the CIA guys are," said a liquor store salesman. "These types are swingers. You see their parking permits. You see those chains on their neck which hold identification tags. They ask for foreign liquors which only the CIA would know about."

The CIA lunches at a dimly lit restaurant with music and red tablecloths called the Pikestaff. Ask who all the men are, and the hostess says, "The CIA. They eat here all the time. Very big eaters. We'd be out of business without them."

CPYRGHT