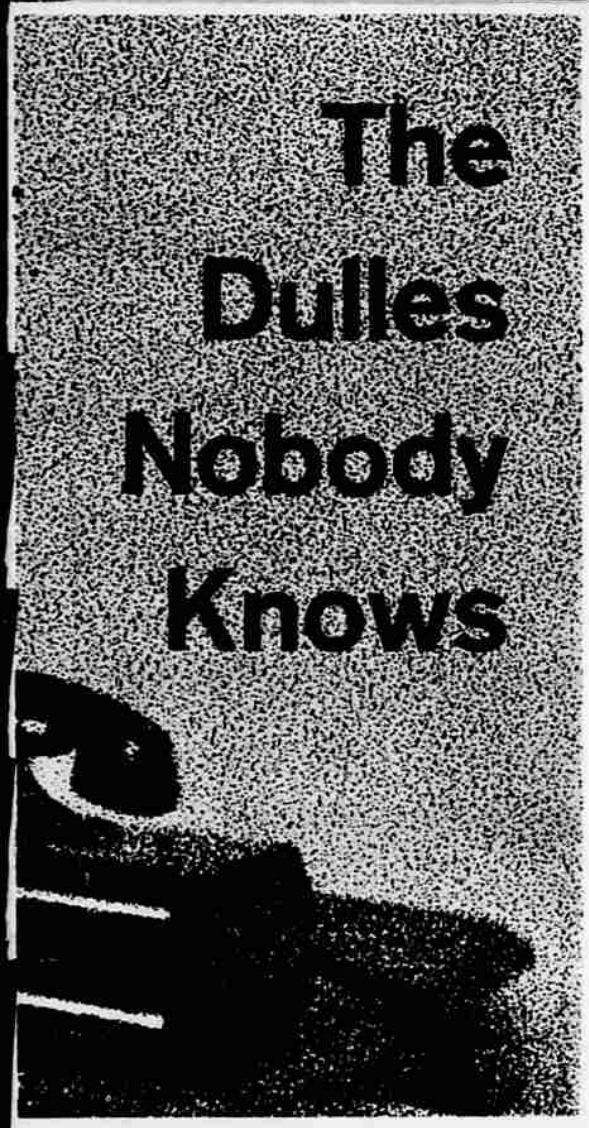

He's John Foster's brother Allen, who makes headlines and history yet remains as mysterious as the cloak-and-dagger organization he heads

By CURTIS MITCHELL

contrasts, combining a puckish quality with the dignity of a Wall Street financier. At 66, he is spare, strong, and tireless.

His official work is top-secret. A sketch of CIA's far-flung operations would resemble the outline of an iceberg, with Dulles representing most of the portion seen by the world. In his closely guarded hilltop office, he works from 8 a.m. until long after dark, seeing an incredible number of visitors. Policy permits him to be viewed and visited by almost anyone with a good reason, but the remainder of the CIA iceberg is kept strictly from public view. Most employees are forbidden to tell where they work.

Newsmen have sought in vain to penetrate his silence about CIA matters. Was it true that he inspired the anti-Communist revolution in Guatemala? Was it true that he had caused a Communist cabinet officer to get the axe? Did his warnings bring about the Marine landing in strife-torn Lebanon? Communist propaganda pronounced him guilty. Was he?

Whatever the answers, the Dulles exterior remains unruffled and cordial, while a cat attends the Dulles tongue. "Never alibi, never explain, never boast," is an ironclad policy. Dulles also feels that our policy makers must know the truth regardless of sacred cows. "Be absolutely fearless and report the facts," his men are told. "Report them as they are, palatable or not."

We Americans, always notoriously open-handed with our military secrets, entered the spying business seriously only after the outbreak of World War II. Prior to that, Secretary of War Henry Stimson had expressed the official attitude in his statement, "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail."

We learned slowly. We made mistakes. Dulles' own outfit, the OSS, gathered information about a suspicious assembly of German armored divisions before a thinly held forest on General Bradley's front. The facts were relayed to the U.S. Army, but military experts concluded that no attack impended. Soon, the Battle of the Bulge began. It added months to the war.

By 1947, American Intelligence efforts had become a cloak-and-dagger chaos. Order began to emerge only when Congress passed the National Security Act of 1947, and the President named a three-man committee to plan a permanent, modern operation. Allen Dulles was one of those three.

Such assignments make up the Dulles family history. Their father, Rev. Allen Macy Dulles, was the nephew of John Welsh, envoy to Great Britain during the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes. An uncle was Robert Lansing, Secretary of State under Wilson.

Their mother was the former Edith Foster of Washington, D.C., daughter of John Watson Foster, who had been Secretary of State for President Benjamin Harrison. Her father, politician and individualist, had a great influence on Allen.

On the Dulles side, the first man of that name to come to America settled in Charleston, S. C., about 1776. A Scotchman, he amassed a fortune as a merchant. It was his grandson who married Edith Foster and fathered Allen and John Foster Dulles.

But it was Allen's older brother, John Foster, who had the most profound and unsettling influence on him. In some respects, Allen tried to imitate him; in others, he took the opposite course. At Princeton, John Foster was the chilly intellectual who became class valedictorian, and at Princeton just five

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