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10 August 1982

John N. McMahon, Esq.,
Deputy Director, CIA,
Washington, D.C. 20505

Dear Mr. McMahon:

Your letter of 14 July, addressed to me at the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence, was forwarded to me at my home in Canada. I regret the unfortunate delay in responding to your thoughtful letter but it was unavoidable. The mills of the postoffice in Canada and Washington grind exceedingly slow.

I wonder whether you have seen an earlier article of mine in the American Spectator (April 1981, pp. 32-34) which dealt with Cord Meyer's book, Facing Reality. In that review I raised serious questions about Congressional oversight and whether CIA could function successfully under such a regime. I cited the Tad Szulc article (N.Y. Times Sunday Magazine, 6 April 1980) which described how the CIA was planning to provide help to the Afghans. Szulc's report was based on a behind-closed-doors briefing by CIA officers in Senate Room S-407 to Sens. Bayh, Goldwater, Biden and two staff members of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. I would assume that the CIA would not be leaking the details of such an operation to the Times. In an earlier article in Policy Review 15 (Winter 1981, pp. 93-101), I dealt with the problem of counter-intelligence and, whether because of its virtual dissolution several years earlier, the CIA had not been turned around. In the Policy Review essay I wrote (p. 94), "To put it simply, the crisis of U.S. intelligence is a crisis of counter-intelligence." Has counterintelligence, under the new regime, come in from the cold? And can CI function under Congressional oversight?

I am happy to know that the CIA's legitimate powers are "well-defined and implemented" to the agency's satisfaction and that there is, therefore, no need to test the "outermost limits" of these legitimate powers. Yet will there not be moments, whether during a CI or Covert Action operation when the problem of the margin; the borderline, will arise? Will the CIA officer in the field, confronted by the need for an immediate on-the-spot decision, be willing to take the necessary risk not against the "opposition" but in the light of ambiguous guidelines and their interpretation? Only you will know whether it is working out to the satisfaction of national security needs.

My phrase, "then we'd be better off without an intelligence agency" (p. 39, col. 3, American Spectator) was intended as a piece of shocking hyperbole, a Swiftian "modest proposal." My truer feelings are summarized by M.R.D. Foot's sentence (The Economist, 15 March 1980) which I used as the epigraph to my Policy Review article-- "The best hope that the free world will remain free lies in an efficient, constitutional, freedom-loving-- but adequately secret-- CIA and FBI."

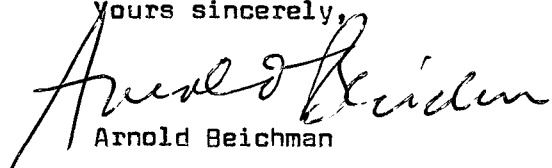
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10 August 1982

I plan to be in Washington, D.C. at the end of October for the meeting of the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence and then going into residence at the Hoover Institution. Perhaps, if there is an opportunity during my visit to Washington, or if you get out to Palo Alto, to discuss some of these matters at your leisure, if any.

For various reasons, I am rather cautious about the mail I receive here. Should you reply to me, I would appreciate an innocuous return address. As you will note my letter is mailed in the U.S.

Yours sincerely,


Arnold Beichman

P.S. I have found an extra copy of the American Spectator, April 1981, article and it is herewith enclosed.

P.P.S. In re your "I wish to commend the Consortium's efforts at better educating the academic world" etc., etc., that commendation is well-deserved by our coordinator, Professor Roy Godson, who has done a remarkable job which, in the present state of the academy, is too little appreciated by the academy.

safely won, Esoteric Wisdom might well become Revealed Doctrine.

The victory of the New Class, if and when it comes, would not have surprised H.G. Wells. In fact, he predicted it! What is nowadays widely referred to as the New Class, Wells at the turn of the century called the "New Republicans." Wells believed

that this educated elite was destined to come to power, and he forebaw that it would ultimately "take the world in hand" and create "a sane order." But prior to this happy denouement, society would first have to undergo a catastrophe of sufficient magnitude to induce its members to entrust their collective destiny to the

wise and beneficent New Republicans. Just what this catastrophe would be remained an open question for Wells, but certainly a massive energy shortage would do as nicely as anything else. Prof. Bethe's figures—and those of the National Academy of Sciences, Resources for the Future, and other learned societies—

suggest that unless new energy sources are brought "on stream" relatively soon, such a shortage is inevitable. History thus appears to be following the Wellsian blueprint rather closely, and the time remaining for critics of the New Class/New Republicans to change its course is rapidly running out. □



THE PUBLIC POLICY

GENTLEMANLY SPOOKS

by Arnold Beichman

There is only one absolutely safe prediction to be made about President Reagan. Should the Soviet Union invade another Afghanistan, he will not, as did his predecessor on a 1979 New Year's Eve Broadcast, utter one of the most fatuous statements ever by an American president, to half-wit:

This action of the Soviets [their aggression against Afghanistan] has made a more dramatic change in my own opinion of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done in the previous time I've been in office.

