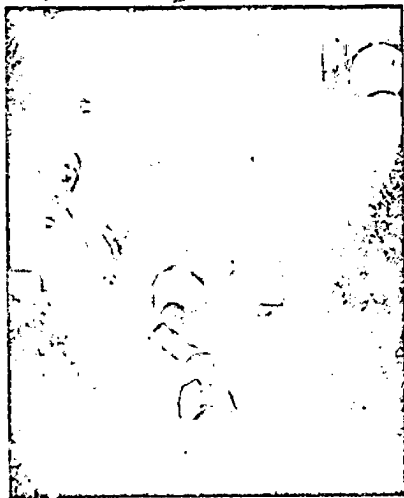


SPIES IN THEIR HOUSE

WHILE Dick and Gladys Harkness were studying the mysterious doings of America's secret agents, mysterious doings went on in their own home. They dwell on Dumbarton Avenue in Washington, halfway between another Post team, the brothers Alsop; and their house is called Plumber's Delight, having been built in 1804 and the plumbing, they believe, installed at that time. Those queer doings in their house included wire tappings, discovery of code messages in such places as the toes of shoes, and a sense of being constantly spied upon. The case was cracked when it was found that microphones had been hidden in the library and the authors' discussions of secret agency were being amplified to their sons, Rick, Peter and Chip, up in Rick's bedroom.

For the Harknesses, researching the super-reticent CIA was a violent switch on their other Post stories from Washington, a city where reporters are more apt to be trod upon and disheveled by folk eager to tell all. At CIA headquarters a reporter is turned over to a "historian" whose duty it is to keep the clandestine agency clandestine—no mean job, comments Dick Harkness who then quotes Congressman Celler's *bon mot*: "In this



OLLIE ATKINS

Mr. and Mrs. Harkness and three spies.

town, three men can keep a secret if two of them die." Of course the Harknesses agree that intelligence operations must be meticulously secret; their current series, page 34, is revealing hitherto untold data about our wonderful agents that you can and should know.

About the Harknesses—Dick is NBC's Washington correspondent—you should know that they do a remarkable husband-and-wife debate on the lecture platform, arguing tough topics like foreign policy, then seeking areas where disputants can agree—which brings to mind an occurrence in Allentown, Pennsylvania. A masculine chairman, introducing the lecturers there, quoth mournfully, "We are now witnessing man's final abdication—when a man admits publicly that he is a spy."