On the contrary, we now have a president who knows full well what détente means to the Soviet Union. He knows what Leonid Brezhnev, at the 1976 Party Congress, said about the Soviets' "ultimate goals":

Détente does not in the slightest abolish, nor can it abolish or change, the laws of the class struggle. . . . We do not conceal the fact that we see détente as a way of creating more favorable conditions for the peaceful building of Socialism and Communism.

A major beneficiary of President Reagan's politico-ideological awareness will be the U.S. intelligence system. Nothing concentrates the mind of an intelligence executive as much as the knowledge that he is working for a president who fully understands that the 1980s will see the zenith of Soviet military power.

The Carter administration's blindness to the implacable hostility of the Soviet Union helped to attenuate CIA functions and, in particular, FBI

Arnold Beichman is a founding member of the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence.

counterintelligence, as did Carter's perception that America's primary enemies are Latin American military juntas. Couple this presidential blindness and moral obtruseness with an effective ten-year campaign in and out of Congress against the very idea of American intelligence—by which I mean covert action, counter-intelligence, clandestine collection, analysis, and estimates—and one can say without exaggeration that American intelligence is in crisis.

I do not exonerate the CIA and FBI from blame for the follies and excesses which were uncovered in this campaign. Nor do I believe that these follies and excesses could have occurred without resolute "blind eye" encouragement by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Under President Ford, intelligence activities began to falter, however, when the spotlight began to shine brightly on the agencies. And under Carter, even routine intelligence activities were discouraged.

The Reagan administration is certainly prepared to undertake changes in the CIA and ancillary intelligence agencies. The real question, however, is not President Reagan's desires, but whether the ailing intelligence system, some three decades old, can be returned to life and again become an effective instrument in furthering American security and foreign policy objectives. Or is the CIA at present really as immovable and uncontrollable as some people think?

Indeed there are many who believe that the CIA may have become irretrievably unreliable because of

years and years of merciless media and congressional exposure: because of the debilitation of its counter-intelligence capability; because of its politicization and the finger-pointing game in which past and present CIA executives suggest that everybody—Colby, Angleton, Kissinger, and heaven knows who else—is a mole.

To put it bluntly in intelligence parlance, the CIA may have been "turned around"; that is, the CIA may unwittingly be working for the Soviet KGB. There is no point in calling for a congressional investigation because the problem might well be the Congress itself, where under the recently repealed 1974 Hughes-Ryan amendment, eight congressional committees and their staffs—some 200 people outside the CIA—were allowed access to CIA secrets. Let me supply a documented example of how Congress might be part of the problem:

On April 6, 1980, the *New York Times Magazine* ran a long article by Tad Szulc entitled, "Putting Back the Bite in the C.I.A." The article led off with a report of what had transpired on Saturday, January 9, 1980, in Senate Room S-407 ("the most 'secure' room in all of Congress"). On that Saturday, three Senators—Bayh, Goldwater, and Biden of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence—and two committee staff members met with two CIA executives who briefed them about covert, paramilitary operations in Afghanistan. Szulc described how the CIA would provide the Afghan anti-Soviet rebels with assault rifles, antitank weapons, and SAM-7 surface-to-air missiles and launchers.

Now what the hell kind of security is that? Who told whom? The White House? The CIA? Congress? How can any secret be kept when something as significant as the CIA Afghanistan operation becomes known so quickly? I have singled out Congress as the "leak," if only because, as Cord Meyer has pointed out in his highly informed syndicated column, congressional intelligence committee staffs need not take the lie detector tests periodically required of CIA and National Security Agency employees. Says Meyer of these tests: "They are unpleasant but formidably effective in spotting KGB plants."

Or take the recent arrest and conviction of CIA veteran David H. Barnett after he tried to get a staff job on the Senate and House intelligence committees. According to committee staffers, reports Meyer, it was sheer chance that no job openings were available when Barnett applied in 1977. Otherwise, in view of his fine record and the recommendations he brought with him, this KGB plant would have penetrated the inner sanctum of two crucial congressional committees.

Security lapses, leaks, and other *faux pas* are simply the manifestations of an unsettled and unending debate over the future of the CIA and U.S. intelligence. It's really a debate as to whether a democracy like ours which lives by selective application of the Bill of Rights can justify a secret intelligence agency, and whether it can organize an agency which can be trusted. Cord Meyer has had a singular opportunity to meditate on the nuances of the debate: He served in the CIA for 26 years from 1951

staffs of the larger foundations, the upper levels of the government bureaucracy, and so on." This class, Kristol goes on to say, is not so much interested in money as it is in power—the kind of power which, in a capitalist society, ordinarily resides in the free market: "The 'New Class' wants to see much of this power redistributed to government," where it will then have a major say in how this power is exercised.

But how can the New Class achieve its aims? To any competent Marxist, the answer, once again, is exceedingly obvious: through supporting those movements whose proclaimed goals would facilitate the emergence of an administratively dominated society. As it happens, the anti-nuclear movement meets the requirements of the New Class to a tee. The movement's program, if implemented, would result in an energy-deficient society, one in which everything from speed limits to room temperature to home design—and ultimately, to life-style itself—would have to be regulated by the government. Needless to say, the New Class would do the regulating.

In addition to aligning itself with movements that further its interests, Marx argued, a class on the make will also elaborate an ideology which, although cast in universal terms, actually serves to legitimize its bid for power. Thus, in the eighteenth century the French middle class carried out its revolution in the name of the "Rights of Man," by which it really meant the rights of the French middle class. Not surprisingly, the New Class is also terribly preoccupied with rights: the right, for instance, of clams to live in a "thermal-pollution-free" environment, of snail darters to go right on darting, and of the furbish lousewort to continue doing whatever it is a furbish lousewort does. The ideology by which it justifies these concerns is called "Limits to Growth," and its ideologues—writers like Richard Barnet, Jeremy Rifkin, and Paul Ehrlich—argue tirelessly that our society must adjust itself to what Barnet calls the "politics of scarcity" if it is to avoid ecological ruin. The immediate corollary of that argument—that the politics of scarcity must inevitably empower the New Class—is a point these writers invariably fail to develop. †

†The most succinct and effective rejoinder to the "Limits to Growth" argument was penned in 1830 by the great British historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay. In an essay for the *Edinburgh Review* Macaulay wrote: "We cannot absolutely

If and when the New Class is fully empowered, it is not inconceivable

prove that those are in error who tell us that society has reached a turning-point, that we have seen our best days. But so said all before us, and with just as much apparent reason. . . . On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?"

that its hostility to nuclear power will disappear. Even now, it is possible to detect two distinct trains of thought within the anti-nuclear movement. On the one hand, there is the Revealed Doctrine, preached by and to the movement's faithful, which proclaims nukes to be wicked and the sun to be good. On the other hand, there is the Esoteric Wisdom, known only to the higher cadres, which

admits that nuclear power might not be so dangerous after all, were it to be administered by the benevolent members of the New Class instead of by profit-hungry capitalists. In politics, however, timing is everything. Until the New Class achieves its political objectives, the Esoteric Wisdom must remain confined to a handful of hierophants, lest the rank-and-file grow confused. Once the battle is

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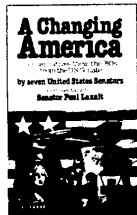
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until his amicable departure in 1977, held the top job in the CIA's Covert Action section, and was slandered as a Communist Party member and even suspended from his job without pay at the height of the McCarthy era. The result is a contribution to the debate in the calm, reasoned voice of his recent memoir.*

One of the major reasons for the weakness of public understanding of U.S. intelligence is the lack of a theory, a philosophy, a clear statement of purpose to justify the time, money, effort, manpower, and unpleasant strategies required to make the thing function at all. The reason for an intelligence agency is not that because they do it, we should also do it, nor is it simply that we want to catch the Alger Hisses in our midst.

In 1979, Henry Kissinger came close to enunciating a theory of intelligence when he spoke about the need for U.S. covert capabilities which at the time were practically non-existent: "... there is a huge grey area between military intervention and normal diplomatic processes." Or in the words of Hugh Trevor-Roper: "Secret intelligence is the continuation of open intelligence by other means." It is far safer to understand a potential or sworn enemy and what he is up to than to live in ignorance and be driven into a crisis where it is war or surrender. And far better for both sides to engage in "dirty tricks" among the professional few than for massed armies to start tossing nuclear missiles against each other. (It is interesting to note that although the USSR has always propagandized about disarmament and SALT treaties, it has never suggested any limitation treaties on intelligence.)

Another cause of the CIA's troubles has been its old-school-tie syndrome. On May 20, 1967, there appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* an article by Thomas W. Braden entitled, "I'm Glad the CIA Is Immoral." (Braden was Meyer's predecessor in the CIA as chief of the International Organizations Division, where he served until 1954 when he resigned to become a California newspaper publisher.) Braden's article with its curious title gave names, dates, and places of people, organizations, and publications which, he said, had been subvented by the CIA. Braden's article followed in the wake of a March 1967 *Ramparts* "exposé" of CIA funding of the National Student Association.

I have it on good authority that several of Braden's associates pleaded with him not to publish the piece, photocopies of which had circulated in Washington and New York well before publication. Allen W. Dulles, the ex-director of CIA, said he would never again speak to Braden. The article created a furor because it named names in the same way that Philip Agee names names—

except that Braden's motives, we might suppose, were different. Curiously, Braden never suffered for his indiscretion nor presumably for a violation of some agreement not to talk out of turn.† (Meyer, by the way, says he submitted his manuscript for CIA vetting.)

It is startling to note that Meyer makes no reference to Braden's article. It is even more startling

because Meyer is sharply critical of William Colby, Merle Miller, Miles Copeland, *Ramparts* magazine, John Ehrlichman, Agee, and Admiral Turner. He refers obliquely to leaks

†A few years later, Braden ignored his cheers for the CIA's "immorality" and in his newspaper column wrote that the CIA was a "monster. . . [S]hut it down." Quoted by William Colby, *Honorable Men*, p. 443.

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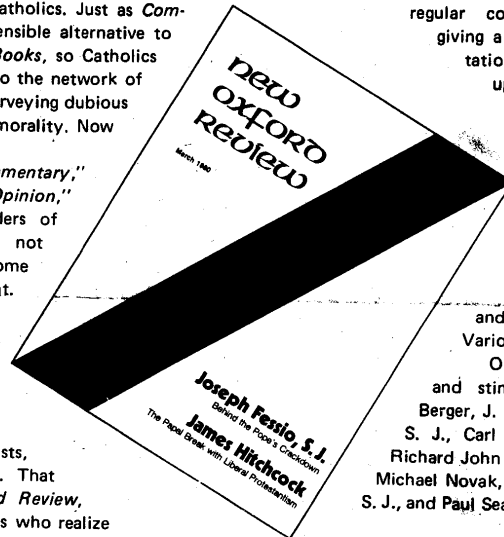
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*Facing Reality: From World Federalism to CIA. Harper & Row, \$15.95.

about CIA activities, which is all well and good. But these criticisms of others merely underscore his failure to mention one of the biggest leaks, which came from an agency executive who said he was proud of its "immoral" projects. Whether the title of Braden's article was intended as deep irony or as camouflage to justify an exposé of labor officials and anti-Communist intellectuals and organ-

izations, I cannot say, but the damage it did to the CIA is undeniable.

Yet not only was Braden, so far as I know, never publicly criticized but the article seems to have had little effect on his relationships with CIA executives. In fact Richard Helms, former CIA director and then ambassador to Iran, was reported in both the *Washington Post* and *New York*

magazine as guest of honor at a homecoming dinner hosted by Braden and his wife.

It is this kind of behavior which has always mystified CIA buffs like myself. Why should Meyer, who has no hesitancy in criticizing others in the CIA for their weaknesses, omit even a reference to Braden's article? Surely he cannot believe in E.M. Forster's caustical distinction be-

tween betraying one's friends and one's country.

Having said all this, I would still stress that *Facing Reality* is a valuable contribution to the CIA debate. Cord Meyer's analysis of Soviet strategy in the 1980s and his inside knowledge about the Soviet KGB are outstanding. All I wish is that he'd get rid of that old school tic. □



BARMAIDS

by Joe Mysak

"Bad enough the profession is loaded with mere tads and rank amateurs—now we have to put up with girls!" A comment by a sports purist? Perhaps the plaint of a crusty newspaperman? Or possibly the barrack-room remark of an Old Soldier? They are all good guesses, and they are all wrong, because the author was a drinker on his way home from a night's serious work.

A workingman on his way home from his night out with the boys, he was referring not to the scantily clad lasses serving them up in Playboy Clubs, airport lounges, singles bars, sex dives, discothèques, Studios, and related alcohol pits where imbibing is secondary to ogling, but to the alarming increase in the number of barmaids in the country's remaining saloons, pubs, and ginmills.

There are no surprises in an age which finds nothing sacred but the profane. But it is stretching the limits of toleration to have sweet young things working the taps for brakemen and boilermakers and sundry other toilers. It is jarring to the senses, it is unnatural, it is even absurd. It is as if you were confronted by the sight of a male manicurist.

Do not misunderstand. It is, if the one behind the stick is pleasing to the eye, nice, very nice indeed. But it is not the way of the saloon.

The American philosopher and fable-maker George Ade describes the ideal bartender in *The Old-Time Saloon* (1931), a memorial volume published during Prohibition: "His

Joe Mysak admires barmaids of the Garden State.

attitude toward the problem of life was benign rather than cruel. He was a just arbiter when disputes arose. . . . a patient listener to long and rambling narratives. . . . a fair-minded referee. . . . always a peace-maker."

Keep this in mind, and add the qualities which only the experience of many seasons gives: timing and proficiency in the arts of mixology. The bartender is a man of years, with pride in his work. He is not moonlighting—this is his career. He knows the regulars, what they drink, and what they tip. He knows when it is his turn to buy.

Now compare this inestimable individual to the typical barmaid. Perhaps typical is not the word. I am not referring to those superannuated bunnies, heavy users of peroxide and rouge, now familiar in many corner bars, nor to the unwholesome or simply obscene. I am talking about winsome, apple-cheeked cuties closer to cheerleading than motherhood, and escapees from status jeans commercials, in their early twenties.

This is a very agreeable sight. But looks are deceiving. The bonnie

barmaid is doing this only "for extra money." Or "just for a few months." Or "for summer vacation." Ask for anything more complicated than a beer or perhaps a Scotch and soda and you are asking for trouble. Only one in ten knows how to make a proper Bloody Mary, while none knows how to make a Fog-Cutter. Needless to say, she is never very far from the 106-page *Bartender's Companion*. Nor is she very far off the precise measurement legally required for a cocktail.

The young, toothsome barmaid has no use for long, rambling narratives. As for breaking up arguments and disposing of louts and bone-bruisers, she is obviously deficient, and has no recourse but to call for the constabulary, the owner, or a disinterested patron. She knows nothing of timing: Either the drinker goes for long stretches dry, or he is drowned. The last swallow of beer is swept away and the glass refilled.

Such sloppiness can be chalked up to inexperience and lack of a real feeling for drinking. But the tender barmaid brings with her a certain amount of built-in, as it were,

problems. To wit: She is a distraction, and is bound to bring out the worst in otherwise inoffensive tipplers. An episode: A chap who looks for all the world like a high school teacher, but in his cups, yells out, "Hey, where's my brother's birthday kiss?" Not once, but three times. Finally the harried miss behind the bar declares, sternly, "I don't kiss married men." Witnessing such a little incident is nobody's idea of unwinding over a few drinks. It would not have occurred had the one dispensing the potables been a fatherly figure by the name of Mike, I can assure you.

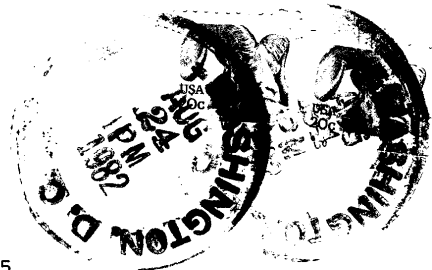
Who is to blame for the invasion of the saloon by giggling girlhood? The hordes of flaming harpy feminists? The customers? The owners? The last is the most likely: The professional bartender is a dying breed. At the very least, he commands a wage large enough to raise a family, if not one commensurate with his skill and rarity. It is cheaper to hire little girls and boys just out of their rompers. For one thing, they are more comely. For another, the general assumption is that a sweet young thing attracts crowds. But every saloonkeeper must know that this is wrongheaded at best, and pernicious at worst, and that there is no substitute for professionalism.

In sum, bad enough the profession is being mauled by those who ostensibly know and appreciate their high calling—now we have to put up with a botched job by the young and the foolish who never really knew what it was all about. Having survived its enemies, the old-time saloon might not survive its friends. □



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